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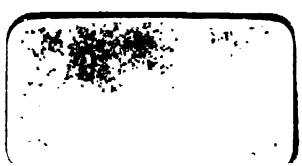

THE

# QUARTERLY REVI

## MARCH & JULY,

1813.

VOL. IX.

London:

Printed by C. Roworth, Bell-yard, Temple-bar; for

JOHN MURRAY, 50, ALBEMARLE ST

SOLD ALSO BY

PARKER, OXFORD; DEIGHTON, CAMBRIDG

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND J. CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1813.

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*Materials for a History of the People of Malta.* By William Eton, Esq. &c. 8vo.

IF singular anomalies never fail to arrest our attention, Malta, which presents so many deviations from the common order of things, moral and physical, is surely calculated to excite curiosity and interest. In a political point of view, she has far stronger claims upon our notice. Every year, we might almost say every month, which has elapsed since the renewal of hostilities, has afforded additional proof of the advantage, or rather of the necessity of this island to Great Britain, so long as she shall wish to maintain her station, either as a belligerent or a commercial power in the Mediterranean; and we trust that by this time the *tenenda est Melita*, is become as favourite a political maxim with Englishmen as the *delenda est Carthago*, was with the Romans. But if time and experience have convinced us of the soundness of such a principle, those two great teachers, in shewing us the value of our prize, have also shewn us that the system upon which we have hitherto acted is not the best calculated for its preservation. We believe we speak the common opinion, in considering our policy in the government of our foreign possessions as defective; but whilst a modification of the present system, if a radical change cannot be effected, is become necessary in all, it is no where more imperiously called for than in Malta. Postponing those considerations, which are general to our colonial acquisitions, we shall examine such points as are peculiar to that island; and after observing, that we view the spirit of cabal, which has exhibited itself there, through no exaggerated medium, and that we hold the main pretensions of the malcontents to be not less unreasonable than their power is insufficient to enforce them, we are yet of opinion that the causes of this spirit of disaffection, however remote or indirect, clearly call for inquiry.

We are much mistaken if there be not more of mischief than is yet visible, and if the clamour of the few do not derive confidence from a general spirit of restlessness; which, if not soothed or repressed, may, at no great distance of time, ferment into faction more deep and dangerous than the present. Some general principles of government may be laid down, but very few indeed that are abstractedly applicable to all cases, and which do not require to be modified according to the genius of the people for whose benefit they are intended. To an inquiry therefore into what has led to the appearance of discontent, to which we have alluded; to a consideration of the remedies which may be most capable of arresting its growth; in short, to any discussion of the present political state of Malta, we must bring a sufficient acquaintance with its former circumstances, and above all a knowledge of the genius and manners of its inhabitants. If therefore in the general view which we shall take of the island and things relating to it, we should enter somewhat into detail on this head, or dwell on traits which to some may appear trifling or perhaps ridiculous, we shall answer, that not only such an assemblage of features is absolutely necessary towards forming a fair picture of national character, either in a philosophical or political consideration of the subject, but that, in the latter point of view, such peculiarities are even sometimes individually of much more importance than the world might at first sight be disposed to admit.

Few, unfortunately very few and insufficient, are the sources from which we can hope to derive the information on the various heads under which Malta and its sister islands merit investigation; and we have selected the books before us, rather as a specimen of the class of works to which we would recur, than because they have fulfilled our expectations. The first, however, which is a succinct compilation from older authors, though superficial, contains some account of old Malta, and as full a description of its antiquities as will satisfy any but the professed antiquary. The second is passable as far as it goes, and though the author's place of superintendant of the Botanic garden in La Valletta is, necessarily, as nearly a sinecure as that of riding-master to the doge of Venice; he shews acquaintance with the state of cultivation, such as it is, and in proposing plans for its improvement, has interspersed his essay with some notices respecting the habits and character of the peasantry. The third, though its professions are not very large, amongst other things, (though the author seems to have forgotten his engagement,) undertakes to treat of manners. He has however failed not more egregiously in this than all other parts of his work; some of which, we will not say his supposed education, but mere common sense

sense and common observation would have been competent to execute with success. Those who have passed a winter in Malta, may judge of the accuracy of his notices on climate, by his remark on the rarity of rain during that season: those who have never travelled but on maps, will duly estimate his geographical information by his assertion, that Lisbon and Naples are the two most southerly parts of Europe; and an idea of the profundity and truth of his medical observations may be formed from his dictum, that *society is of benefit to the invalid from its promotion of the cutaneous perspiration.* For the stile, or rather idiom, it would shock 'brass-visaged barbarism' himself. But enough of the doctor!

We pass to the work of Mr. Eton, formerly superintendant-general of the quarantine department in Malta; and if we could draw an omen from the title of the book, or the name and station of the author, this would be a happy ascent in the scale of publications, which we have chosen as subjects of review: but a strange fatality (may we escape its influence!) hangs over this subject; and Mr. Eton has disappointed us equally with the rest. His title is a mere cloak; as his book is a masked battery against the present form of government established in Malta, mounted with an old, rusty, unserviceable, and ill-directed artillery which, if it has not been shaken to pieces by its own fire, may be dismounted by a single hostile discharge. If the first works on which we have commented, were other than what they are, and if there was any thing like a redemption of the promise of his title-page, or candour or consistency in the publication of Mr. Eton, our task would be more simple than it unfortunately is; but insufficient or vicious in various respects as are these different volumes, we see no means of disentangling, or of eking out the perplexed and broken web which lies before us. We are therefore reduced to the necessity of spinning one of our own, making use of such of their materials as we think applicable to our purpose, or giving our reasons for rejecting them where the case appears to require it.

In no country in Europe did the yoke of authority press so grievously as in Malta: a domineering system of policy was the only principle of government with the order of St. John, nor was the systematic rigor to which they were subjected the principal evil which her inhabitants had to endure; they had to bear with the more offensive profligacy and insolence of the individuals who composed it. Next in rank to these were the marquisses, counts, and barons, who for the greater part, we believe, derived, and often purchased, their honours from the grand master. Their nobility was in truth little more than titular, they were treated with no consideration by the knights, and consequently were little respected by the people. There was little commerce, and almost every path

leading to wealth and honour was closed against the natives; in short, to apply to Malta the strong and comprehensive words of a modern writer, *tout y étoit instrument ou poussière.* Menaced by France, and unable, from the failure and bad administration of their revenues, to maintain an adequate force for their defence, the order feared to accept the voluntary offers of the inhabitants, which might, at least, have presented a barrier to the danger of the moment. When these, who had only submitted from necessity, rose upon their oppressors, the knights were out of the question, and the nobles and, speaking by comparison, the rich, either observed a timid neutrality or, in some few instances, adhered to the enemy. A new race started into consideration, men, in whom native sense and courage, in a great degree, supplied the place of wealth, rank, or education, and who found their proper level in the disturbed circumstances of the times. Some of these leaders were doubtless not influenced by the purest motives, and some had first courted the favour of the French, who afterwards lined the ranks, or directed the hostility of the insurgents.

After the triumph of the Maltese and the establishment of a British government in the island, all, if we except one short interruption of tranquillity, for a while went well. Then came the peace of Amiens, in which England pledged herself to the restoration of the knights of St. John, and in remodelling this order, the vital principle of which was purity of descent, the paramount duties of which were the exercise of charity, and christian devotion unto death, the first exemplified by service in the receptacles of the poor and sick, the second by sea and land against the unbelievers,—in recasting a body, the members of which were sworn to defend their posts under every extremity of suffering and danger—projected to reconstruct it with the remnants of a perjured chivalry, to piece it by the insertion of purchased nobility, to prop it by the conclusion of a peace with the infidels, and to maintain it by the robbery of hospitals and almshouses. If the Maltese did not see the folly, they at least saw the injustice of this stipulation; they execrated the memory of the knights, who had oppressed and who had betrayed them: if they were in a great degree indebted to England for their former deliverance, they were obliged to her only as an ally, who, in blockading their enemies by sea, and furnishing them with a few auxiliary troops, furthered her proper interests, and they conceived themselves principally indebted to their own arms for their deliverance. They had willingly bestowed their island upon the king of England, but in so doing they had given him no power to convey it to another; if he declined it, the sovereignty justly reverted to themselves. Such points they pressed upon our government, backed by

by many other arguments and assertions, and if some of these were futile or fantastic, and such some certainly were, others were irrefragable. Amongst other things they cited the instrument by which Charles V. as king of the Sicilies, made over the *dominium utile* of Malta, to the knights of St. John, with the express reservation, that if they abandoned the government, it should revert to the crown from which it had been dismembered. Hence they justly concluded, that if considerations of right were to decide the question, the island was either the king of Sicily's or their own; the king of Sicily's in virtue of the instrument of cession, or their own by the title of conquest. They gained little by this logical appeal to the English cabinet, beyond the satisfaction of impaling the minister on one of the horns of their dilemma. While he, however, was sprawling upon the stake, the British nation, if not informed, or not sensible of the claims of justice, slowly awakened to more interested considerations, and Malta was delivered from the terror of her knights, and of the French. Unfortunately, however, it required little shrewdness on her part, to perceive that England had played a most unworthy part, and that her conduct was a fearful omen of what might be expected from her, on any future occasion, when interest and policy were not, as well as honour, arrayed on the same side of the question. If any thing, however, could have appeased the resentment of the Maltese, though it could not remove their fears, it would have been the conduct of the English governor, or, to speak more correctly, the English civil commissioner, Sir Alexander Ball. The mildness of his really paternal sway formed a striking contrast to the tyranny of their former masters, and other things tended to second its natural effects. Protection from the piracies of the Barbary states, the erection of La Valletta into a free port, and the consequent influx of English capital, had opened sources of wealth of which the Maltese, who appear to have a natural disposition to commerce, availed themselves with remarkable industry and success. All again appeared to promise quiet and content: but the calm was of short duration.

Many various and unconnected causes led to new dissatisfaction. Nothing could make a stronger first impression than the conduct of Sir Alexander Ball. It was the stronger, from a conviction of the sincerity of the man, and *il suo diletto popolo Maltese*, so constantly in his mouth, for a long while lost little effect from repetition, because it was known to come from his heart. Moreover, his indulgence was never capricious, because it was not formed on a false estimate of the character of the people. He knew them well, their defects as well as their merits, and, as far as his policy extended, managed them with equal sagacity and discretion. But though not capricious, it was excessive; and conci-

liation has its limits. The gentleness of his nature would not allow him to temper his system with harsher yet salutary ingredients, and he could not, or he would not, believe that, were an option necessary between the two great principles of fear and love, the former, inasmuch as its impressions are more lively as well as more lasting, is the more powerful engine of government. Hence though he outlived not the love of the people at large, the latter period of his life was harassed by factions which we believe he possessed sufficient authority to have crushed. The Maltese had been long kept under by hard treatment and hunger. They were of a sudden pampered and released from restraint; it is not wonderful that, like other wild animals, they should abuse the blessings which were new to them. There is nothing more striking to an Englishman than the hourly exhibition of this spirit. The same men who dared not pass the large space before the Grand Master's palace but cap in hand, will not now shew those ordinary tokens of respect which are cheerfully paid to sex and station by ourselves. The manner in which this humour exhibits itself is sometimes offensive, and sometimes sufficiently amusing. A porter will jostle you in the street; nobody will ever make way for you. A hackneyman or boatman will, perhaps, if you accept his terms, clap you on the back, and cry *buono!* or, if you reject them, motion you from him with the addition of 'Shove off, John, or Mary,' according to the sex of the party with whom he is in treaty. In short, these people are precisely like those upstarts in society who mistake rudeness for ease, and consider impertinence but as a proper assertion of independence.

But if some bad effects sprang out of good, others proceeded from a more natural source. The Maltese law, which had, perhaps, been sufficient to the purposes of justice in a simpler state of society, was soon found to be inadequate to the new order of things. The complicated relations of commerce required a system more certain in its principles and more expeditious in its proceedings. Sir Alexander Ball doubtless thought that his abolition of a court, which cut off one stage of appeals, previous to arriving at the last resort, would conduce to the last mentioned object; but where there was a suspicion of corruption, and the persuasion, how justly founded we know not, certainly exists in Malta, it may be questioned whether such a reduction might not really remove one of the barriers which opposed it. At any rate, it was not calculated to efface the belief; a belief originating, perhaps, not more in the inconsistence of their decisions than in the deplorable poverty of the judges.

Nor was this poverty the fate of those magistrates alone. Great as was the influx of wealth, it was not every one who could be benefited

fited by it; to those who were not, it was injurious; and they, whose property was unimprovable, suffered not less in reality than by contrast. In many instances, too, owing to particular local circumstances, the price of things rose beyond all just proportion to the augmented value of money. Such was the case with respect to houses: this necessarily pressed severely upon the poor, who, as it is the nature of man to contemplate his situation on the most unfavorable side, did not probably consider that they were indemnified in the increased stipend of labour, which is better paid in Malta than in Great Britain. Another evil which bore hard upon a very extensive and respectable class, we mean the middle order of society, was the rise of wages amongst the women servants, which, from the great concourse of English settlers, rose to a sudden and unnatural pitch. This has driven the natives to a singular expedient, that of importing black female slaves from the opposite coast of Africa. We know not whether the introduction of these be clandestine, or whether slavery be a *status* acknowledged by the law of the island; whether it be or not, however, the sanction of it (if it ever were allowed) must have been done away by the acts of the British legislature, and we conclude, therefore, that such a traffic must be contraband, and that slaves thus imported might vindicate their liberty by an appeal to justice. To return from this short digression: by no class of people were the evils we have mentioned more severely felt than by the public functionaries of every description, whose miserable salaries, contemptible as they now appeared, had been formerly better proportioned to the relative value of money. It was difficult to apply a remedy to this evil. Malta furnished scarcely any revenue, but was, on the contrary, a source of large expenditure to Great Britain. Her governor could hardly, under such circumstances, apply at home for assistance, or, if he did, it is natural enough that it should have been refused. It would indeed have been easy to raise a revenue infinitely more than sufficient to such purposes, we believe adequate to the maintenance of the colony, from the island itself; not by internal taxes never levied by their former masters, but by duties imposed upon commerce: this, however, was not done, though the boon was our own, and we had a right to attach to it what conditions we pleased. As to the prudence of the measure, we need only cite the example of the Ionian islands, where the success of the experiment fully justifies what we have conjectured would have been its effect, if adopted in Malta. All the native officers of the colony were consequently left in a state of distress, which, if it did not alienate them from their attachment to England, was not likely to dispose them towards her interests; or, (if their sense of duty was proof against such a trial,) at least, left them little influence or

means to support them. Add to this, some of the lordlings of the isle, though they had deserved nothing of us or of their fellow citizens, probably thought they had a sufficient title to consideration in their nobility; and of those who had a better plea in their services during the blockade, some may have been, in point of morals as well as talents, unfit for situations of civil trust. At any rate, it was difficult for the English governor to reward this class according to his estimate of their deserts, impossible according to their own.

Such were the causes which, directly or indirectly, mediately or immediately, contributed to the fermentation which followed. But this was only a general spirit of restlessness; the majority were like children who cry for something but know not for what. Out of the mass, however, started a party, not indeed formidable either in its composition or its numbers, but whose objects were more defined, and whose aims were more dangerous. These, unpractised in the chace which they were engaged in, were not long at a loss for instruction. They were cheered in the pursuit, if not laid on, by an English huntsman, in the shape of Mr. Eton; and if they did not evince much sagacity in unravelling the scent, it must be allowed that they approved themselves true *southern hounds* in their clamour, and that a louder (we cannot say

——————— 'a cry more tuneable,)
Was never halloo'd to or cheer'd with horn.'

All nations, from the Chippeways, who believed that their ancestors lived till their teeth were worn out with eating, to the Maltese, who fancy that they were once free, rich, and civilized, have an ideal golden age: it would be as difficult for the latter as for the former to assign its date. The first assertion of their great national rights was, however, made in the memorial on the peace, parts of which we have so lately discussed. In this, we are informed, amongst other things, that they *had been the free allies, and not the subjects, of Sicily, and that they had elected their own suzerains!!! &c. &c. &c. &c.* Notwithstanding, however, all the rusty rubbish in which they had raked for somewhat whereon to re-erect their supposed rights, amongst all the frivolous matter which they triumphantly fished up and most perversely misapplied, the grand piece of mummery, brought forwards with such pomp and circumstance, (and this is a fact well worthy of remark,) was as yet unproduced. This was an afterthought, when that spirit had been raised, the causes of which we have endeavoured to trace.

There existed formerly in the island a body denominated the *concilio pubblico*, or *popolare*, or, as is stated by the Maltese, sometimes designated as the *concilio della città*. This corporation was dissolved by the grand master in 1775, and all that is known of its functions

functions is, that they had been, as far as modern history or tradition extends, administrative. This council was, however, now armed with legislative powers by the patriots, who called aloud for the re-erection of the idol, whom they had vested with such imaginary virtues. According to our view of this subject, the question respecting the rights of this assembly might be dismissed as irrelevant to the points which are at issue. Granted, that the Maltese, as they assert, received us upon condition that we preserved to them their privileges; what could such a stipulation, or such a presumption, mean, but privileges either clearly defined, or lately held and enjoyed? To illustrate the case by the first instance, and certainly it is a fair parallel, which occurs to us;—let us suppose that several years after the Norman conquest, and before the establishment of parliaments, the throne of England had been by any means vacated, and a king of Denmark installed in the empty seat, upon the same terms on which, as it is affirmed, our own sovereign was received by the Maltese,—could his new subjects, under the plea of having had assurance of the guarantee of privileges, have pretended to the restoration of the wittenagemot? Notwithstanding, however, the light in which we view the subject, namely, that though the political speculators of Malta could make good their assertions, they are still but where they were in the argument respecting their pretensions, these pretensions we are ready to discuss; not in the perverse love of pursuing any unprofitable argument, but with the desire to detect imposture and to disabuse those who have been its dupes. We have already stated that the *concilio popolare* was an afterthought, or an after-discovery of the Maltese. Mr. Eton, however, (for he cannot saddle his battering-ram, the happily yclept Marquis *Testa ferrata*, or any other of his instruments, with *this* discovery,) has found out that it was re-erected by the Maltese, immediately upon their rising in arms against their oppressors; and he has recognized the features, and traced the character of the deceased, in a committee, similar to those of our late volunteer corps, created by the insurgents, in control of their chiefs, and afterwards, for their notorious misconduct, most deservedly dissolved. From this his first introduction of the subject, we are constantly revisited by the phantoms of this council and the liberties of the Maltese. We can compare these to nothing better than to Panurge's quit-rents of periwinkle and cockle-shells, not only as alike in point of insubstantiality but as being pressed upon us with the same perversely ingenious perseverance and artifice. Now absolutely affirmed, now incidentally mentioned, now referred to as things recognized, they are overlaid with such a mass of circumstance, that we are all but bored and bewildered into belief. But whoever will turn to Mr. Eton's book and take the trouble of shovelling away

away the lumber which is spread over the supposed foundations of all these privileges and pre-eminences, will find the whole fabric baseless, and his assertions utterly unpropped by the documents which he has so boldly and ostentatiously produced.

It is however in Part III. after having 'long preluded to the fray,' that he has mustered the assertions of the patriots in regular order of battle, with the said documents marshalled in the rear. The object of this memoir, which purports to be a translation, is to establish the great antiquity of the predicated Maltese liberties, as well as of this *concilio popolare*. In proof of this, besides more statements, to which we have before alluded, as produced in other papers, we are presented with accounts of concessions made in favour of these islanders, and more particularly with the precise words of an instrument of a Sicilian king, justifying them in the resistance they might make to a lord imposed upon them by the crown of Sicily. History tells us, (and with this the documents are by no means at variance,) that Malta was conquered by Roger, king of Sicily, and soon afterwards erected into a fief. After a succession of lords, the inhabitants, wearied with the change of masters, and disliking the individuals upon whom this island was conferred, did at different times purchase their redemption, and obtain the strongest assurances that they should not again be separated from the possession of the crown. But, as it will always happen, when the weak stipulate with the strong, faith was ill observed with them; they continued to be, as it suited the views of the court of Sicily, transferred from master to master, and at last willingly and joyfully acquiesced (for they testified their feelings in a most substantial manner) in the transfer of Malta by the Emperor Charles V. to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Now, supposing the flattering turn given to these transactions in Mr. Eton's book were perfectly just, we would simply ask these patriots, or their advocate, what their *Magna Charta*, as they phrase it, tends to establish. The permission given to them by one of their kings to resist any infraction of their purchased rights, may by them be considered as a monument of national honour, and however little value an Englishman may set on trophies obtained by gold, however little credit he may attach to their ancestors for not having used the privilege of resistance which they had purchased so dearly, we will still consider it, if they please, as an honourable achievement. But, at the best, this is all that can be said for it. The rights which the Maltese had purchased were necessarily merged in their voluntary submission to the knights of St. John; and this, though Mr. Eton has in one place declaimed on the injustice of Charles V,

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is confessed in another division of his work: in that transfer they were buried.

But from this era they begin a fresh score; and first we are told, that a general guarantee to the inhabitants of their privileges on occasion of this transfer, and the oath, equally general in its terms, taken by the grand masters to maintain them, prove the existence of these so often presumed rights; and secondly, we are desired to believe that he was only first minister of the island, with limited and responsible authority. As to the latter ridiculous assertion, we shall refer the reader to the instrument of cession by Charles V. Cantar, lib. ii. not. xiv. With respect to the guarantee of rights, and the oath taken to observe them, we shall only remark, that we are not at all disposed to deny that the Maltese enjoyed certain privileges not necessarily vacated by the transfer, some of which are sufficiently established by the documents before us, but it does require either a most singular degree of stupidity, or of effrontery, to contend from thence that such were popular. The most despotic sovereign in the world swears to preserve the rights of his people. Let the Maltese shew a specification of their rights, and evidence of their *concilio popolare*. In the mean time, they may continue to proclaim the first and to dress the latter with what authority they please; they may devote pages (see Eton, Part III.) to an account of its composition, and to a definition of its powers, but all this is as ridiculous as the pompous opening speech of an advocate who has not an evidence to call in support of the allegations of his brief. One only sentence (these documents, it is to be observed, are generally extracts) can be adduced as containing any thing like a presumption of the council ever having exercised legislative powers. (p. 116) viz. 'That the jurats and the captain of the city shall be obliged to execute and obey all the resolutions of the deliberations of the council.' But independently of the loose and general mode in which obedience is usually prescribed, even when it is meant to be limited, another paragraph in the same paper teaches how this ought to be interpreted, for it vests a particular power in the council, expressly subject to the approval of this very captain, who is, in the article before quoted, ordered to execute and obey all their resolutions!! We would recommend to the Maltese, the next time they present us with garbled papers, to compare with better caution the ill assorted pieces out of which they seek to make a whole. The paper, moreover, from which this article is selected, if it were not so harmless, would be singularly suspicious. It has neither description nor title. It begins thus: 'And the 22d of February, 1458, on the application of the noble Piero di Mazzara, royal knight, and Antonio Falzone, ambassadors, King *Alphonso* granted, &c.' The whole series is curiously entitled,

titled, '*A note* of the contents of diplomas of the sovereigns, *suzerains* of Malta, containing concessions and conventions relative to the rights and privileges of the people of the islands of Malta and Gozo.' Garbled as these papers are, a fact which appears upon the face of them, they are also very doubtfully authenticated, having been produced before a single notary public by three jurats, in the year 1721, a period, which did not long precede an open conspiracy against the order.

Such are the foundations on which rests the supposed authority of the *concilio popolare.* Nothing, like what the Maltese have asserted, is to be discovered, neither *totidem verbis, totidem syllabis,* nor *totidem literis.* But forsooth, there are yet other important documents in the possession of certain families of the island, copies of which are preserved in the archives of Palermo. Need we here cite the old conclusion, passed into an adage, respecting things non-existent and non-apparent? We might, however, go farther: we understand that a Sicilian advocate of high character, for probity and talents, was employed to rummage for these supposed palladia of Maltese freedom, and we have been assured, that the result of his laborious researches was, that there existed no evidence whatever of the council having exercised the functions which the patriots had attributed to it, and that its duty appeared to have been limited to the regulation of the supply of grain. What seems to confirm this, is an article amongst the documents produced in Part III. of Mr. Eton, which we have before referred to, as requiring the sanction of the captain of the city, and, we might have added, his judges. This article empowers the council, conjointly with the jurats, and with the sanction of the before named officers, as *representing the suzerain,* to oblige the rich to lend money for the purchase of corn in cases of necessity. This, however, is totally unnecessary to our argument; the *onus probandi* lies with the malcontents, and we have seen what precious lights they have struck out from the hopeless mass upon which they have so long been hammering. Yet such was the *ignis fatuus* hailed by the patriots as the day-star of liberty to Malta.

Others there were, however, who, agreeing with them in opinion as to the supposed evils existing in the constitution of these islands, looked to a different remedy; though we know not that their opinions, thrown out generally indeed in the memoir on the peace, have ever been embodied and embattled like those of the persons whom we have just dismissed from the scene. These ran wild upon another project, about liberty of the press, trial by jury, &c.

It is obvious that some of the evils which we have mentioned as the certain or probable causes of the spirit of disaffection, which

which we have described, are to be cured by time alone; there are others which, not containing the *vis medicatrix naturæ* in themselves, require the healing hand of authority. We have the satisfaction of knowing that this has already, in one instance, been applied, that the present governor has begun to make the island contribute to its own support, and that he is proportionably augmenting the salaries of the public functionaries. Will it be believed, (we know not if it has lately been increased,) that the income of a Maltese judge, in a country where every thing is dear as in England, only a few months ago did not exceed the annual sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, and that during the government of Sir Alexander Ball the yearly revenue of the islands of Malta and Gozo did not amount to more than forty thousand? We sincerely hope that General Oakes will not desist from his purpose till he has made the revenue meet every expense of the establishment. We are well aware that the imposition of duties which ought to have been levied at first will come with an ill grace after so long an exemption from all fiscal regulation; but if we hope to retain our colonies, we must make them contribute to their own support and defence, a consideration, which, if any argument can in such a case have weight, cannot be utterly unavailing with the Maltese. The population at large pay scarcely any thing to the state, and very little to the church; unless their piety should prompt them to voluntary contribution. They will be only remotely and indirectly affected by the levy of duties upon trade, and men so little instructed are not likely, with the exception of the merchants, to clamour against, or even to foresee the consequential effects of such a measure. As to its justice there cannot be a doubt; we think there is as little question as to its policy, and certainly there is nobody better qualified to bring it to a conclusion than he who has begun it. Attention to the duties of his charge, firmness, tempered with great suavity of manners; that regularity of life, which conciliates respect amongst all nations, and a splendid hospitality, to which it is impossible that his very limited official appointments can be adequate, have all united to secure that authority and influence to the present governor, which mere rank and station can of themselves never obtain. He has moreover, in assistance of his own judgment, certainly fully sufficient to his situation, an able assistant in Mr. Pyers, and a safe counsellor in the Reverend Mr. Laing, the secretary and friend of Sir Alexander Ball. We trust we are not mistaken in believing that his views are directed farther than they have hitherto reached.

We do also entertain the fervent hope that he is equally convinced of the absolute necessity of reform in the administration of civil

civil and criminal justice. The Maltese law is contained in the code of Rohan, which derives its title from the grand master by whose order it was compiled; cases not provided for by this digest, or after-additions to it, (for Mr. Eton informs us some have been made since these islands came into our possession,) are determined upon the principles of the Roman law, upon which it is itself founded. It would be very unnecessary to enlarge upon the evils of this system in a country, the only one in Europe, which in very early times rejected it with indignation, and which every day witnesses its inconveniences in a kindred part of its dominions. Yet some remarks are necessary upon its effects as visible in the Maltese islands. In no country is its meddling spirit more deeply felt. There is no disposition of property, there is no agreement between buyer and seller, between landlord and tenant, in short, between man and man, which is safe from its interference. Those who think this an exaggerated statement may find a confirmation of the truth in the transactions which have taken place in La Valletta, on the part of the navy and victualling boards, and we can assert with safety, that the English naval commissioner, backed by all the legal assistance he can command, finds it impossible to word a contract which the Maltese courts will not vacate upon some frivolous pretence of equity, however apparently indissoluble may be its conditions.

If such is the character of their civil, equally miserable is that of their criminal justice. We pass by the censures so justly bestowed upon the slowness and general inefficiency of its modes of proceeding; we are content to rest its merits upon the principle of its decisions, and of these a case, which occurred during the winter of 1812, will furnish a sufficient illustration. A man was indicted for administering poison which was followed by death. The evidence amounted perhaps to a moral conviction of his guilt; but there was a deficiency in the chain of proofs, which the prisoner's advocate, an able and eloquent lawyer, very acutely exposed. What was to be done? It was not decent to hang him, and it was not right to acquit him. The judges compromised the difficulty, (do not let the reader imagine it was a commutation of punishment after the establishment of crime,) by banishing the man, whom they believed guilty, but whom they could not legally convict. This extraordinary decision was founded upon a case, recorded in the proceedings of the parliament of Catalonia, cited in confirmation of the sentence. Distinctions were drawn, at the time, respecting the difference of a person acquitted through some accidental defect of evidence, and one absolved as *scevro d'ogni taccia*. Much sophistry was also vented respecting the *scandal* of suffering a culprit to return into the bosom of society, to which, though it could not formally

mally be brought home to him, his crime was notorious. What must be the spirit of a system which defends itself by such arguments! We may go farther, and exclaim what must be the effect of such a system, not only on those whom it directly reaches, but on the whole class of society at large, whom it teaches in every instance to frame their conduct to the supposed exigence or convenience of the moment, rather than to those general principles of action, which are the only basis of justice, morality and religion!

We are aware of the difficulty of introducing amendment in so sickly a body as the jurisprudence of Malta; but the wisdom of the physician was never questioned for risking somewhat where the malady was desperate, and we know that in the present instance it is scarcely possible to apply a cure which shall be worse than the disease. It is not, however, our wish that such a recipe should be resorted to as, in the opinions of our countrymen in Malta, can alone be successful. What is nutriment to a sound, is poison to a diseased constitution, and it will be long ere she will be prepared to receive that best of benefits—the English law. In this, as well as other cases, the habits of the patient must be considered, and to those habits must be adapted the system of cure. Such caution is doubtless necessary; but if we continue to confound caution with delay, it is a question whether we shall not be forced upon more perilous experiments. 'So long as justice is impartially administered,' says even Mr. Eton, 'the common people will generally remain quiet;' but what people will long submit to a system so radically vicious, that we believe any man of common understanding and experience in the judicial proceedings of Malta would, with the conviction that the right was with him, as soon submit his cause to the hazard of the die as to the decision of the ordinary tribunals of La Valletta?

We shall now venture to suggest two means of giving influence to our government in these islands, the first of which, we believe, would bring an accession of moral, as well as physical strength to the English interests. The works of Malta, the excellence of which is in most instances so justly vaunted, are in some respects extremely defective. The Cottonera lines, designed only as a receptacle for the peasantry and cattle, in the event of Turkish invasion, afford but a feeble defence against the more dangerous arts of European warfare. They are, moreover, commanded by a neighbouring hill, which consequently must, in case of danger, either be raised, or converted into a military position. But the great evil of these fortifications is their extent. In the opinion of experienced officers, thirty thousand men would be required for their full occupation; say that fifteen thousand would be sufficient for effective defence. Our garrison ordinarily consists, and it is quite as much as we can spare, of about five thousand. There are also,

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exclusive of a small corps of coast-artillery, two battalions of native infantry, which may amount to one thousand men. One of these is tolerably effective, the second is no better than an armed police. Now the population of the islands consists, according to the most probable estimates, of ninety-six thousand souls, having increased nearly a fourth, since they came into our possession. What prevents our raising from this a militia adequate to the necessity of the case? A very little instruction, and therefore a very small expense, would fit them for the execution of the duties required in a siege, and the numberless holidays observed in catholic countries would afford an opportunity for their assembly and exercise. Upon our system of colonial policy something must be trusted to the inhabitants of our settlements, and we believe no where could such confidence be more safely reposed than in the lower orders of the Maltese. It would flatter their *amour propre*, always a characteristic feature in the natives of petty states, and would be hailed by them as a sort of security against a return of their enemies. Should, however, such a scheme, if executed on a large scale, appear to be attended with risk, it might be discreetly modified so as to preclude the possibility of danger; a certain number only might be disciplined, and the great body of those required merely inrolled, and distributed under officers worthy of their trust. The advantages of such an arrangement are too obvious to require illustration.

Our second proposal will probably appear to others, as well as ourselves, utterly free from any possible difficulty or danger. One of the many causes which have retarded the civilization of these islands, is their language. This is Arabic, a tongue which promises no great sources of information; but even these, such as they are, are sealed to the Maltese; for they have never adopted its original characters, or established by convention an alphabet of their own. One has indeed been proposed in a dictionary lately published; but their preachers still continue to compose in Italian, and from the pulpit, translate their sermons, as they read, into the vernacular tongue. The former language, though incorrectly spoken, has made considerable progress in the towns; the English, however, is beginning to diffuse itself, and, if we may believe the assertions of a native, well informed on such subjects, it has gained a footing in the country which the Italian, so long the *lingua aulica* of Malta, has never been able to obtain. One great encouragement to the study of our language is the singular facility with which the natives of these islands, from their organs having been disciplined to every possible inflection of sound in their own, acquire its pronunciation. From the mode in which they receive their knowledge, and the habits of their instructors, it is not wonderful that they should fall into some whimsical singularities of idiom; but many of the lower ranks

ranks express themselves fluently, and all with very little impropriety of accent. Why not attempt to further the natural progress of things? It is surely unnecessary to enter upon a detail of the advantages which the establishment of English, as a national language, would produce, and a waste of words to prove how much it must tend to an identification of the inhabitants with their fellow-subjects. The useful discoveries of the present day furnish the means. The systems of Bell or Lancaster are well known to foreigners under another name; and the Neapolitan government some time ago established a school for Italian upon these principles in Palermo, which has answered the fullest expectation of its founders. The numbers and poverty of the Maltese clergy would furnish a cheap class of instructors: the youth, who are generally the worst provided, would eagerly embrace such a means of profit, however scanty, and would easily qualify themselves for their task. A Maltese advocate is at present not amongst the least respectable of the pleaders in the Admiralty Court of La Valletta, and we feel persuaded that, were this system adopted, the English would in a few years utterly supplant every other dialect spoken in the island. An uncommon portion of shrewdness, and a frugality, or rather dirty parsimony, unexampled in any other people, peculiarly fit the Maltese for commercial pursuits, and explain the cause of the marvellous accumulation of riches by men, totally without capital, who have laid the foundation of their fortunes in these two qualities alone. With this singular people, education is a key which can unlock treasures, and, as such, would be hailed with a gratitude proportioned to their sense of the benefit received.

Such are the measures which strike us as most likely to meet the evils which threaten the stability of our government in Malta; but there is one preliminary step which can alone give force and consistency to any change of system, on whatever principle it may be founded: we must do away the farce of a provisional administration; we must at once give confidence to our friends and take all hope from our enemies, by annexing this settlement to the empire of Great Britain. No objection ought to come, or will come, from the majority of the inhabitants who, like fatherless children, will gratefully receive our adoption. Does the measure hang upon difficulties with respect to the public law of Europe? After the events of the last few years; after the violence this code has suffered from France, and, in necessary retaliation on the enemy, from ourselves, what is such a pretended scruple but a cloak for cowardice or sloth? We believe, indeed, that more will be inclined to censure our suggestions as deficient in energy than to tax them with the opposite error. But those who would play a bolder game, must recollect that this is not an abstract discussion

of the colonial policy of Great Britain, it is not a question whether a better general system might or might not be substituted for the present; but how Malta may be best governed according to the existing order of things. To such who on the other hand may think, that what is sought by the patriots, though it cannot be pretended to as a right, might wisely be conceded as a grace —to such amongst these as will not shut their eyes against the light of history, and the experience of their own times, we reply, that putting out of the question all other considerations, the Maltese are yet far, very far from that point of civilization when such concessions could be considered as a benefit. The reader, who has not already arrived at this conclusion, will scarcely fail to acknowledge its truth, in the course of the perusal of some notices which we shall now throw together upon the national character.

The two most odious points in this are the passion of vengeance, and what we have already touched upon, an excessive sordidness of disposition. To these might be added, most overweening pride and self-conceit. Lord Bacon has designated revenge as a kind of wild justice: it is common to all barbarians, and people living under a defective system of justice. The second vice is more peculiarly their own; it pervades all ranks, exhibits itself in every money transaction, and is not more visible in the petty thefts of the servant, than in the dirty spirit of peculation in the public functionary; which he qualifies with the gentle term of *ingegnarsi*. For the third failing, if it is not so general in the higher classes, it meets you at every turn amongst the lower.

Into the opposite scale must be cast piety, chastity, sobriety, all the family affections, fidelity, courage, and industry. In Malta, the usual effect of a hot climate in disposing to indolence has been counteracted by peculiar circumstances; and the scantiness of the soil *et duris urgens in rebus egestas* have infused into these islanders a portion of energy and activity not to be surpassed by that of the inhabitants of our more northern regions. On horseback they are strong and courageous as ourselves; in the management of their own vessels they are admirable; in the use of the oar they are undoubtedly our superiors: the inhabitants of the coast may almost be considered as amphibious, and the address of the boys on the *marina* of La Valletta in recovering a small piece of money from the bottom of the harbour, is amongst the first striking circumstances which arrest the attention of a stranger. An Englishman sees with wonder the driver of his *calesse*, during the most oppressive days of summer, running by the side of his horse for miles together, and keeping up with him, whatever may be his pace; and, with respect to the peasantry, a singular picture of their industry and temperance may be found in the Essay of the Padre Carlo.

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Correspondent in appearance to the vigour with which they are animated are the figure and limbs of the Maltese. Strongly resembling the remains of Greek sculpture, they afford a singular confirmation of the propriety of that model which the ancients adopted as the scheme of perfection, with respect to strength and beauty, in the human frame. The face, however, bears no resemblance to the models of classical antiquity. The hair is coarse and bushy, the complexion swarthy, the features rude; and, with a certain expression of good-humour, is mixed that look of cunning which never fails to distinguish the barbarian.

Of the good qualities, which we have ascribed to these people, we think few will be called in question; their social affections, their devotion and their sobriety are universally admitted; and though the chastity of their women has been disputed by those considered as the best qualified to decide upon the fact, we believe that their experience has not extended beyond the limited sphere of corruption which emanated from the knights, and which, for a time, survived the extinction of the order.

The bravery and fidelity of the people are best attested by their conduct during the blockade of the French in La Valletta; and an occurrence which happened during this warfare, will illustrate, in singular contrast, two of the qualities we have attributed to them, namely, their vindictive spirit and their devout, though blind, obedience to their religion. A party had surprized and massacred some Frenchmen, and were about to glut their vengeance with devouring the hearts of their victims, when one of the number observing that it was Friday, they unanimously desisted from their intention, and reserved the forbidden viands till they could eat meat without offending against the precepts of their church. Nor did their purpose cool by delay; they did actually re-assemble and consummate the monstrous feast.

It is not, however, always striking virtues and vices which best determine the scale of civilization at which a people are arrived; traits of character, less important in themselves, often furnish a nicer criterion. The most remarkable among those which distinguish the Maltese, is exhibited in the supposed disease of the *scato*, and its remedy; a folly which appears to be derived from their Sicilian neighbours. This is a violent panic terror, which, if it does not slay the patient outright, occasions a prostration of strength and spirits which yields only to some medicine, at once whimsical and strange, and the virtue of which consists, of course, in the confidence which it excites. But the Maltese refine upon the Sicilian mode of treatment. Their most approved prescription is a broth composed of puppies, put alive into the pot. The magic of this recipe consists in the sufferer's remaining ignorant of its composi-

tion, and in the consequent disgust which follows an exhibition of the dripping soup-meat. This is supposed to occasion a sudden re-action of the spirits, and the first idea so painfully fixed on the mind of the patient yields to the surprise of a yet more disagreeable impression.

If this disease be confined to the vulgar, the higher classes have their corresponding extravagance. This is what they term a *disgusto*, and may be rendered by the English word mortification, which oftentimes disposes of the patient as effectually as the *scanto*. One of the remedies also for this disorder is the favourite puppy-broth; but here it is administered as a restorative.

Notwithstanding this morbid sensibility of mind, the disposition of the Maltese people is joyous in the extreme. There is, indeed, little society amongst the gentry; but many causes have co-operated to render them unsocial; ancient habits of seclusion under the government of the order, their wretched frugality, and the factions into which they are divided. The genuine character of a people is, however, rather to be sought, as longest preserved, amongst the inferior classes: and those of Malta, undivided by the various parties which have sprung up amongst the noble and the rich, indulge, where they can, in a frank festivity, of which the first subject of this review presents a spirited picture, in a description of the feast of St. Peter.

It is not an unusual condition in a marriage settlement that the husband shall be obliged to bring his wife to this festival; yet it rarely falls to the lot of the women to partake of similar gaieties: their ordinary dress, their looks, their motions, their whole demeanor bespeak habitual restraint. While the man, gaily attired in white cotton trowsers, and a jacket, covered with fillagree buttons of gold or silver, and sometimes of the most expensive workmanship, his waist girt with a crimson sash, and his head covered with a red cap, nearly similar in form to the Phrygian, walks, though generally barefoot, with an elastic step and an air of confidence; the female Maltese, clad in black, her head and person partially enveloped in a mantle of the same colour, is seen shuffling along with precisely that constrained and aukward gait which distinguishes the cast of English women, who inclose themselves in long cases like caddises. We may still detect strong traces of the Arabic modes of thinking of their ancestors, whose maxim was, according to the work lately quoted, 'that women should appear but twice in public, the day of their wedding and of their funeral.'

The ceremonies formerly observed on the two latter occasions will be found in this publication. There is somethiug singular, but there is little of elegance in these, nor is there much of wildness or originality in their other ceremonies or superstitions. Some modes

modes of speech however might be cited, as remaining shreds of islamism; such is the caution used in the introduction of a pig into discourse, the mention of which is usually qualified with the apologetical phrase of 'parlando con rispetto.' But their superstition is not less gross for having little that is peculiar or picturesque. It is but a few years ago that an almost universal tumult took place against the Jews, which was quieted, with great difficulty, by the singular address and influence of the governor, Sir Alexander Ball. This species of insurrection was precisely similar to those which have happened in Europe at different periods of the middle ages, and was founded upon the same extravagant pretext of the concealment and murder of Christian children. Their other prejudices have been as little softened by commerce: a Mussulman, discovered in a bye street of La Valletta, is sometimes mobbed with the most persevering malice; and woe to the unfortunate Ishmaelite, who, during the three last days of the carnival, is viewed by any of these most Christian revellers, at a distance from protection.

From the people we pass to the country they inhabit. Malta, and its sister islands, which are made first, as viewed from the sea, present a heavy, undulating outline; nor is there any thing in the whole face of the country which can be called pleasing or picturesque, till you open the harbour of La Valletta. Here indeed a scene bursts upon you equally beautiful and imposing. Two considerable inlets, the largest of which forms a most magnificent port, almost insulate the town, situated on a tongue of land, which rising inland from the sea, exhibits a series of fine buildings, towering one above the other, and crowned with some singular edifices, detached from the mass, which give a striking finish to the whole. Each side of the harbour is strongly fortified with batteries, that appear to grow out of the rock, of which they are composed. The south-east side, sufficiently covered with forts and houses, is defended by a triple tier of guns, suggesting an image of power, which works of the first order often fail to convey to an inexperienced eye. The great visible length of the harbour and its windings, which leave you in suspense as to its real limits, fill the mind with undetermined ideas of extent; and the quantity of shipping of various nations, of different forms, and bearing different flags, together with the crowds upon the Marina, gives gaiety and animation to a picture, which can hardly be paralleled in the world. Nor does the charm end on entering the town. The streets indeed are narrow, but amid the brilliancy of a southern sky, this does not occasion the gloom which renders such a mode of building disagreeable in England. The houses, which are built of stone, are flat roofed, for the purpose of preserving the rain water, on which the inhabitants principally depend, and have

most of them massive virandas glazed or latticed. There is indeed but one building which can pretend to any thing like regularity, but in no place is the triumph of the picturesque over the beautiful more decisive. Even the mixed character of the architecture of the palace, a union of the European and Saracenic, pleases, and appears justified by the doubtful position of Malta, as well as by the mixed groups of Mahometans and Christians who repose beneath its caves.

Perhaps the most striking thing to a foreigner, on first landing, is the uninterrupted din of bells, rattled with a perseverance which appears to exceed that of all other Catholic countries. If it happens to be a festival, it will require little stretch of imagination on his part to conceive himself disembarked upon the *Isle Sonnante*, and the idea may derive force from the swarms of many-coloured drones, whom he will see hived in their respective churches amidst this clatter of brass. These processions, however unpromising they may sound, and they are, with some few exceptions, to the full as dull and uninteresting as might be conceived, may fairly rank with the other amusements of La Valletta, with the single reservation of the Italian opera. This is maintained on a very respectable establishment both with respect to the performers and the orchestra; but the buffo style is the favourite of these islanders, who, like all the southern people, if they have not much taste for humour, have an infinite passion for buffoonery. An actor, the words and music of whose song would be nothing without his face, figure, and grimaces, will draw down thunders of applause, and, what is more extraordinary, will draw the purse-strings of the spectators. He sings in Italian, and dollars are tost upon the stage; he is encored, and recommences in Maltese, more dollars follow, and fresh encores. His last performance is in English, and whether it be from the contagion of taste or the pride of emulation, another volley of silver is showered upon him. The opera as well as a regular Italian theatre, which occupies its stage on alternate nights, lasts only a part of the year. The latter might be said to sound the very base string of comedy, if a company of English *dilettanti* actors had not contrived to reach a chord below it. During the carnival, masqued balls are substituted for the opera, to which the proprietors of the boxes can go as spectators. Here the favourite Maltese dance, a species of cotillon, is performed with infinite delight, and a loose given to every sort of buffoonery, little restrained by considerations of decorum. Occasionally tumults arise, sometimes even the native guard, charged with the police of the theatre, is forced; masquers in every sort of ludicrous habit are seen scrambling into the boxes for protection, and a detachment of English soldiers is called in for the re-establishment of

of order. During the three last days of the carnival, the whole country flocks into La Valletta in masquerade, and from morning to night all is noise, revelry, and extravagance. Grotesque caricature appointments, having no idea attached to them, aiming at nothing beyond a monstrous assemblage of things incongruous, with a large fund of animal spirits, are the qualifications necessary for figuring in these Saturnalia. This, with gesticulating, squeaking, grunting, bellowing, and pelting sugar-plumbs, complete the Maltese idea of an excellent masque. If a character is attempted, it is, perhaps, that of a *chasseur*, who makes his poodle yelp at you, and pokes his gun in your eye, or that of a fellow, with the imitation of a scald-head, who slips his hat upon those whom he can take by surprise.

Such are the public amusements of La Valletta. A stranger may find a better resource in the public library, begun by the knights, (who, by a late act of the order, were obliged to leave their books to this collection,) and continued by the English. It is tolerably numerous, but incomplete in almost all its parts. That it should be very ill-furnished with works in our own language it would be natural to expect; it is more difficult to explain why it should be deficient in Italian literature. The first foundations can scarcely be said to have been laid of the museum, which is annexed to it; for it is miserably poor in subjects of natural history: though situated in the neighbourhood of the most abundant mines of Grecian pottery, it is not more rich in vases, of which only one is really deserving of attention, and it is yet more deficient in sculpture. There is, indeed, a statue of Hercules, of disputed antiquity, said to be good, but which was not visible when we were in Malta, and a mutilated antique female figure certainly of no ordinary workmanship. Other remains of sculpture and inscriptions are preserved in the island, but nothing particularly interesting in point of excellence or rarity. The most valuable of the latter in different languages have, we believe, been removed; and, together with these, that in Punic, supposed by Sir Wm. Drummond to designate the sepulchre of Hannibal. Malta has as little to boast on the subject of pictures. There are many, indeed, which may pass for respectable, but not more than two which can challenge admiration. One of these, in the palace, a full length portrait of Louis XVI. in his royal robes, presented by him to the order, and said to be by the hand of David, is a painting of extraordinary mechanical execution: the other, which has infinitely higher pretensions, is of the old Italian school. It represents the decollation of St. John, and is suspended in the church dedicated to him; but in so bad a situation and light, that nothing but its supereminent merits could force it upon the observation of the spectator. Much time may be

pleasingly spent in this place: the riches of the altar, and of the chapels, appropriated to the different *Langues*, the pompous arrangements for the accommodation of the order, the monuments of the grand masters, the pavement blazoned in *incastro* with the arms of the knights in polished marble, lapis lazuli or enamels, the imposing splendor of the place throughout, altogether take possession of the imagination, which, readily overleaping the period of its corruption and decline, is transported back into the early and heroic ages of that illustrious institution. A contrast is opposed to the graver character of St. John, in the interior of St. Paul's, in Città Vecchia, the ancient metropolis, formerly called Città Notabile, and situated a few miles from La Valletta. The characteristics of this are lightness, elegance, and a festive brilliancy of appearance. When the traveller has visited these, and what else has been here specified, he has but to dive into St. Paul's cave and the catacombs, and he will have exhausted the wonders of Malta.

The country will have few attractions for him; and if this island be, as is now contended, the Ogygia of Calypso, he will no longer admire at Ulysses' rejection of immortality clogged with the condition of perpetual residence. Divided into a series of terraces, built up with free-stone, for the support of the scanty soil, during the rains, it exhibits the appearance of one vast church yard, a resemblance rather increased than diminished by a few and thinly scattered trees. The only two pleasure gardens of any extent, unless we class the Boschetto, previously mentioned, amongst these, are that of Floriana, a suburb of La Valletta, and that of S. Antonio attached to one of the villas of the governor, at about four miles distance. They are both laid out in the Italian style, but with considerable diversity of design. The latter is the most spacious and the most richly dressed. Near the former of these is also a small botanic garden; it is, however, on a sufficient scale to afford a fair proof of the experiment suggested by Denon in his book on Egypt, namely, the attempting to make Malta an intermediate station for the plants of warmer countries, as a mode of gradually seasoning them to the colder temperatures of Europe. It should seem, however, notwithstanding certain exceptions, that in spite of the absence of frost, there is something in particular winds which prevail here, exclusive of their violence, that is prejudicial to a large tribe of the vegetable creation. Several shrubs, which in our southern counties flourish in the open air, such as the *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and the less hardy *Camelia Japonica*, scarcely shiver through a Maltese winter with the shelter of basket-work or matting.

To some useful plants, however, which require warmth, such as the cotton-tree, the produce of which is manufactured here on a small

mall scale, and to many fruits, this island is more congenial. The reputation of its oranges is established throughout the world. Of these the different species are described at length in the *Saggio di Agricoltura*.

A very strange idea is popular at home, derived from Malta, where, indeed, it is almost universal, that the blood-coloured orange (the best known in England, but not equal in flavour to the oval or egg-orange) is produced from a graft upon the pomegranate. The Padre Carlo observes, 'that some boast themselves to be in possession of plants thus worked; but with whatever attention I have observed them, I never could succeed in discovering in any one of these the slightest appearance of the pomegranate; and however often moved by their repeated assertions, I have tried this inoculation in all possible modes, I never had the good fortune to see it once take. Hence it appears to me probable, that the first plants of this kind were imported into Malta, as were all the others which are most remarkable. Whether, however, in any other country this variety be natural, or whether it be artificial, is a question on which I shall not venture to pronounce an opinion.'

The figs of this country are delicious. The inhabitants, who, together with the islanders of the Levant, appear to have inherited the usage from the ancients, practise what is termed caprification, but not uniformly, even upon the same trees. If the erroneousness of the doctrine, respecting this being necessary to the fertilization of the fruit, had not been already exposed in England, this irregular execution of it would be sufficient to its detection. There is, however, no doubt but that it is thus most essentially improved, whether it be, as has been supposed by some, that the insects, in depositing their eggs, leave any liquor which produces a beneficial fermentation in the milk of the fig, as those of Provence are observed to ripen better from being pricked with a straw dipped in olive-oil, and as various fruits are ameliorated by the bite of the wasp, round which puncture the pulp is uniformly richer than elsewhere, must be determined by better naturalists than the Padre Carlo or ourselves. It might, perhaps, be worth while to introduce the first fig, which ripens in these islands in June, into Great Britain, where it is, we believe, unknown. A tree which matures its fruit with such early suns might possibly bring it to perfection even in our colder climate at a later period of the year. The olive and the vine both flourish in Malta; but though the first appears to have formerly furnished, over and above the oil consumed by the inhabitants, an article of export, (*Saggio di Agricoltura*, p. 215,) neither are any longer cultivated for profitable purposes. With the large exception of oranges, melons, pomegranates, and grapes, the latter of which also are better, forced in England, we have

have nothing to envy on the score of fruits, having accomplished with the help of art more than nature has done for the Maltese. The pine-apple, indeed, since it grows, we believe, without the shelter of houses, in Naples, they might, and the prickly pear or *Ficus Indianus* they do cultivate all over the island. But though this is both praised for its flavour and its nutritious qualities, and forms part of the food of the inhabitants, we doubt whether it would arrive at the rank of an eatable, much less of a luxury, in England. Vegetables of all kinds are excellent in Malta, during the winter, spring, and autumn, saving potatoes, turnips, and the pea: the culture of the latter, however, appears to have failed, from an improper selection of the sort. It is equally bad at Gibraltar, with the exception of one species, partially introduced, called by gardeners the fan-pea, which thrives as in England. The success of this experiment might suggest its importation into Malta. The most curious vegetable production of these islands is the *Fungus Melitensis;* this grows spontaneously on a rock contiguous to Gozo, and in a very small district in Malta. It has a great, but apparently an exaggerated, reputation as a stiptic.

Malta, which is stated to be twenty miles in extreme length, twelve in breadth, seventy in circumference; and Gozo which is twenty long, six wide, and thirty in circuit, are not, according to the Padre Carlo, one with the other, cultivated throughout above two-thirds of their extent; but the land of the latter is both more fertile and turned to better account than that of the former. They do not together produce more corn than is sufficient for a quarter of a year's consumption of the inhabitants. The bread made from the Maltese and from the imported wheat is detestably composed, and is moreover extremely gritty. This arises from the hardness of the grain which triturates the grind-stone. During the year of scarcity, in our own country, the Sicilian wheat was, on this account, rejected by the English bakers; yet in Palermo, bread may be procured made of the wheat of the country which has not this defect. We were informed that it was obviated by soaking the grain in water till it was sufficiently softened not to abrade the surface of the stones, and these are not, we believe, harder than those of France, which we make use of in England. We mention this as a hint worthy of attention in case of a recurrence of distress similar to that of 1801. In a country so hot as Malta, natural grasses are out of the question, nor are the artificial cultivated in the spirit of experiment. It is a reproach to us that we never should have tried the Guinea grass. In aid of what artificial forage there is, come the prickly-pear, and carrob-tree; the latter furnishes a food which, from the saccharine matter it contains, is extremely nutritious. After what we have stated it will naturally be

be supposed that Malta cannot produce cattle (she breeds no oxen) even in proportion to her growth of grain. The latter is supplied to the inhabitants, according to the old practice of the island, by the government. Bullocks were also, till a short time ago, furnished in the same manner, at an established price, when the scheme was tried of throwing open the market. The inhabitants, Maltese and English, disappointed at this not being attended with immediate success, seemed anxious at once to return to the ancient system, not reflecting that a considerable period of time was necessary to do justice to the experiment, and so much the more, as the island was supplied from Sicily by a contraband traffic. But the restriction put on such an export, either is already, or will be, we should imagine, removed. The Maltese, to make amends for the poverty of the land, extort all they can from the sea, and they deserve the praise of active and successful fishermen.

It is not only for inattention to improvements in agriculture, as observed in the preceding paragraph, that we deserve reproach; we justly merit it for the disregard we have shown to other branches of science. Without venturing to pronounce whether Dr. Domeier, whom we have exhibited as very bad authority on most points, is correct in his strictures on the medical establishments of La Valletta, we sympathize with him, as far as we understand him, which we believe we do in the most essential point, in regretting the want of an astronomer in so clear an atmosphere.

On points of importance to our naval establishment we have manifested more active exertion, and a capacious dock was in a state of forward preparation at the conclusion of last summer. Were we not already a laughing-stock to our enemy for having been the zealous stewards of his possessions, we should hail this great work as a pledge of our resolution to maintain at any cost the possession of these islands.

In commercial matters we have shewn yet more energy. As one proof of this, we have not only inundated Turkey, usually so called, but even her most southern provinces, and those nearest to Arabia, with our West India coffee, nor is any other drunk, unless it be in the houses of the most magnificent and luxurious, throughout the whole extent of that empire. Nay, even that which comes direct from Mocha itself is usually adulterated with another berry, from which it is easily distinguished in its unroasted state: but whether this be the production of the West or East Indian islands, we cannot pretend to determine.

Mercantile speculations have attracted to, and fixed in Malta a great number of English. It has also, since our exclusion from the continent, become the winter refuge of invalids. Its climate

is

is then certainly delightful. It is true, that though the thermometer is scarcely ever below fifty in the shade, it is sometimes cold to sensation, and that an immense quantity of rain falls during this season; but this comes down at once, and never hangs condensed in a canopy of vapour, or spitters, as in England, in a perpetual drizzle. There are few days in which there is not a large allowance of sun-shine, and it would be a cruel injustice to the temperature of this period to compare it to that part of an English winter, which is, by courtesy, called spring, or even to the month of June of our ordinary summer. This latter season is particularly oppressive in Malta, from the extreme heat of the night, which is almost as sultry as the day. The sciroc, which fortunately seldom lasts long, is a severe infliction, and we can compare the feel and temperature of the air during the prevalence of this wind to nothing better than the atmosphere of an extremely hot washhouse. Very detailed and scientific observations on these points will be found in the first subject of this review. These were furnished to the author by M. Dolomieu in his own words, as was the substance of some others on the formation of these islands, which are well worthy of attention, though certainly open to dispute; and it must be admitted that if neither Malta, Gozo, or Cumino, which are all composed of calcarious rock, offer interesting productions in mineralogy, they present many appearances well deserving the investigation of the geologist.

The sum of M. Dolomieu's theory is that these three isles are only fragments of a more considerable land which stretched in the direction of the S. S. E. and that they have resisted, through the solidity of their materials, the violence which overwhelmed the country, to which they belonged. The cause to which he attributes such effects is an immense mass of water put in action by some irregular libratory motion of the earth; but he allows, we quote his words,

'That even since the establishment of population in Malta, the island has been diminished in extent; a proof of which is to be seen in the tracks of wheels, at the extremities of the cliffs. Indeed it is a matter of common occurrence that large portions of the rock give way, occasioned by the fretting of the sea, or by the spontaneous destruction of the beds of the inferior strata, the substance of which,' he proceeds to state, 'has every where throughout the three islands, more or less tendency to decomposition, on exposure to the air.'

An idea, started in the course of these speculations, has, perhaps, created some unnecessary alarm.

'This valley, (that of La Marsa) says M. Dolomieu, which is now one of the widest, most extensive, and, at the same time, most fertile of the island, was anciently almost entirely occupied by the sea, which reached

reached nearly to the *Casal Fornaro*, even at no very remote period: but the soil and fragments of rocks washed down from the higher ground, the labour of man, and above all, the settling of the substances, brought in by the sea with a N. E. wind, have by little and little filled it up. In a little time the interior of the harbour will undergo the same change, which might be hastened by means of dykes and basins, in which the sea always calm, would lodge the substances that are at present suspended by its agitation. This has happened without its being intended to the basin in the small valley, called the Little *Marsa*, and which in a very short time will be completely choaked.'

We must observe that these predictions, even if well founded, threaten no immediate danger. It is only the farther part of the port which is menaced, because the rubbish which is to accomplish this mischief, can only come from the sides and bottom of the harbour itself. Little can be brought in from the open sea, the bottom of which is, we believe, generally speaking, composed of rock. Moreover, the winds which are to be the agents on this occasion, are not so prevalent, but that their effects might be counteracted by art. At present the great depth of water is an inconvenience, inasmuch as it precludes the possibility of laying down buoys, by which ships might warp out in winds with which they cannot work, owing to the extreme narrowness of the channel.

With these observations, we dismiss the subject of Malta. If, in the course of this article, we have in several instances entered into much detail, it has been, not only because the ponderous works written on this subject reach not to the present period, but because in all these, many points worthy of observation, have been postponed to objects of comparatively small interest or curiosity. For the long discussion, into which we have been drawn, in the examination of Mr. Eton's book, in particular, we think no apology is necessary. *In tenui labor* may be objected to us by such as look only to the extent and ostensible wealth of the country, whose factions form the subject of the argument, but such an accusation will not be preferred by those who contemplate it in the more enlarged and liberal light which it deserves. We are happy to find that in this light it is considered by the present government, and in the commission of inquiry which they have sent out to Malta, we hail an instance of attention to its affairs, which cannot but be followed with advantage, since, if not attended with immediate benefit, it must at least tend to the discussion, and consequently to the better understanding, and ultimate improvement of this important possession.

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ART. II. *Sermons* by Samuel Horsley, LL. D. F. R. S. F. S. A. late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. Vol. 3. 8vo. Hatchard.

AMONG those ornaments of literature, and of the church of England, which have lately been removed by death from the stations to which unassisted merit had advanced them, are to be deplored the names of Porteus and Horsley, men of talents and dispositions more different perhaps than ever actively and harmoniously co-operated in the same cause. The one was elegant in deportment, gentle in manners, popular in the choice and treatment of his theological subjects, never profound but always impressive; and though often familiar, yet, by matchless dexterity, never inattentive to his own dignity. The other was rough, haughty, and imperious, of an understanding vast and comprehensive, addicted in his discourses to the choice of novel and difficult subjects, and mingling involuntarily with those, which were intended to be popular, disquisitions at once entertaining and profound. Both having been educated in the university of Cambridge, the one abandoned, as soon as academical restraints were removed, the pursuit of abstract mathematics for more elegant studies; while the other, after having graduated in another faculty, spontaneously and through life pursued them to a considerable extent. Both were admitted into the families of great prelates, eminent for their attainments in Hebrew literature; a pursuit which was too rugged for the one, and a mere relaxation to the other: and, while both were equally orthodox in their religious principles, the one maintained the essential doctrines of Christianity by clear and perspicuous statements, the other by irrefragable argument. Porteus had more taste than eloquence, Horsley more eloquence than taste: the first was unquestionably the most amiable; the second, the ablest man of their latter days. In their character as legislators, the same original diversity of temper marked their conduct. Ever attentive to the interests of religion and the establishment, the Bishop of London maintained on questions merely temporal a delicate reserve, which enabled him to interpose with tenfold effect in his own peculiar province; while the Bishop of St. Asaph, with a strong tendency to law and business, together with a constitutional absence of all timidity added to his other qualifications, never scrupled to interpose and to dictate on secular subjects.

With the character and peculiarities however of this great man, as a legislator, a mathematician, an Hebrew critic, or even as a controversialist, (excepting so far as his discourses are controversial,) we have no concern. His original and admirable sermons, many of which were preached in the pulpits of the metropolis, and yet live

live in the memories of his hearers, are now before us. Of these the first and characteristic feature is, that which distinguishes the gifted few from a numerous and subordinate class, entitled men of abilities only;—the splendour of original genius. It is by the predominant influence of this rare quality that the sermons of Horsley are freed from that dry severity of ratiocination which never fails to cramp the style of ordinary mathematicians, when writing on theological subjects. Proficiency in this science, we mean as distinct from invention and discovery, is no decisive test of superior talents. Great perseverance united to ordinary understandings, will suffice for the purpose: but great perseverance long employed in this single direction, will, if such qualifications have been bestowed on the mathematical student in a moderate degree alone, extinguish imagination, check the flow of native eloquence, and cramp every movement of free and excursive rhetoric. It is only minds like those of Barrow and Horsley (for the influence of the mathematical curb is visible in the discourses of Clark) in which the vigour of the more elastic and animated faculties is not broken by pertinacious meditation or abstract science; for where the acquirement is difficult, the whole understanding is absorbed; the mind takes a single ply, and when bent by a long and laborious attention to mathematical truths, becomes so tense and rigid, that it never after applies itself to moral or religious truths with ease or grace. In intellects of an order so superior, the other faculties, vigorous from the beginning, remain unimpaired, while the student passes at will and with ease from the exercise of pure analysis, to the ever varying gradations of moral evidence, to the persuasive topics of rhetoric, or to the awakening and animating strains of popular eloquence. An union of excellencies so rare and, in general, so little compatible, we repeat it, has hardly been attained but by Barrow and Horsley, among the divines of this or any other age or country.

Another excellence common to both, and of immense importance at present, for which the world may hold itself equally indebted to the intrepidity of their tempers, and the perspicacity of their understandings, is, that they never decline a difficulty, nor ever fritter away the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, because they have been abused by fanatics. This species of fortitude, (for to be unfashionable always requires some portion of that quality,) which began to be wanted among the latitudinarian divines of Charles the Second's time, is become much more valuable now. On the evidences of Christianity, the present reign in England has produced more luminous and convincing works than perhaps the whole Christian world from the age of the apostles: but it is impossible not to observe among first-rate divines a certain shyness as to doctrines:

doctrines: we are convinced indeed that Christianity is a revelation, but we are left to collect for ourselves what has been revealed. Meanwhile the fanatic outrages its doctrines to the destruction at once of morality and common sense; the Unitarian pares them down to the standard of reason, and, what is worse, of his own reason; while the preacher of the church of England, disgusted with one extreme, and afraid of the other, too often conceives that he has attained to the seat of truth, by placing himself in any part of the wide interval between opposite errors. On the firm ground of orthodoxy, as detailed in the articles of the church of England, or rather as contained in the volume of inspiration, Bishop Horsley took his stand, and that perhaps with the greater alacrity, as his peculiar position in the midst of an enemy's host afforded abundant scope for his polemical talents and propensities. He disdained the poor and cheap praise of liberality; he sought no security by concessions and compromises; he avowed, he displayed the difficulties of his own system; he restated with greater force the objections of his adversaries, that he might but the more triumphantly overbear them.

In point of matter and manner, at a period abounding with good theology, the discourses of Bishop Horsley stand pre-eminent and alone. They are compositions sui generis. Never perhaps did philosophy, certainly never did the philosophy of physics, lend more powerful aid to the cause of revelation. In acuteness of conception, in felicity of illustration, the theological works of Paley may be paralleled with those of Horsley; but in force and profundity, and still more in point of erudition, of which that original thinker had but a small proportion, the distance is immense. Both however could open at pleasure a vein of rich and happy eloquence; both had that contempt for artificial elegance, and that tendency to coarseness of style, which seems to be incident to minds of the first order; but Horsley is never playful, and Paley is never long or willingly grave. The former dogmatizes ex cathedrâ; the latter instructs with the easy gaiety and naïveté of a fireside companion. Both however enjoyed in perfection one attribute, (the first which can belong to reasoners, or to teachers,) namely, a precision and distinctness in their ideas, with an aptitude and felicity of expression, which, if they are not understood, leave the blame or the misfortune with their readers.

We have already mentioned the seasonable intrepidity of our author in bringing to that prominent and conspicuous station which they ought always to occupy in Christian discourses, the peculiar doctrines of revelation. Of this the following may serve as a specimen:

'It is God's will that all men should be brought to a just understanding

standing of the deliverance Christ hath wrought for us, to a just apprehension of the magnitude of our hopes in him, and of the certainty of the evidence on which those hopes are founded. It is God's will that all men should come to a knowledge of the original dignity of our Saviour's person, of the mystery of his incarnation, of the nature of his eternal priesthood, of the value of his atonement, the efficacy of his intercession. This instruction would more effectually secure them against the poison of modern corruptions than the practice, dictated by a false discretion, of avoiding the mention of every doctrine that may be combated, and burying every text of doubtful meaning. The corruptors of the Christian doctrines have no such reserve. The doctrines of the divinity of the Son, the incarnation, the satisfaction of the cross as a sacrifice, the mediatorial intercession, the influences of the spirit, &c. are topics of popular discussion with those who would deny or pervert those doctrine; and we may judge by their success what our own might be, if we would but meet our antagonists on their own ground.'

The clear, undisguised representation of revealed truth, which these admirable discourses every where hold forth, is the more to be applauded because in addition to the false discretion, the timid and heartless reserve of which our author complains, the cause of religion has received and is receiving many wounds 'in the house of her friends,' by imbecility, by indiscretion, by fanaticism. The present, it must be confessed, is an age of very superior intelligence; and, as it has been pleaded with great ingenuity in favour of a distinction of ranks among the clergy, that every order in society requires a class of public teachers on a footing of parity with itself; the same argument may with equal propriety be applied to the state of intellect and information which now prevails. Minds of a superior order, highly cultivated, and of reasoning faculties powerfully exercised, (and many such there are who have little attended to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity,) would be disgusted rather than edified by the faithful, though feeble representations of these great truths, which they would receive from ordinary preachers; much less would they endure to separate the gold from the dross, in the wild and incoherent discourses of honest enthusiasts. It is to minds so constituted, notwithstanding that masterly perspicuity which brings down as far as possible the sublimest doctrines to ordinary understandings, that, after all, the sermons of Bishop Horsley are peculiarly adapted. Possessed of strength themselves, they have here an equally powerful hand to grapple with. Accustomed, if the expression may be allowed, to athletic studies, whatever force they may apply to the argumentation of Horsley, will be met by an equal reaction. He is a preacher to scholars and philosophers of the first order, as a metropolitan is a preacher to princes: he is their equal. They may not at first assent to all

his doctrines, but they will not be able to confute, and, least of all, will they be able to despise them. But our limits require, that we hasten to particulars.

On the sense of the word 'day,' as applied by Moses to the successive periods of the creation, after the difficulties which have lately been started on the subject, the theological philosopher will be heard with unusual interest.

'By what description could the word day be more expressly limited to its literal and common meaning, as denoting that portion of time which is measured and consumed by the earth's revolution on her axis? That this revolution was performed in the same space of time in the beginning of the world as now, I would not over confidently affirm. But a day, whatever was its space, was still the same thing in nature: a portion of time measured by the same motion, divisible into the same seasons of morning and noon, evening and midnight. The day was itself marked by the same vicissitudes of darkness and light: for six *such* days God was making the heaven and the earth, the sea and all that therein is, and rested the seventh day.'

In this account however more than one proposition appears to be extremely doubtful; that the portion of time described by Moses as a day, was so called as being bounded at each extremity by darkness, can scarcely be doubted: but it by no means follows that this period was measured by the same motion, and completed by one rotation of the earth upon its axis, when there was yet no sun to turn to. The principle of light appears at first to have been unembodied, and there is nothing in the term 'day' to contradict the opinion of modern geologists, (we mean Christian geologists,) that these periods were of indefinitely long duration. The latest discoveries on and beneath the earth's surface, while they bear irrefragable testimony to the *order* of the creation, as assigned by Moses, certainly countenance the opinion of considerable intervals having taken place between different portions of the work.

To this theory of the six days' work of the creation, and of the origin of the sabbath, we shall, by way of contrast, subjoin from the same discourse an account of the evil of sabbath-breaking, in the shocking extent to which it is now carried in this country, so lively and scenical, that we are almost led to forget the extent of the mischief, and the solemnity of the subject, in the life and spirit of the description.

'In a commercial country, the great fortunes acquired in trade have a natural tendency to level all distinctions but what arise from affluence. Wealth supplies the place of nobility: birth retains only the privilege of setting the first example. The city catches the manners of the court, and the vices of the high born peer are faithfully copied in the life of the opulent merchant and thriving tradesman. Accordingly, in the space

space of a few years, Sunday became the travelling day of all who travel in their own carriages. But, why should the humbler citizen, whose scantier means oblige him to commit his person to the crammed stage coach, more than his wealthier neighbour, be exposed to the hardship of travelling on the working days, when the multitude of heavy carts and waggons moving to and fro in all directions, renders the roads unpleasant and unsafe for carriages of a lighter fabric, especially when the only real inconvenience, the danger of such obstructions, is infinitely increased to him by the greater difficulty with which the vehicle in which he makes his uncomfortable journey, crosses out of the way in deep and miry roads to avoid the fatal jostle? The force of these principles was soon perceived; and in open defiance of the laws, stage coaches have for several years travelled on the Sundays. The waggoner soon understands that the road is as free for him as for the coachman; and the Sunday traveller now breaks the sabbath, without any advantage gained in the safety or pleasure of his journey. In the country the roads are crowded on the Sunday, as on any other day, with travellers of every sort; the devotion of the villager is interrupted by the noise of the carriages passing through, or stopping at the inns for refreshment. In the metropolis, instead of that solemn stillness of the vacant streets, which might suit, as in our fathers' days, with the sanctity of the day, the mingled racket of worldly business and pleasure is going on with little abatement; and in the churches and chapels which adjoin the public streets, the sharp rattle of the whirling phaeton, and the graver rumble of the loaded waggon, mixed with the oaths and imprecations of the brawling drivers, disturb the congregation, and stun the voice of the preacher.'

Bishop Horsley's nerves were of no very delicate texture, yet we cannot avoid recognizing in this singular passage, something of the 'enraged preacher,' whose voice had actually been stunned by these discordant annoyances; but the strain of reprehension approaches nearer to satiric poetry than to preaching.

> 'Inde caput morbi, rhedarum transitus arcto
> Vicorum inflexu, et stantis convicia mandræ.'—Juv.

To this instance of levity may properly be opposed the awful solemnity of the following passage:

'In that moment, therefore, in which his present life ends, every man's future condition becomes irreversibly determined. Let us watch therefore and pray. Neither shall vigilance and prayer be ineffectual. On the incorrigible and perverse, on those who mock at God's threatenings, and reject his promises; on those only, the severity of his wrath will fall. But for those who lay these warnings to heart, who dread the pollutions of the world, and flee from sin as from a serpent, who fear God's displeasure more than death, and seek his favour more than life, though much of frailty will to the last adhere to them; yet these are the objects of the Father's mercy, of the Redeemer's love.

For these he died, for these he pleads; these he supports and strengthens with his spirit; these he shall lead with him triumphant to the mansions of glory, when sin and death shall be cast into the lake of fire.'

The following may be adduced as a specimen of that noble strain of declamation which this great preacher can always command.

'The time shall never be, when a true church of God shall not be somewhere subsisting on the earth; but any individual church, if she fall from her first love, may sink in ruins. Of this, history furnishes but too abundant proof in the examples of churches once illustrious, planted by the Apostles, watered with the blood of the first saints and martyrs which are now no more. Where are now the seven churches of Asia, whose praise is in the Apocalypse? Where shall we now find the successors of those earliest bishops, once stars in the Son of Man's right hand? Where are those boasted seals of Paul's apostleship, the churches of Corinth and Philippi? Where are the churches of Jerusalem and Alexandria? But is there need that we resort for salutary warning to the examples of remote antiquity? Alas! where at this moment is the church of France? Her altars demolished; her treasures spoiled; her holy things profaned; her persecuted clergy, and her plundered prelates, wanderers on the earth.'

The next passage (though our limits will not allow us to insert the whole of it) will shew the depth and clearness of our author's metaphysical talents, as exercised on the most difficult subject in the whole compass of that science, the will of man, and the necessity or freedom of his actions.

'We must not imagine such an arbitrary exercise of God's power over the minds and wills of subordinate agents, as should convert rational agents into mere machines, and leave the Deity charged with the follies and the crimes of men, which was the error of the Calvinists: nor must we, on the other hand, set up such a liberty of created beings as, necessarily precluding the Divine foreknowledge of human actions, should take the government of the moral world out of the hands of God, and leave him nothing to do with the noblest part of his creation, which hath been perhaps the worse error of some who have opposed the Calvinists.

'There is yet another error upon this subject, which I think took its rise among professed infidels, and to them, till of late, it hath been confined. But some have appeared among its modern advocates, actuated I am persuaded (for their writings on this subject witness it) by the same spirit of resigned devotion, which gave birth to the plan of arbitrary predestination. Deeply versed in physics, which the Calvinists neglected, these men wish to reconcile the notion of God's arbitrary dominion, which they in common with the Calvinists maintain with what the others overlooked, the regular operation of second causes; and in this circumstance lies the chief, if not only difference between the philosophical necessity of our subtle moderns, and the predestination of their more simple ancestors: and so far as these necessarians

cessarians maintain the certain influence of moral motives, as the natural and sufficient means whereby human actions and even human thoughts are brought into that continued chain of causes and effects, which taking its beginning in the operations of the infinite mind, cannot but be fully understood by him, so far they do service to the cause of truth, placing the great and glorious doctrines of foreknowledge and providence, upon a firm and philosophical foundation. But when they go beyond this, when they would represent the influence of moral motives as the same with that, which excites and governs the motions of the inanimate creation; here they contradict the very principles they would seem to have established. The source of their mistake is this, that they imagine a similitude between things which admit of no comparison, between the influence of a moral motive upon mind, and that of mechanical force upon matter.'

Long as this citation may appear in itself, it contains perhaps fewer words than those in which any other writer could have stated the substance of a most important and long agitated controversy; and though it be sufficiently visible on which side the preacher's mind preponderates, yet the whole representation is conducted with a fairness and candour which does honour to his heart.

The brightest and most luminous bodies in the universe have their spots, and even the argumentation of this great reasoner is not always free from paralogisms. Into one of these the preacher has been led by his love of novelty and paradox in his inimitable discourse on the raising of Lazarus. Here, having previously determined, that our Lord's promise to Martha, 'he that believeth in me shall never die,' is not to be understood of the second death, but that believers shall in no sense die at all; or, in other words, that with them, in the interval between the separation of soul and body and the general resurrection, perception should never cease; he goes on to combat what he truly calls that 'unintelligible and dismal doctrine of the sleep of the soul,' during the same obscure and awful interval. But this doctrine is that of an universal suspension of perception in the separate spirits of all mankind: if therefore the promise that they should never die, be restricted to believers, and mean only that their spirits alone should be exempt from the general sentence, the inference is the very reverse from what the bishop intended; namely, that the spirits of unbelievers *shall* remain in a state of sleep between death and the resurrection.

The two next discourses, on the story of the Syrophœnician woman, may be selected as unrivalled specimens of penetration and acuteness in analyzing an historical passage of Scripture, and tracing every movement of the heart (even in the human nature of our Lord himself) during a most affecting and interesting scene. In the peculiar strain of rhetoric, however, which pervades these most

animated compositions, it is impossible not to observe much of the manner of Bishop Hall, in his Contemplations:

'Oh miserable woman, offspring of an accursed race, cease thy unavailing prayers—he hath pronounced thy sentence.—Betake thee to thy home, sad outcast from thy Maker's love. Impatience of thy absence but aggravates thy child's distraction—Not long shall her debilitated frame support the tormentor's cruelty.—Give her while she lives the consolation of a parent's tenderness—it is the only service thou canst render her. For thyself, alas! no consolation remains, but in the indulgence of despair.—The Redeemer is *not* sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and to that house, ill-fated Canaanite, thou wast born and thou hast lived a stranger.'

The next discourse (more celebrated in its day than any occasional sermon within our recollection) is that on the Principle of Life, preached before the Humane Society, which gives a deadly blow to the unscriptural and unphilosophical doctrine of materialism. Yet, even here, we are hurt by a blemish arising out of the unhappy choice of a term. The bishop begins with assigning, as the lowest principle of vitality in man, *vegetable* life, by which is to be understood that species of life which animals and vegetables possess in common, whereas, in common acceptation, it certainly means that which the one class of organized beings possess as distinct from the other. In the following passage, this infelicity leads the preacher into another. 'The vital principle may remain in a man for some time after all signs of *vegetable* life disappear in his body.' With due deference to Dr. Horsley, we should have thought the contrary. Vegetables have no locomotion, no pulsation, no perceptible respiration, and therefore, when all these symptoms have disappeared in a suffocated animal, the vegetable principle of vitality may yet subsist. But for this casual lapse we are amply rewarded by the sublime account of the symptoms of apparent death in such unhappy subjects, which immediately follows:—'What have hitherto passed, even among physicians, for certain signs of a complete death—the rigid limb, the clay-cold skin, the silent pulse, the breathless lip, the livid cheek, the fallen jaw, the pinched nostril, the fixed staring eye, are uncertain and equivocal.' To this we shall oppose a noble passage from the Prognostics of Hippocrates, describing the symptoms of approaching, not apparent, death, on the human countenance, and then inquire of our critical readers first, whether in terrific grandeur the modern divine has not equalled the old physician, and secondly, whether the coincidence appears to have arisen from imitation or casual resemblance. Ῥις οξεια, κροϊαφοι ξυμπεπτωκοτες, ωτα Ψυχρα και ξυνεσταλμενα, και οι λοβοι των ωτων απεστραμμενοι και το δερμα το περι το μετωπον σκληρον τε και περιτεταμενον και καρφαλεον εον, και το χρωμα χλωροντε η και μελαν εον και πελιον η μολιβδωδες.

More

More examples of excellence, and more also of haste and carelessness, might be produced from these volumes; but to detail the first would be to reprint half their contents, and to bring forward the last, would only prove (what surely is needless) that no work of uninspired man is perfect. We now, therefore, take leave of Bishop Horsley, with the respect and admiration due to a theologian, whom, in an age of audacious innovation, countenanced by a perverse antipathy to every thing ancient and venerable, we consider as having been raised by Providence to an exalted station both in rank and literature, that by a rare combination of opposite but not inconsistent qualifications, by a reason the most profound, and an eloquence the most attractive, he might at once convince the understanding and charm the heart; that by a faithful and courageous exposition of the genuine doctrines of the church of England, he might at once demonstrate their truth and enforce their vital importance, a striking contrast to every modern inroad upon revealed truth, which has uniformly been characterised alike by imbecility and coldness, and has left behind a system, if it deserve the name, as uninteresting to the heart, as it is unfounded in Scripture.

One word more. The editor of Newton, who dared to call his author, 'out of mathematics, an ordinary man,' has, in these volumes, certainly dared to say many things which a man of smaller powers would have declined, and from which he himself, with smaller confidence in his own powers, would, perhaps, have shrunk. To genius, however, like that of Bishop Horsley, almost every thing may be forgiven: in such hands, paradox may be safe, experiments in language may be graceful, and trespasses upon decorum may only excite a smile,—but let ordinary men beware—'In that circle none can walk but he.'

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ART. III. *Li Romani nella Grecia.* Barzoni. 8vo. pp. 41.

IT is lamentable to think how little has been done by Great Britain towards disabusing the people of the continent, by a detection of the designs and weakness of the enemy; while his press has been incessantly employed in rivetting that yoke upon the nations for the reception of which it had previously prepared them. Every servile encomium on the government of Buonaparte, every calumny on his enemies, every exaggerated statement of his strength and of their imbecility, in short every falsehood vented in the Moniteur, is taken up by a succession of tributary echos, and passed from Paris to Vienna, Madrid, Petersburg and Constantinople. Every

ephemeral publication, in whatever language, French or Italian, Spanish, Greek or German, is bribed or forced into the service, and rendered, directly or indirectly, subservient to this end. The Romans adopted the arms of their enemies when persuaded of their utility; we are too idle to profit by the example of ours, even where the weapon is perhaps less efficacious in their hands than it would be in our own.

But it will be said that nothing hostile to France can find its way to her territories: an excuse for silence which, if it be valid, as far as it respects her original dominions, is not applicable to the conquered provinces, where, unseconded by the inhabitants, and less zealously served by his creatures, her ruler must find it impossible to dam up all the channels of information which might be opened to the people. Against a power, the basis of which is so rotten, the press might doubtless be employed every where with advantage, but perhaps in no part of Europe with greater promise of success than in Italy. The lively imagination and impassioned temperament of the people render them peculiarly sensible to the force of eloquence, and many circumstances concur in leading us to believe this one of the most vulnerable points of the overgrown dominions of France. If, roused to action, she *should* shake off the yoke of the oppressors, who knows but she may, by a union of her parts, form the best barrier which has yet been erected against the ambition of the conqueror? The extinction of so many independent states is certainly favourable to such an expectation; nor has any thing inspired greater confidence into the party which nourishes the passionate desire of Machiavel, that of the re-union of Italy under a single government. It may be questioned whether this project be not visionary; it may be doubted whether this party be strong either in authority or numbers; but the disposition to revolt amongst the Italians, under the influence of different hopes, and under the pressure of different evils, is placed beyond the reach of contradiction. On the withdrawal of Beauharnois' army to act against the Archduke near Vienna, the Ferrarese broke into an insurrection, which, though rendered vain by the desperate state of the Austrian affairs, afforded a sufficient test of what, under happier circumstances, might be expected from them. The Calabrias, which maintained a three years' defensive war against France, the grave of fifty thousand of her troops, and which, subdued only by the formation of roads and the establishment of military positions, cost her not dearer in blood than in treasure, await only a new opportunity of proving themselves in arms, while there is a smouldering insurrection in the Roman state which might be kindled by a breath. To keep alive this ardent spirit, to place before the eyes of the Italians their ancient wrongs and present sufferings,

ings, to detect the weakness of the enemy, and disclose to them the secret of their own strength, in short to foment, by every appeal to their reason or their passions, the growing indignation till the time be ripe for action, ought surely to be the policy of Great Britain; nor could she find a better instrument for her purpose than she already possesses in the writer of the work under our review. This gentleman is already known to the public, as author of a History of the Subversion of the late Venetian Republic, stiled from its also succinctly narrating the former fortunes of that state, *Le Rivoluzioni della Repubblica Veneta.* If there be any who, dazzled by the glory of Buonaparte, yet persevere in admiration of his character, let them recur to this publication; they may here trace the base and contemptible qualities which were subservient to the development of his more splendid vices; they may see, in this, the proudest period of his glory, how largely the lion's was pieced with the fox's skin; they may watch him wading through dirt as well as blood towards dominion. Does the disease remain unsubdued? a second remedy is presented to them in the volume before us; if this too fail, we may indeed pronounce that their malady is beyond the reach of hellebore.

The reader will have anticipated the character of the *Romani nella Grecia.* The title is typical; Italy is figured in Greece; the French in the Romans; the Austrians in the Macedonians; the Russians in the Thracians; the Venetians in the Ætolians, and Buonaparte in Flaminius; the parallel is more artfully sustained than is usual in works of a similar description. The author was probably influenced in adopting such a vehicle, as justificatory of that declamatory style in which he is peculiarly successful. Should it, however, be thought that this scholastic fiction is insufficient to his defence, he may at least shelter himself under the plea and example of Josephus, who from the deep interest taken by him in the calamities which he describes, claims the privilege of indulging in a more impassioned tone than is permitted to the ordinary historian. Like his, the language of Barzoni comes from the heart; and he describes, with natural pity and feeling indignation the weakness and the sufferings of his countrymen; the perfidy and oppression of the conqueror. Framed upon the same plan as the *Rivoluzioni della Repubblica Veneta*—this work, though of inferior bulk, embraces a wider field; the pictures which it contains are drawn with the same fidelity and spirit. It commences with a description of the causes which led to the conquest of Italy, the relative strength and disposition of the belligerents, and the character of the captain of the invaders. After the battle which was decisive of her destinies, the author becomes more circumstantial, and gives a detail of the measures resorted to in order to seduce, divide,

corrupt

corrupt and terrify the people. With all this, there is no attempt to flatter the passions of the reader by underrating the valor or substantial force of the conqueror; but when other engines are substituted for these, he presents us with the ring of Angelica, dissolves the enchantment, and shews the wizard, apparently victorious in arms, in reality triumphant by imposture and delusion. Amidst this exposure, he is singularly happy in an account of the ephemeral governments of Italy, purposely constructed with a view to their own speedy dissolution, and of the arts by which the political fanaticism of the nation was irritated, till, reduced by a succession of paroxysms to the last stage of debility, she fell an unresisting victim to the tyranny of the French chief. Then follows a picture of the havoc of an unlicensed soldiery, ceaseless rapine and confiscation, the immediate evils which were their consequence, and the remoter, yet more lasting mischief which followed, in the moral debasement and depravation of the people. The infamous transfer of Venice, which formed the subject of the work before alluded to, is succinctly told and reprobated, and this closes the first Italian war. Very few pages are devoted to the second and its consequences: these are new modifications of fraud and violence. Here the story appears somewhat strained for the purpose of adapting it to the history, its prototype, and we should in some cases find a difficulty in fitting the Roman masks upon those personages of the drama for whom they are designed. The author rises again, however, towards his conclusion, and a summary account of the nefarious policy of France towards foreign nations, in general, furnishes him with a most brilliant and powerful peroration.

The chief characteristics of this work may be said to be shrewdness and vigor. Add to this, that the eloquence of the author flows in a full, clear, and uninterrupted stream, and is generally rapid as it is copious. Yet it would be too much to say that he has wholly escaped the defects of his school, defects to which the English are, perhaps, of all people the least indulgent. The most striking of these is the anxiety to screw every thing to the same pitch, to furbish and adorn the meanest as well as the strongest parts of the subject, to have, in the language of Foote, 'as much to say upon a riband as upon a Raffael.' We do not, however, intend to affirm that Signor Barzoni has sinned to this extent; but in his attempt to soar one even and continued flight, the effort is often visible and sometimes unsuccessful. Another fault of the Italian rhetoricians, from which he cannot be considered entirely exempt, a vice, perhaps, occasioned by the seduction of the language, is the propensity to round a period at the expense of its more essential part, and to baulk the understanding while they gratify the ear. These defects, however, are neither frequent nor important. We return to a more essential

essential point. We would willingly give the English reader a juster idea of the more intrinsic merits of this work than our short abstract of its contents can have afforded: but this is inconsistent with our plan and limits. We will not, therefore, since a short citation is insufficient for such a purpose, deprive those conversant with the Italian, of an opportunity of tasting beauties, as perceptible in a fragment as in a whole, but which cannot be transfused or fixed in a translation. We select the character of Buonaparte.

'Nel terzo anno Tito Quinzio Flaminio fu destinato a quel comando. Egli era per natura soldato, e l'esercizio incessante dell' armi lo aveva disposto ad essere gran capitano. Fino dalla sua prima età aveva appreso l'arte di governare, e di comandar le armate. In qualità di tribuno era stato alla guerra contro d'Annibale sotto Marcello. Prefetto di poi di Tarento, indi condottiere di due colonie alle città Narnia e Cosa, tanto negli affidatigli carichi si distinse, che il popolo il creò console, benchè non ancora di anni trenta. Fu nella spedizione contro Filippo ch' egli fece risplendere que' grandi talenti militari che gli diedero tanto vantaggio su' Greci generali, e che tanta fama gli procacciarono a Roma. Ardito ed intrepido nel combattimento, atto a durar fatiche che fanno fremere la natura, accorto a tutto prevedere ed a provvedere a tutto nel periglio istesso, sagace a trarre da' suoi disastri e dall' infedeltà della fortuna improvvisi ripari ed impensati profitti, aggiustato nelle sue mire, di un genio perspicacissimo per eseguire a tempo li suoi progetti e per penetrare i disegni de' suoi nemici, tutto artifizio per operar senza scoprirsi, mai più artifizioso ancora allorquando evidentemente si scopriva, immenso negli espedienti, sempre inclinato ad intraprendere cose difficili, ed a tentare pur anco le impossibili, deciso di non abbandonare mai all' arbitrio del caso ciò che poteva essere condotto dalla prudenza, risoluto di osar tutto quando il consiglio era inutile, destro a coprire d' una calma sorprendente tutte le sue più gravi operazioni, facile ad essere spinto quasi da febbrile impeto a straordinarie imprese; tale era Flaminio * * * * * *

'Ho esaminato questo giovane come guerriero, ora l'osservo come uomo di stato.

'Ente ingegnosissimo, astuto, profondo e maravigliosо perche impenetrabile, senza onore, senza religione, senza morale, senza fede, ma molto esperto ad ammantarsi colle apparenze di quelle virtù per quanto convenisse a' suoi vantaggj; aspro per natura, impetuoso, iracondo, ma capace d' imperare a se stesso, e d' assumere all' uopo gli aspetti delle più delicate passioni; egualmente facile a far da tiranno che a spiegare i modi soavi e compiacenti d' adulatore; perspicace a conoscere il momento di fare il bene senza aver l'anima propria a volerlo; tronco e grave ne' detti suoi, inestricabile ne' suoi discorsi come nella sua condotta; costantemente assorto in un mondo di viste, di desiderj, d'imprese, tutte coincidenti all' aumento del suo potere; pronto a sagrificare l'amicizia, la riconoscenza, l'altrui riputazione all' esito de' suoi divisamenti, ed a servirsi della calunnia per tradir l'uno, soppiantare l'altro,

l'altro, screditar questo, perdere quello, e per rimovere ogni ostacolo dalla carriera della sua ambizione; alacre a parlar sempre ai popoli il linguaggio che era nell' animo loro, ed a nascondere sempre a tutti i sentimenti del suo; lesto a toccar le fibre del cuore umano per cavarne i segreti che gli erano utili, quanto Orfeo a sorvolar sulle corde della sua lira per trarne i suoni che gli erano necessarj; ambizioso come Alessandro, avido come Pimmalione, perfido come Lisandro, impostore come Pisistrato . . . . . ecco Tito, ecco il redentore degli schiavi. In breve tutto stringo: trattavasi di far la guerra, egli era soldato, era Romano: trattavasi di gabbare, era Flaminio, con tante prodigiose arti del suo ingegno e del suo carattere, egli giunse ad ingannar tutti i Greci, e vi riuscì tanto più facilmente quanto che non gli occorse che della mala fede per sedurre popoli che amavano esser sedotti.'

The reader, after this specimen, will probably agree with us in regretting that Signor Barzoni, who has now been several years in the service of Great Britain, to which he is equally attached from interest and from principles, should not have laboured more than he has in a cause which he is so well qualified to support. Would he know why we have so little of what is so good, he will learn that the valuable time of this gentleman is occupied in the conduct of a Maltese newspaper. He will perhaps imagine that this is but a vehicle for political discussion and for patriotic exhortation; that the little island in which he is placed has been merely chosen for his residence on account of its centrical situation, and that he is sounding an alarm to the surrounding nations from his watch-tower on the rock. Though the watchman slumber not on his post, his trumpet is not heard. Yet if he is not striving,

' ciere viros martemque accendere cantu,'

he is doubtless usefully, though less brilliantly, employed; he may at least be occupied in informing the small population amongst which he is placed, and in animating and directing public opinion in the neighbouring kingdom of Sicily? No such thing; his duty is confined to translating articles, selected for him from the English papers, into the Malta Gazette, to detailing the number of old wheelbarrows found in some old fort in some part of the old or new world, of which perhaps his readers never heard, and to re-echoing all those small news, which, because interesting to ourselves, we wisely conceive must be equally so to every body else. It is not often we find men fit for our purposes, who will embrace our cold favour and scanty remuneration. We *have* found one, and we neither know nor will learn how to turn his talents to account. We are worse than Master Stephen; when he had got his hawk he sought a book to keep him by: we keep ours perched, hooded

hooded and fasting at Malta, and if we fly him at any thing it is such mousing work, that he is ashamed of the rattle of his bells.

In regretting the waste of Signor Barzoni's talents, it is not our wish to reproach those who first assigned him, much less those who have continued him in, his unprofitable office, any more than it is our intention to charge this or that administration with faults, common to them all, in the reflections which preceded our observations on his work. So general a reproach has been popularly, and perhaps justly, attributed to a general disposing cause: but if this be the case, if we cannot hope that our foreign shall be as well administered as our domestic affairs, are we, where perfection is unattainable, to make no effort towards improvement? If party squabbles too much occupy the time and thoughts of our statesmen, is it not because party squabbles too much interest the passions of the public? And can no good arise from awakening and directing their attention to other considerations? Are we not, after all, too apt to consider defects of long standing in matters of government, as inherent in the system, and as such, irremediable? We all recollect when our troops were deficient in every military virtue but courage. The language of that day was, that an army was not the natural weapon of Great Britain, and that we could not hope to see our land correspond with our naval forces in energy and discipline. Necessity forced us upon the experiment, and to its successful result Portugal owes her safety, and Spain looks to her deliverance. May this memorable experiment in all similar circumstances be our omen and our guide!

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ART. IV. *Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions, together with an Historical Account of the Sacredness and Use of Standing Groves.* By John Evelyn, Esq. Fellow of the Royal Society. With Notes by H. Hunter, M. D. F. R. S. 1812. The Fourth Edition, with the Editor's last Corrections, and a short Memoir of him.

THE occupation of planting belongs to an advanced period of society, and the amusement of planting to a refined one. Wherever colonies of the human species have been spread over the face of the earth, they have usually found themselves annoyed and encumbered, in the first operations of agriculture, by a superfluity of native woods. Of the graminivorous animals, some have accompanied mankind in their migrations; and of those which from their wilder and more independent habits may be supposed to have preceded

preceded our species, all have unquestionably found existing forests in a state too advanced to be injured by their tooth. This observation illustrates a remarkable fact in the economy of providence. Had the origin of plants and animals in every country been contemporary, and had the latter started at once from the earth, as the former are known to have done from seeds previously dispersed in situations adapted to their growth, the probability is, that woods and forests would never have arisen. For the instincts of many animals plainly direct them to boughs and leaves for food; and there are some, as the rhinoceros and elephant in Africa, and the ass and goat among ourselves, who, by a mischievous perversity of taste, prefer the dry browze of trees and shrubs to the most delicious herbaceous plants. But these monarchs of the vegetable kingdom, so easily destroyed in their infancy, so incapable of injuries from quadrupeds at a more advanced period, have commonly been found by man, wherever he has explored new countries, in a state of alternate luxuriance and decay, defying the bite of the graminivorous animals, which abounded under their shade and partook of their lower branches. These appearances at once prove and account for the fact, that migrations of quadrupeds have gradually taken place from some central point, while the principle of vegetable life started universally into action at the period of the creation. At all events such and so unchecked had long been the progress of woods and forests, at the first colonization of almost every country, that the original settlers have scarcely been able to win their way, or to make the first rude and circumscribed attempt at cultivation but by the destruction of ancient trees. Many centuries have elapsed, since man has spread himself over the plain and productive tracts of every country, before this process of devastation is at an end: the last remnants of native forests are then found in the deep vallies of remote mountainous districts, neither easy of access nor copious in the production of grain.

But in this long interval of increasing population and civility the wants of man are multiplied, cities are built, and navies launched. The demand for timber increases while the supply continues to diminish; and it is at this precise point, in the progress of society, that the first conception of artificial planting, as an object of rustic economy, will begin to be formed. The Romans, with all their expenditure of timber on architecture and ship-building, had never exhausted their native forests; the larch of the Appennines continued under the emperors to supply the capital itself with beams of stupendous bulk and unknown antiquity. Accordingly, it would be vain to seek in the works of the rei rusticæ scriptores for any systematic directions on the subject of planting timber trees. Virgil seized it as a charming subject for poetry, but Columella,

Columella, at a somewhat later period, almost wholly omits it; while Cato, long before, sourly assigns the ninth and last place in his catalogue of soils to that which was productive of the noblest, that is the glandiferous species of trees. 'Cato quidem gradatim proponens alium alio agrum, meliorem esse dicit in novem discriminibus, quod sit primus ubi vineæ esse possunt, bono vino et multo —secundus, ubi hortus irriguus—tertius ubi salicta, quartus ubi oliveta, quintus ubi pratum, sextus, ubi campus frumentarius, septimus ubi cædua silva, octavus ubi arbustum, nonus ubi glandaria silva.'* We may pardon the father of geoponics for his very consistent preference of the vine;† but a practical farmer like Cato ought to have known that the oak flourishes most in the same soil with wheat. To the Romans we are indebted, in this island, for the chesnut, the first instance of artificial planting amongst us, which, after rivalling the oak for some centuries in the construction of our ancient houses, has tacitly left that sovereign of the vegetable world to its ancient and deserved preeminence. The beech and the Scottish pine, notwithstanding the testimony of Cæsar to the contrary, are unquestionably indigenous in Britain. Among the Saxons, with the exception of castles, and partly of churches, not the roofs only, but the walls of all buildings above the rank of mud and wattles were of wood. Hence the word timbrian came to signify building in general. But at this period the native forests of England were of vast extent, and so far was the national consumption of oak from exhausting them by use, so far were the efforts of agriculture from wearing them out by gradual encroachment, that without the aid of an heated imagination we may be permitted to believe individual trees, now existing, to have attained to no inconsiderable bulk before the conquest. But how have they survived so many revolutions? The answer is easy—Revolutions at those early periods brought with them no temptations to the destruction of woods. No man long perseveres in wanton and laborious mischief, and there was then no market for timber. When the purposes of housebote and hay-bote were answered, the survivors of the wood were left to live or die in the common course of nature. On the other hand, in the most ancient records of noble and religious houses, scarcely a vestige can be discovered of any attention to the state of their woods; they were accounted rather an incumbrance than a profit; and for landscape or ornament men had then neither eyes nor taste. But after the dissolution of the religious houses, a certain insecurity which was long apprehended in the tenure of their lands, and a vast increase in the demand for oak timber, by an in-

* Varro de Re Rustica, l. 1, s. 50. Ed. Rob. Steph.

† Narratur et prisci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

creased

creased solidity in the manner of constructing inferior houses, occasioned so prodigious a devastation, that in the reign of Elizabeth the first scarcity of that valuable material began to be felt, and the first instructions for repairing the deficiency were given. 'This scarcitie at first,' says an observing writer of that time, 'grew as it is thought either by the industrie of man for mayntayning of tillage, or else through the covetousness of such as in preferring of pasture for their sheepe and greater cattle do make small account of fire-bote and timber, or finally by the crueltie of the enemies.'* The cause, however, already assigned operated probably more powerfully than any of these, excepting the first.

But it was the civil war in the reign of Charles I. which gave the first great blow to the forests and woods of England. The estates of delinquents were minutely surveyed,—their aged oaks, like the old families which owned them, were by these enemies of all that was elegant or venerable, doomed to destruction. In these patrician trees they beheld a kind of aristocracy—the royal forests, above all, followed the fate of their unhappy master, and as all the Stuarts had uniformly felt a patriotic concern for the navy of England, it became one of the first cares of Charles II. after the restoration, to repair this formidable breach, which seemed to threaten the existence of England as a maritime, and consequently as an independent, power.

Laws enacted to limit and direct the administration of private property are never obeyed; and Charles was too sensible a man to think of compelling his subjects to plant, by fines and forfeitures for the omission. Example he knew would do something, and he had scope enough for the purpose in his own wasted forests; but an animated exhortation from the press, in an age when the nobility and gentry began to read, and to reflect, he knew would do more. A proper person for the purpose therefore was sought and found; a man of family, fortune, and learning; an experienced planter; a virtuoso, and not a little of an enthusiast in his own walk.

Such was Mr. Evelyn: and to this occasion we are indebted for the Sylva, which has therefore a title to be regarded as a national work. And surely every man of taste will rejoice that such an undertaking was not reserved for the improved science and cool didactic clearness of the present day. The Linnæan classification, the exact botanical arrangement, which has been bestowed, and very properly bestowed on the subject, by a modern editor, would have been dearly purchased at the price of that ancient and simple strain of piety, that amusing superstition, that multifarious reading, and,

* Harrison's Account of Britain prefixed to Hollinshead, ed. 1577.

above

above all, that tender and parental feeling with which Evelyn writes on his favourite subject. To say that a republication of the Sylva was unnecessary because we know more of the subject, and, what we do know, more accurately than Evelyn, is to say nothing. Varro was a better, that is, a more practical agriculturist than Virgil: yet the Georgics have a thousand delighted readers, while the rei rusticæ scriptor has a few curious critics. The truth is, that no man will sit down to the text of the Sylva as a book of science. Nay even the notes, valuable as they are, and reflecting many useful lights on the subject of planting, are capable of much improvement. In fact an experienced nursery-man in partnership with a tolerable botanist, would produce a better guide for the modern planter than the combined labours of the author and editor of the Sylva. But what would be the comparative effect? On opening the one we are introduced into a magnificent forest, where the delighted imagination disdains to notice that the paths are tangled, and the undergrowth of shrubs and bushes is wasting itself in rank and idle luxuriance; while we should take up the other with the indifference of those who visit an infant seminary of forest trees, staked out and numbered on their several beds according to class and order. But the great and immediate use of the Sylva (to make use of the author's own expression) was that of a 'parænesis'—It sounded the trumpet of alarm to the nation on the condition of their woods and forests. This was almost enough; for the truth is, that the *science* of planting is of no difficult attainment. 'He, who remembers that all the woods by which the wants of man have been supplied from the deluge till now were self sown, will not easily be persuaded to think all the art and preparation necessary, which the georgic writers prescribe to planters. Trees certainly have covered the earth with very little culture: they wave their tops among the rocks of Norway, and might thrive as well in the Highlands and Hebrides.'* And if men of fortune, among ourselves, can once be persuaded that the timber wanted for the British navy is in no long period likely to fail, and that therefore planting is a patriotic work; or if it can be demonstrated to their satisfaction, that, in addition to all the essential advantages conferred upon posterity, it will, if entered upon in early life, besides the pleasing and gentle occupation which it affords, be to themselves a profitable work—the end is achieved. In the course of their first experiments on soils and exposures, some miscarriages will take place, and some mortifications be endured, but if they bear in mind one line of the poet,

'*Texendæ* sepes tamen et pecus omne tenendum est,'

* Johnson's Journey to the Western Isles, p. 324.

without which every advantage of soil and climate and skill will be thrown away, the knowledge thus acquired will be more valuable than all the results of formal instruction; it will be topical and experimental.

In the later editions of the Sylva, which at intervals, longer or shorter, was under the author's hands, during a period of more than forty years, it is pleasing to observe the impulse which the first publication had given to the national taste. Charles the Second, as became his station, set the example of patriotic planting, and the royal forests were replenished with saplings which, at an interval of an hundred and twenty years, were destined to assert the naval supremacy of our country against the fleets of Spain and France, during the American war. Far other we fear have been the effects of those well intended efforts, which, at a much later period, have been made to replenish the royal forests.

Δρυος παρϋσης πας ἀνηρ ξυλευεται

is but too true of the depredations which, from the absence of due inspection, have been committed on that noble tree, from the acorn, which, when sown, is abandoned by unprincipled workmen to the hogs, to the aged trunk, of which a moiety, under the description of root and stub, is seized by the ranger. The truth is that woods always succeed best, for a season at least, on small estates—in other words, under the hand and eye of the owner. A winter's residence in London has, within our observation, been the destruction of an extensive and promising plantation; but, on the other hand, the pressure of the present times, which bears with peculiar hardship on all owners of small landed estates, added to the necessity of frequent alienations, always preceded by the untimely sacrifice of wood, and the impossibility of providing for families without the same work of premature destruction, combine in limiting the race of full grown oaks to estates above the necessary operation of these galling exigences. On the contrary, if, with the mismanagement which takes place on large estates, few saplings survive, the probability is that those few will become so many giants.

The editor* of this elegant work was a man of different character from the author, whose innocent quackeries will now excite a smile in the 'experienced housekeeper,' and whose habits, though elegant, were simple and abstemious. We must, however, do Dr. Hunter the justice to say that his re-publication of the Sylva revived the ardour which the first edition had excited, and while forests were laid prostrate to protect our shores from the insults of the enemy, the nobility and gentry began once more

* See his Culina famulatrix Medicinæ.

to

to sow the seeds of future navies, while, in the language of his poetical friend, the surface of the country became

'One ample theatre of sylvan grace.'

Before this period, the spirit of planting, whether for the purpose of ornament or profit, was almost confined to the great: if a private gentlemen, in the century preceding, planted an hedgerow of an hundred oaks, it was recorded, for the benefit of posterity, in his diary; meanwhile the nursery trade was in few hands, and, as the demands were small, the profits were enormous. The dealers, moreover, encouraged the planting of tall trees, on which, while their own labour had been multiplied for lucrative purposes, the success of the future plantation was always precarious. But the re-publication of the Sylva opened the eyes of land owners by teaching them that the seeds of trees would grow in private seminaries, that there was no mystery in managing a nursery; and that a plant of six inches and one of as many feet, placed in equal circumstances, side by side, would, in seven years, almost invert their relative heights.

In this national and patriotic work, however, the great Scottish nobility took and have maintained the precedence. Nothing in South Britain equals the extent and magnificence of those artificial forests which these lords of whole provinces have spread over their wild domains. A little before this period, the introduction of the larch formed a new epoch in the history of planting. That hardy native of Dauphigné and the Appennines had been introduced among us, as a tender exotic, in the reign of Charles the First, but was afterwards neglected; and though the astonishing success of a few individual plants might have directed, much earlier, the attention of our countrymen to its worth, it was little before the era alluded to that it began to be cultivated to any great extent. But a tree, which, in fifty years, will produce a beam equal to an oak of more than twice that duration, while, in contradiction to every other example, the durability and hardness of the wood are in no degree affected by the rapidity of its growth, a tree which, if the oak should fail, would build navies, and if the forests of Livonia or Norway or Canada were exhausted, would build cities, is an acquisition to this island almost without a parallel. In the present state of our relations with foreign countries, and even with our own colonies, it is impossible to contemplate, without exultation, acquirements which contribute in so important a degree to render us independent on importation. But there are fashions in all pursuits, and every stimulus is, in its own nature, temporary. It becomes us, therefore, by calling the attention of our wealthy countrymen to

the re-publication before us, as well as by independent encouragements, to keep alive that good spirit which has already gone forth. When Evelyn directed *his* contemporaries to the elegant and patriotic employment of planting, he had to wean them from the boisterous pleasures of the chase, and the consequent excesses of the table. In our humble effort to awaken men of moderate fortune to the profits and the pleasures of the same occupation, the first difficulty to be encountered is a 'winter in London.' Evelyn himself wrote what he quaintly styled a fumifugium, and the following observations may perhaps be permitted to operate in the same salutary direction. First, then, longevity has been, above every other description of men, the lot of great planters.

'And now,' says our amiable author, 'it is observed that planters are often blessed with health and old age. According to the Prophet Isaiah, "The days of a tree are the days of my people." *Hæc scripsi octogenarius*, and shall, if God protract my years and continue my health, be continually planting, till it shall please him to *transplant* me into those glorious regions above, planted with perennial groves and trees bearing immortal fruit.'

But the man of pleasure will say, a mere vegetable existence in the country, however prolonged, is no better than a βιος αβιος, a life not worth the living. And if indeed this mode of existence were mere rustic vacuity, if it were inconsistent with literary occupation, with domestic enjoyment, with active usefulness in those stations of authority which await every country gentleman resident on his own estate, we should certainly be of the same opinion; but in fact it is only incousistent with absence, with dissipation, with waste, with vice. Then, again, the return of the planter's income among the labouring peasantry of his estate, the influence of his constant superintendance and example on their morals, and the habits of cheerful submission which they always acquire by working under the eye of a master, are considerations to which no benevolent mind can be indifferent. And for himself, let him believe, till he has tried the experiment and been disappointed, that every clod which is turned up in his presence will breathe health into his nostrils, that in planting he will find the only occupation in which hope and gratification uniformly go hand in hand; the one never sated, the other never extinguished. It affords to the mind, the gentlest and most soothing engagement, and to the body a species of exercise produced by every variety of posture, every flexure of joint and limb, and such as no uniform motion can ever attain. If in this class of society, a young man on entering upon his estate, were systematically to apply but ten acres annually to this most useful work, it would furnish himself with employment for life, and his younger

younger children with portions after his decease. But, in spite of the reclamations of his gardener, who is feed by the nurserymen, he must begin with the seed-bed: he is otherwise not the natural father of his future family. Transplantation next succeeds, which from every principle of present economy, as well as future advantage, ought to be early. Then follows a long progressive work of thinning, pruning, and lopping, all which demand a skilful, and, if possible, a master's hand.

Erasmus was laughed at by the elder Scaliger for having conceived (and, perhaps, he was the first modern who conceived) the idea that plants were afflicted with a certain degree of sensation. This imagination, which seems to have received some countenance of late, must, for the sake of his feelings, be discarded by the planter; otherwise, in every act of necessary discipline upon his plants he will appear to be performing a surgical operation on his children: for the knife, the chissel and the saw must all be used in succession, though with more or less reserve, according to the following analogies.

Glandiferous trees, of which the seeds are few and bulky, have also few and perpendicular roots, with broad deciduous leaves, and are apt to extravagate into a waste of vegetation in their side branches. To compensate for this native defect, all these are patient of the knife. On the contrary, the whole pine tribe, of which the seeds are diminutive as those of herbaceous plants, have roots numerous in proportion, more capable therefore of transplantation; but because they have little hold on the ground, they are filled, instead of leaves, with a kind of spines, on which the winds have little effect. These never waste themselves in side branches, and to them, therefore, excepting with respect to dead branches, the knife, not being necessary, is injurious. In all cases, early planting is highly expedient, 'adeo in teneris consuescere multum est.'

To animate still farther the youthful planter by the prospect of no remote nor chimerical profit from his labours, a single poplar of eighteen years growth has been sold for four pounds; and a single acre planted, according to the circumstances of the soil, with that valuable aquatic, or the equally valuable larch, will, in favourable situations, and in no longer a period than twenty years, yield a produce worth ten times the fee simple of the land. Very different are these views of the subject from those of our great but gloomy moralist, who reminds the Scottish planters, for their consolation, that 'there is a frightful interval between the seed and the timber. He that calculates (he continues) the growth of trees has the unwelcome remembrance of the shortness of life

driven hard upon him. He knows that he is doing what will never benefit himself, and when he rejoices to see the stem rise, is disposed to repine that another shall cut it down.'* Dr. Johnson was not a father,—and what if that 'other' should be a beloved son?

With respect to the oak, indeed, hope must for the most part be the planter's reward; and were Quarles himself to seek for an emblem of the highest disinterestedness, or the grossest folly, he might light upon a man of fourscore dropping the acorns of this ornament and strength of future centuries. Yet we have seen men short of threescore years and ten reposing under the shade of oaks sown by themselves, which had attained to seven feet in circumference. From the seed-bed therefore to the perfection of some, and to the hopeful and rapid increase of others among his 'old contemporary trees' are the probable limits of the planter's life. But in the multiplied and delightful occupations of this long period, he will find that a tincture of other knowledge than experience alone can confer, is necessary to accomplish him in his own department. He will be assailed in the outset by temptations from interested persons to a wasteful profusion of plants. He ought, therefore, to be acquainted with the mensuration of surfaces, lest he should ignorantly be led to conceive that the difference in the number of his seedlings between planting at the distances of three, four, or five feet, is merely as those numbers. He should also, for similar purposes of economy, be acquainted with the geometrical relations between areas and their different outlines.

At a more advanced period of his progress, when the peculiar appetite of old age begins to operate in shortsighted temptations to immediate gain, he should acquaint himself with the mensuration of solids, and should be able to counteract the plea of interest upon interest, by actual admeasurements and practical demonstrations from year to year, that his woods, if spared, are uniformly increasing in a ratio which far outstrips the operations of indolent and sedentary avarice. To fortify himself in this species of abstinence, he will study the history and progress of woods, as detailed in this volume, with a wide compass of inquiry and information; and that he may not be discouraged by the comparatively trifling emoluments which are there represented as having accrued to the planter or his posterity after a lapse of many years, and from woods of considerable extent, he will do well to remember that the price of oak has nearly quadrupled within the last thirty years; and that by adding a cypher to estimates relating to the time of Charles the First,

* Journey to the Western Islands, p. 325.

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he will do no more than raise them to the standard of his own times.

On the subject of taste, which, by a peculiar felicity, is in this single instance capable of harmonizing with views of profit, we have yet said little. Evelyn had a true feeling of picturesque beauty; but, living before the laws of landscape were known, except to painters, he admired justly, though without rules. Let the reader turn to the incomparable chapter in this work on the 'sacredness and use of standing groves,' where he will find, that in order to feel and describe the combinations of nature in these her most majestic works, it is not indispensable to talk, in the cant of a profession, of keeping and of tints, of foregrounds, offskips, and distance. Evelyn's painting resembles the forest scene in 'As You Like It,' or the more rugged features of Milton's Garden of Eden, 'wild above rule or art.' But to the undisciplined taste of picturesque beauty, there is added to this chapter such an accumulation of learning, sacred and profane; such a devout and holy feeling excited by the solemnity of ancient woods; such an harmless and elegant superstition on this his favourite subject, as exalt the planter to the much higher characters of critic, poet and saint. In short, the spirit of this chapter, and almost of the whole work, is that of his retired and tuneful friend Cowley, or of a later bard, who imitating, without knowing it, the sentiment and expression of Columella, exclaimed

'God made the country and man made the town.'

In short, nothing can furnish a better antidote to the dry, scientific, didactic clearness with which physiological subjects are treated at present, or even to the formal and mechanical rules by which we are taught to avoid formality and mechanism in gardening, than this most feeling, desultory and enchanting work.

The truth is, that at a time when ornamental gardening was no better than architecture in trees and shrubs, there were always men of genius found to soar above that wretched taste; and now, when artificial landscape had attained to its highest point of perfection by copying nature, when the 'earth-painter', as he has been not unhappily named, had begun to emulate Claud and Salvator in nature's own materials, a set of trading mannerists have arisen, who, without taste or discrimination to consult the genius of places, if they succeed at all, succeed in producing a monotonous uniformity of beauty which will tire their employers and mankind. This, from the mere 'fuga' of sameness, will in no long time be succeeded by some monstrous and fantastic taste, which in its turn, and in some happier day, will once more give place to the supremacy of truth and nature.

The superlative merits of the writer, and the enchantment of the subject itself have left us little space, and less inclination to bestow much time on the editor or the present impression. To Dr. Hunter, however, considerable credit is due for the scientific arrangement of trees and shrubs which he has added, in their respective places, to the text, for the valuable hints which he has every where scattered on the modern improvements in sowing and planting, and above all, for the admirable portrait of his author by Bartolozzi, which, under the lean and fallen features of age, exhibits all the intelligence and fire of youth. In the last edition, such is the state of the engravings, (perhaps unavoidably,) that the possessors of the earlier impressions may felicitate themselves on their good fortune.

On the subject of physiology, and the internal organization of plants, something has been added by Dr. Hunter, perhaps as much as was then understood—though the observations of Malpighi and Grew, at a much earlier period, were excellent. 'Many things, however,' says the editor, 'yet remain to be discovered,' (p. 418,) and, in the last four years, experiment and observation appear to have completed the work.

On comparing Mr. Evelyn's unarranged enumeration of trees and shrubs cultivated among us in his time, with the few and unimportant additions to the catalogue of trees cultivated in England, which appear in the scientific arrangement of his editor, adapted to the close of the last century, it is impossible not to remark, that during a period of activity and improvement in every other department unequalled in any former age, the British sylva, as far as relates to the introduction of new species, appears to have been nearly at a stand. The cold regions of New England, of Russia and Norway, had, indeed, already added to the remains of our indigenous pine forests many varieties of that valuable tribe; while our immense acquirements on the torrid plains of Hindostan afforded no acquisitions but for the hothouse: the present reign, however, has opened a new southern continent, resembling in climate that of Constantinople, and abounding with varieties of trees and shrubs which would unquestionably bear the ordinary severities of an English winter. The southern shores of the Euxine had long before been explored by Clusius and Tournefort, and the fruit of their researches, and of some other early botanists, was not only the horse chesnut, at once a forest tree of the first magnitude, and a flowering shrub of the greatest beauty, but the laurel, and many other shrubs, unlike that great ornament of our winter walks, of the finest scent.

The climate of the great southern continent, at least that of our settlements upon it, we have already said, is nearly the same with that

lat of Pontus. Thither we annually export whole cargoes of vice nd guilt, and thence, to purify our own air, we might import numerable varieties of vegetable beauty; but, to the disgrace of n elegant and scientific age, the door is shut. The vigilance of our *doganeri* is equally directed to the detection of imports properly contraband, and to articles of no intrinsic value, but objects sometimes of pure curiosity and sometimes of great national utility. Restrictions so unprofitable, and so little in the contemplation of a liberal government, but connived at in the conduct of men habitually coarse and violent, are worthy only of a despotic sovereignty or of a barbarous age.

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ART. V. *A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople, in* 1808 *and* 1809; *in which is included some Account of the Proceedings of his Majesty's Mission under Sir Harford Jones to the Court of the King of Persia.* By James Morier, Esq. Secretary, *&c.* London. 1812.

*A Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire, accompanied by a Map.* By John Macdonald Kinneir, political Assistant to Brigadier General Sir J. Malcolm, in his Mission to the Court of Persia. London. 1813.

THAT the Persian empire flourished in all the arts and luxuries of the east, when the western world gave shelter, in its woods and wilds, to a few hordes of savages, the most ancient and authentic records, both sacred and profane, afford unequivocal testimony; every where the Scriptures display a distinct and intimate knowledge of the local and political concerns of this empire; and the father of profane history details, with the exactness of local information, the principal transactions by which its sovereigns were distinguished.

By what particular tribe of people Persia was originally inhabited must remain a matter of conjecture; that they were of the Scythian or Tartar race is more than probable, as the Parsees or Guebres, undoubtedly the most ancient and the least mixed of the Persians, have few if any of the lineaments of the Hindoo countenance, whilst the remarkable Tartar eye and olive complexion are universally discoverable among this tribe. The modern Persians, however, can hardly be said to possess any peculiar national character; the original traits having been defaced by the various revolutions of the government, the frequent change of masters, and the introduction of new systems of morals and religion.

Without ascending higher than the third century of the Christian

tian era, beyond which indeed we have no regular and unbroken series of Persian annals, this unfortunate country will appear to have been governed and overrun alternately by the Turcomans, the Affghans, and more northern Tartars, on the one side, and by the Mahomedan Arabs on the other; it had before this period received, at various times, under its protection, the Christians of Egypt, Syria, and Armenia: it has never ceased to carry off by force, or procure by traffic, the beautiful girls of Georgia and Circassia, who have given birth to many of its kings and khans; and when, to all these, we add the populous colonies established in the country by the Greeks after the conquests of Alexander, one of which, that of Seleucia alone, is said to have contained 300 nobles, and 600,000 citizens, we shall find it as difficult to make out the pedigree of a modern Persian as of a 'true-born Englishman.' The difference in this respect is very remarkable between the Persians and almost every other people of Asia, but particularly the Hindoos and Chinese, whose national contempt for foreign connection has preserved them, for ages, the same unvarying, unmixed race, through all the revolutions which their respective countries have undergone.

The boundaries and extent of the Persian empire have been as changeable as their national character. In the reign of Ardshir, better known as Artaxerxes Babegan, who, about the 220th year of the Christian era, established the house of the Sassanides, it was circumscribed by the Araxes and Euphrates, the Oxus and Indus, the Caspian sea and the Persian gulph. At the present day it is not easy to assign any precise boundary, nor to mark the extent over which the authority of the reigning monarch may be said to reach. To the northward the Russians for some years past have been pressing upon Persia, and to the eastward and westward its ancient limits are considerably narrowed by the Turks, the Tartars, and the Affghans: yet the pride of the 'king of kings' would have it understood that his power and extent of dominion are not inferior to those enjoyed by Ardshir.

Supposing, however, what may strictly be called Persia, though not all of it obedient to the sway of the present sovereign, to extend from the river Tigris on the west, to the Aroba on the eastern frontier of Hindostan; and from the Kur and the Tidjen (on the east and west of the Caspian) to the Persian gulph and Indian ocean, it will form a parallelogram of about 1200 by 1000 miles, comprehending an area of 1,200,000 square miles: of this area one-third part at least consists of arid deserts, salt lakes, and marshes covered with jungle; and more than another third of naked mountains. 'There is not in all the world (Chardin says) that country which hath more mountains and fewer

few rivers;' and he adds, 'that not one-twelfth part of it was either inhabited or under any sort of cultivation.' Some of the mountains he describes of such a height, that their 'tops and summits are beyond the reach of the eye of man.' The principal ranges are ramifications of Caucasus and Taurus; but we are not aware that any traveller has ventured even to estimate the height of any one point of these ranges. Few of them, except those in the provinces of Mazanderaun and Ghilan, on the south and south-west sides of the Caspian, produce any timber; but those branches of the Caucasian mountains are well clothed with oak, chesnut, acacia, walnut, sycamore, pines, cedars, poplars, and many other kinds of trees, some of very large dimensions.

'There is not a single river,' continues Chardin, 'that can carry a boat into the heart of the kingdom, or serve to transport commodities from one province to another.' This is true; the Euphrates and the Tigris, the Indus and the Oxus, were considered in his time as the frontier rivers, but none of them enter Persia; and those of the interior are either inconsiderable streams, or such as, gradually diminishing from their sources, lose themselves, like those of Africa, in marshes or sandy deserts; of the latter, the most celebrated is that which is usually called the Great Salt desert. It cuts through the very heart of the empire, 'being in length about 400 miles, and in breadth 250;' and if to this be added the desert of Kerman, which may in fact be considered as a continuation of the former, its length will be extended to 750 miles. This dreary waste produces nothing but a few saline and succulent plants; such as various species of atriplex, salsola, mesembryanthemum, &c. Of the *Great Sandy desert* of Mekran, where, according to Arrian, the beasts of burthen belonging to the army of Alexander had nearly been smothered, we cannot convey a better idea than Mr. Pottinger's description, as we find it in Mr. Kinneir.

'The great desert is estimated by Mr. Pottinger to extend from the banks of the Heermund to the great range of mountains which separates the southern from the northern division of Mekran, a distance of four or four hundred and fifty miles, and from the town of Nooshky to that of Jask, a distance of rather more than two hundred miles. The sand of this desert is of a reddish colour, and so light that, when taken in the hand, the particles are scarcely palpable. It is raised by the wind into longitudinal waves which present, on the side towards the point from which the wind blows, a gradual slope from the base, but on the other side rise perpendicularly to the height of ten or twenty feet, and at a distance have the appearance of a new brick wall. Mr. Pottinger had great difficulty in urging his camel over these waves, especially when it was necessary to ascend the perpendicular or leeward side of them. They ascended the sloping side with more ease;

ease; and as soon as they perceived the top of the wave giving w with their weight, they most expertly dropped on their knees, and that manner descended with the sand, which was so loose that the f camel made a path sufficient for the others to follow. This impe ment however was but trifling, compared to what our travellers s fered from floating or moving particles of sand. The desert seem at the distance of half a mile, to be a flat surface, about eight or t inches above the level of the waves. This cloud or vapour appea constantly to recede as they advanced, and at times completely veloped them, filling their eyes, ears and mouths, and causing a m disagreeable sensation. It was productive of great irritation and sev thirst, which was not a little increased by the scorching rays of t sun. The ground was so hot as to blister the feet, even through t shoes; and the natives affirmed that it was the violent heat which casioned the sand to move through the atmosphere. Mr. Pottin indeed remarked that this phenomenon was only seen during the h of the day. The *sahrab*,* or watery appearance, so common in deserts, and the moving sands, were seen at the same time, and peared to be perfectly distinct, the one having a luminous and t other a cloudy appearance. The wind in this desert commonly blo from the north-west; and during the hot summer months it is often heated, as to destroy any thing, either animal or vegetable, with whi it comes in contact: the route by which Capt. Christie and Mr. P tinger travelled is, therefore, deemed impassable from the middle May to the end of August.. This wind is distinguished throughout t *East*, by the term of the *bade seemoom*, or pestilential wind. It l been known to destroy even camels and other hardy animals, and effects on the human frame are said to be the most dreadful that c possibly be conceived. In some instances it kills instantaneously; i in others the wretched sufferer lingers for hours, or even days, in t most excruciating torture.'—p. 223.

The climate of Persia is so various that Xenophon mal Cyrus say, 'my father's kingdom is so large that there is enduring the cold on one side of it, nor the heat on the othe In the lower plains, on the borders of the Indian ocean and t Persian gulph, and even at the capital Tehraun, the summers a represented as intolerably hot, whilst, in many of the mountainc regions, snow lies the whole year round. 'In the month of Ju 1810, the hills were covered with snow, and in several of t vallies between Shirauz and Ispahan, we found it so cold, as to ma it necessary to sleep under two or three pair of blankets;' and find from Morier that, on the route from Tehraun to Consta tinople, snow lay on the ground six inches deep in the month June. The atmosphere is generally clear and dry, and the de not insalubrious; excepting however in the mountainous provinc

* Literally, *the water of the desert.*

of Ghilan and Mazanderaun, on the borders of the Caspian, which are considered as peculiarly unhealthy. Shah Abbas is said to have persuaded vast numbers of Christians from Armenia and Georgia to settle in those two provinces for the purpose of cultivating the silk worm. Thirty thousand families, according to Chardin, allured by the beauty of the country, transplanted themselves thither, of whom, within a century, four hundred only remained; the rest having died or abandoned the country. 'Agues and dropsies,' says Mr. Kinneir, 'are the prevalent disorders, and the natives have in general a sallow and bloated appearance.' Hanway, who visited these provinces, says, that old women, mules, and poultry, are the only animals there that enjoy good health.

The vallies and smaller plains within the mountains are the most fertile, and consequently the most populous, parts of the empire. In them are produced all that luxury or necessity can wish. Wine, sugar, fruits of every kind, wheat, barley, and rice; silk, cotton, indigo, opium, and tobacco, senna, rhubarb, saffron, manna, and assafœtida, are every where abundant, as well as all kinds of culinary vegetables. They have the olive and the palma christi; but the bituminous naphtha, or mineral pitch, supplies the place of oil for their lamps. They have abundance of sheep, with tails of such a weight that, according to Chardin, it is not unusual to place them on a little cart with two wheels. Goats are plentiful, as well as horned cattle; the latter, however, are rarely used as food. Poultry of all kinds is very abundant. They have an excellent breed of horses; and camels, mules, and asses, are the common beasts of burthen. In the woods and jungles are lions, tigers, leopards, and wild boars. Such are the general features, climate and productions of a country which Sir William Jones has pronounced the most beautiful and desirable in the whole world.

We know of no data whatever from which any thing like a tolerably correct estimate can be formed of the population of Persia. In Chardin's time, the natives pretended that it contained twenty-four provinces, five hundred and forty cities, towns and fortresses, and forty millions of souls. Mr. Kinneir thinks it doubtful whether the population of the whole extent of country between the Euphrates and the Indus would be found to amount to more than eighteen or twenty millions, including all the wandering tribes of every denomination. Both accounts have probably no other foundation than conjecture; but, in forming a judgment from the state of the country, we should say that the latter approaches the nearest to, and perhaps exceeds, the truth.

Twenty-three provinces are enumerated and described by Mr. Kinneir, but of these, the first ten only can be said either wholly or

or partially to belong to Persia. The provinces of Georgia, Schirvan, and Daghestan are either in the hands of the Russians, or of independent chiefs; Mingrelia is divided between the Turks and Russians; Bulk, Seistan, Cabul, and Scind are inhabited by various tribes of men altogether different from, and independent of, the modern Persians. The title of his book might therefore have been—'A Geographical Memoir of all the Countries between the Euphrates and the Indus.'

In all these countries the state and condition of the people appear to be pretty nearly the same. Whatever revolutions the Asiatic nations, even those where the arts and luxuries were carried to the highest pitch of perfection and profusion, may have undergone, the form of government has remained substantially the same. The prince or the conqueror was always a tyrant, the people were always slaves.

'From the earliest times to the present day, Persia (says Mr. Kinneir) has been subject to the will of a despotic prince, and no monarch ever ruled with a more arbitrary sway than the person who now fills the throne of that empire. He is the absolute master of the lives and property of his subjects, and is under no restraint in the exercise of his power. His commands are instantly obeyed, and the first man in the empire may, in a moment, without even the form of a trial, be stripped of his dignities and publicly bastinadoed.'

Yet this personage neither owes his elevation to the sword, nor to legitimate descent. As nephew to one of those wretched beings who, with the loss of sex, seem to lose all feelings of manhood and all sense of crimes, he quietly ascended the throne, on the death of the uncle, in the year 1795. This eunuch, Aga Mahomet Khan, was himself an usurper, and had just completed the final destruction of the unfortunate race of Kerim Khan, in the person of Latif Ali, when he suddenly died. Futteh Ali Khan, the present sovereign, is said to be the least warlike prince that has sat on the throne of Persia since the last of the Sefis; he is even considered by his subjects to be deficient in personal courage; 'and yet,' says Mr. Kinneir, 'to read the history of his campaigns, a stranger would suppose him to have equalled, if not surpassed, in military fame, the most admired commanders the world has ever produced.' His family are of the Kajer tribe of Astrabad and Mazanderaun, which is of very inferior renown among the numerous and powerful tribes of the empire. We are told by Mr. Scott Waring, but on what authority we know not, that the people of the bazar refused to sell any article to a Kajer, on the plea that there was nothing sufficiently bad for one of that race. Yet, in direct contradiction to these two gentlemen, Mr. Morier assures us, that the Kedjars are 'the most ancient and honoured in Persia.' But whatever

whatever deficiency there may be in his hereditary rank, or military renown, he is careful to make up in pretensions and titles, which, for absurdity and extravagance are, we should think, unequalled. In the preamble of a treaty concluded with Colonel Malcolm we find him thus designating himself.

'The high king, whose court is like that of Solomon's, the asylum of the world, the sign of the power of God, the jewel in the ring of kings, the ornament in the cheek of eternal empire, the grace of the beauty of sovereignty and royalty, the king of the universe like Caherman, the mansion of mercy and justice, the phœnix of good fortune, the eminence of never-fading prosperity, the king powerful as Alexander, who has no equal among the princes exalted to majesty by the heavens in this globe, a shade from the shade of the most high, a prince before whom the sun is concealed, &c.'

Among the early acts of this 'mansion of mercy and justice' was that of the murder of Haji Ibrahim, one of the most respectable persons in the empire, by whose exertion and influence he had been quietly placed on the throne; but occurrences of this kind are nothing extraordinary in the eastern world. 'His face,' says Mr. Morier, 'is obscured by an immense beard and mustachios, which are kept very black, and it is only when he talks and smiles that his mouth is discovered.' He is said to have a taste for literature, and to write verses; and he employs both an historiographer and a poet to record his actions and recite his praise. If, as Mr. Morier was informed, the poet receives from the king a gold *tomaun* (nearly a pound sterling) for every couplet, he may laugh at the decree of fate which the eastern mythologists pretend to have doomed poets to perpetual poverty; but we doubt the fact. The king of Persia is the most avaricious of mortals: such is his venality that he actually sold the vizierat to his own son for ten thousand pounds; and all the inferior offices of the state are disposed of to the highest bidder.

The sovereign will is the law; and two great officers of state are the immediate executers of that law. These are the azem, or grand vizier, who is the prime minister, and the ameen ed dowlah, or lord high treasurer. The vizier has the management of all foreign affairs, and is commander-in-chief of the army; the other is the secretary of state for the home department, charged with all matters relating to the revenue, and the imposition of taxes. The authority of these two men is subject to no controul; but their continuance in office, and even their existence depend on the caprice of the tyrant whom they serve. Under them are a host of inferior officers in the army, the household and the revenue departments, all of whom look up only to their immediate superior, whose protection is considered as most secure, when it is most costly.

costly. The several provinces of Persia are subdivided into districts; the governors of the former are called beglerbegs, and of the latter hakim. Under pretence of an anxious solicitude for the welfare of the people, the beglerbegs at certain periods are called to court, to render an account of their administration, or, in other words, to pour into the lap of the sovereign and his two ministers, a large portion of the treasures extorted from the people; without which they are morally certain of losing the whole, and probably their eyes into the bargain. No inquiries are made as to the manner in which those treasures have been procured. The hakim only can tell this, and all that the hakim knows is from the kelounter, who superintends the collection of the tribute, and one of whom is found in every city, town, and village. He again shuffles off the responsibility to the ket-khoda, or chief of the village, whose pak-kur, or agent, is the only person who comes in immediate contact with the ryot or husbandman.

The extortions of these officers, and the oppressive taxes on every species of produce, not unfrequently drive the peasantry from the plains to join the banditti of the mountains. It is impossible that agriculture can flourish where property is held on so precarious a tenure, and always subject to systematic rapacity. The established tribute of the king, which was formerly one-tenth, is now said to be one-fifth of every species of produce; or rather of what *might* be produced; for the assessment is made, not on the actual produce of the land, but on the indirect criterion of produce, deduced from the number of cattle which each landholder employs. Every town and village is rated at a certain sum, and if one man cannot pay his quota his neighbour must raise it for him. There are besides many arbitrary taxes, of an occasional nature, as the passage of ambassadors, military expeditions, &c. which the ryots are called on to pay, as well as to satisfy the collector for this additional trouble; and as this office is purchased by him who holds it from his immediate superior, the amount of the purchase money usually regulates the rate of extortion.

There is, however, a pretended system of jurisprudence, founded on the precepts of the Koran, and a nominal judge of civil and criminal law, under the title of scheik ul islam. But the king himself is supreme judge, and the nasakchee bashee, an officer of high rank, the chief executioner, who requires no other authority than the king's firmaun to take off half the heads in the empire. The governors of provinces and of cities act as judges within their respective jurisdictions; but such is the justice of their decisions, that the rich man's hog invariably oversets the poor man's pot of oil. The ordinary punishments are privation of sight, bodily mutilations, and the bastinado on the soles of the feet. Theft is punished with great

great severity, generally with death. 'I remember,' says Mr. Kinneir, 'having seen four thieves built into a wall, all but their heads, and thus left to perish.' Mr. Morier says, the present king never pardons a thief, and that the usual punishment is to draw him up between two young trees whose tops have been forcibly brought together; when let loose, the body, by their elastic spring, is torn asunder, and hangs divided on each separate tree: this barbarous proceeding is corroborated by Mr. Kinneir. It must, indeed, be a very ancient mode of punishment in Persia, being that which, according to Plutarch, Alexander inflicted on the regicide Byssus.

The King of Persia may be considered as the most arbitrary tyrant in the universe with so small a military force to support his tyranny. His body guard, which is the only permanent army, does not exceed ten thousand men, to which may be added the gholaums or royal slaves, in number about three thousand. The former, indeed, are not always on duty, though always liable to be called out; the latter are the guardians of the king's person. It is the number and bravery of the wandering tribes that constitute the real military force of the Persian empire. These compose, in fact, half the population of the country. Their chiefs or khans are the feudal barons of the empire, and hold their dignities and territories from the king on condition of military service; and each has a son, a brother, or some near relation at court, to answer for the loyalty and fidelity of the chief. These khans are, for the most part, of the Turcoman race, and still preserve the manners, and speak the language, of their Scythian ancestors. Those in the southern provinces pretend to trace their origin to a much higher antiquity, and, as Mr. Kinneir seems to think, may be the descendants of the ferocious bands encountered by Alexander in that part of the country: they dwell in tents, lead chiefly a pastoral life, and change, with the seasons, their place of abode in pursuit of better pasturage. The following passage will convey some idea of the manners and hospitality of these wandering tribes of Elauts, (probably Eleuths,) as they are called by Mr. Morier, a party of whom he fell in with near the foot of Mount Ararat.

'As soon as it was announced at the tent that strangers were coming, every thing was in motion; some carried our horses to the best pastures, others spread carpets for us; one was dispatched to the flock to bring a fat lamb, the women immediately made preparations for cooking, and we had not sat long before two large dishes of stewed lamb, with several basins of *yaourt* (thick milk) were placed before us. The senior of the tribe, an old man, (by his own account, indeed, more than 85 years of age,) dressed in his best clothes, came out to us, and welcomed us to his tent with such kindness, yet with such respect, that his sincerity could not be mistaken. He was still full of activity and

 fire,

fire, although he had lost all his teeth, and his beard was as white a the snow on the venerable mountain near his tent. The simplicity c his manners and the interesting scenery around, reminded me, in th strongest colours, of the life of the patriarchs; and more immediatel of him whose history is inseparable from the mountain of Ararat.'– (p. 309.)

From the aggregate of all these tribes Mr. Kinneir thinks th present king might, on an emergency, collect a force of one hundre and fifty, or, perhaps, two hundred thousand men, all cavalr These undisciplined armies, he tells us, receive no regular pay, an are only kept together by the hope of plunder; they are ther fore generally indulged once a year, to take the field, either again the Russians, Affghans, or Turcomans, their immediate neighbour We doubt the correctness of this statement. They certainly d not go to war with the Russians for the sake of plunder, but to re pel them beyond their ancient limits which they have invaded, an for which purpose they have waged an unprofitable war for th last fourteen or fifteen years; and our government of India mu be held responsible for urging the Persians to make war upon th Affghans.

Mr. Kinneir goes on to state, that, as the horse and accoutre ments belong not to the public, but are the property of the indi vidual, for which if lost he receives no compensation, the anxiet to preserve them has frequently proved fatal to the reputation of th Persian arms. This account is at direct variance with those c Scott Waring and Morier, both of whom state the pay and allow ances to be considerable, and add, that horses and clothing ar supplied out of the royal treasury. Our own opinion is, that th king pays and clothes his personal army, and that each khan doe the same out of the revenues of his district, and the plunder derive from the neighbouring chiefs, among whom mutual hostility con stantly prevails. If, indeed, it be true, as Mr. Kinneir states i that the whole revenue paid into the treasury does not amount t more than three millions sterling, even allowing the value of mone there to exceed that of Europe four-fold, it is impossible th the food and clothing, the horse and accoutrements, which a all expensive, could be furnished to a large army out of such a sum

Nothing can exceed the profusion of ornamental finery wit which the palace and person of Futteh Ali Shah are surrounde His throne, his clothing, his arms, and all the regal insignia exhib one blaze of pearls and diamonds, rubies and emeralds. H harem is said to be equally splendid; and some idea may b formed of its extent from Scott Waring, who states that, at th age of five and twenty, he had no less than fifty sons—ho many daughters, we know not, for *they* go for nothing. In 180

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the fourteenth year of his reign, Mr. Morier tells us that he had sixty-five sons and as many daughters. His second son, Ali Mirza, Prince of Schiraz, at the age of nineteen, had eight children; and his love of women, horses, and finery fully equalled that of his father, whom he resembled in other respects, except, indeed, that instead of cutting off ears, slitting noses, and piercing eyes, he contented himself with the gentle application of the bastinado.

Very different from these is said to be the character of the heir apparent, Abbas Mirza, Prince of Aderbijan, whose residence is at Tabreez. Plain and simple in his dress and manners, his whole attention is turned to the improvement of his troops in military discipline and tactics. He regularly inspects their arms, their horses, and their accoutrements. He is considered as the best horseman in Persia, and Mr. Morier was told, by the governor of Tabreez, that at full gallop he could bring down a deer with a single ball, or with his bow hit a bird on the wing: he possesses also the rare quality in a modern, but the pride and glory of an ancient Persian—that of speaking truth—an instance of which appeared in his reprimanding the governor for telling Mr. Morier that the French had left Tabreez, when they were still there, and ordering him to go and unsay what he had told him. Such a man is worthy of a throne; but miserable, indeed, must be the state of that country whose prospects of prosperity extend not beyond the occasional and transient reign of one virtuous sovereign.

As the constitution and administration of all governments, and the moral character and political condition of the people, act reciprocally on each other, it would not be difficult to determine with tolerable precision the actual state of the subjects of Persia. Both Mr. Kinneir and Mr. Morier have afforded some incidental information on this point. We find that, in the province of Fars, or Pars, which is in the very heart of the empire, and gives the modern name to it, many of its fertile plains and vallies are destitute of inhabitants.

'Between Bebahan and Shirauz (says Mr. Kinneir) I travelled, in 1809, upwards of sixty miles, through the most delightful vallies, covered with wood and verdure; but all was solitary; not the face of a human being was any where to be seen. They had been possessed by an ancient tribe which, in consequence of their licentious conduct, had been nearly extirpated by the orders of the prince, and the few that survived had taken refuge on the summits of the loftier and most inaccessible mountains, where they subsisted on a wretched kind of bread made from acorns, and from thence sallying forth, infested the roads and rendered travelling extremely dangerous.'—(p. 55.)

Again, in Khosistan, (the ancient Susiana,) in the government of

Shuster, which constitutes its fairest portion, fertilized by fou streams which cross the plain in every direction, even here, 'th peculiar blessings of nature are insufficient to counterbalance th baneful influence of the ignorant and rapacious government of th Persians; for wherever it prevails, desolation and ruin attest it destructive effects. This wealthy province which, as we learn fron Strabo, yielded to the husbandman one hundred or even two hun dred-fold, and was rich in its productions of cotton, sugar, (not *suga* from Strabo surely!) rice and grain, is now, for the most part, forsaken waste.—From the Alzal to the Tigris, and from the bank of the Karoon to those of the Shat-al-Arab, all is dreary and deso late; and on the east side of Shuster, a lonely wild, upwards of 6 miles in length, extends from that city to the entrance of the valle of Ram Hormuz.' He goes on to say, that this valley, of more than usual fertility—the spot where Artaxerxes Babegan, after conquering Artabanes, first assumed the title of Shah en Shah, the kings of kings—is now in the hands of five hostile and predatory chiefs, four of whom are brothers, who live in castles, and take every opportunity of sallying out to commit depredations on each other's property: the governor of Shuster has little or no authority over these lawless and disorderly chiefs and their banditti, though the inhabitants of the towns and villages groan beneath his arbitrary sway. The following incident is quite characteristic of the state of the country.

'Mr. Monteith and myself, in our journey across the desert from Shuster to Ram Hormuz, encountered a party of one of these tribes, and happily succeeded, not only in beating them off, but in making prisoner one of their leaders whom we carried back to the city. We had no sooner arrived than I lodged a formal complaint against him with Meerza Sheffee, the governor, demanding, in the name of the ambassador, that he should be publicly punished. The Meerza, with whom we were personally acquainted, fairly confessed his inability to punish the prisoner, and gave it as his advice that we should avail ourselves of an offer which he had made, to conduct us in safety through the desert provided he received his pardon. We, accordingly, next morning, set out a second time, escorted by sixty chosen horsemen of the same banditti that had attempted to murder us on the preceding day: nor did they offer to quit us, until we entered the valley of Ram Hormuz, a distance of near seventy miles, when we made them a trifling present and they returned to their homes.'—pp. 95, 96.

If we turn to Irak, the central province of the empire, in which are situated the two great capitals of Ispahan and Tehraun, we find the country about Cashan, one of the most flourishing cities in Persia, in a state of depopulation, and laid completely waste by the inroads of the Turcomans.

'It was the custom of these barbarians, previous to the reign of the present

present king, to make incursions into Persia, in parties not exceeding forty or fifty men; when, after plundering the villages, and massacring the male inhabitants, they carried off the women and children as slaves. For this purpose each Turcoman was attended by two horses, which were as regularly trained for these *chapowes*, or plundering expeditions, as the racers in England are to run at Newmarket; and it is an astonishing fact, that these horses have been known to perform a journey of seven or eight hundred miles in as many days.'—p. 115.

Aderbijan is reckoned amongst the most productive provinces of Persia, and the villages have a gay and delightful appearance, being for the most part embosomed in orchards and gardens, which yield the most delicious fruits and flowers of every description; and were, but for the tyranny of their rulers, the inhabitants might enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of life in the highest possible degree. Provisions of all kinds are excellent and abundant, and wine might be made in any quantity; but even in this retired and mountainous situation, such is the oppression of the government and the poverty of the people, that, in the hope of bettering their condition, we are assured by Mr. Kinneir, 'they contemplate with pleasure the approach of the Russians.'

The large province of Khorassan, once so populous and flourishing, so productive in wine, fruit, corn and silk of the best quality, 'has so often been laid waste and overrun by the most savage nations, that commerce and prosperity have utterly disappeared; the cities have fallen into decay, and the most fruitful regions have been converted into solitary deserts.' An incessant war of plunder is carried on by marauding parties of irregular horse, who, after ravaging the country and burning the villages, carry off the inhabitants into slavery. At no great distance even from Herat, which is still said to contain one hundred thousand inhabitants, the peasantry, 'in constant fear of being attacked, never go unarmed; they even cultivate their gardens with their sword by their sides.'

We could produce many passages of a similar description, but we deem those already given more than sufficient to shew the distracted and desolate state of the country, and the deplorable situation of the people. We turn, therefore, with pleasure, to a description of another kind, which, however, is almost the only one of an agreeable nature which occurs in Mr. Kinneir's volume.

'The situation of Khonsar (in Irak) is singularly interesting and romantic. In approaching it from the west the traveller passes over a road completely shaded on both sides, for the distance of four or five miles, by every species of fruit tree which this country produces. The town stands at the base of two ranges of mountains, running parallel with each other, and so very close that the houses occupy the bottom, and, at the same time, the face of the hills to some height. Each house is separate, and surrounded by its own garden; and the town, which is

only connected by means of its plantations, is about six miles in length, and not more than a quarter of a mile in breadth. Khonsar contains two thousand five hundred families, under a chief named Ali Shah, and yields an annual revenue of five thousand *tomauns*, exclusive of the sadir (an arbitrary tax) which generally consists of dried fruits and a kind of cotton chintz. No corn of any kind is grown in the valley; but the fruit is so abundant, that it alone enables the inhabitants to procure every kind of necessary article and convenience in return for it. The women of this place are celebrated for their beauty and vivacity.'—p. 128.

Khonsar can only be considered as a Persian village. We shall now give a brief sketch of the celebrated Shiraz, and of the two capitals Ispahan and Tehraun, in order to convey some general idea of the cities of this empire. Shiraz is not more than four or five miles in circuit, it is surrounded with a wall about twenty-five feet high, and ten feet thick, having round towers at bow-shot distance, or at eighty or ninety paces from each other. The houses are low and consist only of one story; the streets are narrow dirty alleys. The citadel is a fortified square, within which is the palace, consisting of ranges of low buildings round a succession of quadrangular courts, in which are canals bordered with tall and spreading sycamores. A splendid mosque, begun by Kerim Khan, remains unfinished. The great bazar, or market, built by the same prince, extends a full quarter of a mile, is constructed of burnt brick, arched over the top, and has every convenience of windows and sky-lights, to let in light and air, and to exclude the sun and rain. Within this bazar all the merchants and trades-people have their assigned quarters.

'Shiraz,' says Mr. Kinneir, 'has a pleasing, rather than a grand appearance. It is surrounded with many beautiful gardens. The lofty domes of the mosques, seen from afar, amidst the trees, diversify and enrich the view; but, on entering the city, the houses, which are, in general, small, together with the narrow filthy streets, give the stranger but a mean idea of the second city in the empire. The inhabitants, who, according to the best information I could obtain, amount to about forty thousand, enjoy one of the finest climates in the world, and have nothing to regret, but the want of a wise and liberal government.'

Ispahan is the largest city in the empire, and has, for ages, been considered as the capital. Chardin has furnished a long, tedious and exaggerated account of this city. Including the suburbs, he reckons it to measure twenty-four miles in circumference, and gives to it a population of 600,000 souls. The palaces and the mosques, the bazars, and the baths, he describes as most magnificent; and the plentiful stream of the Zaiande-rood, running through the heart of the city, with its bridges of 'singular yet beautiful construction

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and the rows of pines and pinasters, and plane trees which adorn its banks, add not a little to the convenience and cleanliness and to the ornament of Ispahan. The private houses are low and small, the streets crooked and exceedingly narrow; the wall of mud, and its eight gates, so out of repair in Chardin's time, as neither to be opened nor shut, have since been destroyed by the Affghans, and the suburb of Julfa, by Mr. Kinneir's account, has been reduced from twelve thousand to six hundred families: most of the others, he adds, have shared the same fate, and a person may ride for miles amidst the ruins of this immense capital, which yet boasts a population of 200,000 souls. The Maidan, or royal square, together with most of the palaces and mosques, though greatly decayed, have still a magnificent appearance. Most of the mosques and colleges, mentioned by Chardin, are standing; and there are still nine churches (of Armenians, we presume) in the suburbs of Julfa, in which weekly service is performed. The valleys and plains, for many miles around Ispahan, are adorned with plantations; and the first view which the traveller has, on coming from Shiraz, of this great metropolis, is from an eminence about five miles from the city, when it bursts at once upon his sight, and forms, perhaps, one of the grandest prospects in the universe.

The city of Tehraun was fixed upon as the capital of Persia, by the late king, Aga Mahomed, partly, perhaps, from its proximity to the Kajer tribe, but principally from its commanding position, being nearly central to the most important roads and passes, and in the midst of those wandering hordes known to be faithful to the reigning family, and from whom it is reckoned he could, on any emergency, raise a body of 25,000 horse within the space of five days.

'Tehraun is about four miles in circumference, surrounded by a strong wall, flanked by innumerable towers, and a noble dry ditch, with a glacis, between it and the wall. The only building of consequence within the city, is the *ark*, or citadel, which contains the palace of the sovereign and his officers. It was founded by Keerim Khan, enlarged by the late king, and beautified by the present one. The population varies from time to time according to the number of guards and attendants then in waiting upon his majesty. In summer, when the excessive heats compel the king to move from this place, the majority of the inhabitants follow the royal camp, when the capital cannot boast above 10,000 people When the king is there in the winter, the population is supposed to amount to 60,000 souls.'

This is all that we can collect from Mr. Kinneir; but Mr. Morier adds that there are 'six gates inlaid with coloured bricks, and with figures of tigers, and other beasts in rude mosaic,' and that 'their entrance is lofty and domed,' that the town itself is about the size of Shiraz, built of sun dried bricks, and that it has a muddy

appearance: in this last respect it resembles the print which he ha given of it. It contains one large but unfinished mosque, and si small ones; three or four medrassia, one hundred and fifty caravan serais, and as many hummums.

The ruins of Rae or Rey, the capital of Persia in the reign o Alp-Arslan, which was sacked and overthrown by the generals o Ginges-Khan, are situated five miles south of Tehraun. The cover a great extent of country, but present only a succession o little mounds or hillocks, and an undulating inequality of surface breaking through which, are sometimes visible a few fragments o lacquered tiles or bricks that have been baked in the furnace. Suc generally is the only appearance by which the remains of the ancien cities of the eastern world are now to be recognised. Exceptin the ruins of some large and lofty turrets, like that of Babel o Belus, the celebrated cities of Babylon and Nineveh, of Ctesipho and Seleucia are so completely crumbled into dust, as to be wholl undistinguishable but by a few inequalities of the surface on whic they once stood.

'The humble tent of the Arab now occupies the spot formerl adorned with the palaces of kings, and his flocks procure but a scant pittance of food, amidst the fallen fragments of ancient magnificenc The banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, once so prolific, are now, fc the most part, covered with impenetrable brush-wood; and the in terior of the province, which was traversed and fertilized with innume rable canals, is destitute of either inhabitants or vegetation.'

Most of the houses throughout the east are, in fact, built c bricks dried in the sun, and many of mud or earth; they are, there fore, no sooner deserted than they crumble into dust. Not shower of rain falls in Persia that does not dissolve the walls c many a habitation. Even the more substantial buildings graduall disappear. As Major Rennell justly observes, 'a deserted city nothing more than a quarry above ground, in which the materia are shaped to every one's hands;' and it is quite evident from th corroborating testimony of many travellers, that Hillah, the onl town in Persia built of furnace-baked bricks, has risen out of th ruins of Babylon. Of these ruins Della Valle, Père Emanue Niebuhr, Beauchamp and others have given detailed and minu descriptions, which have been examined and compared by Majc Rennell with that critical acumen by which his useful labors a peculiarly distinguished. The conclusion which he draws fro them is, that, the position and extent of the city walls migl probably be ascertained even at this day; and that the delineatic and description of the site and remains would prove one of th most curious pieces of antiquity exhibited in these times.'

It was not, therefore, without great disappointment we read

Mr. Kinneir's account of this part of the country, that his friend Captain Frederick, after dedicating eight or ten hours every day, for a week, in the neighbourhood of Hillah, after examining, with all possible attention, a space of twenty-one miles in length, and twelve in breadth, was unable to discover any thing which could admit of a conclusion, 'that either a wall or ditch had ever existed within this area.' The tower of Babel, or temple of Belus, was examined by both these gentlemen, and other ruins in the shape of mounds, in all of which were furnace-baked bricks, with and without inscriptions in the Persepolitan arrow-headed character, and we are still persuaded that, had they examined the banks of the Euphrates with the eyes of antiquaries, the traces of the wall and ditch would not have escaped them. They did see, in fact, at 'one mile and a half from Hillah, on the eastern bank of the Euphrates, a longitudinal mound close on the edge of the river,' and two miles further up 'a second more extensive than the first.' The last English traveller who passed over the site of Babylon was Captain Cuninghame, who observed 'long mounds of earth running parallel to each other, and having others crossing them at right angles.' We have thought it right to notice these discrepancies, that future travellers may not be discouraged by the disappointment of Mr. Kinneir and Captain Frederick.

The antiquities which have been discovered confirm, but throw no new light on, the fragments of the ancient history of Persia. The majestic ruins of Persepolis are generally considered as the remains of a palace burnt by Alexander at the instigation of his mistress, but the founder of it is still unknown. On the smooth surface of rocks, in various parts of the kingdom, are sculptures in bas relief of colossal figures on horseback. Of several of these groups Mr. Morier has traced the outline, and copied a few of the inscriptions, from which it would appear that Sir William Jones was not mistaken in conjecturing them to be engraven in the Pahlavi character; a conjecture that is confirmed by Mr. Kinneir's description of the excavations and sculptures of Taki Bostan, not far from the city of Kermanshaw, in which he found 'two inscriptions in Pehlvi.' Among other representations, there is one meant for the hunting of the wild boar, in which 'are a vast number of figures, all executed with wonderful precision and judgment; the attitudes of the elephants, which compose a part of the scene, are so well conceived, and the trunks and every other part so exquisitely finished, that they would not perhaps have disgraced the finest artists of Greece and Rome.' For any thing that has yet appeared to the contrary, they may have been the work of Greek artists. In fact, there is a Greek inscription on the chest of one of the horses at Backshee Rustum, but too much defaced to be intelligible.

ligible. Some have supposed these sculptured rocks to represent the conquest of the Parthians by Artaxerxes; others the defeat and captivity of the Emperor Valerian by Sapor, in honour of which event the city was built and named; whilst Gardanne, the ambassador of Buonaparte, decides the matter like a Frenchman, in three words—'plus loin sur un rocher élevé, on voit une croix et les douze apôtres sculptés.'

The Persians of the present day have no taste either for painting or sculpture. The walls of their houses are decorated with glaring colours, and their palaces, like those of the Emperor of China, beautified by a profusion of azure blue and gold, a species of tawdry grandeur that ill assorts with the low mean buildings without windows, and brick or clay floors, which come in contact with those apartments of state. In mechanic arts and manufactures they are not deficient; and, as is usually the case in the east, their most curious manufactures are performed by the simplest means. Their earthenware is little inferior to that of China. The beautiful Murrhine vases, so highly esteemed by the Romans, were supposed by Pliny and others to be the produce of Persia,* though recent discoveries would seem to render it probable that Baroche, in Guzzerat, was the place whence the ancients received them; at least vases agreeing with their description are still manufactured at this place. It is probable, however, that the Guebres, who fled from the persecutions of the Mahomedans, and found an asylum on the coast of Guzzerat, may have carried thither the lapidary art, which the Hindoos do not appear to have ever possessed in any degree of perfection. The Persians embroider on leather, satins, silks, and other stuffs, in a very superior, perhaps unequalled, manner. Those most beautiful carpets brought to us through Turkey, are the works of the Illiats or wandering tribes. At Shiraz and Maraga are manufactories of glass. In Khorassan they make sword blades not inferior to those of Damascus, whence, it is said, cutlers were brought by Tamarlane. In steel, iron, and copper work, they excel the Hindoos and Chinese. The art of dying cotton and woollen cloths is as perfect with them as in Europe, and their silk and satin brocades are little, if at all, inferior to those of China. They make shawls and stuffs of goat's and camel's hair; but these are not to be compared with that species of manufacture in India. The art of tanning leather is well understood, and shagreen is the manufacture of Persia. With all this, however, Persia enjoys but little foreign commerce, and that little is in the hands of strangers.

* Oriens Murrhina mittit. Inveniuntur ibi in pluribus locis, nec insignibus, maxmi Parthici regni: præcipuè tamen in Carmania (Kerman).—Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 37. cap. 2. Doctor Vincent seems to think that the Myrrhine vases were of porcelaine and carried from China to Barosch.

Trade

Trade and navigation seem to have been discouraged by the laws of Zoroaster; and the religion of Mahomet, though it does not absolutely prohibit, affords no encouragement to foreign adventure or trade of any kind. Nadir Shah seems to have been the only sovereign who was sensible of the benefits to be derived to the empire from commerce and a marine. He caused thirty or forty vessels to be purchased in India, and brought into the Persian gulph. He also appropriated the forests of Mezanderun to the building of a fleet on the southern shores of the Caspian; but, as it rarely happens that the schemes of a conqueror or an usurper survive him, the Persian marine perished with Nadir Shah.

In no respect does the character or condition of the Persians appear to be improved, since the introduction of islamism by the conquest of the Saracens. Every where has this religion been equally distinguished by a spirit of intolerance and a thirst for persecution. Disdaining to inculcate the doctrines of the Koran by persuasion and argument, the disciples of Mahomet employ the readier and more effectual means of enforcing them by fire and sword. The followers of Zoroaster, who had no temples, no altars, no statues, to overturn, whose adoration and sacrifices to one supreme Being were performed at stated times on the tops of their highest mountains—whose religious tenets were, at least, harmless—and whose moral precepts were unexceptionable—would probably have found little favour in the eyes of the conquerors, much less the Parsees or Guebres, whose Magean mysteries, introduced by the Parthians, might have afforded them, at the same time, a plea and an apology. The concealment of the sacred element, established a belief in the followers of the commander of the faithful, that the inextinguishable fire went out on the birth of the prophet. Many of the Guebres, who refused to abjure their faith, fled to the mountains and deserts, and were only brought back under a solemn promise of having their civil and religious liberties secured to them, on payment of an annual tribute. The tribute was exacted, but the promise was but partially kept. The only remaining college of Guebres is at Yezd, which contains about four thousand families of this tribe, but they are so much oppressed by the government that their numbers decline yearly. Some become Mahomedans, and others join their brethren in western India, whither they first fled on the irruption of the Saracens, and met with a kind reception from the prince of Guzzerat. From hence they spread down the coast, and are, at this day, the wealthiest and the most respectable class in and about Bombay. Here they act as merchants and ship-builders, proprietors of land and planters, are connected in partnership with British merchants, are an intelligent, hospitable, and generous race of men. Like the quakers, they provide for their own

own poor, and never suffer any of them to ask or receive alms from one of another sect; but they mingle freely with Hindoos, Jews, and Christians, live well, dress well, and bring their ladies into society.

The modern Persians, however, are satisfied with a mitigated system of faith, and are accounted by the Arabs and Turks little better than heretics. It is well observed by Gibbon, that 'in every age the wines of Shiraz have triumphed over the laws of Mahomet.' When Chardin was in Persia, the king, at an entertainment given by the minister, drank so freely, that 'he was carried away, not being able to ride or walk, through weariness and merry making;' and the nobles 'were so tired and so drunk that most of them, not being able to sit their horses as they returned home, caused themselves to be laid down upon the stalls in the way.' The present king, on sending his ambassador to England, recommended him, however contrary to the precepts of the Koran, to eat and drink whatever he liked, and to conform to the customs of the people among whom he might reside. The ambassador, though a true disciple of Mahomet, and one who had performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, concluding that an immediate gratification was preferable to an eventual punishment, adopted the recommendation of his prince, and disregarded the mandate of the prophet.

The Persians have been called the French of the east,—vain, lively, frivolous, obsequious—but Mr. Kinneir shall describe their character.

'The Persians are a remarkably handsome race of men; brave, hospitable, patient in adversity, affable to strangers, and highly polished in their manners. They are gentle and insinuating in their address, and, as companions, agreeable and entertaining: but, in return, they are totally devoid of many estimable qualities, and profoundly versed in all the arts of deceit and hypocrisy. They are haughty to their inferiors, obsequious to their superiors; cruel, vindictive, treacherous, and avaricious; without faith, friendship, gratitude, or honour. Frugal in his diet, robust in his constitution, capable of enduring astonishing fatigue, and inured from his infancy to the extremes of heat and cold, to hunger and thirst, nature seems to have formed the Persian for a soldier.'

We are confident that Mr. Kinneir has thrown the dark side of his character too much into shade. A wretched government, under which the subject has neither to look for equity nor justice, may have debased the character of the people, and rendered nugatory that ancient fundamental maxim in the education of their youth,—'to tell the truth.' Yet that a whole nation should be 'without faith, friendship, gratitude, or honour,' is a charge we will not believe to be well founded without further testimony, and is indeed contradicted by Mr. Morier as well as by Chardin, the latter of whom

than had more dealings with them, and was much more intimately acquainted with their character than either of the other two gentlemen. By his account, they are not only 'affable to strangers,' but exceedingly kind, and always ready to afford them protection; and so far from being 'avaricious,' that the moment they are in possession of any wealth, 'they scatter it about in the most lavish and extravagant manner—in horses, women, jewels and fine clothes; and if any thing be left, so little careful are they to horde it up for posterity, that they build caravanseras for the reception and accommodation of travellers, or bridges over rivers, found mosques, &c. as the most way of being talked of in this world, and of securing to themselves those voluptuous delights which are promised to the faithful in that which is to come.'

Though the Persians can no longer boast of being instructed 'to tell the truth;' to draw the bow and ride on horseback are points as essential now to the education of a gentleman as they were in the days of Cyrus. To a person, indeed, of any rank or importance, three things appear to be indispensable—his horse, his harem, and his caleoon or tobacco-pipe. Cyrus stigmatized walking as the sure mark of poverty, and no one will, even now, be seen on foot who can afford to keep a horse. Hunting and hawking, throwing the lance, and other feats of horsemanship, are their favourite amusements; and all travellers agree, that they ride well and manage their horses with great boldness and address. They have, indeed, a wonderful command of them, and can stop them in an instant in the midst of their career; this, however, is not done by a fine hand, but by a heavy bit, and main strength. The Persian horse is larger and more powerful than the Arabian, but neither so swift nor so beautiful; those, however, which are most generally esteemed are of the Turcoman breed; they are from fourteen and a half to sixteen hands high, have long legs, little bone under the knee, spare carcases, and large heads. That which renders them most valuable in the eyes of the natives, is their extraordinary power of bearing fatigue. Their usual food is chopped straw and barley; and they are littered with their own dung, sun-dried and pulverized so as to be free from any offensive smell.

It has been the misfortune of Asia, in all periods of its history, to consider the one sex as subservient to the pleasures and conveniences of the other. When those females, whom the Asiatic has contracted for as his legitimate wives, cease to please, he goes into the market, and bargains for a female slave as for a horse or mule. The 'good points' of a Circassian girl are a rosy or carnation tint on her cheek, which they call *numuck*, 'the salt of beauty;' dark hair, large black antelope eyes and arched eye-brows, a small nose and mouth, white teeth, long neck, delicate limbs and small joints.

joints. Mr. Kinneir tells us that the Georgian women are preferre to all others; that they are extremely beautiful, full of animatio grace, and elegance; that they are either brought for sale b Armenian merchants, or carried off by the predatory incursions c the borderers into Georgia; and that the price of a young and beau tiful Georgian is about eighty pounds sterling. The harem of th great and the zenana of the middling ranks are sacred. The tim of these cloistered damsels, it appears, is chiefly employed i sewing, spinning, and embroidery, in sipping coffee, eating swee meats, and smoking the caleoon; few of them can either read c write, and music and dancing are here, as in other parts of th east, not considered in the light of accomplishments, but performe by slaves for the amusement of their owners. The wives of th common people manage the affairs of the house; but even thes go not abroad without having the lower part of the face covere with a veil. It would be an offence to a Persian to inquire aft the health of his wife or wives, as nobody is supposed to kno anything about his female concerns. 'If a prince,' says M Morier, 'should be asked the number of his children, he woul probably answer, I really don't know—ask my minister.'

The caleoon, or water-pipe, though somewhat different in shap is on the same principle as the hookar of the Indians: whether i moments of business or idleness, in company or alone, in the h rem or zenana, or on horseback, the caleoon is almost constantly i use. In the last case the caleoon-bearer carries it by the side of th horse, while his master proceeds unembarrassed with the tube in h mouth. It has generally been thought that tobacco was unknow till the discovery of America, of which it was the exclusive pr duct. The countless millions of Asia, all of them more or less ho tile to the introduction of novelty, who make use of tobacco, furni what may be considered as almost proof to the contrary. The v riety of machines* through which they draw the smoke, all of the different from each other, and from the common European pip makes it nearly certain, at least, that the practice of smoking som thing existed in the east before the Portugueze carried thith American tobacco. They still indeed smoke hemp, opium, a other drugs; but the fact is, a species of tobacco, of native growt different from that of America, is in common cultivation in Ind and China, and is generally preferred as being of a milder quality

* It is worthy of remark that the Boshuana Caffres of South Africa smoke a vari of strong herbs with a rude kind of hookar made of a horn, which they fill with wat

† The tobacco plant of India is called *tamrapootra*, the copper leaf. The nicotia fruticosa is common in China and Cochinchina. Thunberg saw the *paniculata* growing Java; but we are not aware that the *tabacum* is yet cultivated in the eastern world.

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The Governor of Bushire invited Sir Harford Jones and his suite to dinner, which Mr. Morier thus describes:

'After having sat some time kaleoons were brought in, then coffee, then kaleoons, then sugar and rose water, and then kaleoons again. All this was rapidly performed, when the khan called for dinner. On the ground before us was spread the *sofra*, a fine chintz cloth, which perfectly entrenched our legs, and which is used so long unchanged that the accumulated fragments of former meals collect into a musty paste, and emit no very savoury smell; but the Persians are content, for they say that changing the sofra brings ill-luck. A tray was then placed before each guest; on these trays were three fine China bowls filled with sherbet; two made of sweet liquors, and one of a most exquisite species of lemonade. There were besides fruits ready cut, plates with elegant little arrangements of sweetmeats and confectionary, and smaller cups of sweet sherbet. The *pillaus* succeeded, three of which were placed before each two guests; one of plain rice called the *chilo*, one made of mutton with raisins and almonds, the other of a fowl, with rich spices and plums. To this were added various dishes with rich sauces, and over each a small tincture of sweet sauce. The business of eating was a pleasure to the Persians, but it was misery to us. They comfortably advanced their chins close to the dishes, and commodiously scooped the rice, or other victuals, into their mouths with three fingers and the thumb of their right hand; but in vain did we attempt to approach the dish: our tight kneed breeches, and all the ligaments and buttons of our dress forbade us, fragments of meat and rice falling through our fingers all around us. We were treated with more kaleoons after dinner, and then departed to our beds.'—(p. 74.)

At Shiraz, the prime minister entertained them, and when they were seated, and the *sofra* spread as usual,

'We very frequently (says M. Morier) shared the marks of his peculiar attention and politeness, which consisted in large handfuls of certain favourite dishes. These he tore off by main strength and put before us; sometimes a full grasp of lamb mixed with a sauce of prunes, pistacheo-nuts and raisins; at another time a whole partridge disguised by a rich brown sauce; and then, with the same hand, he scooped out a bit of melon, which he gave into our palms, or a great piece of omelette thickly swimming in fat ingredients. There is no rattle of plates and knives and forks, no confusion of lacquies, no drinking of healths, no disturbance of carving, scarcely a word is spoken, and all are intent on the business before them. When the whole is cleared and the cloth rolled up, ewers and basins are brought in, and every one washes his hand and mouth. Until the water is presented it is ridiculous enough to see the right hand of every person (which is covered with the complicated fragments of all the dishes) placed in a certain position over his left arm: there is a fashion even in this. The entertainment was now over, and we took our leaves and returned home.'—(p. 115.)

These dinners are of course of the first fashion in Persia. The common

common people generally frequent the *kabob* shops, or eating-houses, where they can at all times have their rice, sweetmeats fruit and sherbet, with all the various preparations of stews, soups pillaus, &c. at a very reasonable rate. The bazars or markets in which these shops are usually situated, are the scenes of wit, mirth and gaiety, in all the eastern nations. The adventures of Haroun al Raschid, of Sinbad the Sailor, and of Little Hunchback, are familiar to the barbers, tailors, and shoemakers of every bazar; and the 'Thousand and one nights' are stored up in the memory of many a Malay slave on the distant islands of Java, Sumatra, and Macassar. In Persia, the story-tellers by profession recite tales from oral tradition which, according to Mr. Kinneir, have never been committed to paper; and the king, we are told, has always one about his person to amuse his leisure hours, who never repeats the same story. He adds, that a very considerable acquaintance with the best poets of Persia descends even to the lowest classes of the people; and that it is not uncommon for a groom, or other menial servant, to recite long passages with the utmost correctness from their best writers. Schools for children are not wanting and a moderate share of education is within the reach of most who dwell in towns and cities. There are, besides, in every considerable town *medrasses,* or colleges, handsomely endowed, where youth are instructed in the nicer points of their native language, in Arabic, moral philosophy, and in the principles of the Mahomedan religion. Mr. Kinneir says, 'they have some little knowledge of Algebra and geometry, (very little we believe,) and some of them affect to be familiar with Euclid, Aristotle and Plato which have been translated into Arabic.' We suspect he means *out* of Arabic into Persian. Their astronomers, however, are mere astrologers; their physicians venders of charms and amulets; and their surgeons, barbers, whose operations are chiefly confined to the letting of blood, cleansing the ears, and shampooing the joints.

The Persian has been considered as the language of poetry; the nearest in Europe to which it can be compared is that of the German, to which indeed it bears no very distant affinity, but is more polished and melodious. It admits of the most extravagant and violent metaphors, and is generally so loaded with them, and consequently so obscure to Europeans, that the best informed of our Persian scholars in India have occasion for an interpreter at their elbow. The Shahnama of Ferdousi has been compared to the Iliad, and Hafiz termed the Anacreon of the east. The latter is the universal favourite of the Persians, who visit his tomb near Shiraz in parties, to do honour to his memory, by strewing flowers and pouring out libations of the choicest wines of this part of the country. On the block of *white* marble, of which Mr. Kinneir

say

ng his tomb is composed, are inscribed *two* of his poems. Mr. Morier, however, says that *one* poem only is engraved on it; and that the whole tomb is of 'the diaphanous marble of Tabriz, in colour a combination of *light green*, with here and there veins of red, and sometimes of *blue*.' So difficult is it to get at the truth, even in a matter of fact, cognizable by the least equivocal of the senses.

There is, perhaps, no nation on earth which has the least pretension to civilization, so destitute of the means of conveyance by land or water carriage, as Persia. They have no navigable rivers, no inland canals, no high roads, no wheel carriages of any description.

'The only mode of travelling,' says Mr. Kinneir, 'is by riding either a mule or a horse. For women of high rank, or sick persons, indeed, there is a vehicle called a *tukte rowan*, which is transported by two mules, one before and the other behind; but the women and children of the poor are carried in baskets, slung across the back of a mule or camel. The length of the stages, (which sometimes exceed forty miles,) and badness of the accommodation, in addition to these circumstances, render travelling unpleasant to females. We have here no regular establishment for the transmission of intelligence, and it is therefore necessary, when letters are to be carried from one part of the kingdom to the other, to dispatch a *chupper*, or express horseman, or a messenger on foot, who is stiled a *cassid*. Be the distance ever so great, the *chupper* seldom changes his horse: they travel at the rate of four or five miles an hour, and have been known to go from Tehraun to Bushire, a distance of seven hundred miles, in the space of ten days. The *cassids* will also travel for many days successively, at the rate of sixty or seventy miles a-day.'

From this sketch of the distracted and degraded state of the Persian empire, some idea may be formed of its political importance, with relation to the several powers of Europe, and more particularly to the British possessions in India. On this subject both the 'political assistant to General Sir John Malcolm, and the secretary to the mission of Sir Harford Jones' are equally silent. It would scarcely be supposed that France, with so many intermediate powers between her and Persia, and without one single point of contact, could possibly consider its alliance of any importance to her. But the political intrigues of this nation have always penetrated far beyond the bounds at which ordinary politicians would think it right to stop. She saw in Persia a powerful engine that might be played off to advantage, either against the Porte, or Russia, or the British possessions in India, as might best suit her purpose at the moment. If, in the event of hostilities with Russia, the friendly alliance of Persia could be secured as well as that of the

Porte, an attack upon the two flanks of southern Russia woul create a prodigious diversion in favour of her views against th power in her more northern regions. We have recently seen wi what eagerness the emissaries of Buonaparte fomented the war Turkey against Russia, and we have also seen the happy effects their failure. But if Russia or Turkey, or both, were favourab to the ambitious views of France, the road, with the consent Persia, would be so far open to her, for menacing, at least, an a tack on the British territories in India.

Chimerical as such a project may appear, there can be litt doubt that, at one period of the French revolution, it was seriousl entertained. To ascertain with more exactness, than had yet bee done, the precise political relations, the geography and the resou ces of the Ottoman and Persian empires, and of the intermediat countries in the possession of Turkish pachas, Arabian scheik and Tartar khans, the murderers of Louis XVI. dispatched Messr Olivier and Brugiere on a travelling expedition, with detailed an ample instructions for their guidance from the executive prov sional council. Nearly at the same time, citizen Beauchamp w sent to survey the coasts of the Black Sea, as far as Trebison and to collect information on the geography and policy of Persia of Egypt, Savary and others had afforded ample information. Th successful rebellion of Paswan Oglou, encouraged by the weakne of the Ottoman Porte, and supported by the disaffection of the j nizaries, was a circumstance too favourable to be overlooked by t revolutionists. The expedition to Egypt was accordingly unde taken, and this fertile province torn from a friendly power, for n other reason but that its situation and resources were favourable their ulterior views. The possession of Egypt was a step to th of Syria, and Syria to the command of the Red Sea; and it r quired only a single movement of Persia against the Pacha of Ba dad, to open the navigation of the Persian gulph. With t coasts, and harbours, and shipping of those two seas, the mo sanguine expectations were held forth, that, by an effectual a powerful co-operation with Tippoo, or the Mahrattas, the exp sion of the English from Hindostan was a certain and no very d tant event. There are those, however, who maintain that the ex dition to Egypt was unconnected with any view to ulterior ope tions in India; but we think that Buonaparte's intercepted le to Tippoo Sultaun, dated at Cairo, is conclusive on that poi 'You have been informed,' says he, 'of my arrival on the bord of the Red Sea with an innumerable and invincible army, full the desire of releasing and relieving you from the iron yoke of E land.' But the skill and energy of a British sailor baffled hopes of the captain of the 'invincibles,' and cast the first b on his military renown.

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The connection of England with Turkey has for ages been maintained by the occasional interchange of ambassadors; but Persia, the great resting-place, and convenient stepping-stone to her valuable possessions in India, seemed to be wholly forgotten or neglected. Accredited agents had formerly been sent thither chiefly on commercial purposes; but of late years this intermediate empire between Europe and India had been visited only by some casual traveller in his passage from one to the other. When it became known, however, in India, that Tippoo Sultaun had dispatched an ambassador to the present king of Persia, the Company's government employed an agent, of Persian extraction, to sound and counteract the designs of the former. The death of Tippoo Sultaun terminated that connection. Soon after this event, no little alarm was excited in India by the sudden irruption of Zemaunshah, king of the Affghans, and other northern hordes. As a check to the progress of this barbarian, Lord Wellesley lost not a moment in dispatching Colonel Malcolm, an active and expert officer, to solicit the assistance of Futteh ali Shah. A treaty was concluded, and the march of the Persian troops into Khorassan had the double effect of recalling the invader, and of adding part of this very extensive province to the Persian empire. In a word, the 'mission was completely successful in all its objects.' Treaties of alliance and commerce were concluded that were to be binding 'on race after race; while time endures and the world exists,' all the stipulations in those treaties were to remain 'a beautiful image of excellent union in the mirror of duration and perpetuity.' The Persians were ordered to 'disgrace and slay' every Frenchman that should pass their boundaries or attempt to settle on their coasts. This beautiful picture, however, had been reflected but a short time from the 'mirror of perpetuity,' when it was discovered that French agents had fixed themselves, not only on the 'coasts' of the empire, but had found their way to the capital, where one Jouannin had so far ingratiated himself at court as to prevail on the king to send an ambassador to Buonaparte, who proceeded to France in 1806, and, in the following year, concluded with that power another treaty which was also to last for ever.

Buonaparte was at this time engaged in a war with Russia, and a diversion on her frontier, on the part of Persia, could not be unimportant. General Gardanne was accordingly dispatched with a splendid retinue and several military officers to the court of Tehraun, where he was received with marked attention, admitted to the councils of the king, and employed to train a corps of Persians in the military discipline and tactics of Europe. In the mean time, two important events took place, extremely favourable to the views of Buonaparte, though not exactly to Gardanne's original mission.

The treaty of Tilsit, and the subsequent armistice between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, placed Persia at the mercy of the three allied powers. Nothing ever transpired as to the secret stipulations regarding Persia; but it was generally understood on the continent, that Oudinot had actually been selected to proceed with a corps of 12,000 men, with all the baggage and equipments necessary for such an expedition. Two routes from Tilsit were sufficiently commodious for such an enterprize—first, by descending the Volga to Astrachan, embarking at that port, and crossing the Caspian to some of the ports of Mazanderaun, near to the Persian capital. This province, with its impervious forests, rugged mountains, deep ravines and narrow passes, is so strong as to be capable of being held by a small European corps against the united armies of all Persia. The second route was by descending the Dnieper into the Black Sea, thence proceeding up the Kuban to Circassia, and joining the Russian head-quarters at Teflis in Georgia. Whether the object of this small corps was to unite with Russia, in order to subdue the northern provinces of Persia, or merely to ascertain the practicability of establishing positions, collecting magazines, and opening routes for a larger army, which was to follow, or whatever the design might have been, it was necessarily abandoned on account of the Spanish revolution of 1808, and the Austrian campaign of 1809, which left no spare forces to be employed on romantic expeditions of that kind.

About this time, the king of Persia, alarmed at the progress of the Russians, and seeing no prospect of support from Great Britain, threw himself completely into the arms of the French, who had promised a large military force to repel the Russians; but the peace of Tilsit falsified this promise. Gardanne then assured him of his successful mediation with the Russians, and, in consequence of it, the restitution of all the provinces taken from him during the war. This assurance, together with the appearance of a real negociation, gave to Gardanne a commanding influence. The officers of his mission were employed in every quarter, surveying the country, and examining its resources; some were directed, at the request of the king, to cast cannon, others to discipline the Persian infantry in the military tactics of Europe, while the great and leading object of all, from Gardanne to his lowest agent, was to give an impression of the weak and ruined condition of England, and the inevitable destruction that awaited her both at home and in India.

Such was the state of affairs when Colonel Malcolm reached Persia, on his second mission from Bengal. To have proceeded to the capital, or to remain at Bushire in a representative character, without being able to support that commanding tone which the actual

nal state of affairs rendered it more than ever essential to maintain, would have confirmed all the calumnies of the French. He therefore returned to Calcutta, and proposed to the governor-general a plan for completely overawing the faithless and impotent councils of the Persian court. This was by taking possession of the island of Kismis in the Persian gulph, as an emporium of commerce, the seat of political negociation, and the depôt of military stores: by thus establishing a local influence and power, we might not only exclude the French from this quarter, to which they had long turned their attention, but be enabled to carry on negociations or military operations with honour and security to any extent that might be required. This plan was readily adopted, and Colonel Malcolm arrived at Bombay in January, 1809, with a force amounting to 2000 men, to carry it into execution.

A great change however had taken place in his absence. The embassy of Gardanne had determined the British cabinet to send an envoy extraordinary from his Majesty to the king of Persia. Sir Harford Jones, who was selected for this service, hearing on his arrival at Bombay of the successful influence of the French and the failure of Colonel Malcolm, was doubtful what line to pursue, when the total failure of the French in their engagements to prevail on the Russians to evacuate Georgia, and the intelligence of the Spanish insurrection, determined him to proceed. On his arrival at Bushire he was met by accounts of peace between the Porte and Great Britain. This intelligence gave him additional confidence; and, not unacquainted with the character of the people with whom he had to deal, he exacted from the beglerbegs, scheiks, and khans, all due homage to his Majesty's mission; mounted his *eatabee*, or tawl cloak, which princes only are allowed to wear; and paraded his Majesty's letter, his picture surrounded with diamonds, and other valuable presents to the amount of many thousand pounds, to such advantage, that the fame of his magnificence had reached Tehraun before he himself had advanced to Shiraz. Under all these favourable circumstances, the timid and venal government of Persia hailed his approach with joy, dismissed Gardanne before his arrival at the capital, and cheerfully accepted a pecuniary subsidy from a power from which they were very sensible they merited punishment rather than reward. The temper in which Gardanne and his suite quitted Persia may partly be collected from an inscription on the wall of a room in which Mr. Morier halted. 'Venimus, vidimus et malediximus Persidi, regique aulæque magnatibusque populoque.'

This short statement, which we know to be correct, will sufficiently explain the success of Sir Harford Jones and the failure of Colonel Malcolm—of the merchant of Bushire, a character not in

high respect among the Persians, and the soldier, whose profession they admire, and who, on a former occasion, was received and caressed with the utmost warmth by all descriptions of people.

The present situation of Sir Gore Ouseley, in Persia, is not very different from that of Gardanne. Under his sanction British officers have been employed to discipline Persian troops, and lead them against the Russians. This employment must of course now cease; and the natural step for our ambassador to take will be that of mediator. We imagine however there is little hope of success in the attempt to reconcile two parties, who, for the last fifteen years, have been at war, the one to acquire additional territory, the other to regain what it has lost. Russia considers it of the utmost importance to establish the Araxes as a frontier, which would leave her in possession of the line of the Kur and Rione, the ancient Cyrus and Phasis, by which would be opened a direct communication between the Caspian and the Black Sea. Persia is most anxious to retain Georgia, were it only for the supply of beautiful ladies with which the royal harems are stocked; but, in addition to Georgia, the establishment of this frontier would deprive her of Daghestan and Schirvan, which, to any other power, would be important from their situation along the western shore of the Caspian. If however France should succeed in bribing Turkey to renew hostilities with Russia, in order to distract her attention from the north to the south of Europe, the best service our ambassador could perform would be that of bringing about an alliance of the Russian and Persian arms, and turning them against the Turkish provinces of Asia Minor.

The alliance of Persia with England is worth preserving. As a controuling power to the numerous warlike hordes on the north-west frontier of India, it must at all times operate to our advantage. Far greater danger is to be apprehended from those hordes, confederated with the Mahrattas, than from any intrigues or efforts on the side of Buonaparte. If indeed he be not already cured of his predilection for 'Fontainbleau expeditions,' the internal tranquillity of India, the total extirpation of the French flag from the Indian seas, and the present state of Europe, afford him but little prospect of pleasurement in this quarter. There was a time when discussions on the probability of a successful invasion of India through Persia were not devoid of interest; and as that time, however unlikely, may again occur, we shall take the liberty to offer a word or two on the subject.

It is obvious that an alliance with Russia or Turkey would be necessary for the French to bring an army in contact with Persia. In the strong probability of the latter country being decidedly hostile to

to the entrance of such an army, it would be necessary, in the first place, to subdue it, so far at least as to obtain military possession of the country. That a regular and well disciplined army of no very great force would be able to effect this, we see no occasion to doubt. In the most brilliant periods of the Persian empire, her armies were formidable only from their numbers; like swarms of locusts they laid waste those countries over which they passed, but they rarely conquered in fight, or rallied after being dispersed. A million of men led by Xerxes made little impression on the small states of Greece, while thirty thousand soldiers under Alexander subdued all Persia. The numbers in the first instance may be exaggerated, but the decisive battle of Platea was won by 110,000 confederated Greeks against 350,000 Persians. The well known retreat of the 'ten thousand' was conducted in the face of several hundred thousand Persians. Alexander Severus overthrew the army of Artaxerxes, consisting of 120,000 horse, 700 elephants, and 1800 chariots, armed with scythes. In later times, the whole empire has been overrun by the Arabs, conquered by the Tartars, and split into fragments by rebellious khans. Constituted as their army is, each troop commanded by its own chief, and each chief jealous of his brother in arms, there can be no concert of action, so indispensably necessary in military affairs. The modern science of war is utterly unknown to them; they are ignorant of the principles of fortification, and of the arts of attack and defence. Their infantry are few and despicable. 'Their field artillery is chiefly composed of *zambarooks*, or small swivels, fired from the backs of camels.' They have no good officers; a civilian who never saw a shot fired, an eunuch who would shudder to see one fired, may command whole armies. Their cavalry act with rapidity and impetuosity, but it is the separate action of each individual, without that united and condensed impulse, which alone is capable of making any serious impression on a body of troops trained and disciplined in the European fashion.

But though a small and well disciplined army might obtain military possession of Persia, it would not be so easy to retain it for any length of time. Their magazines could not be replenished. The natives, of whom one-half have no fixed habitations, would withdraw to a distance from the military positions of the enemy. His foraging parties would invariably be swept off by the clouds of irregular cavalry, who live chiefly by plunder, and who are more formidable when broken and dispersed into small parties, than when united in large bodies. The strong holds of Persia, which he would necessarily occupy, are the provinces of Ghilan and Mazanderaun, and these are the most unhealthy. In short

we have no doubt that, in the course of twelve months, sickness, famine, and the sword, would destroy any army that France could send into Persia.

But supposing Persia to be favourable to the views of the enemy, and even to assist in the invasion of India, it would be necessary, in the first place, to obtain possession of all Khorassan, and open a passage to Herat. This is the route that Alexander took, and the only route indeed by which an army could have the least chance of entering India. The Great Salt desert, the marshes and rugged mountains of Cohestan, the arid and naked plains of Kirman, the moving sands of Mekran, and all the mountains and dreary wastes on each side of the Indus, and as far to the eastward of it as Agimere, render any attempt to march an army through the central provinces of Persia towards the lower part of the Indus utterly impracticable. The return of Alexander from Patula, the modern Tatta, near the mouth of the Indus, to Persepolis, was sufficiently wonderful, but by skirting the coast of Mekran, he avoided the more extensive sandy plains and arid deserts of the interior. Yet we are told by Plutarch, that his army suffered dreadfully; 'violent distempers, ill diet and excessive heats, destroyed multitudes; but famine made still greater ravages, for it was a barren and uncultivated country; the natives lived miserably, having nothing to subsist on but a few bad sheep, which fed on the fish thrown up by the sea.' To say nothing of the distance between Tehraun and Delhi, which exceeds 2000 miles, of the mountains, ravines, unfordable rivers, impenetrable forests; the uncultivated state of the country, the sandy plains, salt lakes and marshes, unwholesome winds which blow in places for several months in the year, and the scarcity of water, on almost the whole line of this march; to say nothing of the roving tribes which infest every part of the country through which it would be necessary to pass—there are several very powerful nations, as the Usbeck Tartars, the Turcomans, the Patans, and above all the warlike Affghans and the Seiks, all of whom must either be conquered or conciliated—the first of which is not to be expected, the second not to be depended on. For such expeditions Persia is not in a state to engage. She has no magazines, no treasures to support her own armies, far less a foreign corps, which the chiefs of every wandering tribe would be more ready to plunder than to assist. In short, so numerous are the obstacles that we deem it wholly unnecessary to pursue the subject.

Mr. Kinneir's book, on the whole, will, undoubtedly, be found useful to future travellers in Persia, from the great number of routes collected from various quarters; and we doubt not that, by means of them, he has adjusted the geographical positions of several

veral places, and laid them down with more correctness than heretofore: but his map is still defective, and the whole province of Seistan, Kerman and Mekran are left almost a blank. One great fault in his memoir is the silence which he observes as to the authorities on which it is drawn up; and the reader is left entirely to guess what parts of Persia have been visited by himself, and those for the account of which he is indebted to others.

Mr. Morier's book is of that light desultory kind of writing which never fails to afford pleasure to those who read for mere amusement: the large portion of it, which is bestowed in praise of the good management of the mission, must be peculiarly gratifying to Sir Harford Jones.

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Art. VI. *Correspondance Littéraire, Philosophique, et Critique, adressée à un Souverain d'Allemagne, depuis* 1770 *jusqu'en* 1782, *par le* Baron de Grimm *et par* Diderot. 5 tomes, 8vo. Paris. 1812.

WE have been brought very intimately acquainted, by several late publications, with the state of society at Paris, and with the characters and persons of those who formed its principal ornaments, during the middle and latter end of the last century. It seems to be agreed on all hands that the arts of social intercourse were never, at any period of the civilised world, carried to so high a pitch of refinement and polish; and there are not wanting those even among our less harmonised countrymen, who have been so captivated by the brilliant and seducing picture, as to appear content to fix in such a state the standard for the greatest possible quantity of human happiness. From all such opinions we widely differ, not in disputing the fact, but the inference. To the production of so perfect a specimen of society, it seems to have been necessary to make certain sacrifices; and we are by no means satisfied that the objects sacrificed were not often of much greater importance in the scale of real felicity than those acquired.

We have thought it necessary to explain so much at the outset, that the entertainment which we profess ourselves to derive from these accounts of Parisian society, may not be confounded with any supposed admiration of the principles on which it was established, or desire of seeing them reduced more generally into practice among ourselves. It would be a miserable exchange, that of the heart for the imagination, of the domestic affections for the social graces. After this, we shall have done with the subject, and, instead of moralizing, hasten to convey to our readers as large a portion

tion of the information and amusement with which the work befor us abounds, as we can concentrate within the limits of the follow ing pages.

M. de Grimm, who was a German by birth, and of obscur parentage, owed his introduction into good society at Paris t the capacity in which he travelled, of governor to the children o Count Schomberg. His earliest intimacy, among the wits an philosophists of the day, was with Jean Jacques Rousseau; an through him he became acquainted with Diderot, Baron Hol bach, and the principal authors of the Encyclopédie. These con nections, aided by what his biographer calls 'la souplesse de so esprit,' were not long in opening to him 'une carrière bril lante.' During several years he was employed as secretary b the late duke of Orleans; and was applied to by several of th German princes to transmit to them, in the way of free and lively correspondence, all the literary and philosophistical gossip of Paris Of the mass of information and amusement which this miscella neous correspondence must have contained, it was not known (say the editor of these volumes) that any portion existed, until th discovery of the MSS. from which this selection is made, and which, (we are told,) if printed entire, would have extended to three times the present quantity; but it was judged proper to cur tail it, in the first place, of all the analyses of dramatic pieces with which the original appears to have abounded, and secondly of va rious jeux d'esprit, and indeed of some entire works of Diderot and others, which have since appeared in other forms before the public. These curtailments might have been considerably enlarged without injury to the book. Several pieces, which we ourselves know to have been published before, are republished now; and doubtless there are several others, of the previous appearance of which we are ignorant; and, though the long accounts of tragedies, operas, farces, ballets, &c. are very properly omitted, yet all the criticisms, even upon the worst and most insignificant of them, are retained; and, however lively and even just in their taste and spirit, might have been reduced, at least, two-thirds without prejudice (we should imagine) to any modern reader. The same may be said of the criticisms on the publications of the day, which we should have doomed to amputation in an equal proportion. After all these cur tailments, enough would be left to fill two volumes out of the five which lie before us; and these would form a magazine of good sense, lively anecdote, spirited criticism, and laughable whim, such as no collection of ana or table-talk that we are acquainted with, exceeds, or even rivals.

Part of the correspondence, as we are informed in the Preface, was furnished by Diderot; but it appears to have been but a small portion

portion of it, and the philosophist seems only to have supplied the place of his friend occasionally, when prevented by illness or absence from completing his engagement with the 'sovereign prince' to whom it was addressed. Who this sovereign was, we are not informed: but we have been told that the late Margrave of Anspach was one of those to whom Grimm was in the habits of addressing his Parisian communications, and that the Margravine has still in her possession several volumes of his correspondence. A great deal of this may, in all likelihood, be merely a duplicate of that now published; as it surely formed no part of the Baron's contract with his illustrious employers to furnish different matter for each of them; but the treasure, at all events, would be worth the searching; and the *lacune* of two years, (1775 and 1776,) which the editor laments in the present publication, might be supplied if only ordinary good fortune attended the search.

We must bring our readers a little better acquainted with the author of the Correspondence, before we dive into the book itself.

'M. de Grimm,' says the editor, 'a été long-temps connu à Paris par la finesse de son esprit, la variété de ses connaissances, et surtout par ses liaisons avec les hommes les plus célèbres du siècle dernier. Quoique étranger, il sut prendre en France le caractère, les formes, et l'urbanité parisienne, et vengea l'Allemagne des épigrammes de nos petits-maîtres.'

This eulogium is borne out by the general tenor of the Correspondence. Among all the bons mots and witticisms of others which he details in profusion, there are few which exceed either in humour or in *naïveté* those which he occasionally intersperses of his own; and the freedom and manliness of his remark on books, on characters, and on passing events, are only equalled by the tone of good humour in which they are delivered. One fatal exception is, indeed, to be made to this general commendation. The good sense of the individual was not proof against the prevailing and overwhelming spirit of the age in which he lived, and of the society with which he was chiefly united. His religious, or, to use his own language, his philosophical principles, as far as this correspondence reveals them to us, exhibit an absence of all sound reflection, remarkable even in a Parisian wit of the 18th century. He seems to have been fixed in nothing but the habit of irreverent ridicule; and when he occasionally attempts to be serious, we have in one month a profession of sentiments amounting to downright atheism, which are disavowed in the next, and perhaps reassumed in the succeeding, but always with an air of indifference which forms a curious contrast to the zeal and enthusiasm with which he espouses

pouses the cause of a favourite actress, or defends the merits of an unpopular pantomime.

Though possessed undoubtedly of considerable talents, and a German, he was a most decided petit-maître. Not long after his arrival at Paris, he fell violently in love with *une vertu d'Opéra*, named Mademoiselle Fel, who refused *(chose inouie!)* to listen to his vows. This disappointment threw him into a sort of *catalepsy*, which lasted many days. 'Il restait étendu sur son lit, les yeux fixes, les membres roides, sans parler, sans manger, sans donner aucun signe de sentiment.' His friends thought him actually dead, and Raynal and Rousseau sat up several nights to watch by him; but his physician thought better of him; 'et en effet, un beau matin Grimm prit son parti, se leva sur son séant, s'habilla, et ne pensa plus à sa Lucrèce de l'Opéra.' This adventure gave him great éclat among the ladies, who adored him for the sensibility which he had so strikingly demonstrated; but their favours seem to have turned his head in good earnest; and he gave himself such airs that his friend Jean Jacques determined to break off all connexion with him. This is Rousseau's own account of the origin of the disagreement between them. Grimm, perhaps, told a different story. He did not, it seems, add to his other qualifications the charms of an agreeable person, and took incredible pains to supply his natural deficiency by the artificial resources of the toilet. No lady in Paris employed the brush to so much effect; and the quantity of ceruse with which he daily filled up the lines and wrinkles of his face, joined to the want of moderation which he displayed in the enjoyment of his *bonnes fortunes*, procured for him the appellation of *Tyran le blanc*. His various connections with the sovereign princes of Germany and the north, among whom Frederick, Gustavus, and Catherine are reckoned, procured him high honours as well as emoluments; and he has been accused of having recourse to low and unworthy practices to recommend himself to those favours and advantages; but his editor indignantly repels all these insinuations. With the exception of the important article of religion, he seems to have merited the farther encomium which is here passed upon his philosophy.

'Grimm était philosophe sans doute, mais de cette philosophie que tout homme de bien peut avouer; de cette philosophie qui éclaire et ne brûle pas; de cette philosophie qui sait respecter l'ordre et les lois sociales. Sa Correspondance prouve qu'il ne partageait nullement les excès de quelques enfans perdus de l'Encyclopédie, qui, en voulant servir la raison, la trahissaient tous les jours. Ce caractère de sagesse et de modération lui valut en effet des cordons et des dignités, mais il les obtint honorablement, sans intrigue et sans bassesse.'

Notwithstanding the moderation of his philosophy, he very narrowly

only escaped the Bastille for the ardour with which he defended the party of the *Coin de la Reine* (the advocates for the Italian Opera) against the *Royalistes*, who asserted the cause of the national music. Such were the factions which divided all Paris in those happy days! In 1776, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary for the Duke of Saxe-Gotha at Paris, and it was then he first assumed the title of Baron. He continued to reside at the French capital long enough to witness the commencement of disorders rather more serious than those of the Piccinistes and Gluckists: his latter days were passed in literary retirement at Gotha; and he died there at a very advanced age about five years ago.

Attached as he was to the *parti philosophique*, we are not to expect much impartiality in those parts of his correspondence which relate either to the chiefs of that party or their principal enemies and antagonists. There is amply sufficient, however, in these memoirs, after making all due allowances for exaggeration, to confirm our former impressions, that the blind animosity of the advocates for religion and social order advanced an equal length with the Encyclopédistes, though in a contrary direction, towards the accomplishment of the terrible catastrophe. One fatal delusion appears to have involved all parties in the state, and all ranks of society: it was, however, at least as true of the philosophists as of their enemies, that when once the bandage was removed, and the precipice on which they stood revealed to their eyes, they would fain have retreated,—but it was no longer possible. We know not a more instructive lesson than is to be derived from the contemporary memoirs of the times immediately preceding the Revolution; and a reflecting man can hardly peruse them without frequently starting as he asks himself the question, 'Am I not at this moment on the edge of a similar precipice?' What are the signs of the times by which our danger may be made manifest, and how is it to be avoided? We have indeed a tremendous lesson before us; but who shall say that we are capable of turning it to that account without which it will be lost upon us, and the neglect of its warning only serve to render our fall less pitiable?

Voltaire is, throughout this correspondence, the hero of the song, the unfailing oracle in whose decisions the writer reposes with as much confidence as the most devout catholic in the Pope's infallibility,—except indeed when, now and then, the timidity of old age, or a partial gleam of futurity, may have induced the veteran infidel to profess sentiments foreign to the habitual current of his thoughts and expressions. In the light and irreverent language of the Encyclopédistes, the sage of Ferney is styled patriarch of the holy philosophical church; and his disciples are accustomed to meet together in frequent commemoration of their founder. It is no wonder

der if, at a time of unexampled rottenness both in church and state, such irreligious mockery, continually in the mouths of those to whom the French people looked up as the depositaries of all the wit, knowledge, and genius of the age, should have inspired the serious with even imaginary terrors, and given birth all those stories of anti-social, anti-monarchical, and anti-christian conspiracies, which subsequent events have fixed in the minds of many with a persuasion of their reality not to be shaken by any representation of their unlikelihood, absurdity, or manifest impossibility. We cannot expect these persons to be convinced that the questions agitated at these several meetings of Pandæmonium were, generally speaking, of no greater importance to the existence and welfare of society than the following.

'Frère Marmontel fait savoir qu'il est allé loger chez Mademoiselle Clairon, et qu'il compte donner incessamment un nouvel opéra-comique, intitulé *Sylvain*, dont la musique est de M. Grétry. Nous lui souhaitons le naturel qui lui manque, afin qu'il plaise aux gens de gout. L'église, faisant attention au rare génie dont le sort a doué M. Grétry, lui accorde les honneurs et droits de frère. En conséquence, nous le conjurons, par les entrailles de notre mère la sainte église, de ménager sa santé, de considérer que sa poitrine est mauvaise, et de se livrer moins ardemment aux plaisirs de l'amour, afin de s'y livrer plus longtemps.

'Frère Thomas fait savoir qu'il a composé un *Essai sur les Femmes*, &c. L'église estime la pureté de mœurs et les vertus de frère Thomas; elle craint qu'il ne connaisse pas encore assez les femmes; elle lui conseille de se lier plus intimement, s'il se peut, avec quelques unes des héroines qu'il fréquente, pour le plus grand bien de son ouvrage, &c.

'Sœur de l'Espinasse fait savoir que sa fortune ne lui permet pas d'offrir ni à diner, ni à souper, et qu'elle n'en a pas moins d'envie de recevoir chez elle les frères qui voudront y venir digérer. L'église m'ordonne de lui dire qu'elle s'y rendra, et que, quand on a autant d'esprit et de mérite, on peut se passer de beauté et de fortune.

'Mère Geoffrin fait savoir qu'elle renouvelle les défenses et lois prohibitives des années précédentes; et qu'il ne sera pas plus permis que par le passé de parler chez elle ni d'affaires intérieures, ni d'affaires extérieures; ni d'affaires de la cour, ni d'affaires de la ville; ni d'affaires du nord, ni d'affaires du midi; ni d'affaires d'orient, ni d'affaires d'occident; ni de politique, ni de finances; ni de paix, ni de guerre; ni de religion, ni de gouvernement; ni de théologie, ni de métaphysique; ni de grammaire, ni de musique; ni, en général, d'aucune matière quelconque——l'église, considérant que le silence, et notamment sur les matières dont il est question, n'est pas son fort, promet d'obéir autant qu'elle y sera contrainte par force de violence.'

Such frivolity as this, however despicable, and however prejudicial to the interests of morality, was never, surely, the characteristic of 'bloody conspiracy.'

Among

Among the élèves of Voltaire on the boards of the Comédie Française, was an actor named Paulin, who performed the parts of tyrants in tragedy and of peasants in comedy. M. Grimm says that 'il était paysan passable, mais mauvais tyran,' and that Voltaire was misled by his sonorous voice in imagining that nature had designed him for a Herod. 'Laissez-moi faire,' he used to say, 'je vous élève un tyran à la brochette, dont vous serez contens.' He instructed him to perform the part of Polifonte, in his tragedy of Merope; and once, while it was under rehearsal, waked his valet at three o'clock in the morning to fetch the actor to receive some new idea which he wished to communicate. The servant vainly remonstrated that M. Paulin was in his first sleep. 'Begone,' said the poet with great seriousness—'Va—cours—les tyrans ne dorment jamais.'

The appointment of Voltaire, by Pope Ganganelli, to the lay office of 'Père temporel des Capucins du pays de Gex,' gave rise to a variety of witticisms at his expense, and he appears to have been by no means averse to join in the pleasantries himself.

'They pretend,' says the Baron, 'that he has already written letters, signed with a cross, †, *Voltaire, Capucin indigne*. He says of himself "that those who foretold that he would die a Capuchin, have not been mistaken, and he should esteem himself very happy if, at his old age, he could hope to arrive at the *bonnes fortunes* of a Capuchin." A person, just arrived from Ferney, relates to us that the Patriarch said to him, at his first visit, "Vous me trouverez bien changé: on devient cagot à mesure qu'on vieillit; j'ai pris l'habitude de me faire faire quelque lecture pieuse en me mettant à table;" and that, in effect, they began to read to him a sermon out of Massillon's Petit Carême, during which the Patriarch frequently exclaimed, "Ah, que c'est beau! quel style! quelle harmonie! quelle éloquence!" but when they had got through two or three pages, he said, "tirez Massillon," upon which they shut the book, and the admiring hearer se livra, à son ordinaire, à toute la verve et à toute la folie de son imagination, qui aura bien de la peine à contracter la gravité nécessaire à un père temporel des Capucins.'

The following letter to the Maréchal de Richelieu proves the temper in which Voltaire himself received and treated his ecclesiastical promotion.

'Je voudrais bien, monseigneur, avoir le plaisir de vous donner ma bénédiction avant de mourir. L'expression vous paraîtra un peu forte: elle est pourtant dans la vérité. J'ai l'honneur d'être Capucin. Notre général qui est à Rome, vient de m'envoyer mes patentes; mon titre est; *Frère spirituel et Père temporel des Capucins*. Mandez-moi laquelle de vos maîtresses vous voulez retirer du purgatoire; je vous jure sur ma barbe qu'elle n'y sera pas dans vingt-quatre heures. Comme je dois me détacher des biens de ce monde, j'ai abandonné à mes parens ce qui m'est

m'est dû par la succession de feu Madame la Princesse de Guise, et par M. votre intendant; ils iront à ce sujet prendre vos ordres qu'ils regarderont comme un bienfait. Je vous donne ma bénédiction. Signé Voltaire, Capucin indigne, et qui n'a pas encore eu de bonne fortune de Capucin.'

We have a long account of the original design of the famous statue of Voltaire, which was first proposed at the house of Madame Necker, on the 17th of April, 1770. The anecdote of M. Pigalle (the sculptor)'s visit to Ferney, is amusing and characteristic.

'Phidias Pigalle a fait son voyage de Ferney. The Patriarch granted him the honour of a sitting every day; but he was all the time behaving like a child, unable to keep himself still a single instant. The greater part of the time he had his secretary by his side, to dictate letters to him, while the artist was forming his model, et, suivant un tic qui lui est familier en dictant des lettres, il soufflait des pois ou faisait d'autres grimaces mortelles pour le statuaire. The poor artist was in despair, and seemed to have no other resource than either to return home or fall ill at Ferney of a burning fever. On the last day, however, the conversation, by good luck, fell upon Aaron's golden calf, and the sculptor having declared that he should require at least six months to cast such a piece of metal, the Patriarch was so delighted with the remark, that Pigalle was able to do whatever he pleased with him all the rest of the sitting.'

Voltaire's opposition to the atheistical principles of the 'Système de la Nature' does not seem to have been expected or looked for by his philosophical friends at Paris. The reflections of M. Grimm on the subject, appear to us so remarkable as to deserve notice.

'Le patriarche ne veut pas se départir de son *rémunérateur-vengeur;* il le croit nécessaire au bon ordre. Il veut bien qu'on détruise le dieu des fripons et des superstitieux, mais il veut qu'on épargne celui des honnêtes gens et des sages. *Il raisonne là-dessus comme un enfant, mais comme un joli enfant qu'il est.* Il serait bien étonné si on lui demandait de quelle couleur est son dieu, &c. &c.'

We shall not sully our pages with any of the hacknied Epicurean arguments of M. Grimm which follow in this place, and which (we suppose) were adopted by him without any reflection, after the loose manner of Messieurs les philosophes, when warm from the perusal of the 'Système de la Nature.' It will be a satisfaction to some to know how Voltaire spoke and reasoned upon the subject. In a letter to Madame Necker, he thus expresses himself:

'Vous me parlez, Madame, du *Système de la Nature*, livre qui fait grand bruit parmi les ignorans, et qui indigne tous les gens sensés. Il est un peu honteux à notre nation, que tant de gens aient embrassé si vite une opinion si ridicule. Il faut être bien fou pour ne pas admettre une grande intelligence quand on en a une si petite; mais le comble de

de l'impertinence est d'avoir fondé un système tout entier sur une fausse expérience faite par une jésuite irlandais qu'on a pris pour un philosophe. *Les Français ont eu grand tort d'abandonner les belles lettres pour de profondes fadaises, et on a tort de les prendre sérieusement.* A tout prendre, le siècle de Phèdre et du Misanthrope valait mieux.'

We suspect that the following anecdote is already current; but it is worth repeating. An Englishman visited Voltaire at Ferney, on his way to Rome, and asked the patriarch's commands where he was going. Voltaire entreated him, at any risk, to bring him back the ears of the Grand Inquisitor. On his arrival at Rome the Englishman mentioned this commission in many different circles, and it was at last repeated to Ganganelli, who, when the stranger attended an audience of his holiness, asked him what commands he had brought with him from M. de Voltaire? The traveller could not avoid smiling at the question, and his holiness continued, 'I beg you will inform M. de Voltaire that, for a long while past, the inquisition has had neither ears nor eyes.'

The terrors of Voltaire's satire are well known, especially against all unfortunate poets, whose evil destinies led them to meddle with what he deemed his own peculiar provinces in literature. An unhappy being of this description, by name Clément, (whom Voltaire called Clément *Maraud*, to distinguish him from the old bard Clément Marot,) was induced to write a tragedy called *Mérope*, for which he endeavoured in vain to procure the honours of representation. A servant once offered himself to Voltaire, who said he came from the service of this Clément. '*Coquin*,' said Voltaire, looking him full in the face, '*tu m'as bien l'air d'avoir fait les trois premiers actes de sa Mérope.*'

The following anecdote is much more discreditable to him. He had conceived a mortal displeasure at the popularity of a young actress called Mademoiselle Raucourt, who valued herself on the purity of her reputation, which, it seems, had never been called in question. In a fit of ill humour, he wrote to the Maréchal de Richelieu, that this person had been formerly mistress to a gentleman at Geneva, and was even now ready to accede to the terms of the best bidder. It happened that the epistle was received by the Maréchal while at table with the very lady in question, and he immediately, without looking at its contents, put it into the hands of one of the party to read aloud for the benefit of the rest. The fair Raucourt fell senseless into the arms of her mother, and D'Alembert dispatched an indignant remonstrance to the guilty patriarch, who was obliged to submit to the shameful humiliation of retracting the whole invention. The only cause which M. Grimm is able to assign to this '*incartade tres-répréhensible*' of his oracle, is, that the intended representation of his tragedy of the '*Lois de Minos*,'

had been forced to give way to the fashionable novelty of Mademoiselle de Raucourt. 'Cela suffit pour indisposer un enfant de soixante-dix-neuf ans contre un enfant de dix-sept qui dérange et trompe ses espérances.'

The Abbé Coyer, who is here characterised as being 'l'homme du monde le plus lourd, l'ennui personnifié,' kindly undertook to pay Voltaire a visit for two or three months at his Château de Ferney. The first day the philosopher bore his company with tolerable politeness; but the next morning he interrupted him in a long prosing narrative of his travels, by a question which appeared to embarrass him not a little. 'Savez-vous bien, M. l'Abbé, la différence qu'il y a entre Don Quichotte et vous? c'est que Don Quichotte prenait toutes les auberges pour des châteaux, et vous, vous prenez tous les châteaux pour des auberges.' This address effected the immediate disenchantment of M. l'Abbé, who took his departure within twenty-four hours afterwards. But the following letter, describing a somewhat similar visit made by an unhappy dramatic author, is still more characteristic.

'You wish to hear, madam, the true history of the pilgrimage lately made by M. Barthe, to Ferney; and you will see how it is possible to be damned in labouring after salvation. Imagine to yourself, then, madam, that he comes express from Marseilles, . . . . . to see M. de Voltaire? . . . No; to read to him his new comedy in five acts and in verse, entitled, *l'Homme Personnel.* The whole business had been negotiated before-hand by M. Moulton, a great favourite of Voltaire, who had granted the favour desired with the most gracious good humour. Accordingly they came to Ferney together, and were received by the patriarch in the most civil manner possible: at last the reading commenced. Now you might behold Barthe, with one eye upon his MS. the other armed with a spy-glass, watching with the utmost anxiety every change in the countenance of the great critic. At the ten first verses, M. de Voltaire made such grimaces and contorsions as would have frightened any other reader than M. Barthe. When he came to the scene in which the valet relates how his master made him submit to have one of his teeth pulled out in order to make trial of the dentist's skill, he stopped him short, and with his mouth wide open, '*Une dent!* là! ah! ah!' The whole act passed off without the slightest applause, not even a smile; and, as soon as he talked of beginning the second, M. de Voltaire was suddenly seized with a terrible fit of yawning—he finds himself unwell—is quite in despair—withdraws to his closet—and leaves poor Barthe in a state of positive distraction. It had been arranged that he should sleep at Ferney; but this he could not consent to after what had passed; so all his baggage was packed up again, and he returned, sad and disconsolate, to Geneva.—Next morning he received a most polite note from M. de Voltaire, containing a thousand apologies, entreating a continuation of the reading, and expressly promising that the accident of the preceding night shall not be repeated. *Quel persiflage!*

ge! In spite of all they could say to him, M. Barthe was resolved to be the dupe of it. He returned to Ferney, and was received with still greater civility than before: but, having heard out the second act, yawning all the time, in the very middle of the third, Voltaire took himself off with all possible ceremoniousness; and poor Barthe was reduced to take his departure a second time without having finished his piece; and, what was perhaps still more mortifying, without having any body to fight with.'

Voltaire returned to Paris, after an absence of twenty-seven years, on the 8th of February, 1778.

'Non l'apparition d'un revenant, celle d'un prophète, d'un apôtre, n'aurait pas causé plus de surprise et d'admiration que l'arrivé de M. de Voltaire. Ce nouveau prodige a suspendu quelques momens tout autre intérêt, il a fait tomber les bruits de la guerre, les intrigues de cour, les tracasseries de cour, même la grande querelle des Gluckistes et des Piccinistes. L'orgueil encyclopédique a paru diminué de moitié, la Sorbonne a frémi, le parlement a gardé le silence, toute la littérature s'est émue, tout Paris s'est empressé de voler aux pieds de l'idole, et jamais le héros de notre siècle n'eût joui de sa gloire avec plus d'éclat, si la cour l'avait honoré d'un regard plus favorable ou seulement moins indifférent.'

'Whoever should undertake the history of French vanity during the eighteenth century, would go far towards explaining the causes of the revolution,' is a very true saying. Vanity was evidently the spring of all Voltaire's actions and sentiments; nay, it had so incorporated itself with his very essence that, we are persuaded, the very inconsistencies and alterations which were remarked in him towards the close of his life, were owing more to that pervading principle than either to repentance or foresight. The extraordinary part which he took in the affair of M. de Morangiés, has been generally ascribed to the apprehensions which he latterly began to entertain of an approaching overthrow of the very foundations of society; and the philosophists of Paris appear, from the correspondence before us, to have been equally astonished and mortified at the dèsertion of the 'great defender of Calas' from the popular cause which he had hitherto so successfully maintained. Nevertheless, if we consider what part his vanity would naturally have induced him to take in the business, we should be inclined to say that it was that which he in fact espoused. Where all the chiefs of the philosophical party, and all the rabble, were of one mind on the subject, little honour was to be acquired, or notice attracted, by taking the same view of it with them. It was quite otherwise in those earlier times when he so nobly attacked the parliament of Toulouse on the subject of the melancholy affair above alluded to. Besides, he was sick of the homage of those

whom he had taught to go far beyond himself in his philosophical career; and his vanity would fain have procured to itself new food in the applause and gratitude of the court, and, if possible, of the church also. The affair of M. Morangiés was, after all, very doubtful; and the final decree of the parliament in his favour does not appear to have excited, in dispassionate persons, any suspicion of partiality or corruption. This decision is, however, remarkable as having given rise to one of the earliest public demonstrations of the spirit and power of 'le souverain peuple.' In a play which was represented two nights afterwards, at the *Comédie Française,* there occurred the following expression,

Dans une cause obscure,
Des juges bien payés verraient plus clair que nous,

which the pit immediately applied; and the whole theatre resounded with applauses *si fous et si opiniâtres,* that it was deemed necessary to put a stop to the performance. M. de Grimm was certainly not endowed with the spirit of foresight which has been attributed to his oracle, or he would not have remarked upon such an occasion, after allowing the whole *parterre* to be worthy of the Bastille for their insolence, 'j'aime, je l'avoue, à me voir transporté un moment à Rome ou à Athènes, pour admirer combien le goût des arts et surtout celui du spectacle dispose les esprits à jouir de la liberté et à se livrer aux saillies d'une gaïété vive et petulante.' It required fifteen years longer experience to prove, that it is not quite safe to indulge the subjects of an absolute monarchy in acting the parts of Athenians and Romans.

The name of Rousseau naturally follows that of Voltaire; but we have already noticed his quarrel with the principal writer in these pages, and his name does not very often occur in the correspondence. There is great good sense, however, in the following remarks on his character and genius.

'Jean Jacques Rousseau n'a point d'admirateurs, il a des dévots: né avec toutes les qualités d'un chef de secte, il s'est trouvé déplacé dans son siècle, dont l'esprit tend à une association générale de culture et de philosophie, fondée sur une grande indifférence pour toutes les opinions particulières: on ne veut plus aujourd'hui se partager en sectes, ni faire pot à part: c'était la fureur des siècles précédens, elle est passée. Voltaire a senti la pente de son siècle, il en est devenu l'apôtre; Rousseau aurait joué un grand rôle il y a deux cents ans; comme réformateur, il aurait pu être l'âme d'une révolution générale: dans ce siècle, il meurt oublié en Dauphiné, sans avoir produit aucun effet mémorable."

It is seldom that the characters and powers of men are estimated

mated with so much precision and accuracy while they are yet alive. His return to Paris in the year 1770, by the connivance of the magistrates, under the condition of not publishing, is described with a very allowable portion of ridicule.

'He has made a display of his person several times at the Café de la Regence in the Palais-Royal, and has attracted prodigious crowds to come and gaze at him. They were asked, what they were doing there, and answered, "que c'était pour voir Jean Jacques;" but when they were again asked "ce que c'était que ce Jean Jacques," they answered, that they knew nothing about the matter; but that he was going to pass that way.'

M. Rousseau was exhorted to put an end to this species of public exhibition without delay, and poor Jean Jacques sank very obediently and peaceably into his former retirement. Grimm, however, appears to have always entertained a very high, not to say extravagant, respect for the talents of this extraordinary man. He says, in another place,

'C'est le sort de Rousseau d'être réfuté par des gens qui n'ont pas voulu ou qui n'ont pas su l'entendre.' And again: 'It seems to me, that you have never caught the true character of J. J. Rousseau. This celebrated man, born with rare abilities to persuade others of all that he wished them to believe, has endeavoured, above all things, to render popular those truths which he himself believed to be of public utility. If the bodies of infants are no longer cramped by whalebone, their minds no longer oppressed by precepts, their earliest years exempted from slavery and torture, it is to Rousseau that they owe all this. As for the women, if they dare to act the nurse, or to become the real mothers of their children, or even the real wives of their husbands, this also is the work of Rousseau. He has awakened in young minds the enthusiasm of virtue which is so necessary to counteract the enthusiasm of the passions. Among modern philosophers, he is one of those who have produced the greatest effect on the human mind, because he possessed the talent of disposing the minds of his readers, as the orators of old disposed those of their auditors. Few have written better against us, and none have written so well in our favour.'

This is high colouring, and certainly presents only one side of the picture. The following anecdote is very characteristic.

'He had long lived on his fifth floor in Paris entirely forgotten by the world which he affected to despise, and from affectation really shunned, when an accident that happened to him, in one of his solitary walks, brought him once more, for a single moment, on the stage of the public. He was met in a narrow part of the street by M. de St. Fargeau, driving very fast in his carriage, and in his attempt to get out of the way, was pushed by a large Danish dog running before the horses, and thrown down in the road. M. de St. Fargeau immediately stopt

his coach and hastened to assist the person whom his dog had thus knocked down; but as soon as he recognised the author of Emile, he redoubled his apologies and his attentions, and pressed him, in the most polite manner possible, to allow him the happiness of conveying him back to his lodgings. The philosopher was inexorable, and returned alone and on foot. Next morning, M. de St. Fargeau sent to inquire for him. "*Dites à votre maître qu'il enchaîne son chien*" was his only answer. Could Diogenes have framed a better?'

His unfortunate marriage was a butt for all the shafts of ridicule, which, however, he seemed rather to court than shun. His physician going to visit him at Ermenonville, a short time before his death, found him mounting his staircase with great pain and difficulty, after having been in the cellar, and asked him why, in his infirm state, he did not make his wife act the part of butler. '*Que voulez vous?*' he answered, '*quand elle y va, elle y reste.*'

The posthumous publication of that strange production, *Rousseau juge de Jean Jacques*, gives occasion to some good reflections both on the individual and on the extraordinary construction of the human mind exemplified in his conduct.

'On y verra le mélange le plus étonnant de force de style et de faiblesse d'esprit, tout le désordre d'une sensibilité profondément affectée, un ridicule inconcevable avec la folie la plus séreuse et la plus digne de pitié. On ne peut douter qu'en écrivant ceci, Rousseau ne fût parfaitement fou; et il ne paraît pas moins certain qu'il n'y a que Rousseau dans le monde qui ait pu l'écrire.'

We have here a very curious account of the démêlé between the Encyclopédistes and their printer and publisher, M. Breton, (who was also a joint proprietor of the work,) on occasion of a discovery, made too late for prevention or remedy, of the 'horrible' mutilations which this nefarious printer and his foreman had taken upon them to make in almost all the principal articles of the last ten volumes, as they went to the press. The utter dismay of the philosophers, on the first revelation of this act of barbarism, may be conceived by those who are at all acquainted with the impetuosity of a Frenchman's emotions upon every occasion where his vanity or self-love receives a wound, however trivial. Grimm, who was too much a man of the world to be a very ardent philosopher, manifestly laughs in his sleeve all the time that he is affecting to sympathize with his friends in their distress and indignation; and this tone of half banter and half earnestness contributes to render his whole history of the transaction remarkably amusing. His heroi-comic style of narration, however, falls short of the language used by poor Diderot in serious earnest; and the letter which he addresses to 'the sacrilegious printer,' on coming to the determination of continuing the management of the work for the

the sake of the remaining proprietors, and keeping secret from the world the fearful story of its wrongs, is calculated, at this distance of time, when all the actors of the melodrame have long since left the stage, to raise only a smile at the objects of human ambition and the ebullitions of human vanity. If the interests of the whole world had depended on the fatal scissars of M. Breton, this chief of the Encyclopedistes could not have used language expressive of deeper horror, or more incurable despair. Nevertheless, we would by no means be understood to think slightly of the provocation of the unfortunate authors, or of the atrocity of the act which M. Breton committed; and should be very sorry to be considered as inculcating the propriety of Messrs. Ballantyne, Bulmer, or Bensley, undertaking to interfere in a similar manner with the immortality of the present race of British philosophers.

There is a great deal of justice as well as of feeling in some of the following observations on the supposed advantages of a philosophical age over times of less illumination, but of less sophistry and more natural impressions and habits. Had M. Grimm been capable of continuing in such a train of reflection as this and other passages of his work exhibit, we do not think he would have long ranked himself among the *philosophes* of the school of Voltaire.

'Il me semble qu'on est presque toujours malheureux en écrivant sur quelque objet que ce soit, lorsque, même sans avoir discuté la question, on sait d'avance le résultat que l'on sera obligé d'établir. Prétendre que la philosophie éteint le génie, qu'elle a détruit le goût des arts et sappé tous les fondemens de la société morale et civile, c'est soutenir sans doute une calomnie atroce ou faire une déclamation ridicule: mais de bonne foi, peut-on nier que la philosophie n'ait fait quelque tort à nos plaisirs et à notre bonheur, en affaiblissant le ressort de l'imagination, en refroidissant l'âme, en nous ôtant de douces illusions, et en nous forçant à secouer le joug de plusieurs préjugés utiles à la multitude?—Se déchaîner contre le siècle parcequ'il est le siècle de la philosophie, c'est se déchaîner contres les arrêts de la nécessité, c'est se révolter contre la loi qui régla de toute éternité la marche et la conduite de l'esprit humain—tout cela ne nous persuade point encore que ce soit une chose si douce et si désirable que d'être d'un siècle philosophe. S'il est vrai que le monde ne devient sage qu'en vieillissant, comment nous applaudir de notre profonde sagesse, sans regretter un peu les douces erreurs du bel âge, sans craindre sur-tout d'approcher bientôt du terme où l'on ne fait plus que radoter?—Le seul sentiment qui nourrisse le goût de la philosophie, le seul qu'elle exalte, c'est la curiosité. Ce sentiment, tout froid qu'il est, exclut, absorbe, presque tous les autres: il donne à l'âme une sorte d'inquiétude et d'impatience qui ne paraît guère compatible avec cette chaleur douce, avec cette sensibilité profonde et recueillie que demande l'amour des arts et de la poésie. Le beau, qui en est l'objet et le principe, veut être senti. La philosophie n'aspire qu'à connaître à force de chercher et d'approfondir la source de nos plaisirs;

elle en perd le sentiment et le goût; le charme qu'elle poursuit échappe aux efforts qu'elle fait pour le fixer. Se défiant trop des premières inspirations de la nature, elle imite le crime de Psyché, et en est punie comme elle.'

The language which follows would probably be admitted by the most orthodox divine without scruple, and can hardly fail to excite the astonishment of those who remember the doctrines elsewhere professed by M. Grimm, and alluded to in a former part of this article.

'Le même tort que la philosophie a pu faire aux arts, elle l'a fait sans doute aussi à la religion. En la rendant plus sage, plus raisonnable elle l'a rendue plus froide: et la dévotion s'est bientot ralentie. Il est vrai que si la religion n'a jamais été attaquée avec plus de hardiesse, elle n'a jamais été mieux défendue; mais pour la défendre avec quelqu' avantage, *il a fallu se contenter de la réduire à ce qu'elle a d'essentiel.*'

He says, in another place,

'Je suis loin de croire que la liberté avec laquelle on s'est permis de discuter les questions les plus graves de la métaphysique et de la morale, ait favorisé beaucoup les progrès du vice: le mal était dejà fait; je soupçonne seulement que cette circonstance a pu enhardir le libertinage à se montrer avec un peu plus d'indécence. On n'a fait que ce qu'on faisait depuis long-temps, mais on l'a fait avec moins de gêne, et l'hypocrisie à presque passé de mode.'

But at the time when these passages were written, the philosophical party had already lost much of its credit with the literary world of Paris; a circumstance which M. Grimm himself acquaints us with in another article written a few months before the death of Voltaire. 'This age,' he says, 'will always be an age of genius and illumination; but we must not dissemble that philosophy and philosophers have lost a great deal in the public opinion, for some time past.' Much of this declension he seems inclined to attribute to the publication of that celebrated work, '*le Système de la Nature,*' concerning which he has this remarkable expression, 'sans compter que cet ouvrage a révolté le plus grand nombre des lectures, qu'il a déplu à beaucoup d'autres, *qui ont été fâchés de voir qu'on prodiguait un secret qu'ils voulurent garder pour eux et pour leurs amis,* il a eu le grand inconvénient de rendre toutes les recherches relatives à cet objet parfaitement insipides, parfaitement indifférentes.' But no inconsiderable share in the same consequences is ascribed to the disorder and anarchy which prevailed in the party itself, 'depuis la mort de Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, et depuis la paralysie de Madame Geoffrin;' and the mention of these two female regents serves to remind us that we promised, at the outset, more of anecdote than of grave reflection, and

and to recal us to the design which we may seem to have too long forgotten.

The following is the description of a Scotch gentleman, General Clerk, who, in the course of his travels on the continent, fell in with Madame Geoffrin's côterie.

'C'est un homme d'esprit, mais grand parleur, et même fatiguant par le tic qu'il a d'ajouter à chaque phrase qu'il prononce un *hem?* de sorte qu'il a l'air de vous interroger continuellement, quoiqu'il n'attende jamais votre réponse.' 'Notwithstanding this,' proceeds M. Grimm, 'we were all tolerably well reconciled to him, except Madame Geoffrin, who hates to rest long upon any one subject, and who, even at this day, can never think of General Clerk without a shuddering over all her frame. It was Baron Holbach who introduced this stranger to her, and, after the usual compliments and a visit of half an hour, rose to take his leave. M. Clerk, instead of following the friend who had presented him, as is usual on a first visit, remained behind. Madame Geoffrin asks him, if he often goes to the theatre?—Very seldom.—If he frequents the promenades?—Not much.—At court, or among the princes?—No man less.—How then do you pass your time?—Oh, why, whenever I find myself comfortably settled in a friend's house, I love to talk and sit still. At these words, Madame Geoffrin grew pale. It was six o'clock in the evening—she fancied that at ten o'clock M. Clerk might still perhaps find himself comfortably settled in her house; and the bare idea threw her into the cold fit of an ague. Chance brought M. d'Alembert to her rescue; Madame Geoffrin soon finds means to persuade him that he is far from well, and entreats him to suffer the general to take him home in his coach. The latter, charmed at an opportunity of rendering d'Alembert a service, tells him that he is master of his carriage, for which he shall have no manner of occasion till it comes to take him back at night. These words were a thunderstroke to poor Madame Geoffrin, who was now unable to disengage herself from our Scotchman all the evening, let who would come and go in the mean time.'

This lady was very severe upon all *prosers.*

'M. le Comte de Coigny was one day at her table, telling stories which had no end. They set some dish before him, and he took a little clasp-knife out of his pocket to help himself, still continuing his tale. Madame Geoffrin, quite impatient, at last, said to him, "M. le Comte, il faut avoir de grands couteaux et de petits contes."'

Some interesting particulars are here given of Madame Geoffrin's last long illness, which produced the effect of separating her from her friends the philosophists, and throwing her, in great measure, into the arms of the *parti dévot.* M. Grimm, in inquiring into the cause of this change, seems, however, to doubt the fact. 'This lady's religion,' he says, 'seems to have always proceeded on two principles; the one, to do the greatest quantity of good in her

her power; the other, to respect scrupulously all established forms, and even to lend herself, with great complaisance, to all the different movements of public opinion.' A stroke of apoplexy, from the effects of which she never recovered, left her, enfeebled both in mind and body, in the power of her daughter, Madame la Marquise de la Ferté-Imbaut, who immediately shut her doors against d'Alembert, Marmontel, and all her mother's old friends. 'This conduct,' he continues, 'has set the philosophical party against her; and the respective orders of *Lantuzelus* and *Lampons* are at open war with the whole Encyclopédie.' (These were names adopted in pleasantry by those who frequented Madame de la Ferté's house, in order to ridicule the two parties of the philosophers and the court.) 'All people expected that as soon as Madame Geoffrin came to herself, she would disavow her daughter's proceedings; but the world was mistaken. After having scolded a little, she pardoned every thing, and came to the resolution that '*le viatique et les philosophes n'allaient pas trop bien ensemble.* Elle a traité sa fille en folle, mais elle a loué son zèle. *Ma fille*, a-t-elle dit en riant, *est comme Godefroi de Bouillon, elle a voulu défendre mon tombeau contre les infidèles.*'

Madame Geoffrin outlived the remembrance of the world, and even of the society, of which for a long time she seemed to constitute the soul and essence. 'Never did any person with a middling fortune, in a private station, possess so many rights to the remembrance of society; yet, hardly had she disappeared from the stage of the world before she was forgotten in it, and, were it not for the homage lately rendered by three men of letters to her memory, the very existence of this singular and respectable woman would already have left no trace behind it; so true is it, that that which we call society is the most light, the most ungrateful, and the most frivolous thing in the world.' And this is the testimony of a man who always lived in the best society that the most social of all cities could yield, and who was himself one of its most brilliant ornaments! The works to which he alludes are three several essays on the life and character of this lady, by M. Thomas, the Abbé Morellet, and d'Alembert; and the anecdotes which are here selected from them of the uncommon goodness of heart, and princely generosity of her whom they are designed to celebrate, have tended to exalt her very highly in our estimation. She seems to have been really animated, as one of her eulogists expresses it, with *the passion of giving*, and yet we do not find that this passion led her into any acts of thoughtless and injurious profusion. She did all the good in her power, without impairing the sources of her benevolence.

'They have told us,' says d'Alembert, 'to what a degree of restlessness

ness and obstinacy she carried her goodness; but they have not told us what adds infinitely to her praise:—that, as she advanced in age, that goodness continually increased from day to day. For the misfortune of human society, age and experience too often produce the contrary effect, even in virtuous persons, unless their virtue is of a very strong and uncommon character. The greater benevolence they have at first entertained for their fellow creatures, the more (as every day brings before them fresh instances of ingratitude) do they repent of having served them, and grieve that they have ever loved them. A more reflective study of mankind, more enlightened by reason and justice, had taught Madame Geoffrin that they are even more weak and vain than they are wicked; that it is our duty to have compassion on their infirmities, and bear with their vanity, to the end that they may bear with ours. "I perceive with satisfaction," she said to me, "that as I grow old, I become more benevolent, I dare not say better, because my goodness perhaps is, like the mischievousness of some, the effect of weakness. I have made my advantage of what was often said to me by the good Abbé de St. Pierre, that the charity of a worthy man should not be confined to the support and relief of those who suffer; but that it should extend itself to the indulgence of which their faults so often stand in need; and, in imitation of him, I have taken for my device two words, *donner et pardonner.*'"

Some stories of the person who had the honour to be her husband may serve rather to divert us by way of contrast. He was in the habit of borrowing books of a friend, who, either of malice prepense, or from inattention, lent him several times following the same book, which happened to be a volume of the Père Labat's Travels. M. Geoffrin, with the most perfect good faith imaginable, read it over again and again, every time it was lent to him. 'Well, sir, how do you like these travels?'—'Very interesting indeed; but methinks the author is apt to repeat a little.' A stranger who was much in the habit of dining at Madame Geoffrin's, without knowing her husband, asked her one day what she had done with that poor gentleman whom he used to meet there, and who always sat without speaking—'*C'était mon mari, il est mort.*'

Madame la Marquise de la Ferté-Imbaut was never forgiven by the philosophers; she was besquibbed and pasquinaded, week after week, and day after day, so long as the whim lasted; and if we may believe the scandal of these exasperated enemies, her affectation of the honours of the blue stocking deserved their ridicule even more than her anti-philosophical spirit. We cannot afford room to any of these pleasantries, and shall now take our leave both of mother and daughter, and pay our respects, *en passant,* to another literary lady of a very different character.

'Le bon président (M. de Hénault) avait été dans sa jeunesse l'amant de

de la Marquise du Deffant, femme célèbre à Paris par son esprit et par sa méchanceté. Elle a aujourd'hui plus de soixante-dix ans, et il y en a presque vingt qu'elle est aveugle ; mais son esprit a conservé toute sa fleur, et sa méchanceté, à force de s'excercer, est devenue, dit-on, beaucoup plus habile. Elle se pique de haïr mortellement tout ce qui s'appelle philosophe, et cela lui a conservé un grand crédit parmi les gens de la cour et du monde, aux yeux desquels les philosophes sont la cause immédiate de tout le mal qui arrive en France.'

The wicked portrait which she drew of her intimate friend, la Marquise du Châtelet, on the very morning after her death, has been given, in part only, in the publication of her correspondence with Horace Walpole. In this work, we have it entire, and a more flagrant proof of innate deformity of heart and execrable perversion of talent we do not recollect having ever met with. We shall be pardoned for directing our attention to subjects less disgusting; and yet scarcely less so is the unfeeling but witty epigram which she made on the Maréchal de Belle-isle just after he had lost his wife, son, and brother, within very short intervals of each other, during the course of his administration.

' *Sur l'air de* Confiteor.

' J'ai perdu ma femme et mon fils,
Et puis le chevalier mon frère ;
Je suis sans parens, sans amis,
Hors l'état dont je suis le père :
Hélas ! je vais le perdre encor ;
Dirai-je mon *confiteor* ?'

' Madame de Lalande, Marquise du Deffant, née de Vichi de Chamru, vient de mourir à Paris le 23 du mois dernier (August, 1779) âgée de quatre-vingt-quatre ans. Ce fut sans contredit une des femmes de ce siècle les plus célèbres par son esprit : elle l'avait été long-temps par sa beauté. Ayant perdu la vue encore assez-jeune, elle tâcha de s'en consoler en rassemblant autour d'elle la société la plus choisie de la ville et de la cour ; mais la malignité de son esprit, dont il lui était impossible de réprimer les saillies, en éloigna souvent les personnes avec qui il lui convenait le moins de se brouiller.'—' Ses meilleures amies, Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg, Madame de Choiseul, Madame de Cambise, ne l'ont presque pas quittée dans sa dernière maladie ; par un excès d'attachement, même assez rare, ces dames n'ont pas cessé, dit-on, de jouer tous les soir au loto dans sa chambre jusqu'à son dernier soupir inclusivement. Elle n'a point voulu entendre parler ni de confession, ni de sacrement. Tout ce que le curé de sa paroisse, qui lui a fait une visite d'office, en a pu obtenir, après les exhortations les plus pressantes, a été qu'*elle se confesserait à son ami, M. le duc de Choiseul.* Nous ne doutons pas qu'un confesseur si bien choisi ne lui ait accordé, de la meilleure grâce du monde, l'absolution de tous ses péchés, *sans excepter le petit couplet impromptu qu'elle fit autrefois contre lui-même.*'

Of

Of her friend the president, already mentioned, the report here given is not very flattering; but we must always remember that he was *anti-philosophe*.

'Born with amiable qualities, but not sufficiently remarkable to excite the envy or jealousy of others, he enjoyed the privilege of *les gens médiocres*, of being loved by all the world without having a single enemy. He was very frivolous; had nothing in him but what was superficial; but this very superficial was agreeable. Il faisait de jolis vers de société; il donnait d'excellens soupers; il avait été à la mode dans sa jeunesse, et avait conservé l'usage du grand monde dans un âge plus mûr. Pour satisfaire sa petite ambition, car tout était petit et joli en lui, il quitta de bonne heure le palais, et acheta la charge de surintendant de la maison de la feue reine, et ne laissa pas d'avoir aussi sa petite existence dans ce petit cercle.'

Of his *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France*, M. Grimm is of opinion that 'si un pauvre diable relégué dans un quatrième étage avait publié ce livre, il n'auroit pas reçu la moitié des éloges qui ont été prodigués au Président Hénault.'

Those who know Helvetius only by the grave Latin termination of his name, and the serious and important subjects of the works which he composed, will be somewhat surprised to see him appear before them under the strange anomalous form of a dancing Dutchman. 'He was remarkably well made, and excelled most particularly in the dance. He even carried this passion to a great excess; and it is confidently affirmed that he has more than once performed in the opera ballet, under a mask, in the place of Dupré.' Very early in life he obtained the post of farmer-general, and spent the enormous wealth which that office procured in the most complete abandonment to his pleasures, but always kept up a considerable intercourse with men of letters to whom he was very generous and obliging. His ruling passion was that of women. He made his first essay in gallantry under the auspices of a certain countess, 'qui se piquait d'athéisme comme d'autres se piquent de Jansénisme ou de Molinisme.' In all his connexions, however, the heart had no share whatever; and his opinion of the female character necessarily partook of the depravity of his own taste and feelings. Thus admirably trained for philosophy, 'the love of reputation suddenly surprised him in the midst of his career of dissipation and voluptuousness. Maupertuis had just then brought geometry into fashion; and it became a mark of *bon ton* among the women to have a geometrician at their suppers. Helvetius one day saw Maupertuis (un des plus fiers charlatans de notre siècle) walking at the Thuilleries, in a most ridiculous costume, surrounded and cajoled by all the great ladies of the court, and all the brilliant women of the city. Maupertuis was all for effect; if he had been dressed like

like other people, his promenades on the Thuilleries would have attracted nobody. Helvetius was caught, and immediately set himself to study geometry; but his attempts must have been attended with little success, since he very soon renounced it.' He was then dazzled by the glory of Voltaire, and instantly conceived the project of partaking it, by throwing himself into the field of poetry. He composed a poem on happiness, which Voltaire himself approved; 'but from the specimens which I saw of it,' says M. Grimm, 'I doubt if it would ever have made its way in the world.' At last, the renown of *l'Esprit des Lois* completed the turning of his brain, and inspired him with the resolution of achieving the honours of a quarto and the immortality of a long philosophical treatise. This also was the epoch of an entire change of life. Montesquieu's book appeared in 1749, and in 1750 Helvetius resigned his place, married a girl of family but no fortune in Lorraine, and ran to shut himself up at his country-seat, where he divided his time between his book, the chase, and the society of his wife. The book '*De l'Esprit*' made its appearance just ten years after the Esprit des Lois; but was far from procuring the author all the consideration which he expected from it, and owed its subsequent celebrity entirely to the persecution which it excited against him. 'A la cour de la reine, et de feu M. le Dauphin, M. Helvétius fut regardé comme un enfant de perdition, et la reine plaignait sa malheureuse mère, comme si elle avait donné le jour à l'antichrist.' After all, says Grimm, Helvetius wanted nothing but genius—but it is that terrible want which renders so true what his friend Buffon used to say of him, 'qu'il aurait dû faire un bail de plus, et un livre de moins.'

M. Grimm does not seem to have entertained much respect or affection for Marmontel. If we are not mistaken, there had been some quarrel or dispute between them which was never reconciled: however that may be, we are somewhat inclined to join with the former in many of the censures which he casts on his good brother. In 1770, his opera of *Silvain* was represented at the Comédie Italienne, and the subject of it gave great offence to the court. The Duke de Noailles said that the moral it inculcated was *qu'il faut épouser sa servante et laisser braconner ses paysans;* and the generality of the courtiers were firmly persuaded that it was composed by virtue of an order issued by the Encyclopédistes for a sermon to be preached at the Comédie Italienne, 'par le révérend père Caillot et par notre chère sœur Laruette, De la Chimère des Naissances illustres et la Doctrine abominable de la Liberté de la Chasse.' 'Had they consulted me,' proceeds our author, 'I would have told them that what they attributed to a plot of the philosophical party was no more than a very natural effect of the weakness

ness of M. Marmontel's genius, and his want of dramatic talent; it is only that it is much more easy to be outré than simple, to imagine romantic manners and events, than to find out real subjects and paint manners such as they are.' In another place, he speaks highly of the effect of the *Zemire et Azor* at the representation, but adds, of the piece itself, 'Mais M. Marmontel est froid; il n'a point de sentiment; il n'entend point le théâtre, et sa pièce se ressent de tous ces vices.'

In his remarks on national taste, M. Grimm evinces a much more just and philosophical spirit than most of his contemporaries, whether of France or England. The attack of Voltaire on the reputation of Shakspeare had, about this time, turned the tide of popular opinion very strongly against the *Anglomanie* which had previously begun to infect all classes of dramatic critics, that is to say, all orders and degrees of society in Paris. Our candid and sensible German observes, upon much sounder principles, that it is a very bad sign of the times, when one nation is so passionately fond of imitating the fashions of another, as to forget that there are natural barriers of taste and feeling, which can never be altogether surmounted, and which to endeavour to level, is to enfeeble the powers of genius, to narrow the soul, to refrigerate the imagination, and ultimately to corrupt the purity of manners, and extinguish the national character. 'The theatre of Shakspeare,' he continues, 'may be excellent for the English; but only that of Corneille and Racine is good for us; and it seems to me that we have no need to complain of the part which is fallen to our lot. When the English took it into their heads to imitate the regularity of our dramas, they appeared cold and feeble. When we, in our turn, ventured to take them for our guides, we became only outrageous and extravagant, without energy or originality:' as La Fontaine says,

'Ne forçons point notre talent,
Nous ne ferions rien avec grace.'

His reflections on the state of the stage about this period are not of a very complimentary nature to the Parisian dramatists.

'For several years,' he says 'M. Mercier the *dramomane* has predicted the approaching fall of French tragedy. We know the particular reasons which influence him to believe in it more than others; but it is possible to find better reasons for drawing the same conclusions, and, without being *dramomanes*, to agree that the accomplishment of the fatal oracle was never more to be dreaded. All the resources of our dramatic system seem to be used up; after two or three thousand pieces cast, as one may say, in the same mould, how should it be otherwise? where are we now to look for new subjects, situations, movements, and effects, while we attach ourselves to the eternal pursuit of the same method, the same course of proceeding?

The

The decay of dramatic talent is always sure to be accompanied either as a cause or effect, with a proportionate declension in th histrionic art. 'We have seen disappear from the stage, by turns Le Couvreur, Dufresne, Gaussin, Clairon, Dumesnil; and thos great powers have not even left behind them the hope of ever bein replaced. A single actor of this brilliant school yet remained to us he had alone out-lived the glory of the theatre, and alone supporte all its remaining lustre. He is no more.' The death of Le Kai is attributed to a cause which has always taken off a larger pro portion of great men of the French nation, from *Louis Douze* dow to himself inclusive, than of any other tribe under the sun.

'On attribue la maladie inflammatoire qui vient de nous l'enlever aux efforts qu'il fit dans le rôle de Vendôme pour plaire à une certain dame Benoît, dont il était éperdument amoureux, et dont l'excessiv réconnaissance a bien plus contribué, dit on, à precipiter le terme d ses jours que les rigueurs d'Adélaïde. Il est fort à craindre que le charmes de Madame Benoît n'aient fait plus de tort à la tragédie qu toutes les Phillippiques de M. Mercier.'

Nature had refused this great actor every exterior advantage o voice, person and countenance.

'One only gift supplied all these defects, c'était une sensibilité for et profonde, qui faisait disparaître la laideur de ses traits sous le charm de l'expression dont elle les rendait susceptibles, qui ne laissait apperce voir que le caractère et la passion dont son âme s'était remplie, et lu donnait à chaque instant de nouvelles formes, un nouvel être.'

In the motion of his eyebrows, we are told, there resided magical expression, entirely his own, *et dont il tirait un part prodigieux:* he was an actor to the very tip of his nails; his smalles gestures and most indifferent attitudes were studied with a degre of painful minuteness of attention, which we are at first apt t imagine incompatible with the efforts of real genius, and destruc tive of all the finer qualities of conception and feeling. O this point, however, we have at least the force of authority again the general and most natural opinion. Mr. Kemble undoubtedl thinks with Le Kain. In another part of this work, we have a re markably ingenious paper of Diderot's, expressly to prove, not, a might erroneously be inferred from it, that original taste and feelin are unnecessary to an actor, but that minute study and repeate practice, which must gradually wear out the original feeling of th part which is performed, tend in the same degree and proportio to refine and improve the performance; in other words, that a grea actor seldom attains, in the representation of any part, that degre of perfection which most engages the sympathies and awakens th passions of the spectators, until continual practice has blunted hi own feelings and rendered him really insensible in his own person t th

the passions which he excites in others. This metaphysical assertion is supported by many curious anecdotes, which apparently tend to confirm it.

At the first representation of the play of 'Inez de Castro,' some absurdity in the performance set the pit in a roar of laughter in the most pathetic part. Mademoiselle Duclos, who acted Inez, exclaimed in a transport of indignation, *Ris donc, sot parterre, au plus bel endroit de la pièce!* The pit was immediately silent; the actress as immediately returned from her real indignation to her fictitious grief, and the tears of the spectators began to flow in good earnest. Du Fresne was playing the part of Sévère in Polyeucte, where he confides to a friend his secret opinions respecting the oppressed party of the Christians; and, as is obviously right, he communicated this confidence in an under-tone of voice: the pit called out 'Plus haut!' the actor instantly answered, *Et vous, messieurs, plus bas!* If he had been really Sévère, (asks M. Diderot,) could he so immediately have fallen back into Du Fresne?

'Quant au philosophe, (this is a note of the Editor's on the little Essay above mentioned,) 'il n'aurait pas encore fini, s'il avait su le fait que je vais rapporter ici. C'est que Mademoiselle Arnoud, cette Sophie si touchante au théâtre, si folle à souper, *si redoutable dans la coulisse par ses épigrammes*, emploie ordinairement les momens les plus pathétiques, les momens où elle fait pleurer ou frémir toute la salle, à dire tout bas des folies aux acteurs qui se trouvent avec elle en scène; et lorsqu'il lui arrive de tomber gémissante, évanouie, entre les bras d'un amant au désespoir, et tandis que le parterre crie et s'extasie, elle ne manque guère de dire au héros éperdu qui la tient: *Ah mon cher Pillot, que tu es laid!* Quel parti notre philosophe aurait tiré de cette anecdote!'

Sophie Arnoud was a celebrated performer at the Opera, but still more celebrated for her native wit than her talents for the stage. Mademoiselle Clairon, for some offence on the stage, was once committed to Fort l'Evêque, and exclaimed in a tragedy strain, that the king was master of her life and fortune, but not of her honour. Sophie replied in a soothing accent, *Vous avez raison, mademoiselle; où il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits.* She once complained that her chimney smoked; and M. Thomas undertook to apply on her behalf to the minister to have some nuisance removed which caused the obstruction. When he came to inform her of the execution of his commission, he began in a formal manner, 'Mademoiselle, I have seen the Duc de la Vrillière, and took an opportunity of speaking to him about your chimney. I talked to him first, as a citizen, then, as a philosopher'—*Eh! monsieur,* interrupted the lady, *ce n'était ni en citoyen ni en philosophe, mais en ramoneur, qu'il fallait parler.*

Whether it was the cause or the consequence of the decline of

French tragedy, already noticed, the Opera, and most especially the corps de ballet, engaged much more of the attention of the good citizens of Paris during all this period, than the drama. The National Assembly might have taken the hint of many of their proceedings from those of the grand Congress (the denomination they themselves affixed to their meeting) of the *Vertus d'Opera,* who drew up manifestos and framed memorials to be presented to the manager, complaining of his encroachments on their rights, representing *qu'elles dansèrent beaucoup plus sous son règne que sous celui de ses prédécesseurs, et qu'il serait juste d'augmenter en conséquence leurs honoraires.* Mademoiselle Guimard sent to demand a new dress *pour danser les plaisirs célestes de Castor;* and the economical manager having hazarded a refusal, she, with a spirit of exalted patriotism, immediately tore her old dress into a thousand pieces and sent him the tatters. 'Scenes of this kind,' observes the Baron, 'renewed daily, might compromise a little the dignity of government; but could they have excited a general revolt, but for the spirit of independence with which this unhappy philosophy has infected all orders of the state—what do I say?—all kingdoms and nations of the earth?' This communication bears date, March, 1779.

The *Congress* of the rebel dancers was held in the dressing room of Mademoiselle Guimard, and Vestris, *le Diou de la danse,* (as he stiled himself in his Provençal accent,) set up for the Washington. *Le ministre veut que je danse,* said Mademoiselle la Presidente, *'eh bien, qu'il y prenne garde, moi je pourrais bien le faire sauter.'* At last government interfered. Among others the son of Vestris was condemned to fort l'Evêque. 'Nothing so pathetic was ever witnessed as the parting of father and son—*Allez,* said the *Diou de la danse, Allez, mon fils; voilà le plus beau jour de votre vie. Prenez mon carosse, et demandez l'appartment de mon ami le roi de Pologne; je paierai tout.*' How wise was the moderation, and how just the reproof, of poor Louis Seize when his ministers detailed to him the history of these theatrical commotions! 'It is your own fault, gentlemen—these opera girls would not be so insolent but for your encouragement. *Si vous les aimiez moins, elles ne seraient pas si insolentes.*'

There are other anecdotes of extraordinary conceit and self-sufficiency of the *Diou de la danse,* not a little amusing.

'Lorsque le jeune Vestris débuta, son père, le *Diou de la danse,* vêtu du plus riche et du plus sévère costume de cour, l'épée au côté, le chapeau sous le bras, se présenta avec son fils sur le bord de la scène; et après avoir addressé au parterre des paroles pleines de dignité sur la sublimité de son art et les nobles espérances que donnait l'auguste héritier de son nom, il se tourna d'un air imposant vers le jeune candidat,

et

et lui dit: *Allons, mon fils, montrez votre talent au public: Votre père vous regarde!*'

Young Vestris was reputed to be the fruit of the tender, but unsanctioned, loves of the *Dieu de la danse,* and Mademoiselle Allard, also a dancer at the opera; and the public gave him the happily combined appellation of Vestrallard. He performed wonders one day at the ballet, while his father was looking on, who exclaimed in rapture, 'If he goes on thus, I have a great gift in store for him; I will allow him to bear my name!' Dauberval, another member of the corps de ballet, who divided with Vestris the favours of Mademoiselle Allard, was observed also eying the young prodigy with vast earnestness, and was heard to say, with a mixture of vexation and admiration, '*Quel talent! C'est le fils de Vestris, et ce n'est pas le mien! Hélas! je ne l'ai manqué que d'un quart d'heure.*'

A very few morsels of criticism are all that we shall permit ourselves farther to extract from this amusing publication.

Of Dorat, whose name is generally understood to stand high among the modern amatory poets of France, after saying that his 'Kisses' are a free imitation of those of Secundus, 'poéte Latin du 16ème siècle, plein de graces et de volupté,' our Baron adds, 'il n'y a pas l'ombre de volupté dans les baisers de M. Dorat: cela est d'un froid, d'un vide, d'un aride, à dessécher le tempérament le moins enclin à la consomption.'—'Il n'a pu cacher sa surprise de la réputation que la Fare et Chaulieu ont conservée. C'est que, remplies de négligences, leurs poésies respirent la volupté; c'est qu'on y remarque cette douce flexibilité, cette tendre mélancolie, d'une âme passionée et philosophique, dont on ne trouve aucun vestige dans les poésies de M. Dorat.'

'En révanche, je ne ferai pas relier, avec les insipidités de Messrs. Dorat et Desfontaines, la *Première Nuit d'Young, traduite en vers français par M. Colardeau.* Dans toute notre jeunesse poétique, il n'y a que M. de la Harpe et M. Colardeau qui aient quelque idée de l'harmonie, de cette douceur de versification qui dispose insensiblement l'âme à une douce et tendre mélancolie, de cette poésie imitative qui, par je ne sais quel prestige secret, établit une liaison entre telle sensation de l'ame, et tel choix de mots ou telle suite de sons.'

Of the original poem which M. Colardeau undertook to translate, he expresses himself in the following terms; and however we may despise the censures of critics so prejudiced as Voltaire, the judgments of a candid and judicious foreigner, like M. Grimm, are always worth attending to.

'*Ce genre ne peut réussir en France; nous ne sommes pas assez recueillis, assez solitaires; nous ne pouvons lui accorder le temps dont il a besoin pour affecter.* Un reproche plus réel que je fais à cette

espèce de poésie, c'est le vague dans lequel elle fait nager son lecteur. *On remarque dans Young et ses pareils plutôt une tête échauffée, une imagination exaltée, effarouchée, qu'un coeur profondément affecté;* on ne sait proprement de quoi il se plaint, quels sont ses malheurs; on ne connaît pas les objets de sa douleur, quoiqu'il vous y ramène sans cesse. Il y a dans tout cela trop de cloches, trop de tombeaux, trop de chants et de cris funébres, trop de fantômes; l'expression simple et naïve de la vraie douleur ferait cent fois plus d'effet que toutes ces images; il s'agit de faire couler mes larmes, et non de m'effrayer comme un enfant par des images imposantes et terribles en apparence, mais qui n'effleurent pas mon âme, et n'y laissent aucune trace, aucun sentiment durable.'

Besides Colardeau, however, one M. de Tourneur also conceived and actually executed the project of translating Young's Night Thoughts into French verse. The last named author was likewise known by a translation of Johnson's Life of Savage, to which were added memoirs of Thomson, the author of the Seasons. Grimm's remarks on this publication, are, at least, lively and curious.

'Rien à dire de celui-ci, (the life of Thomson,) sinon que c'était le revers de l'autre; aussi son histoire est-elle très-fastidieuse à lire. Il faut, pour le bonheur de ceux qui ont à traiter avec un homme, qu'il ressemble à Thomson; par l'intérêt et l'amusement du lecteur, qu'il ressemble à Savage. Je ne dirai qu'un mot des *Saisons* de Thomson, comparées aux *Géorgiques* de Virgile; c'est que la muse de Thomson ressemble à Notre-Dame de Lorette, et la muse de Virgile à Vénus: l'une est riche et couverte de diamans, l'autre est belle, nue, et n'a qu'un simple bracelet. Virgile est un modèle de bon goût; Thomson serait tout propre à corrompre celui d'un jeune homme.'

Those who incline to consider man as a mere machine, says our critic, will find themselves singularly confirmed in that opinion by observing Piron.

'C'était une machine à saillies, à épigrammes, à traits. En l'examinant de près, l'on voyait que ses traits s'entrechoquaient dans sa tête, partaient involontairement, se poussaient pêle-mêle sur ses lèvres, et qu'il ne lui était pas plus possible de ne pas dire de bons mots, de ne pas faire des épigrammes par douzaine, que de ne pas respirer.'— 'Voilà pourquoi M. de Voltaire craignait toujours la rencontre de Piron, parceque tout son brillant n'était pas à l'épreuve des traits de ce combattant redoutable qui les faisait tomber sur ses ennemis comme une grêle.'

Very early in life, he narrowly escaped being massacred in his native village for a bon mot, accompanied, it is true, by a somewhat scurvy practical joke.

'Il s'était associé à une compagnie d'arquebusiers à Beaune. Messieurs de Beaune ne sont pas fameux par leur esprit, *et ils ont le faible de ne pouvoir entendre parler d'ânes.* Piron fit habiller un âne en arquebusier,

busier, et le conduit à sa suite dans le lieu de l'exercice. Heureusement on ne le soupçonne pas de cette mauvaise plaisanterie. Le soir, il va à la comédie avec son honorable corps. On lève la toile. Les acteurs parlent un peu bas. Les spectateurs se mettent à crier, *Plus haut! on n'entend pas.* "*Ce n'est pourtant pas faute d'oreilles,*" s'écrie Piron; et voilà tout l'auditoire qui lui tombe sur le corps, et il a toute la peine du monde à se sauver.'

Materials for a most amusing biographical dictionary of all the men of letters and beaux esprits of Paris might easily be collected from this correspondence; and Piron, Dorat, le Gentil Bernard, La Harpe, Marmontel, Arnaud, Thomas, Linguet, Condorcet, would form prominent articles in the miscellaneous compilation.—But time presses, and we must part abruptly. Should we once venture to look back, we shall find so many objects still left unnoticed, and reproaching us with neglect, that our only safety seems to consist in immediate flight.

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ART. VII. *An Introduction to Medical Literature; including a System of Practical Nosology: intended as a Guide to Students, and an Assistant to Practitioners.* By Thomas Young, M.D. F.R. and L.S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician to St. George's Hospital. 8vo. pp. 602. London. 1813.

AT a time when so much discussion has been provoked, and such activity displayed in pursuit of the best method of instilling the rudiments of grammar and arithmetic, we cannot but persuade ourselves that a proportionate ardor will be excited by every endeavour to improve the higher branches of knowledge, and to diffuse the elements of more exalted science. In this latter class medicine holds a distinguished rank—whether we consider the enlarged field of information on which it is raised, the numerous subjects for reflection which it comprehends, or the beneficial application of its powers to the comfort and continuance of life. Under these impressions, we are confident that we are performing an acceptable service in accommodating ourselves to the prevailing taste, and in calling the notice of our readers to Dr. Young's recent work on the literature and study of medicine. A brief description of the object and execution of this publication will be no less interesting than useful, and we shall exhibit the author's views and intentions in his own words.

'In a science so complicated and obscure as that of physic, the want of some direction for the assistance of a student has been the more felt, as the difficulty of the execution of such a work has been greater.'—'In no department of human knowledge is the work of literary discrimination more necessary than in physic; in none is it more difficult, and in

none has it been more neglected, at least in this country.—The non-existence of any work in the English language, resembling that which is now offered to the public, while the subject is of the most undeniable importance, must be admitted as an apology for its appearing with many imperfections in some degree inseparable from the nature of the undertaking.'—'The collection of literary information, and of references to various authors, is a step which ought always to be preliminary to the execution of a detailed treatise on any department of science. Having completed this collection, I have been principally induced to lay it separately before the public by the approbation which has been bestowed on the second volume of my lectures on Natural Philosophy, consisting principally of a similar methodical catalogue of the literature of all the subjects which had been explained in an elementary manner in the first volume.'—'To assist in furnishing the student with a sufficient direction for cultivating any particular department of his profession, in the most advantageous manner, is the principal object of this work.' Pref. pp. 3—8.

Medical education amongst us is carried to the highest perfection, as far as regards the assistance to be derived from lectures and hospitals; but there has always been wanting a guide in the closet, a director in literary research. It is no less true than strange, that no attempt to supply this deficiency should have been made before; and that while the acquirement of the other learned faculties, as well as of moral and political, metaphysical and natural philosophy, has been facilitated by the aid of the most distinguished ornaments of those professions and sciences, physic alone should have been suffered to remain unassisted, in this respect, by any of its professors, in a country so justly celebrated for its medical attainments. The work before us will remove the stigma, and complete our system. It is not, however, to the student alone, that this introduction will be found of use, it will prove equally serviceable to those far advanced in knowledge. The mere perusal, indeed, of the catalogue of references will often be alone sufficient to awaken recollection by reviving the trains of interrupted impressions, through the association of system, or the influence of names; and of such an auxiliary, practitioners, from the nature of the science, are continually in need.

Preparatory to directing the student in his medical studies, Dr. Young has with great propriety called his attention, in a preliminary essay, to the general education upon which those studies must be engrafted; to the professional expectations which may reasonably encourage his pursuits, and to the moral and intellectual qualifications required to attain the objects of his ambition. The principal part of this essay consists of an elegant translation of a work by Professor Vogel, enlarged and illustrated by the reflections of the author. This dissertation abounds with useful instruction and strong sense. The character of the science and profession

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of physic here delineated inspires us with exalted notions of their excellence, when carried to the perfection thus prescribed.

'Medicine not only comprehends so very extensive a range of knowledge, but its truths are often so profound, and so much concealed from a cursory inspection, so intricate, so much disguised, distorted and obscured by a multitude of delicate and invisible causes, that nothing less than the all-commanding eye of the most enlightened understanding, than the all-penetrating and all-searching power of genius, can possibly recognise that which is hidden in darkness, can follow that which is remote into the last traces that it imprints, can distinguish certainty from opinion and probability, can separate the essential from the accidental, and finally, can analyse and develope any subject of investigation so completely as to leave no further doubt respecting any of its properties which are cognisable by human means.'—Prelim. Essay, p. 7.

'Perhaps there is no science which requires so penetrating an intellect, so much talent and genius, so much force of mind, so much acuteness and memory, as the science of medicine. For the full attainment of its proper and ultimate object, it requires also indispensably the possession of stability of judgment, rapidity of decision, and immoveable firmness and presence of mind, readiness of recollection, coolness, flexibility of temper, elegance and obsequiousness of manners, and a profound knowledge of mankind, and of the secret recesses of the human heart.' p. 9.—'These qualifications can only be obtained by means of a good education, united with opportunities of becoming acquainted with the world, and habits of intercourse with society.'

The course of general and of medical education here laid down, as necessary to be pursued, coincides so nearly with the present general practice that it will be readily admitted to be right. In conclusion we are furnished with a demonstrative refutation of some opinions published by Dr. Brown, in discouragement of our reliance upon the efficacy of medical practice.

'This discussion appeared essential, since if it were true that the medical science of the most celebrated professors could effect so little, under circumstances so favourable as he has supposed, the public would have scarcely any motive left for encouraging a pursuit so fruitless, nor an individual for devoting himself with zeal and enthusiasm to the attainment of knowledge, where nothing further than doubt and difficulty could reasonably be anticipated.' p. 25.

We come now to the body of the work. Medical literature is very extensive; and to render so large a collection manageable by a student, it requires to be reduced and distributed into systematic order. Here peculiar difficulties occurred, 'since there is no science in which selection is so important and so difficult.' p. 43. One cause of this difficulty is the state of medical literature, which for the most part is either desultory and detached, or involved in artificial and erroneous combinations. To com-

bine the one and disunite the other requires infinite labour and research. The author appears to have been very attentive to the difficult task of selection, 'having inserted no books but such as he conceives to be necessary to a complete medical library.' Pr. p. 11. These have been chosen for their reputation, authority and usefulness. To the titles of the most important is often adjoined a concise critique upon the merits of the work, a short account of its contents, and a distinguishing mark expressive of its relative value in a course of study. Having finished the selection, the next proceeding to fit it to use was the arrangement of the subjects into their respective parts. Without the employment of a philosophical method, the collection, however ably selected, would have continued inaccessible to a student, and the catalogue have conveyed no further information than those of the same kind which have been published on the continent. The greater part of these, which profess to be guides to medical literature, scarcely answer this purpose better than the digested catalogue of a medical library as disposed for sale. What was required was a dictionnaire raisonné; and this the author has furnished. We find his ingenuity here applying a precision almost mathematical to an extensive yet minute classification; so that the inquirer is enabled, by the natural dependence of the distribution, to obtain information upon any single point of medical science. The force of this arrangement may be regarded in the same light as the geometrical aids employed in geography, which empower us to lay our finger upon the most insignificant spot upon the surface of the globe; and thus facilitate our investigations into its history and nature, its relations and its use.

The first department of this distribution is allotted to works on medical literature in general, and is divided into eleven sections. The plan then breaks into certain general classes disposed according to their natural sequence. 1st. Those works which treat on the properties of matter in general, or on chemistry. 2d. On the arrangement of matter in the structure of the body, or on anatomy. 3d. On the functions or intentions of that structure, or on physiology. 4th. On the disorders of that structure, and of those functions, or on pathology. 5th. On the removal of those disorders, or on therapeutics.

In the system, or rather systematic nomenclature, of chemistry, the author has availed himself of all the new lights which have been thrown upon this branch of philosophy by the discoveries and arrangement of Sir H. Davy, in his late illustrations of electrochemical science. This compendium contains a brief abstract of the objects, laws and combinations of chemistry in its most improved state.

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The divisions of anatomy have been always fixed and certain, being determined by the different component parts of the body, and are distinguished here by the usual titles of osteology, myology, splanchnology, dermatology, angiology, and neurology. To assist the memory upon these points, tables of their respective subjects are introduced.

Physiology, having for its object the explanation of the functions of the parts enumerated in anatomy, divides itself, of course, into similar heads, and is distributed into classes relating to the office of the nerves, bones, muscles, vessels, and viscera.

The division which succeeds, as it is the largest of the whole, and most applicable to medical instruction, seems also to have most engaged the author's attention; and to bear, in consequence, the strongest marks of the exertion of industry and genius. After a few sections upon points connected with general pathology, we are presented with a new system of nosology. For this innovation, satisfactory reasons are adduced in the Preface. The necessity of departing from the system of Dr. Cullen, which has been most generally received, is there made apparent; and the omission of every other which has since appeared is sufficiently justified. In the construction of a new system, the author has conformed himself 'to the strict rules of Linnæus, notwithstanding the irregularities which embarrass the classification of diseases.' Pref. p. v. To enable the reader to ascertain the preciseness of this accommodation, and at the same time to put him in possession of a treatise of much general application to philosophical arrangements, the author has furnished him with a translation of great part of the Philosophia Botanica of Linnæus. Notwithstanding the ability manifested in this part of the work, Dr. Young does not arrogate to it any undue importance. He seems sufficiently aware that systems of nosology are little better than technical aids. He will not dissent from our opinion, that they afford but little elucidation to pathology, and are most serviceable in assisting the memory and facilitating research. How little applicable the distinctions of systematic arrangement are to the varieties of disease, in comparison with other objects of science to which they have been attached, is evident from the following declaration:

'It is true, that we must not expect the same rigid accuracy in medicine, that may be obtained in some of the departments of natural history, since, in fact, many of the distinctions which are required in a nosological system, are rather established for the sake of practical convenience, than strongly and immutably characterized by nature.'—*Pref. p. iv.*

The body is not composed, like the objects of chemistry, natural history, or abstract science, of independent forms and members—

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it is one whole; it lives and suffers as a whole, and cannot be separately and unconsciously injured in any part. It is impossible therefore, strictly speaking, for any part to sustain an individual disease. If one member be disordered, the rest will be reciprocally affected. A sympathetic connection unites all divisions and systems of the human frame. Like joint-tenants, all the component members hold a communion of interest, and affection and power, not separately and individually, but 'per my, et per tout.'*

For the particulars of this reformed system of nosology, we must refer our readers to the work, as it is too extensive for recital, and yet too concise for abridgment. We shall content ourselves with enumerating the titles of the classes and orders.

Class I. Paraneurismi. Nervous diseases. (Consisting chiefly of the Neuroses of Cullen.)
Class II. Parhæmasiæ. Sanguine diseases.
  Order 1. Phlogismi. Flushes. (Chiefly simple inflammations.)
  Order 2. Pyrexiæ. Fevers.
Class III. Parecrises. Secretory diseases.
  Order 1. Epischeses. Retentions of various kinds.
  Order 2. Apocenoses. Effusions of secreted fluids.
  Order 3. Cacochymiæ. Cachexies, or vitiated secretions, (as dyspepsia, podagra, diabetes.)
Class IV. Paramorphiæ. Structural diseases.
  Order 1. Paraphymata. Local changes, (for instance, tumours.)
  Order 2. Epiphymata. Eruptions, (chiefly cutaneous.)
Class V. Ectopiæ. Displacements, (including surgical and obstetrical cases.)

The genera, species, and varieties, are equally extensive and defined. From a due examination, it will appear that this is the most exact and practical nosology which has hitherto been submitted to public attention. The merit of this system consists not merely in the absence of the objectionable parts of that of Dr. Cullen, but in the incorporation of Dr. Willan's valuable nosology of the skin, and in the addition of a great variety of diseases hitherto confined to chirurgical collections. That imperfections should still remain amidst so much improvement, is not altogether chargeable to the author. 'Many are inseparable from the nature of the undertaking,' others depend upon the progressive and defective state of the science, and some will give way under more favourable circumstances than a first essay, to future correction. We have an earnest of this last expectation in the numerous amendments introduced by the author into his present system, since it was first published in his syllabus of a course of lectures, for which it was prepared: and we will even venture to

* Blackstone, Vol. II. p. 182.

suggest

suggest to him, that a little more equality in the allotment of his references would be a material improvement in a future edition; several diseases of considerable importance being dismissed with very slight notice, while others, comparatively insignificant, are almost overwhelmed with a profusion of authorities. The author has arranged the different accounts which have been given of the yellow fever, under three different genera, cauma, synochus, and anetus; we are rather disposed to believe that the disease is always essentially the same, and dependent on paludal effluvia. He has followed Dr. Crichton in suppressing the order of the exanthemata; an innovation, which has produced some difficulty in the arrangement of scarlatina, measles, and small-pox, diseases which certainly do vary in the type of the fever attending them, in such a manner as to require some other generic character, than can be derived from the nature of that fever alone: we do not deny that some of these difficulties are almost unavoidable; but we trust that something more may hereafter be done for overcoming or diminishing them, than our author has hitherto effected.

The remaining division of the work, referring to the means to be used for the removal of disorders, differs but little in its arrangement from that which is usually admitted into all later systems of therapeutics. The sub-divisions are established upon the acknowledged agency of pharmaceutical means. Posology has been usefully annexed to this part of the subject; and there are added, as intimately connected with pharmacy, the very ingenious tables of chemical affinities, constructed by Dr. Young, and already published in the Philosophical Transactions.

The extensive range of the author's literary attainments has enabled him to give us a translation of some of the Swedish works of Professor Berzelius, upon animal chemistry, and the laws of chemical combinations. This compendium contains the chief of what has been discovered upon the subject so interesting and important to a medical philosopher. The authorities upon which the facts and opinions rest are historically detailed, together with the corrections afforded by the arguments and experiments of the professor, and the discoveries which he has made in this department of chemistry. The name of Berzelius is a sufficient surety of the value of this treatise.

Two essays, by the author, close the volume, the first containing remarks on the measurement of minute particles, especially those of blood and pus, and the last on the medical effects of climates.

The observations and discoveries in the former are not only relevant and subservient to physiology, but, in a more especial manner, to pathology, by the suggestion of an easy mode of distinguishing

ing morbid from natural secretions. It has always been a desideratum with medical practitioners to obtain some test of the difference between pus and mucus; as being the products of different states of the secerning vessels. Most of the chemical methods, which have been pointed out, have been found in practice insufficient or inconvenient. Dr. Young, however, has invented an optical test of a decisive power, and of easy application. The optical discoveries which led to this invention, and to the present observations, were read before the Royal Society in July, 1802, from a paper by the author, entitled, 'An account of some Cases of the production of Colours, not hitherto discovered.' Having given a test, 'applicable to all cases of minute particles held in suspension in transparent fluids,' he proceeds to observe, that

'Where the greater number of the particles are nearly equal in dimensions, a luminous object, viewed through them, is surrounded by rings of colours, somewhat resembling those of the rainbow, but differently arranged, and often beautifully brilliant. The blood, a little diluted, always exhibits them in great perfection, and they afford a very accurate criterion for the distinction between pus and mucus. Mucus, containing no globules, affords no colours, while those which are exhibited by pus exactly resemble the appearance produced by the blood, the rings being usually of the same dimensions.' 'A minute quantity of the fluid, to be examined in this manner, may be put between two small pieces of plate-glass, and if we hold the glass close to the eye, and look through it at a distant candle, with a dark object behind it, the appearance, if the globules are present, will be so conspicuous, as to leave no doubt respecting their existence.'—P. 547.

This discovery he has further improved, by rendering it applicable to the measurement of the fibres of wool, hair, and other substances employed in manufactures; the construction of an instrument for this purpose is next described, and its uses explained. These principles and optical observations are employed also for the solution of some microscopical, optical, and meteorological phenomena.

The essay on the medical effects of climates will be read with equal eagerness and advantage by medical practitioners, and by those whose health requires them to consult the means of obviating the effects arising from the variableness of the weather. It contains all that can be said for their information in a medical point of view, and is replete with judicious remarks. These are grounded on philosophical observations, and are urged with much force.

The stile throughout is clear and polished; refined without affectation, and easy without the sacrifice of dignity and correctness. It may be regarded both as an example and incitement to the introduction of a more finished mode of writing in medical compositions. We are not pronouncing too favourably of this work, when

when we express our confidence that, stored with such valuable learning and information, and enriched with such advantages of method and composition, it will not only be resorted to as a direction to students, but will find its way, as a book of reference, into the hand of the enlightened physician. It is no less a guide to youth, than a staff to age; and both descriptions of practitioners are under great obligations to the author for this productive effort of talent, labour, and erudition.

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ART. VIII. *The 'New Art of Memory,' founded upon the Principles taught* by M. Gregor Von Feinaigle, illustrated by Engravings. 8vo. London, Sherwood. 1812.

*Dr. R. Grey's 'Memoria Technica,' or Method of artificial Memory. To which is subjoined 'Lowe's' Mnemonics,* 9th Edit. 8vo. London. 1812.

TWO years have elapsed since we first heard of Mr. Feinaigle's lectures upon 'Mnemonics and Methodics' in this country; but the treatise which professes to explain the principles of his art, has but just appeared. There is a general disposition in the public to suspect some latent quackery even in the best parts of such systems; and it would be difficult to avert the scepticism of those, who are impatient of means, as well as of effect. It has been frequently remarked that the characteristics of memory, are, susceptibility, readiness, and retention. The palpable inequality with which these properties are meted out to different individuals, would encourage the hope that the deficient qualities may be materially supplied by the intervention of mechanical aid, founded upon philosophical principles. Those who have susceptible and ready memories, but whose minds are indisposed to habits of method and classification (so favourable to the retention of acquired knowledge) should impose upon themselves the adoption of philosophical arrangement. Those, on the other hand, whose minds are only inclined towards abstraction and arrangement, should not hesitate to supply the want of a susceptible and ready memory, by those helps which ingenious men have invented for the purpose. No method of assisting the memory can be popular, unless its object be to direct and apply those faculties, whose exercise appears to be involved in every effort of memory; nor should we doubt that as the body may be trained to extraordinary feats of strength and agility by the pursuance of a system adapted to give free scope to the powers of muscular action, so the judicious direction of those mental faculties, by whose agency the mind is competent to

to perform certain offices, cannot fail to give superior efficiency to its powers. The most approved philosophy asserts the dependence of memory upon two leading principles, attention, and the association of ideas; it follows, therefore, that whatever tends to concentrate attention, and to command and direct associations, may very essentially contribute to its improvement.

Objects perceived by the eye are remembered more easily than by any other of our senses, in proportion as the impressions of sight are more rapid and numerous. We comprehend the infinite variety of a prospect in a momentary glance, and the imagination can revive the picture; but a verbal description of it would be tedious, and the impression faint: on this principle geography is taught by maps, geometry by diagrams, and architecture by drawings. The most casual observation was sufficient to prove the constant association of ideas with sensible objects, and the effect of these objects in recalling to the mind former ideas. This naturally suggested the hint of a topical memory, which should encourage an association of ideas with visible objects, arranged in order; and as these objects were at will summoned before the imagination, they would naturally bring with them the ideas with which they had been previously associated, and without confusion, as we shall presently demonstrate. We find in Quintilian the following minute account of the topical memory* in use among the ancients:

'They (the students of topical memory) become intimately acquainted with the arrangement of particular situations of considerable extent, for instance, of a spacious mansion divided into many apartments; every marked object contained in this building is attentively impressed upon their mind, that the memory may recur to the individual parts of it, without the smallest delay or hesitation.

'In the next place, whatever they have written, or reflected on, they connect with a *casual* association, by which they may be reminded of it. This association may either relate to universals, as for example, to navigation or war, or to particular words; for if they lose the train of their ideas, they are enabled to recover them, by the prompted suggestion of one individual word, whether this be the type of navigation, as an anchor, or of war, as a particular weapon; they therefore arrange these objects of association in order, and assign the first place, or the first idea, which they wish to remember, to the portico, the second to the hall; then they go round the inner courts: nor do they only commit these associations progressively to the bed-rooms and anti-rooms, but even to their furniture. When they have performed the

* Many interesting remarks on this subject occur in Cicero, who describes the application and advantages of this artificial mode of assisting the memory, with great neatness and perspicuity.—*Rhetor.* lib. iii. 16.

circuit,

circuit, and are anxious to recollect the associations, they recur mentally to those places in order from the beginning, they regain every sensible type which they had entrusted to each particular spot, and this type at once suggests the idea connected with it.'

In considering this scheme of topical memory, we must advert to an extraordinary property of the mind, viz. that without a certain degree of volition, these associations will not operate. If we were unconsciously to revisit a scene, which had once been familiar to us, but of which we only retained a general impression, we should probably pass by a number of objects, to which our attention might be partially or even earnestly directed, without experiencing the revival of any ideas; but if at last we discovered where we had been, and retraced our steps with anxious curiosity, those objects which in the first instance had not awakened any ideas, would inevitably arouse our dormant associations, when the mind was exerting a particular act of volition. We were induced to remark this property, with the view of anticipating an objection, that the association of an infinite variety of trains of thought with the same series of objects, would be liable to generate confusion; whereas the volition of the mind to pursue a particular train of thought, of itself awakens the ideas belonging to that train, and this without confusion or mistake. It is from this principle in the constitution of our minds, that we are enabled to recollect an infinite number of lines in poetry, of the same measure and subject, or to remember distinctly a variety of tunes, which are in the same time and key, and which correspond in general effect of harmony. If an orator had associated a series of arguments upon a particular question of law, with a series of apartments, and at the same time had also associated a series of arguments upon a political question, there would be no danger of confusion. The volition which the mind would exert in the first instance would suggest the first train of associations, distinct and separate, and equally so in the second case; in fact, if the two arrangements were both upon legal points not essentially different, the train would not even then be confused.

We have long been disposed to think that it would be impossible to convey in writing an adequate and practical explanation of the system of mnemonics arranged by Feinaigle.* The present publication, which is illustrated by plates and diagrams, and is not deficient in merit, tends to confirm our opinion. If we attempted to define this system, we should call it, a method of re-

* We could not say 'invented,' for a reference to a work published in 1617, entitled, 'Ravellini Ars Memoriæ,' will convince the reader that he has few claims to invention.

calling

calling to the mind certain past trains of ideas, by varied associations of sight succeeding each other in preconcerted order, and of employing consonants as the type of numerals. The first method is to divide an apartment into fifty ideal squares: any four sided room is fitted for the purpose, and the more applicable as it approaches to the form of a square. In arranging these squares, it will be necessary to place yourself in one uniform position; for instance, with your back towards the window: you then conceive the floor to be divided into nine squares. No. 1, being the square on the floor in the left hand corner opposite to you, No. 10 is placed upon the cieling above the wall on your left hand, and No. 11, 12, 13, up to 19, are placed in threes upon the left or first wall, in the same manner as the numbers from 1 to 9 were arranged upon the floor. No. 20, or the twentieth square, is placed *above* the second wall, or the wall immediately before you, and from 21 to 29 on that wall. The same process is pursued on the two remaining walls, viz. the third wall on your right, and the fourth wall behind you. No. 50 is placed in the centre of the cieling. When the precise positions of these ideal squares are imprinted on the mind, which will not require many minutes, it will be easy to ascertain the facility of associating the ideas of objects with given proportions of space, of which the order and position are intimately familiar to the mind; and here the imagination is called into action, and whatever object you wish to associate with each of the squares in succession, you have only to create a picture in your mind of that object in the particular square to which your attention is directed.

We shall now endeavour to explain the nature and application of certain hieroglyphics, a part of this system the most analogous in principle to the topical memory of the ancients. It is this part which appears most ridiculous to those who are ignorant of the method, and which is in fact the most ingenious portion of it, the most susceptible of extended application, and the basis of all the details connected with it. Two rooms are divided each into fifty compartments, in the manner which we have detailed. The first room contains hieroglyphics from one to fifty, the second from fifty to one hundred. These hieroglyphics, which might be more correctly called pictures of numbers, consist of the representation of certain animate or inanimate objects, the outlines of which are intended to bear a resemblance to the number of the square in which they are placed. The principle of this resemblance arises from the facility given to recollection, by the number exciting the idea of the picture, and the picture that of the number. Nothing can appear more absurd than one of these prints of hieroglyphics engraved

engraved in the order in which they are to be associated on the walls. They may, however, in a very short time be committed to memory, and the mind turns as it were to the scite of each, with intuitive readiness. There is no necessity that a person should be in the room where these hieroglyphics are supposed to be arranged, or indeed, after some time, that he should mentally recur to any particular room, as the absolute order, number and subject of them would be spontaneously suggested to him. We shall now give some idea of their application.

If a person succeeded in repeating one hundred unconnected words in regular succession, upon their being once read to him, it would be considered as an extraordinary effort of memory; and if indeed it was an effort of natural memory, deservedly. Any person however who was conversant with the hieroglyphics, would be able to repeat them with very little effort of memory, and with almost a moral certainty of success; nay, more, after having repeated them, if he remarked which was the eighty-fifth word that had been given him, he would immediately repeat it, or any of the other numbers, in the most complicated order. From the description given of the hieroglyphics, it will appear evident that every person acquainted with them will have one hundred places, or 'Τοποι,' in recognized and familiar order: supposing the two first words of the series to be chair, and imagination, he would at once associate the word 'chair' with the tower of Babel, which picture belongs to No. 1, from the supposed resemblance of a lofty insulated building to the figure 1. He might make this association by imagining that he saw a chair upon it; or in any other manner, however incongruous; he would then discard from his mind that association, and proceed to No. 2, the hieroglyphic to which is a swan, from the resemblance of that bird to the figure 2; he would then associate the word 'imagination' with this picture, which might be done in various manners, by supposing that he saw a swan in imagination; or by associating some sensible object with the swan, which he might conventionally consider as the type of imagination: having finished that association, he would discard it from his mind, and proceed with the rest, till the hundred words were quartered in succession upon each hieroglyphic. Having concluded, his mind would not be the least on the stretch, there would be no necessity of keeping the links of the chain together, as in an effort of natural memory; he has the talisman for uniting them together at will. If required to repeat the words, he summons to his mind the first hieroglyphic, and the instant that it is presented to him the idea of a chair is suggested: he then recurs to No. 2, and the word imagination is also suggested to him. If called upon to mention the forty-second word, he recurs to the forty-

second hieroglyphic, which picture may be said immediately t prompt the word associated with it. The operation of thes hieroglyphics upon the mind may be compared to that of prompter, with this advantage, that the associations of sight ai in general more vivid than those of sound.

Mr. Stewart, in his admirable work on the Philosophy of th Human Mind, has remarked of the topical memory of the an cients, that it might be applied to the prejudice of truth and jus tice. Certainly the absolute command of preconcerted argu ments in prepared succession, in the flow of apparently exten pore debate, might occasionally make the worse appear the bette cause; but the abuse of an improvement can never be fairly urge against its utility, and granting the efficacy of the application, i may be made subservient to the best and holiest purposes.

The next part of Mr. Feinaigle's system is the substitution c letters for figures, which was practised both in the ancient an middle ages. He employs consonants *only*, as representatives c figures; his alphabet is as follows: and the facility with whic it may be committed to memory by certain familiar association is no bad test of their utility.

| t, | n, | m, | r, | l, | d, | c g k q, | b h v w, | p f, | s x z. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 0 |

To fix this conventional alphabet in the memory, it might b said t is employed for the figure 1, because it has only one stroke n, for 2, because it has two strokes; m, for 3, because it ha three strokes; r, for four, from some supposed analogy in shape or because r is the fourth letter of the word four, &c. &c. Asso ciations like these might be readily multiplied, and however ab surd they may appear, the point is, whether a person not dis daining to adopt them, would not be able to commit such an al phabet to memory in a shorter space of time, and with greate certainty of retention: in fact, as philosophical relations canno exist between arbitrary signs, we have only to trust, in recollectin them, to fanciful associations, or to mere strength of memory Perhaps the ingenious person who exclaimed, 'Well may thi place be called Stoney Stratford, for I never was so bitten wit fleas before,' had formed some arbitrary association in his min abundantly competent to suggest the idea. It will be at onc evident that the adoption of consonants for the expression o numbers, and the exclusion of vowels, gives a facility of employin any words, in any language, for the expression of a number, provide that the word contains exactly the consonants, which are th representatives of the figures to be denoted, unless the nature o the numbers to be expressed convinces us that they could not b extended beyond units of tens, as in the case of pence and shilling

in an item of English expenditure; when the first and last may be understood to designate the number, if the word contains more than two.

The application of this art to chronology is effected by quartering the kings of each dynasty, or historical epochs of events, upon the hieroglyphics, and afterwards connecting a short story with each, in which the most prominent words shall express the date. A great part of the ridicule attached to Mr. Feinaigle's system, arises not from his proceeding to explain the 'obscurum per obscurius,' but from his constant practise of teaching the 'facilius per facile.' He has arranged the dynasty of the kings of England from the Conquest to the present time: it is probable that the names in our royal list are not familiar to him, as a foreigner; he has therefore proceeded to pun upon them in succession. Thus, with the first hieroglyphic, he associates a 'willow tree,' which is to prompt the name of William the Conqueror; a '*dead*' soldier is lying by the willow, who might have more naturally lain at the feet of the conqueror; the consonants of the word 'dead' translate into sixty-six, to which if we add one thousand, we have the date of the conquest. If we were desired to learn by heart the dynasty of the Otaheitean or Abyssinian monarchs, we might find it more convenient to associate some familiar words with each, correspondent in sound, than to trust to mere strength of memory. This alphabet may be evidently employed to facilitate the remembrance of dates, independent of all locations or associations with visible objects; for example, Louis the Fourteenth came to the throne at the sound of a '*drum*:' here we translate d-r-m=643=1643. Louis the Fifteenth came to the throne *quietly*: translate q-t-l=715=1715. There is no necessity for any real analogy in such associations.

It would be impossible to explain practically the ingenious application of this art to geography, without reference to diagrams; and even with their assistance, we doubt whether the account given in the volume before us, will appear intelligible. We shall only offer the most general outline of it. Two rooms are employed, one immediately over the other, the upper room is called the northern, the lower the southern hemisphere; the floor in the upper room, the equator; and the centre of the cieling, the North Pole; the arrangement is reversed in the lower room, and the centre of the floor is called the South Pole. We must then conceive a map of the world on Mercator's projection, on the scale of ten degrees of both latitude and longitude, painted on the four walls of both rooms, the cieling of the upper, and the floor of the lower. The hieroglyphics are associated in a *certain* order with each square of ten degrees; and by an ingenious arrangement, the

*number* of each hieroglyphic denotes the general latitude and longitude of that given portion of the world to which it is attached; and *vice versâ*, any longitude or latitude being given, we are enabled, by a short arithmetical process, to recur to the hieroglyphic belonging to those parallels, which will suggest the locality. This system, which vividly affects and excites the imagination, is calculated to impress very correct ideas of the relative situation of countries, though we think it rather too refined and complicated for general adoption. This mode of associating visible objects with certain degrees of space is adopted in the celestial globe, and may have suggested the hint to Mr. Feinaigle. We must again protest against the miserable horde of puns employed to fix the names of the most *familiar countries* and places in the memory, which are equally superfluous and disgusting. Mr. Feinaigle's principles of arithmetic are omitted in this treatise: there is a long unsatisfactory chapter upon the analogy of languages, as presenting an additional facility in acquiring them. The mode of committing systematic tables to memory is literally borrowed from Quintilian—it is to form a mental picture of some real or arbitrary type of the character or quality to be remembered, and to localize these pictures on the furniture of a room. We shall wave the mention of many minor details; it is the spirit of the system and not the discretionary variety of its application, which is really valuable.

Nothing can be more opposite in principle, than the 'mnemonics and methodics' of Feinaigle, which, for the most part, depend upon associations of sight, and the 'Memoria Technica' of Dr. Grey,* which depends entirely upon associations of sound, and is utterly distinct from a topical or artificial memory. His system may be defined to be a method of translating things difficult to be remembered, into an abbreviated, and conventional language, (aided by the associations of metrical cadence,) which operates upon the mind as short-hand upon the eye; and, but for the abuse of Greek etymologies in the present day, might be termed 'mental stenography'. It is remarkable that this work should have gone through nine editions, without the least attempt at improvement. The present edition inherits all the failings of its predecessors; it is evidently edited by a person utterly ignorant of the spirit of the system, and even unacquainted with the rhythm of hexameter verse. Nothing can be more unconnected and unphilosophical than the form in which the greater part of these memorial lines are arranged: they were probably composed at successive periods, and with no view to publication; the key to their connection was in the

* Dr. Richard Grey was born in the year 1695, he was a divine of the Church of England, a graduate of Lincoln College, Oxford, and the author of several able treatises on ecclesiastical law, divinity, and the Hebrew language.

doctor's

doctor's head, he had abundantly fulfilled his task; but it was for the editors of subsequent editions to have modernized, improved, extended and arranged his system on principles of philosophical and casual association, which find no place in the method of Dr. Grey, who thus states the object of his invention. Introduction, p 2.

'The design is not to make the memory better, but things more easy to be remembered, so that by the help of it an ordinary or even a weak memory, shall be able to retain what the strongest, and most extraordinary memory could not retain without it; the whole art being in effect nothing more than this, to make such a change in the ending of a name, place, person, planet, coin, &c. without altering the beginning of it, as shall readily suggest the thing sought, at the same time the beginning of the word being preserved, shall be a leading, or prompting syllable to the end of it, so changed. Thus in history the deluge happened in the year B. C. 2348, this is expressed by the word Del-*etok*, Del meaning for deluge, and *etok* for 2348.'

The following is the alphabet of letters to be substituted for figures.

| *a* | *e* | *i* | *o* | *u* | *au* | *oi* | *ei* | *ou* | *y* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 0 |
| *b* | *d* | *t* | *f* | *l* | *s* | *p* | *k* | *n* | *z* |

Here *a* and *b* both signify the figure 1, *e* and *d* the figure 2, &c. Dr. Grey appears to have appreciated the value of casual associations, in imprinting arbitrary relations upon the memory, by his directions for learning this alphabet, p. 2; but we would suggest what appears to us an easier method, viz. to select ten words, of which the initial letters should be the vowels and diphthongs representing the figures in the upper line; these ten words should have sufficient connection to carry on a degree of signification, no matter how incongruous; the same plan might be pursued with the consonants. When this alphabet is perfectly impressed on the memory, the next step will be the practice of forming figures into words, and of resolving words into figures. It is obvious that the same date, or number, may be expressed by different words, according as vowels or consonants are employed in the composition; thus the date of the deluge instead of being written Del-*etok*, might be written Del-*disk*, or Del-*difei*, or Del-*etfei* or Del-*diok*, all of which, by a reference to the key, will be found to signify the number 2348. In pronouncing any words that may be thus formed, it will be necessary to pronounce the letter *y* as a *w*, thus, James I. came to the throne in 1603, and the date might be written Jam-*syt*, (one thousand being understood,) which must be pronounced Jam-swit to distinguish it from *sit*, which would represent 633. Dr. Grey has omitted to observe that *a*=1 should be pronounced broad to distinguish it from *ei*=8, or perhaps the word *abei*=118 might be

mistaken for *eiba*=811; *z* signifying the cypher 0 should also be pronounced very broad whenever it is met with in a technical line, to distinguish it from *s*=6.

As a specimen, we subjoin the English dynasty from William the Conqueror to George III; the change of termination in the name of each sovereign denotes the year of his accession, but we have altered many chronological inaccuracies in it, which are less pardonable, as the figures expressing the date are correct, but the letters remain unaltered.

Wil-con-*sau*, Ruf-*koi*, Hen-pr-*ag*
66 87 100
Steph-*bilet* Hen-sec-*buf*, Ric-*bein*, J-ann, He-th-*das* et Ed-*doid*
135 154 189 199 216 272
Ed-se-*typ*, Ed-ter-*tep*, Ri-se-*toip*, He-fo-*toun*, He-fi-*fat-que*
307 327 377 399 413
Hen-si-*fed*, Ed-quar-*faub*, E-fi-R-*okt*, Hen-sep-*feil*, Hen-oc-*lya*
422 461 483 485 509
Ed-sex-*lop*, Mary-*lut*, Els-*luk*, Jam-*syt*, Caro-prim-*sel*
547 553 558 663 625
Car-sec-*son*, Jam-*seil*, Wil-*sein*, Anne-*pyd*, Geo-*bo-doi-pauz*
649 685 689 702 14 27 760

It will be observed that as Edward V, and Richard III, ascended the throne in the same year, 1483, the technical word is E-fi-R-*okt*, and as the three Georges succeeded each other, their names are not repeated, but each syllable expresses the date; after 1700, it is not necessary to express the 7 by a letter.

We shall offer a few hints to those who are desirous of composing verses for themselves, and of becoming accurate chronologists by this system. Chronology has only a relative object: it has been named, and justly, one of the eyes of history; as a moral lesson, the observation of a few years presents all the intricate variety of human passions; as a political lesson, the whole chain of history is fraught with valuable instruction, but its value is in precise proportion to the degree of chronological accuracy with which the events are recorded. It is of the utmost moment to ascertain the precise time when the operation of certain causes conspired to produce certain effects; and it is the induction of these effects, which constitutes the essence of the philosophy of history. Hence that analogical prescience, which should be the first aim of the practical politician. A constant reference to chronological tables is frequently inconvenient, and sometimes impossible; it always consumes much time, and yet to omit it is to forego the principal advantage resulting from historical study. It is perfectly easy by the system above described, to commit to memory the regular gradation, and exact date, of all the principal events from the creation

ation of the world to the present time, and if we are enabled to recollect the precise order in which a series of events succeed each other, we possess a kind of clue to their minute details, as well as to those connecting transactions of minor importance, which fill up the interstices of the historical scale. The object in forming such a system of chronology should be to select leading events at relative distances; this should be regulated by the degree of interest excited by each individual era of history; thus it might be sufficient to record very early events, at the distance of one hundred years, and to multiply them at more interesting periods. Hexameter verses are employed as a general medium for memorial lines, from the facility which the varied uniformity of that metre allows to the composer, and the advantage which the faculty of recollection derives from being habituated to the same measured cadence. In composing them, no attention need be paid to the niceties of quantity, or even to the numbers of feet; provided they will READ into measure.

When these chronological verses are fixed in the memory, it will be perfectly easy to remember any other historical event by observing its relative position to those recorded dates. In each page there should only be a certain number of memorial lines, comprising a defined period of time, whether two or more centuries, or one or less, according to the ratio at which the interest of that particular period has induced us to record the dates. To each page, that is, to each series of memorial lines, what may be called an acrostic sentence might be attached, consisting of any words that could be strung together into sense, or even intelligible nonsense: there would be as many words in this sentence as lines in the page; of each of these words, the first syllable should resemble, in fact or in sound, the first syllable of each memorial line in succession. Every one who has repeated verses by heart, must be aware of the advantage of having the leading syllable prompted in each line. The acrostic, by binding together certain series of memorial lines, will be found to supply the place of a prompter; and to give a considerable degree of accuracy to the knowledge attained by the medium of technical verses. The geographical memorial lines are composed on the principle of abbreviated words, and occasionally initial letters only are employed to denote the names of places; it is a waste of time to commit these to memory. Dr. Grey, in 1746, apologizes for their not being sufficiently modernised, and yet they are for the ninth time palmed upon the public in 1812, and are about as valuable as a catalogue of past snow-storms.

The method of denoting the latitude and longitude by technical words, is extremely ingenious and apposite; but in this edition they are almost all incorrect. To the beginning of the name of the place is subjoined a technical ending, consisting in general of

two syllables, the first of which relates to the latitude, and the second to the longitude. Thus Lisbon, whose latitude is 38° N. l. and 9° W. long. would be written Lis-*tei*-*ou*. But if the latitude of Lisbon had been nearer to 38 than to 39°, the syllable expressing it would have commenced with a vowel, and the word would have been written Lis-ik-ou; again if the longitude of Lisbon had approached nearer to 10 than to 9°, the same substitution would be made, and the word written Lis-ik-n. By observing this rule we are enabled to denote the longitude and latitude of any place within thirty minutes, and by taking the mean, that is, by conventionally adding fifteen minutes, we gain it within fifteen. In the ancient geography the selection and arrangement are injudicious throughout; we have not space to offer an extended comment upon the execution of this part of the work; it will be sufficient to point out the manner in which the system, as applied to geography, may be modified and directed with the most beneficial effect. It cannot be difficult to compose memorial lines for ancient, sacred, and modern geography, upon the principle which we have already explained. The infinity of elementary books upon the subject will simplify the task, and leave nothing but the very easy process of composition.

These memorial lines should be committed to memory with constant reference to maps, so that the inspection of the map will at once suggest and prompt the lines belonging to it; and, vice versa, the recital of the lines suggest to the imagination the map with which they have been associated. In the selection of plans, of which we may wish to know the *precise* longitude and latitude, it is necessary to attend strictly to the principle which we have pointed out in our remarks upon chronology, viz. to select places which bear a relative distance to each other upon each map, and when these are perfectly familiar to us, we shall with ease be enabled to recollect the position, and almost the latitude and longitude of any place upon the surface of the globe, by ascertaining its relative position to those places which will be thus deeply imprinted on the memory and imagination.

The application of this art to astronomy, which is the subject of the fourth section, is precisely similar to that employed in chronology. In the fifth section it is applied to coins, weights, and measures.

There is great ingenuity shewn in this section; and though it is confined chiefly to ancient coins, weights, and measures, with a useless minuteness of detail, and many inaccuracies, yet it demonstrates satisfactorily the advantage of employing letters for figures; it also points out the manner in which the system may be applied to modern arithmetic, and to the value of modern coins, weights, and measures,

measures, which it is extremely desirable to retain with accuracy, without the necessity and waste of time by constant reference. The concluding section explains the possible application of this art to miscellaneous subjects. To this edition of Dr. Grey's Memoria Technica is subjoined 'Lowe's Mnemonics.' Dr. Watts in his Essay on the Improvement of the Mind, says, that 'Mr. Lowe has improved Dr. Grey's scheme,' but it is evident that he was very imperfectly acquainted with that scheme. In short we are of opinion that he has deteriorated the plan pursued by Dr. Grey, whilst he can lay no sort of claim to originality.

There is a notice given in this edition, that 'the publisher would be happy to treat with any gentleman able to correct and modernize the work against a future edition.' For any practical purpose nineteen twentieths of the original lines must be omitted in a future edition; we therefore do not consider it worth while to enter into any verbal or typographical criticism upon the present. It is much inferior, in execution, to the one printed by the same editor in 1806, and, as we before observed, is, with some slight alterations, a literal copy of the one published in 1746. In the present edition it is proposed to employ a double set of consonants to represent the numerals, in which *g*, *r*, and *m* shall be introduced, though they are already mortgaged by Dr. Grey, *g* to the value of 100, *r* to that of a fraction, *m* to that of a million. If we met with 'm' in many technical words, how would it be possible to ascertain whether it signified a million, according to Dr. Grey, or a cypher, according to the proposed extension by the present editor?

We have already pointed out the manner in which this system may be extended and improved in reference to the attainment of historical, chronological, and geographical knowledge. We will further remark, that it is peculiarly apposite to assist the recollection in commercial and financial details. There is no extension of figures in the fearful estimate of funded debt, no minuteness of fractional expression in the economizing tone of public audits, which, by being translated into letters and embodied in hexameter verse, may not be remembered with accuracy; for example, the pith of Mr. Huskisson's pamphlet upon the bullion question, and the financial details of the two sets of resolutions, moved upon that occasion, might be comprised in about five and thirty lines, or if it was not thought necessary to remember the fractional parts they might be comprehended in ten or fifteen lines. By employing acrostic sentences to bind together the natural divisions of the subject there would be no possibility of mistake, and the lines when once committed to memory would be easily retained by occasional recurrence.

By

By dividing a series of technical words into a certain number of syllables, or by writing them with marked subdivisions, and by deciding to apply the first syllable in each series of words to one part of a subject, the second to another, &c. we think much accurate information might be gained with very little exertion of the memory; for example, if we were anxious to recollect in general terms,

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1806, | 1. The official value of imports from Europe, Africa, and America | 24,000,000 |
| | 2. Ditto from China . . . . . | 6,000,000 |
| | 3. The official value of exports of foreign and colonial merchandize | 9,000,000 |
| | 4. The official value of exports of British produce and manufactures | 25,000,000 |

The word *au-do-s, ou-du* would express the estimate for the year
6 24 6 9 25

1806. We must remark that, though pronounced as four syllables, it is divided into five parts, the first denoting the year, the second the official value of imports from Europe, Africa, and America, and so on; of course millions must be understood. It is necessary in such a case, that the sums to be expressed should be of one common denomination; thus, from 1806 to 1812, inclusive, the official value of exports and imports might be expressed in seven words, to remember which would surely require no extraordinary effort of memory.

We trust that we have succeeded in explaining the two systems of Feinaigle and Grey; it is not possible to draw a parallel between them, but we think they might be partially combined to produce a better effect than could result from the individual adoption of either: by employing invariably the alphabet and technical lines, according to Dr. Grey's method, when figures are to be remembered, and committing these lines to memory by associating them with the hieroglyphics or τοποι, (for there is conciliation in a Greek term,) this combination will supersede the necessity of acrostic sentences, and is, indeed, far preferable to them. No one, who has not made the experiment, can appreciate the facility and exactness with which memorial lines can be retained and referred to by this method, and, as we have demonstrated in the former part of this article, without danger of confusion; in fact the multiplication of trains of ideas, however different, with our habitual objects of association, whether those objects are ideal pictures upon a wall or the rooms and furniture of a house, will strengthen our power of recollection, as increased weight is known to strengthen an arch constructed upon sound mathematical principles.

We have no doubt that the misapplication of these systems will again

again render them ridiculous and consign them to a temporary oblivion. Dr. Beattie in his Elements of Moral Science expresses his scepticism of the possible advantages of any art of memory, having remarked, that those who possessed them were never distinguished for readiness of recollection or multiplicity of attainments; but our readers may be assured, that there always have been persons who have applied them with considerable effect, but who have never had the indiscretion to confess the nature of that assistance, of which the effects were debited to the score of their natural abilities.

If our limits had permitted we might have been disposed to enquire how far it would be possible to interweave any part of these systems with the present plan of public classical education; but fortunately we have no space for the discussion. We are well aware that the classical ear of our young students would startle at the uncouth and unpoetical metre of a technical line; yet if there be any who have some arrears of information to bring up, and who are not very conversant with the principles of law, political economy, &c. to these persons, if any abbreviated method could be suggested of mastering their multifarious details, the effect, if adequate to our expectations, might form, we should think, a sufficient apology for the apparent degradation of the means. We do not recommend the experiment to those who find their unassisted powers fully adequate to their purpose. If Briareus had been a stocking manufacturer, he would probably have despised the aid of frame-work, which, however, is no despicable auxiliary to the two-handed artizan.

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Art. IX. *Comedies of Aristophanes, viz. The Clouds, Plutus, the Frogs, the Birds. Translated into English, with Notes.* London. 1812.

WHILE the tragic writers of Greece have been cherished by us with an eagerness bordering on enthusiasm, the only perfect remains of that celebrated country in the opposite walk of comedy, have been consigned to comparative neglect and obscurity. Tragedy, indeed, as speaking a more general language than comedy, and uttering much the same kind of sentiments, whether by the mouth of a Medea, or a Lady Macbeth, might naturally be expected to be more popular than her sister muse, whose allusions must necessarily be more local and confined; yet it still appears unaccountable, that a people, possessed with so decided a taste for humour, as the English, and keenly susceptible of personal satire, should

should have done so little for an author, who yields to few writers either ancient or modern in both these qualifications.

More than three centuries have elapsed since the first edition of Aristophanes was printed; and during that period, the continent has produced a succession of commentators on his text: the Italians have made themselves masters of him by the translation (a very miserable one, we own) of the *Rositini, and the French by that of Poinsinet, while in England we have little more than the London edition of the Plutus and the Clouds, the Oxford edition of the Knights, the Acharnenses of Mr. Elmsley, enriched with the notes of Bentley, and different translations of one or other of the four plays, which are here collected. This is the more surprising, because the scholia on Aristophanes are reckoned among the most valuable of this species of writing; the poet himself too, we should think, presented a most inviting harvest to the philologist and the commentator: there were many words to be traced to their roots, many customs to be elucidated, many difficulties to be explained; various passages to be restored, dialogues which had escaped from their right owner, to be returned; verses out of number, which required the hand of a metrical Procrustes; and an abundance of those delicious passages, at which commentators are accused of running riot. Had no specimen of the Greek comedy come down to us, there are few things, we believe, which would have excited greater regret. The scenical representations of a nation present us with so lively and exact a picture of the people themselves, that we can scarcely be said to possess *data* sufficient for forming a decided opinion upon the character of any nation, unless we have the exhibitions of their stage, both serious and comic, to assist our judgment.

The eagerness with which the octavo edition of Brunck, unsatisfactory as it is, has been purchased, is a sufficient proof, that it is not from a defect of taste in this country, that the works of Aristophanes have been so much more talked of than read, and so much more read than understood. That he will ever be very generally popular here, we cannot undertake to say. When the drama of a country is poor, they are frequently content to borrow amusement from their neighbour; the Roman was for a long time diverted with Athenian customs in Roman language, and the Frenchman laughed at Spanish phrases and habits which he scarcely understood: but when their own literature affords dramatists of the highest excellence, few people will feel much indulgence for the elementary exhibi-

* The editor of Terucci's Italian translation of the Plutus and the Clouds says that the Rositini made their translation from a wretched transfusion of Aristophanes into Latin. We have no doubt that this was the case, for the translation itself is utterly unlike the original. Terucci has succeeded better, and his translation is enriched with some excellent notes.

tions

tions of a foreign nation. This locality, which belongs so particularly to comedy and satire, must necessarily abate the relish of the unlearned reader for the writings of Aristophanes; and after every assistance, the difficulty of the original text must prove a great bar to all but finished scholars. Comic writers are the last authors, to whom the student of a foreign language has recourse. There is necessarily so much idiom in them, the elliptic mode of speech is so continually recurring, and the transitions are so rapid, that the mind is startled at every turn, instead of sliding with ease into the subject, and catching the little niceties of the dialogue. A maxim in ethics does not lose its force, while we are consulting Hederic or Scapula. Even the sublimer emotions, excited by the writings of Euripides and Pindar, are not so likely to evaporate, while we pause to ascertain the precise meaning of a word, or a phrase, as the lighter shades of feeling excited by comedy. To be consulting the scholiast, when we ought to be carried away by the wit and spirit of the dialogue; to be searching in Bisetus, or Geraldus, whether we may laugh 'by authority,' soon exhausts the patience and fatigues the imagination.

There is one thing, on which we are particularly anxious to put the reader upon his guard, who is not familiar with the Grecian stage, and that is, not to come to the perusal of these plays with English feelings and English ideas about him. If he come fresh from his own drama, and expect a similar exhibition in that of the Grecian poet; if he look for intricacy of plot, for gradual developement of character, for a leading story with a subordinate one attached to it, which at the same time shall help forward the main story and form a relief to it; above all, if he look for the delineation of that universal passion, whose innumerable varieties of tenderness and gaiety, of whim and caprice, it is the delight of modern comedy to exhibit, he will find himself sorely disappointed. He will meet with characters, marked, it is true, with strong humour, but exhibiting few lights and shades; he will find a story that has no intricacies in it; and for love—he will see but little of it indeed, and that little he will wish to have expunged. The correct refinement of modern times, the considering of love as a sentiment and not as an appetite, with all the light *badinage* and amiable gallantry which this feeling engenders, the 'dolci durezze, e placide repulse,' were unknown to the ancients. Nothing, in fact, can be conceived more gross than the old comedy as exhibited in Aristophanes and the small remains of his contemporaries, which have come down to us. The worst of things are called by the worst of names; and the meanest of our appetites and grossest of our necessities are perpetually called in to make sport for the audience, who, if we are to judge of them by those exhibitions, (and they certainly

certainly took a singular delight in them,) can have been little better than semibarbarians.* The plot of the Lysistrata turns upon a proposal so gross, that we shall not insult our readers with it; and though the effects of it upon the dramatis personæ are ludicrous in the extreme, the poet deserves no indulgence for his shameless and unparalleled effrontery. The marginal references of some of our old moralities, and even mysteries, are sufficiently significant; but they are purity itself when compared with the licentiousness of the Athenian stage.

The grossness of the comic theatre of Greece forms a singular contrast with the gravity, the decorum, and the sustained elegance of the tragic poets of the same period; and we can scarcely conceive it possible that the same people who had listened with the warmest enthusiasm to the wild sublimities of Æschylus and the moral pathos of Euripides, could have not only endured, but encouraged and insisted upon the buffoonery and ribaldry of the comic writers. We can ascribe this depravity of taste to no cause so much as the little intercourse which subsisted between the two sexes, and the partial exclusion of women, that is, women of virtue, (for the restriction did not extend to the profligate part of the sex,) from entertainments of the theatre. Mr. Dunster has suggested, that the grossness of Aristophanes was merely an artifice, and that it served him as a sort of battery for making his assaults upon the vices of his countrymen with more effect. True, indeed, it is, that the higher the object which he has in view, and the greater the danger of bringing it before the audience, so much the lower frequently is the ribaldry to which he descends. When by the most ridiculous buffoonery he has put his audience entirely off their guard, then it is that he suddenly strikes the deadliest blow. To the better part of his audience his admonitions might have the ludicrous appearance of a Bacchus preaching sobriety from a tub; but to the vicious no reproof comes so home as that which they hear from persons who appear to think as little of virtue as themselves. After all, this post is scarcely tenable; the poet seems voluntarily to wallow in his filth; and if his muse is not an absolute prostitute, she at least seems always willing to meet the public half-way.

Besides the embarrassments to which we have alluded, the unlearned reader will be encumbered with a new set of *dramatis personæ*, called the chorus, whom he will find possessed of a most persevering attachment to the stage, never forsaking the performers, and diving into every thought, which is within the conception and intention of the actors. To add to this seeming absurdity, he will

* We must not, however, conclude too generally. It is well known that the philosophers rarely frequented the comic theatres, and their example, no doubt, was followed by the more respectable part of the citizens.

find

find this exalted post allotted to creatures of a very inferior situation, in the comic poets; to Frogs, to Wasps, to Birds, and even to Clouds. We might enlarge upon this topic; but enough, we think, has been premised to make it clear that Aristophanes was not a comic poet according to our ideas of that character: he may rather be termed a writer upon criticism, ethics and politics; and unless the reader come with these impressions to the perusal of him, he is not likely to make a fair estimate of his merits, or to imbibe that relish for his writings, which all true scholars feel.

Having endeavoured to throw some light upon the character of the dramatist, we shall add a few words on the materials from which he had to draw his comic pictures. There is no source of humour so fertile as vanity; in other words, as the affectation of pretending to be what we are not, and assuming a part for which we are not fitted either by fortune or nature. The endless subdivisions of employment in modern life must, from this cause, produce a never failing succession of fit subjects for the dramatist and the satirist. But in the earlier days of Greece, when Aristophanes wrote, this plentiful crop of pretenders did not exist. The Athenians had, it is true, like other people, their artisans, their hinds, and their merchants; but the collective character of the nation was that of soldiers and statesmen. They had no standing army, for which they paid their quota, nor a militia, for which they provided substitutes: every man was in his turn a soldier. Again, the Athenians did not express their political opinions once in seven years, and then leave them to be promulgated by the mouth of a representative; but every man was called upon continually to give his voice in the deliberative assembly himself. Such were the two great and leading occupations of the Athenians; upon these would all their ideas mainly turn, and to these would the productions of the stage, which always follows the public feeling, be directed. Accordingly, we find the plays of Aristophanes perpetually turning upon one or other of these topics, and more particularly upon that part of their civil jurisprudence which allotted the judicial situation to all ranks indiscriminately, and paid them a certain salary for their trouble. After the feelings more immediately connected with these pursuits, the Athenians were distinguished by a predominant passion for the amusements of the stage. The bounty of nature had bestowed upon them a triumvirate of tragic poets, whom it has been the pride of modern times to own as their masters; and a crowd of comic writers, whose wit seems to have been as powerful in exciting the gayer feelings, as the pathos and sublimity of the former, in raising the grander emotions. These productions were *got up* with all the magnificence of which the age could boast. The whole expenses of the Peloponnesian war, it is said, did not cost more than the exhibition

ever petulantly and unjustly assumed,) was little more than a name for the whole body of them collectively. The audience, who knew the men, appropriated the respective charges, and while they appeared to be amused with the buffooneries of the great philosopher, were, perhaps, laughing at the follies and impieties of Hippo of Thrace, Democritus, Protagoras, &c.

The character of Euripides we must imagine to have particularly excited the spleen of Aristophanes. He is the cushion, on which his wit reposes at all times.

The poet seems to have considered him as a piece of private property, always at hand. The warmest admirer of Euripides must be amused with the attacks of his witty and unwearied assailant. This mighty master of the drama, inferior to Shakespeare only in those powerful touches which go at once to the heart, and to Racine for knowledge of his art, had yet points, that laid him very open to ridicule. He was at times languid and affected; finical in his expressions and conceited in his ideas: he seemed to write too with a lofty contempt of his audience, and to demand their acquiescence as a master, and not their suffrages as a candidate for favour. His perverse morality, and diseased state of religious sentiment; his prolix, though eloquent messengers; his interminable prologues, preventing curiosity and anticipating surprize; his affectation of deep thinking, (visible even in the lowest of his dramatis personæ,) together with the occasional meanness of his phraseology, and the snip-snap of his dialogue, which is sometimes continued for a page or two together, all become in their turn the property of Aristophanes, who puts them in a thousand ridiculous lights. He is not, indeed, blind to his merits, but he is more than eagle-eyed to his defects; and he that has not Euripides at his finger-ends, must be content to lose a great share of the wit of Aristophanes.

Of all the characters whom our author brought upon the stage, none seems to have excited his detestation so sincerely as Cleon; and the glee with which he records his victory over this turbulent demagogue, comes from his very heart. The following picture of him seems to have pleased Aristophanes, for he has repeated it in two of his comedies, the Wasps, and the Peace.

> When first your poet undertook this trade
> Of dealing out instruction, men were not
> His game, but monsters; huge leviathans,
> That ask'd the mettle and appliances
> Of Hercules, to quell them: first, he grappled
> With that fell portent, that huge, saw-tooth'd beast,
> Lick'd into fashion by the slavering tongues
> Of sycophants accurst; whose eyes shot fire,

Fierce

Fierce as the flames of Cynna, and whose voice
Rose hoarser than the raging whirlpool's, when
The birth-pains of the coming storm are on it.—
A whale's ill-savour, loins, that, Lamia-like,
Had never known the luxury of water,
These, with a camel's hinder parts, made up
Th' uncouth, distasteful compound, &c.—WASPS. 1030.

The comedy which our poet composed for the express purpose of bringing this obnoxious but dangerous demagogue before the people, is called the Knights. It is a strain of coarse but very powerful humour throughout, and will remind the English reader of the facetious history of John Bull by the dean of St. Patrick. There is in fact a very close resemblance between these two writers; and had Swift turned his thoughts to the stage, and been allowed the privileges of the 'old comedy,' we are of opinion that the Greek poet would have been his model. The two writers are alike distinguished by their bitter satire; they have the same love for homely imagery, the same tendency to revel in those ideas which most people sedulously exclude from their thoughts: the Attic bard too possesses a slight portion of that misanthropic contempt for his species, which so strongly marks the English wit, and both evince the same public spirit, and the same talent for pointing out the true interests of their country by comparisons so familiar, that the meanest understandings cannot mistake them. The character of Demus, by which the poet collectively characterised the Athenian populace, is so evident a prototype of Swift's John Bull, that our readers, we think, will not be displeased to see a translation of it. The play opens with a ludicrous dialogue between the two distinguished Athenian generals, Demosthenes and Nicias, who complain bitterly of the miseries which they had undergone since the introduction of a Paphlagonian tanner (Cleon) into the service of their common master, Demus. They talk at first of going over to the enemy: upon second thoughts, however, they determine to lay their case before the spectators; and Nicias having first begged the audience to shew by their looks whether the subject was agreeable, and they, we suppose, assenting, his companion begins as follows:—and never, surely, was 'the sovereign people' depicted with greater force and humour.

With reverence to your worships, 'tis our fate
To have a testy, crossgrain'd, bilious, sour
Old fellow for our master; one much giv'n
To a bean* diet; somewhat hard of hearing:

* Alluding to the beans which the Athenians, who were a nation of judges, made use of in their courts. The poet continually ridicules the fondness of his countrymen for attending those courts.

Demus, his name, Sirs, of the parish Pnyx, here.
Some three weeks back or so, this lord of ours
Brought home a lusty slave from Paphlagonia,
Fresh from the tan-yard, tight and yare, and with
As nimble fingers and as foul a mouth
As ever yet paid tribute to the gallows.
This tanner-Paphlagonian (for the fellow
Wanted not penetration) bow'd and scrap'd,
And fawn'd and wagg'd his ears and tail, dog-fashion;
And thus soon slipp'd into the old man's graces.
Occasional douceurs of leather-parings,
With speeches to this tune, made all his own.
'Good Sir, the court is up—you've judg'd one cause,
'Tis time to take the bath; allow me, Sir,—
This cake is excellent,—pray sup this broth,—
This soup will not offend you, tho' crop-full——
You love an obolus;* pray, take these three—
Honour me, Sir, with your commands for supper'—
Sad times meanwhile for us! With prying looks,
Round comes my man of hides, and, if he finds us
Cooking a little something for our master,
Incontinently lays his paws upon it,
And, modestly, in his own name presents it!
Then, none but he, forsooth, must wait at table;
(We dare not come in sight;) but there he stands
All supper time, and, with a leathern fly-flap,
Whisks off the advocates; anon the knave
Falls to his oracles, and, when he sees
The old man plunged in myteries to the ears,
And scared from his few senses, marks his time,
And enters on his tricks. False accusations
Now come in troops; and, at their heels, the whip:
Meanwhile, the rascal shuffles in among us,
And begs of one, brow-beats another, cheats
A third, and frightens all. 'My honest friends,
These cords cut deep, you find it—I say nothing,
Judge you between your purses and your backs.
I could, perhaps'—We take the gentle hint,
And give him all: if not, the old man's foot,
Plays such a tune upon our hinder parts,
That flogging is a jest to 't, a mere flea-bite.

It would lead us too far to enter into the humorous scenes which follow; suffice it to observe, that in consequence of this play, Cleon was condemned to pay a fine of five talents: and the poet thus records his victory, in the Acharnians.

* This is bitter. The Athenian populace were paid three oboli, every time they attended the court to sit as judges. This drew them thither in crowds, and together with their fondness for litigation, forms, as we have just observed, an inexhaustible source of satire for Aristophanes.

Out,

Out, out, upon it: I am sick; heart-sick:
My joys are few, heav'n knows! some three or four:
But for my plagues, they come in whole battalions,
In numbers numberless, like ocean's waves.—
Yet, I have had my touches too of joy,
Pure, genuine joy—when was't? stay, stay—'twas when
I saw those same five talents, dropping from
The full gorg'd maw of Cleon. Oh, the sight
Was milk and honey to me!

Let it be remembered to the poet's honour, that his vengeance ceased with the life of Cleon. In the Clouds, he observes with honest pride,

I struck the living Cleon to the heart,
When all his pomp of greatness was upon him;
But never spurn'd I at his lifeless corse.

It is more than time to turn to the volume, which has called forth these remarks. We have reason to think that the writer of the preface is mistaken in saying that excepting the duplicate versions of the Clouds and Plutus, by White and Theobald, no other translations of Aristophanes have been attempted in England, besides those before us. A translation of the Plutus was published by Thomas Randolph, the author of the Muse's Looking Glass, in 1651, under the quaint title of *Hey for Honesty! Down with Knavery!* This was succeeded by another quarto translation in 1659, with the signature of H. H. B. A folio translation of the Clouds, by Stanley, may be found, we believe, in the History of Philosophy, Lond. 1708. Our wishes, we frankly confess, incline us to hope, that the writer is also somewhat incorrect in saying, that Aristophanes 'begins to form a prominent part in the lecture books of our Universities.' We doubt whether it be so at Oxford; we are quite sure that it is not so at Cambridge. The fact is, that Aristophanes, though a great wag, is, at times, also a very wicked one; and it is not every one who plunges into mire, that has the good fortune, like the 'essayist' in the Dunciad, to 'bear no tokens of the sable streams,' on emerging from it.

The present volume contains poetic versions of the Clouds and the Frogs, by Mr. Cumberland and Mr. Dunster; and prose translations of the Plutus, by Fielding and Young, conjointly; and of the Birds, 'by a member of one of the universities.' They are of such different degrees of merit, that the compound reminds us of the tyrant in Virgil, who bound together the living and the dead. Mr. Cumberland's is infinitely superior to the rest; it has naturalized Aristophanes among us, as far as it goes, and we question whether any other language can boast a translation, at once so easy and so spirited. Mr. Cumberland never made a

more fortunate hit than when he undertook the remains of the comic poets: it settled his reputation upon a firmer basis, than any of his original works; and his version of the Clouds formed an excellent finale to his smaller attempts of the same kind. To say the truth, he seems fully sensible of the value of what he had done; for he is very careful to mention the length of time which the undertaking required, and to hint that, after soliciting the assistance of many learned men, he was left to accomplish it single-handed.

The whole of this play is a master-piece of dramatic skill, wit and effect:* the translation is so well supported throughout, that we might pitch upon any passage indiscriminately, and produce it as a specimen of the inimitable skill of the translator. If Mr. Cumberland fail any where, it is in the odes or chorusses, for he was not a very successful rhymer. We could produce a few instances where he has translated rather too freely, and a very few where he has either mistaken, or not quite equalled his original; but we will not lessen the general excellence of his performance by any remarks upon smaller errors.

The plot of the Plutus is, we presume, familiar to the reader, having been given in one of the papers of the Spectator. It is translated with a close and servile adherence to the text, and will be the farthest of all things from reminding the reader of the author of Tom Jones. It is singular, that Fielding's humour, which shone so powerfully in the prose epic, should desert him whenever he attempted the drama. There is scarcely one of his comedies that does him credit, but the Miser; and this play, with the exception of the character of Marianne, is taken from the Avare of Molière. Next to a literal translation of the text, Fielding's aim seems to have been to expose the mis-translations of

* It has been attempted in the enlarged edition of Brumoy's Greek Theatre, to prove a close resemblance, both in the subject and the conduct of the pieces, between the Clouds of Aristophanes and the Lettres Provinciales of Pascal; but we do not think with much success. Both writers, it is true, combat the sophists and false philosophers of the times, and their compositions are both models of writing in their respective ways. The 'Probalisme' of Pascal may also be compared with the Dicæus and Adicus of Aristophanes. But here we think the comparison must end. If the two writers drew their weapons from the same armory, they were at least of a very different temperament. Aristophanes applies to one person, what were the scattered opinions of many. Pascal ascribes to the Jesuits collectively, tenets which, according to Voltaire, were maintained only by a few. The light raillery of Aristophanes cannot be compared with the powerful irony of Pascal, nor the open scoffs and undisguised effrontery of the Athenian, with the bitter humility and stinging reserve of the Frenchman. We disbelieve Aristophanes, and are amused; we place implicit confidence in Pascal, and are shocked. Aristophanes, in the true spirit of comedy, touches chiefly upon points of behaviour which are to be avoided; Pascal mixes with his ridicule of what is wrong, the sublimest exhortations and persuasions to what is right; the former therefore excites unmixed gaiety, while even the laughter of the latter inclines us to be serious.

Mad. Dacier,

Mad. Dacier, and her faithful copyist, Theobald. The lady certainly mistakes her author very frequently; and Theobald, as his witty persecutor remarks, shews that it was much easier to translate from the French than from the original. The notes are in general good, and evince that the translators had a keen perception of the beauties of their author, though they have done little towards making the reader partake of their feelings of enjoyment. The Plutus is a proof of what we advanced above,—that Aristophanes might be considered as an ethic writer. Whoever will turn his thoughts to the various effects which the want, or the attainment of wealth has upon the human mind in its several situations, will find them here thrown into action; and instantly recognize them in the person or the conduct of the living Plutus, and those more immediately about him.

'The Frogs' was written, according to Frischlinus, with a view of averting the popular odium which had been drawn upon our poet by the tragedy of Palamedes, in which Euripides had covertly reproached the Athenians with the unjust murder of Socrates. To relish thoroughly the wit and humour of this diverting comedy, it is necessary that the reader should be fully master of the plays of Æschylus and Euripides, the two contending poets. This can hardly be acquired by a perusal of the translations of Potter and Woodhall; for though these versions, and more particularly the former, are highly respectable, the wit of the parody is entirely lost, while the mind is kept wavering by a language, which is the exact property of neither Æschylus nor Potter, and where the standard of comparison (which must be a death-blow to parody) is entirely changed. The English language too seems hardly equal to that sustained tone of elegance in which the ancient dramas are generally written. Indeed no modern language that we are acquainted with, seems equal to this, but the Italian, which by the distinctness of its poetic diction, and power of altering the collocation of its words, is capable of producing much of that tension of the mind, to which no small part of the charm of the Grecian drama is owing. The tragedies of Alfieri are noble imitations of the Greek tragedy, and exhibit a considerable portion of that cold stateliness and *sostenuto* movement, which distinguish the latter, but which, when transfused into our language, generally wear an appearance of stiffness or feebleness. We cannot bestow those praises upon the performance of Mr. Dunster, which the merits of Mr. Cumberland demanded from our hands. His translation is respectable, never sinking very low, nor ever rising to any extraordinary height. His chorusses we think equal, if not superior, to those of his compeer: but his performance, in general, appears tame and cold, after the vigorous and spirited copy of Mr. Cumberland. Mr.

Duinster possesses neither the force nor the delicacy of hand of his rival, nor has he his skill of catching the nicer features of his original, and expanding them, as his Attic conciseness sometimes requires, upon his own canvass. The one exhibits the very face, and life-blood, and animation of his original; the other shews but the features of his author. We recognise, indeed, the man, but it is a waxen impression, cold and cheerless—not a transcript of the warm and living face, instinct with motion and intelligence.

The 'Birds' is a singular performance, even among the eccentricities of Aristophanes, into which the poet has contrived to weave an innumerable quantity of ingenious allusions, quaint fancies, and pleasantries, such as no person but himself, we think, could have furnished. It is, however, among the least pleasing of the poet's performances, because it wants a central object, and notwithstanding what the commentators say about Decelea, the *scopus dramatis* is rather uncertain. We have but little applause to bestow upon the translation. The most disagreeable feature in it, is its colloquial coarseness. We can never imagine, that if Aristophanes had written in English, he would have used such expressions as 'dash me'—'you've got to thank me for that'—&c. &c.—In the midst of these and similar vulgarisms, the translator frequently catches himself up, with an air of stiffness and decorum, which produces a most ludicrous effect. It is like harlequin seized with a fit of the vapours in the midst of his buffooneries. The leading feature of Aristophanes is an irresistible propensity for seeing every thing in a ridiculous light; but in the hands of his translator he resembles a *thinking* gentleman, seduced into the amusement of a dance, who *crosses hands* with a sombre vivacity, and *goes down the middle* with a merry air of despondency. We doubt, besides, whether any prose translation can do justice to an author, whose writings breathe every grace and every variety of rhythm, whose harmony is of the most complete and perfect kind, and whose choral odes not unfrequently take a flight, which even Sophocles and the Theban swan might be proud to follow. The translator has been rather unfortunate too in his choice of the Birds, for this specimen of the *comico-prosaic*, as he calls the style in which the translation is attempted; because it contains some very beautiful specimens of choral harmony. He deserves credit, however, for the diligence with which he has consulted the authorities for explaining his text; and there is an occasional vigour in the translation, which leads us to argue more favourably of his future attempts. He has sometimes mistaken his text, for which the extreme difficulty of his author forms a very fair excuse: we shall remark upon one instance only, and that for the sake of our own respectable fraternity. The word κριται (page 470) does not mean the audience, but the judges, the critical

critical over-seers, who were to decide upon the merits of the respective performances, previously to their being selected for the prize of public exhibition. The translator, on any future occasion, will do well also to be aware of a familiar practice of Aristophanes; viz. that of making his names of places carry a double meaning with them. Thus (p. 498) the words Phanæ and Clepsydra are not only the names of towns, but have a reference to the water-glass used for regulating the speeches of the orators, and to the action of informing.

A name which, like that of Aristophanes, admitted all the varieties of wit, buffoonery, indelicacy, and personal satire, was almost sure to be applied to any who might tread nearly the same path of literature. Accordingly we find Molière sometimes called the Aristophanes of France; and learned men have traced an occasional resemblance between his writings and those of Ben Jonson. We have already given our own opinion, that of all the moderns, Swift comes nearest in his style of humour to the Athenian; not but there are certain strong marks of resemblance between him and the writers we have just mentioned. We beg, however, first to observe, that in mentioning such mighty masters of the drama, as Molière and Ben Jonson, it is by no means our wish to set our author upon a level with them. Aristophanes is a great and a surprising genius; but he could not boast of that exquisite delineation of character, that chaste and varied humour, which give Molière one of the highest places in the modern drama; nor does he possess that full-drawn power of portraiture, that masculine vigour, that voluptuous revelry in his own ideas of magnificence, those rich overflowings, and, as far as mixed passions are concerned, those inimitable flights of invention and poetry, which belong to our immortal Ben: flights which generate a species of literary *freethinking*, and occasionally draw us from the exclusive worship of our dramatic idol, Shakspeare. There is no point in which the French and Grecian poets so closely resemble each other as that character of *bon-hommie*, which they delight in giving to their *dramatis personæ*, that mixture of good-nature and drollery, of shrewdness and credulity, which alternately excites our kindness, pity, and contempt. The Dicæopolis, the Strepsiades, and the Taygetus of Aristophanes are very much of the same school, as the Monsieur Jourdain, and the George Dandin of Molière. The Carion of the former is undoubtedly the prototype of the busy, meddling, loquacious Sganarelles and lackeys of the latter. Many of the scenes in the Malade Imaginaire, the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, and the Mari Confondu might be quoted as proofs of the use which Molière has made of Aristophanes. The pleasantry (in which the Frenchman so much delights) of turning a succession of biting remarks upon the head

head of the first utterer, is also a favourite piece of sport with the Grecian. The exquisite talent of the French wit for pushing the same idea to its furthest point of giving pleasure, was possessed in no small degree by his great predecessor.

It might have been expected that Foote, who has been professedly styled the English Aristophanes, and whose writings bore much the same relation to the 'old comedy' which those of Molière did to the school of Menander, would come still nearer to the poet whose works we are considering. The flow of Foote's dialogue, which forms so easy and happy a medium between the flippancy of unpolished pertness and the nicer elegancies of gentlemanly refinement, may almost be compared to the Attic terseness of his predecessor. His characters, more detailed than those of the Grecian, are hit off with the happiest pleasantry and truth. His dramatis personæ, though not so indelicate as those of the Athenian, exhibit not a whit more of the tenderness and warm feeling of that passion, which has become the soul of modern comedy; and they seem to live in an equally heathenish atmosphere with those of his great master, where no checks of conscience intrude, where to be gay is to be reasonable, and to be ingenious in knavery is a sufficient apology for dealing with it. But Foote wants the whim, and the wit, and the poignancy of his rival; he has neither the variety nor the invention of Aristophanes; his command of language is great, but he has it not under that entire subjection which Aristophanes possessed, who compels it to minister to every change, and shade, and inflexion of his mind. Foote travelled rapidly, but his step has not the bound and elasticity of the Grecian: he has none of those bursts of poetry which his master frequently pours forth, nor any of those striking appeals which the more elevated objects of Aristophanes enabled him to make, and which, amid the lowest scenes of buffoonery, stamp a dignity upon his performances, and recal to the reader the great purposes to which his dramas were subservient.

The comedy of the 'Wasps' furnishes a ground of comparison with the drama of modern times, as it has been selected by M. Racine for the model of his only comedy, 'les Plaideurs.' M. Racine has transplanted many of the Attic bard's witticisms with great success, and substituted, with admirable dexterity, the terms of the French bar for those of the Athenian. His trial of the dog is exceedingly well done: it wants, however, the merits of the original, in which, besides its actual adaptation to the business of the play, it has an allegorical reference to some passing events of that time. The dog Labes was evidently intended to be applied to Laches, and the cheese to the bribe which he had received. The scene between the Countess and Chicanneau is equal to any thing

in

in the whole range of French comedy: still we must confess that the copy does not please us so much as the original. There is a charm in the carelessness and freedom of the Grecian's dishabille, which is wanting in the full-dress of the Frenchman. There is a mechanic air too in the studied breaks and balances of the latter's versification, which, though pleasing at first, becomes at last fatiguing. It appears as if the poet had composed the air and the music of his verses first, and put the words to them afterwards.

The committal of the dog, in this humorous comedy of the 'Wasps,' has been imitated by Jonson in the Staple of News, and indeed no writer seems to have had Aristophanes more directly in his eye than our learned Ben. One great point of resemblance which we find between them, is Jonson's imitation of the Grecian poet in the continual introduction of himself upon the stage, the sarcasms upon his fellow-writers, and his praises and dispraises of the actors. These were topics which the Greek comedians never failed to present, and indeed particular parts of the chorus, called the Commatium and the Parabasis, were appropriated to these very purposes. These diatribes are exceedingly entertaining and curious, and exhibit a striking picture of the keenness and acrimony with which the writers of them pursued each other. The interludes of *Censure*, *Mirth* and *Tattle*, serve much the same purpose in Jonson's Staple of News. His witty introduction to that singular exhibition of low humour, Bartholomew Fair, with many other passages, might be produced as specimens of the same kind. Another point of resemblance is their love of allegorical persons, and a sort of metaphysical wit, where the same thing that is predicated of the person, will also apply to the passion or affections of the mind, of which the character is the predicament personified.

Our article has reached a great length, but we shall not be thought to have done justice to our author, if we do not exhibit some of those reflections on the female sex, from which a celebrated father of the church is said to have drawn his own invectives on the same subject. It must, however, be acknowledged, in justice to the gallantry of the poet, that he very seldom particularises any of the female sex, as he does those of his own, but arraigns their vices in the gross. The Ecclesiazusæ is a burlesque upon Utopian forms of government, and may be safely recommended to the wild lovers of reform. It turns upon a project concerted by some Athenian dames, who accoutre themselves in the habiliments of their husbands, and who, repairing in this disguise to the ecclesia, or parliament-house, vote that the administration of public affairs should be put into the hands of the women. In a previous meeting, one of the lady-speakers supposes herself to be a man addressing the assembly, and she assigns the following humorous reasons for

for the propriety of expecting a better government of the state, when managed by females.

> In all things they excel us; chief in this,
> A reverence of old fashions: To a woman,
> They dip their fleeces in hot water,—'twas
> The mode in former days; fry their fish, sitting,
> 'Twas so of yore; bear weights upon their heads,
> 'Tis a most reverend custom. Here's no change,
> No innovation, no new-fangled doctrine;
> And well was it for Athens, when old ways
> Were yet in vogue! We, fools, must needs, forsooth,
> Turn theorists, experimentalists;
> And what's the consequence? the city's ruin!
> They run to festivals,—so did their grandams;
> Ill-treat their husbands,—'tis an ancient practice;
> House a gallant,—it was their mothers' use;
> Keep the tid-bits for him,—'tis an old fashion;
> Love a brisk glass,—antiquity is for them;
> Another thing——tut! they have precedent.—
> What need of more? Commit the reins to them;
> And question not th' event: my life upon't,
> You'll find yourselves the happiest men on earth.

In the Thesmophoriazusæ he is not less pleasant upon the sex. The thesmophoriæ were festivals held in honour of Ceres, at which none but freeborn women were allowed to be present. It had been intimated to Euripides, that the ladies, irritated by his reflexions upon the sex, intended to consider, during this festival, what revenge they should inflict upon him. The poet, aware that these were enemies not to be despised, goes in a great fright to Agatho the poet, to consult what should be done. Mnesilochus, his father-in-law, accompanies Euripides, proposes to borrow a woman's garb of Agatho, and engages, in that disguise, to join the women who are celebrating the mysteries, and to speak stoutly in defence of his son-in-law. The scheme is approved, and the following scene admits the readers to the sitting. The meeting is conducted with all the mock solemnity of a general Athenian assembly. The herald proclaims silence by the sacred expression of Ευφημειτε, ευφημειτε! prays that the meeting may turn out to the benefit of the state and the parties concerned, and wishes that whoever of the lady-speakers should deserve best of the Athenian people, and her own sex, may be rewarded with the prize of victory. The chorus follows with a grave hymn; and the business commences with the usual interrogation, 'Whose pleasure is it to speak?'—Upon this Sostrata rises, and, after a short preface, observes that there was no crime of which the poet had not accused them. Nothing can be conceived more truly comic than the medley of humour and

and satire in which the long string of offences is brought forward to justify her accusation. A second speaker follows with fresh complaints, when Mnesilochus, who sees the storm rising, gets up, as he had promised, to mitigate or avert its fury. He begins,

> Sad tales these, by my troth! I marvel not
> That they have touch'd you to the quick, and rous'd
> All that is woman in you. I profess,
> As I'm a mother, and regard my offspring,
> I hate the man to madness:—and yet, ladies,
> Now we're alone, and none can overhear us,
> 'Twere not amiss, methinks, to check our spleen,
> And view the matter calmly. He has brought
> A scantling of our faults upon the stage,
> Such as might reach his hearing, or his knowledge,
> No peccadilloes, neither: what of that!
> Are there not others that he wots not of?
> For my part, ladies, I'm no innocent.
> My slips have not been one, nor two, nor three:
> That which sits heaviest on me, is the trick
> I play'd my spouse, when but three days a bride—
> Euripides ne'er said a word of this;
> Nor how, when better men are not at hand,
> A slave or muleteer will serve the purpose.
> He said, I grant ye, Phædra was a wanton;
> But what is that to us? He never told,
> How Porne spread her cloak before her husband,
> Bad him admire the colour, and the texture,
> While the gallant avail'd him of the screen,
> And slipt away unnoticed! I could mention
> A matron here, who feign'd a pregnancy,
> And bought a child, while her good man was trotting
> From street to street, kind heart! to fetch a midwife!—
> Home comes a pitcher, with a chopping boy:
> The signal given, "Retire!" the lady cries.
> The child, 'tis true, was kicking ripe, but then,
> The pitcher's belly was the sufferer.
> The proud and happy simpleton pack'd off,
> The pitcher's mouth is open'd, and the child
> Raises a lusty squall: with that, the beldame,
> (Malicious hag!) purveyor of the bantling,
> Runs out, and with a grin upon her face,
> "Joy, joy, sir! you've a giant to your son!
> So like papa! eyes, lips,—then, such a nose!
> A fir cone's nothing to it." Not a word
> Of this, dropt from the poet.

The two remaining plays of Aristophanes, the Acharnians and the Peace, will serve to illustrate what we have advanced of the political purposes to which his comedies were applied. They were

were both written during the Peloponnesian war; the Acharnians in the sixth, and the Peace in the thirteenth year of that calamitous period, and both contain the strongest exhortations to a general pacification.

The plot of the former, which is sufficiently improbable, turns upon a separate treaty of peace, which Dicæopolis makes for himself, exclusively, with the Lacedemonians, and the indignation thereby excited in his townsmen. Aristophanes does not forget his old friend Euripides; but humorously introduces Dicæopolis to him, with a request that he would lend him the beggarly dress of Telephus, or some other tragic character, that he may plead his cause with more effect before the enraged Acharnians. The *parabases* of this play are written in a high style of patriotic virtue; they pourtray with much humour the *claptraps* of the theatres and other public assemblies of the day, and boldly ascribe the origin of the war to the resentment of Pericles at an indignity offered to his favourite mistress Aspasia.—The same object is pursued in the Peace, though with more dramatic effect. Trygæus, a worthy citizen, being much troubled with the afflictions which the Peloponnesian war had brought upon Greece, determines to go to heaven and expostulate with Jupiter upon the subject. For this purpose, after some ineffectual attempts by other means, he procures an enormous beetle, which he had been informed from Æsop's Fables, was the only winged creature that had ever reached the skies, and on the back of this new steed, he mounts up to heaven. There he meets with Mercury, who at first treats him rather scurvily; but being softened with a little present of butcher's meat, informs him, that Jupiter was not at home, and that the other gods had also quitted their apartments, which were now occupied by the god Polemos, who had thrown the Lady Peace, of whom he was in quest, into a deep pit, the mouth of which was covered with large stones, that no one might get to her. Two allegorical personages, War and Tumult, are then introduced upon the stage, with a prodigious mortar, in which, it seems, it was their amusement to pound the cities that fell under their resentment. One of them goes out to fetch a pestle, and Trygæus takes advantage of his absence, to collect a band of clowns and artisans, and drag up Peace from her place of confinement. This scene furnishes the poet with some sarcastic observations upon the different states of Greece. Trygæus then descends with his prize to earth, meeting with nothing by the way but the souls of a few dithyrambic poets, who were taking the air in search of food for their effusions. The remaining part of the play is employed in laughing at the soothsayers, armourers and others, who had an interest in continuing the war. There is a quaint homeliness, a rude but heartfelt joy, in the exultation

exultation of the Chorus at the recovery of Peace, which is far from unpleasant.

Happy I, that know no care,
Helm, nor shield, nor coarse camp-fare!
Wars to me, no pleasure give:—
Then alone, I seem to live,
When, a merry day to make,
My fire-side seat, at home, I take:
There, with friends, the hours to pass,
Brimming high the sparkling glass;
On the hearth a beech-log lying,
On the embers chick-pease frying,
While the crackling wood betrays,
The drying heats of summer days.——
Then, if Thratta's cheek I press,
While my wife retires to dress,
If her rosy lip I touch,
Oh, Jove! 'tis rapture over much.——

In troth, it is a super-dainty thing,
When seeding time is o'er, and rain, thank heaven,
Falls without stint, to see a friend drop in,
And in a frank, and hearty way, salute us.
'When shall we make a day, Comarchidas?'
There's nothing like a cup of chirping liquor,
When Jove, as now, takes care to drench our fields,
And set our crops a-growing. Bustle, maids;
Fry us some beans,—three bushels, do you hear?
And add a little wheat; 'twill mend the compound.
And let us taste your figs, dame. Run to Manes,
He's in the vineyard, tell him 'tis no time
For pruning now, when every thing is dripping.
Step you, girl, for some thrushes. There should be,
Unless the cat have trick'd us, (and I heard
A strange, suspicious noise, among the dishes,)
Some beastings, and a slice or two of hare—
Beg a few myrtle boughs of Æschines;
And, in your way, call on Charinades,
Inform him, 'tis a holyday with us,
And that the glass is waiting.——

O 'tis sweet, when fields are ringing
With the merry crickets' singing,
Oft to mark, with curious eye,
If the vine tree's time be nigh:
Hers is not the fruit whose birth
Costs a throe to mother earth.
Sweet it is, too, to be telling,
How the luscious figs are swelling;
Then to riot, without measure,
In the rich, nectareous treasure,

While

While our grateful voices chime,
'Happy season! blessed time!'

The length to which our remarks have run, prevents us from enlarging upon several minor topics, which might be drawn from the perusal of these comedies; such as the state in which Aristophanes found the drama, the improvements which he made in it, &c. We should have wished also to shew a little more at length this poet's manner of mixing with his audience, and connecting them with the business on the stage. That species of humour too, by which he guards against pleasantries at his own manner of writing, would not have been undeserving of attention, nor the freedom of remark which he exhibits upon the religion of his country, and the toleration which his sarcasms on that point experienced from his audience. Enough, however, has been done to shew that Aristophanes was not merely a punster, as Plutarch would have it, nor, what Voltaire, with at least as much ignorance as wit, describes him, a Greek comic poet, who was deficient in comedy, and had no notion of poetry. The nation which possesses a Molière or a Sheridan, may be content to do without an Aristophanes: but still the latter is no contemptible genius. He stands alone; he is a writer *sui generis:* he can be judged by no modern tribunals: the laws of the drama, under which he wrote, were different from ours; the audience to whom his plays were addressed, was different; the manners, and the customs, and the ideas, and the purposes for which they are written, were different. Human nature, however, does not so entirely differ, but that enough is still left for us to understand, to relish and to imitate. His pictures are highly curious and entertaining; and, as fac-similes of the times, are more valuable than more general delineations; possessing much the same degree of point and faithfulness, we should imagine, as the one-act comedies of the Spaniards, mentioned by the noble author of the Life of Lopez de Vega. If the general definition of wit be true, that it is the unexpected combination of distant resemblances, nothing can more deserve the name, than the dialogue of Aristophanes. He finds allusions in things seemingly the most incongruous, and in scenes apparently least susceptible of them, and we can easily conceive the roar of laughter which accompanied their application, and the surprise and confusion with which they must have covered the objects of them. His characters are rather sketches than portraits; but they discover the hand of a master, and they are written *as painters write their names at Co.*

His knowledge of human nature is strong, though not diversified. It is almost all embodied in that one aggregate idea, which he had formed of his master, the people; and he appears to value his acquisitions merely as they aid him to soothe the vanity, awaken the jealousy,

jealousy, or soften the irritability of this idol, whom he has set up. His writings take a stronger hold upon us from the strange combination of present delight, and the momentary fear of some offensive intrusion which the perusal of them enforces upon us. Hovering for ever upon the brink of what is disgusting, we yet do not lay him down; his wit redeems his indelicacy, his language covers the homeliness of his sentiments, while the execution of his dramas excuses the improbable fictions upon which they are frequently founded. If we feel pity and contempt for the low buffooneries to which his dependence upon the mob subjected him, we also admire the ingenuity with which he escapes from them; nor can we but be struck by the beautiful and moral effect, with which he frequently rises from his grovelling, and starts like the chrysalis from instant filth and deformity, into spirit, symmetry and loveliness. But Aristophanes must be read through: no extract will give a correct idea of his versatility, his side-stroke satire, his curvettings, and multiplied pleasantries. He must be read through too in the original; for no language but his own can do justice to that continual play upon words which he indulges. The parodies too, in which he so eminently excels, whether of passages from the poets, or the proceedings of their political assemblies, cannot be well relished without a knowledge of the originals to which they refer, and on which they form so valuable a comment. We agree with M. Dacier, that the scholar, who is not master of Aristophanes, can never have felt the full excellence of the Greek language. For harmony no poetry can compare with that of Aristophanes: and it sometimes forms a singular contrast with the homeliness of the dialogue. Breaks which produce the finest effect, and pauses more varied than those which enrich the Comus of Milton, or its exquisite prototype, the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher, occur for pages together. The gaiety of his measures is most delightful. The eye dances amid anapæsts, and all the light and airy varieties of Greek metre. It is music absolutely painted to the eye; and we can conceive that to the susceptible ears of the Athenians, the language alone of Aristophanes, heightened by those modulations and inflexions which are lost upon us, must have created a fascination that was perfectly irresistible. The most varied metres of English versification will bear but a faint comparison with the richness, brilliancy, and ever-changing modes of Aristophanes. If the poet had invented nothing more than the anapæstic tetrameter which bears his name, we should have hailed him as a mighty master in his art, and considered him as deserving the encomiums which the taste of Plato, and the penetration of the Persian king are well known to have bestowed upon him.

ART. X. *Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Part the Second. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land, Section the First. 4to. Cadell and Davies. London. 1812.

ONCE more, like Xanthias in the ancient comedy, we resume our critical burthen in the suite of the lively and interesting traveller whose active curiosity we have already extolled, and the bitterness of whose prejudices we have sometimes had occasion to blame with an impartiality which should render our praises of greater value. But we recommence our task with better spirits, and with a fairer prospect of agreement with our author during the future stages of his narrative. We no longer follow him through the hard measure he met with from the Russian government, and the still harder names which he dealt to both government and people in return; —we pant not now after his rapid wheels through the regions of 'filth and fraud,'—the wretched country

'——————Ειτα βορβορος παχυς
Και σκωρ αει των, ει δε τυτω χαιρεινοι
Ει τον ΞΕΝΟΝ τις ηδικηκεν πωποτε.—

The frogs of the Kuban are passéd, as well as the surly Æacus who kept, during the reign of Paul, the Russian frontier; Dionusus is at length arrived in those fields, which have, in every age, been the Elysium of the scholar and the antiquary;—and we may hope, under his guidance, to be introduced to the pageants of ancient mythology, and the ghosts of poets and philosophers.

The former volume landed Dr. Clarke at Pera, Nov. 6, 1800. That to which it is now our duty to introduce the reader, contains his observations during his first residence in that place, his progress by the coasts of Asia Minor to Egypt, and two short excursions from Alexandria to Cyprus and the Holy Land. It is scarcely too much to say, that we have followed him in his narrative with a pleasure only inferior to that of actually viewing the scenes which he delineates. The characteristic faults of the former volume are still, indeed, discernible. We have still to complain of a reliance on first impressions, which is not altogether compensated by an acuteness of observation undoubtedly more than common: we encounter, not unfrequently, a blindfold hurry of inference, which, had our author been of Milesian origin, would be considered as a national infirmity; that stumbles on its conclusions as if by accident, and is often right in defiance of its own chain of arguments. Even on his most favourite topics we have sometimes perceived a want of that previous knowledge, without which, to travel is but to wander, and we have suspected that he has rather read to illustrate his tour, than journeyed to illustrate his reading. We are not yet, perhaps, arrived at that period of his work, where we

we may expect any discussion on the moral and political state of the Ottoman empire, though we confess that we would have gladly bartered for a little fresh information on this inexhaustible subject, the whole detail of the Sultan's procession to St. Sophia, (in spite of our satisfaction in learning that the same ceremonies are observed by the gentlemen ushers of his present highness, as had been detailed at large by De La Mottraye and Thevenot,) and have curtailed a little, for a few questions as to the present state of Cyprus, that hunting after intaglios, which Rousseau somewhere calls the distinctive mark of an English traveller, and which was prosecuted with so much perseverance as to leave little leisure for other inquiries, in one of the most interesting and least known islands of the world.

With all these draw-backs Dr. Clarke is a tourist of no common stamp. His own discoveries are numerous, and where others have preceded him he has set their information in the clearest point of view; he is eminently gifted with that 'thirsty eye,' as old Tom Coryat calls it, which is perhaps the most important qualification of a traveller; he has, lastly, a power of selecting objects, and a raciness in describing them, which cannot be better described than as the antipodes of Chandler; and which are, we think, more conspicuous in the present volume than in that with which our readers are already acquainted. There is another circumstance, which we have in part anticipated, and which has made our progress with Dr. Clarke in the Archipelago and Mediterranean more agreeable than over the steppes of Russia. He no longer labours under the influence of that feeling, whether political, personal, or purely bilious, we know not, which not only soured the temper, but jaundiced the visual organs of its victim: which, by a magic more potent than the cup of Circe, transformed some thirty millions of human creatures into 'two-legged pigs,' and selected, as a specimen of the brave and hardy followers of Suvorof, the unfortunate invalid who keeps guard at the beginning of the 21st chapter of his former volume. In the present, we have no such bitterness of complaint, no such violence of invective; nor does the tyranny of Djezzar Pasha at Acre, or of the *Flea-king* at Tiberias disturb the good-humoured pleasantry of the narrator.

The first symptom of this amendment we discovered in his account of Constantinople; the peculiarities of which place, and of its suburbs, had prepared us for some of that strong *encaustic painting* in which their northern neighbours had been represented; and which could hardly, we thought, escape the chastisement of the same 'gravis thyrsus' which had visited Mosco with so much rigour. Here, however, our traveller experienced the mock beatitude pronounced on those who expect nothing; and so far from

being disappointed, was agreeably surprised to discover that the ancient capital of the Cæsars retained, at the present day, so many traces of its former possessors. It is not, indeed, for us to inquire what literary traveller besides himself ever visited Constantinople with an impression so singular as that which he describes:—'expecting to behold but faint vestiges of the imperial city, and believing that he shall find little or nothing to remind him of "the everlasting foundations" of the master of the Roman world.' But we feel, it must be owned, considerable curiosity to learn from what course of previous study, what published account of Constantinople or its history, he had arrived at conclusions so unusual, and so contrary to the probability of the case: for, as he himself sensibly remarks, the time which has elapsed since the Turks obtained possession is so comparatively short, that little subsequent change was to be expected; and it is altogether false that the conquerors were occupied in works of destruction, or that they had a pride in defacing the monuments of the race whom they had subdued. Whatever havoc has taken place among the works of ancient art at Constantinople, 'was begun by the Romans themselves, even so early as the time of Constantine the Great, and renewed at intervals, in consequence of the factions and dissentions of the inhabitants.'

'The city, such as it was, when it came into the possession of the Turks, has been by them preserved, and undergone fewer alterations than took place while it continued in the hands of their predecessors. It does not however appear, that the changes produced, either by the one or the other, have in any degree affected that striking resemblance which it still bears to the ancient cities of the Greeks.'—pp. 8, 9.

It is, however, certainly true, and Dr. Clarke, we think, has the credit of being the first to notice the circumstance, that it is not only in the Hippodrome, in St. Sophia, or in the other more striking vestiges of its former masters that ancient Constantinople is to be sought or found; but that those very circumstances which strike a careless visitor as the effects of Grecian degeneracy, or of Turkish despotism, are often in themselves aboriginal, and afford the best existing studies of the private life of the ancients. Of Greece, we know, the splendour consisted in its public buildings only; and the narrow streets, the unglazed shops, the gloomy bazars, and the small and obscure apartments of modern Constantinople differ, in few respects, from the remains of similar objects in Herculaneum, or from the descriptions furnished by the ancients themselves of Athens or of Corinth. But the Doctor runs riot in his parallel, when he extends it to every particular of manners or of furniture, and when (without fear of the avenging ghost of Winkelman) he identifies the graceful folds of the ancient pallium with the cumbrous trowsers

trowsers and pendant sleeves of the modern Osmanli. He is, indeed, altogether unfortunate, both in the circumstances which he selects as instances of this similarity, and the manner in which he endeavours to account for them. The Turks, he supposes, at the taking of Constantinople, had all their domestic habits to learn; 'their former habits had been those of Nomade tribes; their dwellings were principally tents; and the camp rather than the city distinguished their abode: hence it followed that, with the houses, the furniture, and even the garb of the Greeks would necessarily be associated.'—Chap. 1. pp. 4, 5.

Now this is about as accurate as if a Frenchman should remark, (by way of accounting for the general adoption of his country fashions by the English under Charles the Second,) 'that the Britons previously had no clothes at all, and that their naked bodies were painted sky-blue, till the ministers of Louis the Great taught them to wear wigs and put on rouge.' Four hundred years (is it really necessary to remind Dr. Clarke of this?) had elapsed since the Turks had abandoned their pastoral habits: at the time he mentions, they were, as he has himself elsewhere observed, little less civilized than the Greeks or any other nation of Europe; and the Sultans of Prusa and Adrianople are no more to be confounded with the original wanderers of the Altai, than Charles the Fifth with Ariovistus or Arminius. But the instances which he mentions of this supposed imitation are all strangely inaccurate. The vignette of Michael Palæologus which he subpœnas, is no more like the coiffure of a modern Sultan than Macedon is like Monmouth.—There are beards, indeed, to both the potentates, but the papal tiara of the former has no imaginable resemblance to the red cap and snowy turban of the present 'sovereign of Roum.' It was the ancient *Persians*, not the *Greeks*, whose long sleeves are mentioned by Herodotus and Xenophon. The veils worn by the Theban women were a fashion peculiar to that city, derived, perhaps, from very early times, and from their oriental ancestry. The Greeks sate (except at meals) on chairs, διφροι and καθεδραι, not couches; even the triclinium, which was high and insulated, had little resemblance to those low divans which range against the walls of a Turkish apartment; nor was the German baron, in Peregrine Pickle, more astonished at the arrangement of a classic cænaculum, than the Agha of Samaria would have been had Dr. Clarke lain down at full length in his presence, to banquet after the manner of the ancients.

These little blunders, proceeding, as they do, not from ignorance, but from carelessness and impetuosity, provoke us the more, because they materially shake our confidence in Dr. Clarke's observations on the trophies in the imperial arsenal, a collection of in-

teresting reliques which he has been the first to notice. If, as he assures us, the form of those antique pieces of armour corresponds with those represented on the gems and medals of the early Greeks and Romans, a very curious fact is established, namely, that in the 15th century, the Constantinopolitans retained the military costume of their ancestors at a time when we should have rather expected a similarity to that of the Turks or Genoese. We need not say, if this were ascertained, how invaluable such a repertory would prove to the artist or the antiquary; how many existing difficulties as to the nature, use, and weight of several parts of the ancient panoply might be solved: nor need we observe on the probability that by the interest of any ambassador, the hall which contains them would not be found inaccessible; nor can we answer that Mr. Hope has not already dispatched an artist to enrich from these undoubted originals his next edition of Costumes; but we cannot repress a suspicion, that the same fancy which could wreathe a *sash* round the head of Michael Palæologus, and transmute the pallium of Demosthenes into a modern *benische*, has adorned in like manner the plate jacks and cuishes of chivalry with the semblance of the classical thorax and knemides.

But Dr. Clarke's researches into the curiosities of the Seraglio were not confined to its outer courts. The haram itself, with all the real and imaginary terrors which defend it, was not sufficient to baffle his ardent curiosity. By the assistance of the Sultan's head gardener, a German, he obtains admission to that supposed impervious sanctuary, and is conducted, not only through the gardens, but through the private apartments of the Sultan, and through those which, though then empty, were tenanted during the summer by the Houris of the imperial Paradise. The survey, however, was effected amid fear and trembling, and the discoveries which he made in this Paphian prison-house hardly appear a sufficient compensation for his alarms. The gardens are paltry, and the apartments present that strange mixture of splendour and meanness, irregular beauty and bad taste, which we naturally associate with the idea of an eastern palace: but his story is well told; nor, when we consider the confused and mysterious notions which prevail respecting the interior of a Turkish haram, can we fail to sympathize in the triumph of those daring adventurers who looked down upon Constantinople from the very den of its own imperial lion, whose 'chamber of repose,' adorned with pillars of verde antico, is so tantalizingly conspicuous among the buildings on the Seraglio Point. Dr. Clarke is, however, mistaken in supposing himself to be the first that ever passed this hallowed boundary. De La Mottraye, a century before, had been almost equally fortunate, and Dr. Pouqueville, a few months only previous to Dr. Clarke's

Clarke's visit, had, by the assistance of the same German, surveyed most of the same apartments which are here described. Nor do we apprehend that so great a risk was incurred in the adventure, as their guide, by way of enhancing the obligation, was willing to make them believe. *He* was undoubtedly in more danger than they were, and would scarcely have twice incurred the prospect of death or confinement, to gratify a mere travelling acquaintance.

Yet we are not quite sure that the confidence reposed by the honest German in his friends has met with a very grateful return; or that either the French or English sçavant has done well in publishing a piece of complaisance, which, if its rumour should penetrate to 'the garden of hyacinths,' would, at least, exclude the gardener from all further exercise of his functions there. We know not whether the present Sultan be a man of literary habits, but some of his predecessors have been so; and a Turkish translation of a popular English work would not be so great a phenomenon in the imperial cabinet as many of our readers may imagine.

The rest of our author's notices respecting Constantinople may be comprised in a narrow compass. He gives some useful hints to future travellers for the collection of oriental manuscripts and classical reliques:—he speaks candidly and favourably of the modern Greek nobles: he sees the Sultan ride in state to St. Sophia's church, and gives a very lively description of the two sects of dancing and howling Dervishes. The former had been previously described by De La Mottraye, who illustrates his narrative with a good engraving. Dr. Clarke is perhaps not aware that their absurdities differ only in a slight degree from a sect of fanatics in Wales, known by the name of *Jumpers*. It is indeed a very curious inquiry to trace the similarity of superstitions or crazy practices all over the world. The horn, which is the insigne of an eastern Santon, was, till lately, the usual companion of those real or pretended maniacs who wandered over England, under the name of *Abram-men*; and the phrase *horn-mad* is a vestige of the ancient custom. Nor is there any improbability, as Dr. Clarke observes, that the frantic rites of the worshippers of Baal may be preserved in these mummeries of Islamism. Such practices, indeed, have no necessary connection with any religion, true or false; and the vagabonds who live by them are only studious to render their craft not obnoxious to the reigning faith. For the rest, the howling Dervishes are no contemptible jugglers, and Messrs. Moritz and Ingleby might reap considerable improvement were they to study a while under these magi, and take their degrees at the academy of Scutari.

An American frigate, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, ar-

rived at Constantinople a short time previous to the author's departure. The good order of his ship, and the healthy appearance of the crew were the theme of general conversation in Pera; but this brave man and his fine vessel were degraded by the wretched policy of their government into a carrier of lions and tigers, as presents from the Dey of Algiers to the Sultan. The Turkish officers were at first considerably perplexed to determine the locality of America, but this apparent ignorance arose, as most other stories of Turkish barbarism will be found to arise, only from the difference of nomenclature in their books and ours; and when they learned that America was synonimous with *The New World*, they bid Captain Bainbridge heartily welcome. The Capudan Pasha who sent this message, was not only well informed as to the situation of the new world, but a perfect master of the courtesies of the old. Understanding that Dr. Clarke had a brother (Captain G. Clarke, of the Braakel) with the fleet at Marmorice bay, he assigned a Turkish corvette for his conveyance thither; and in the presence of our travellers, gave orders to stow the vessel, not only with provisions, but with wine, knives, forks, chairs, and other conveniences not in common use among the Turks. Of this vessel, however, Dr. Clarke and Mr. Cripps availed themselves only so far as the Dardanelles, where they wisely abandoned it for a humbler skiff, which would afford a longer time for the investigation of the interesting coasts they were about to traverse.—In this part of his work Dr. Clarke receives very essential assistance from the manuscript journals of Mr. Morrit and Mr. Walpole, who, following the laudable example of Mr. R. Heber in the first volume, have enriched his notes with a variety of valuable information given with much candour and clearness, and supplying, in many instances, those points which our author was himself prevented from exploring. It would not, indeed, surprize us, if a practice should become fashionable, which, with so little trouble and so little appearance of responsibility, enables those minor tourists to appear in print, who formerly shrunk from the ordeal of criticism, or were unable to eke out their scanty memoranda to the legitimate standard of a quarto. We are really grateful to Dr. Clarke for the amusement and information which these contributions of his friends have afforded us, and it must be owned that he is himself a planet whose course no satellite need be ashamed to follow. But, as reviewers, we cannot conceal our fears that the example portends us no good; nor can we contemplate with an equable mind the possibility of Sir John Carr revolving round Mr. John Galt, or a whole German institute girding in frigid ring the Saturnian bulk of Professor Lichtenstein.

Our travellers set sail from Constantinople March 2, 1801: but before

before we attend their farther progress, we must rescue the industrious, and (with Dr. Clarke's good leave) the *accurate* Thevenot, from the charge of literary imposture, p. 58.—This charge has entirely arisen from confounding Jean Michel Thevenot with Jean Melchisedek his uncle, the latter of whom undoubtedly was no eastern traveller, and only professed, like Purchas and Hakluyt, to collect the labours of other men; but had Dr. Clarke referred to the Bibliotheca of Meuselius, (Analecta, tom. x. part 2, p. 171,) or the Memoirs of D'Arvieux, (an author of whose work he apparently knows only that part which is printed in La Roque's Travels,) he would have found sufficient proof that the nephew, Jean Michel, really travelled over many parts of the east, and died in Persia. Nor is the anecdote which Jean Michel relates of Mahomet the Second at all inconsistent with the circumstance inaccurately stated by Chishull. It was the lower jaw of *one* of the three twisted serpents in the Hippodrome which was shattered by the conqueror's battle-axe. In the year 1700, when De La Mottraye saw the pillar, there were only *two* heads remaining, and these were stolen during his abode in Constantinople by some unknown depredator, but who was generally suspected to be a servant, not of the Polish, but the imperial ambassador. We shall hear no more, we trust, of the fables and impostures of Thevenot.

Our travellers proceeded to the Dardanelles with a prosperous breeze and in safety, though the awkwardness of the Turkish seamen, who, on saluting the Seraglio with one-and-twenty guns, ran back from the noise of their own cannon, and confided the entire management of the ship to some French prisoners and Greeks, was not particularly adapted to set the minds of their passengers at ease. The Greeks, however, are by no means contemptible sailors, and, as we learn from Mr. Walpole's note, the great profits which they reaped, between the years 1790 and 1795, by carrying corn to France, excited a spirit of enterprize which filled the ports of Spezzia and Hydra (two small and barren islands on the eastern coast of the Morea) with many thousand tons of shipping. Vessels are to be seen navigated by Greeks carrying twenty-two guns. 'One of this size I met,' says Mr. Walpole, 'in the Archipelago, off Andros, in company with other smaller ships all sailing before the wind, with large extended sails of white cotton, forming a beautiful appearance.'

The entrance to the canal of the Hellespont from the sea of Marmora, though broader than the Thracian Bosphorus, has not the same degree of grandeur. Lampsacus, now dwindled to a village, is distinguishable by its windmill, but the wines of the district, exported from the neighbouring town of the Dardanelles, are still esteemed all over the Mediterranean. The site of ancient Sestos

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is identified by the Turkish name of Sest Tepe affixed to a tumulus on the shore; but the appellation of Gaziler Eschiesy, *the strand of the conquerors*, refers, undoubtedly, not to the Getic or Persian inroads, but to the landing of the Turks themselves, whose earliest European acquisition was the neighbouring fort of Coiridicastro, a memorable name, from the wretched pleasantries with which the mob of Constantinople consoled themselves for its loss. Our travellers received the usual civilities from the Pasha of the Dardanelles, (accompanied indeed with that hint in praise of *English pistols*, which is familiar to all who visit the Levant,) and enjoyed a delightful passage in an open boat down the Hellespont to Koum Kalè. The epithet (θλατυς Ἑλλησποντος) applied by Homer to this narrow frith, which has perplexed the greater part of his commentators and readers, is justified by Mr. Walpole in a short but valuable note, in which he proves from Hesychius and Aristotle de Meteoris, lib. iii. that θλατυς ought not to be rendered 'broad' but 'salt.' We readily join in the praise which Dr. Clarke bestows on this ingenious solution; but we are not, we confess, sufficiently expert in his mode of reasoning to comprehend how an epithet to which, in common with all other seas, the Hellespont is entitled, can convey any allusion to the *remarkable difference of colour* which he noticed between the clear brine of the Straits and the muddy embouchure of the Mender, on the left or western bank of which, on a spit of sand, occupied by the modern fort of Koum Kalè, Dr. Clarke first landed on the interesting plain of the Troad.

The following observations on its general character appear to us both novel and well founded.

'A peculiar circumstance characterized the topography of the cities of ancient Greece; and this perhaps has not been considered so general as it really was. Every metropolis possessed its citadel and its plain; the citadel as a place of refuge during war; the plain as a source of agriculture in peace. To this were some exceptions; as in the instance of Delphi, whose celebrity originated in secondary causes; but they were very few, and may be omitted. In the provinces of Greece, at this day, the appearance caused by a plain, flat as the surface of the ocean, surrounded by mountains, or having lofty rocks in its centre or sides, serves to denote the situation of ruins proving to be those of some ancient capital. Many of those plains border on the sea, and seem to have been formed by the retiring of its waters. Cities so situated were the most ancient; Argos, Sicyon, Corinth, are of the number. The vicinity of fertile plains to the coast offered settlements to the earliest colonies, before the interior of the country became known. As population increased, or the first settlers were driven inward by new adventurers, cities more mediterranean were established; but all of these possessed their respective plains. The physical phænomena of Greece, differing from those of any other country, present a series of beautiful

beautiful plains, successively surrounded by mountains of limestone; resembling, although upon a larger scale, and rarely accompanied by volcanic products, the craters of the Phlegræan fields. Everywhere their level surfaces seem to have been deposited by water, gradually retired or evaporated; they consist, for the most part, of the richest soil, and their produce is yet proverbially abundant.

'In this manner stood the cities of Argos, Sicyon, Corinth, Megara, Eleusis, Athens, Thebes, Amphissa, Orchomenus, Chæronea, Lebadea, Larissa, Pella, and many other. Pursuing the inquiry over all the countries bordering the Ægean, we find every spacious plain accompanied by the remains of some city, whose celebrity was proportioned to the fertility of its territory, or the advantages of its maritime position. Such, according to Homer, were the circumstances of association characterizing that district of Asia Minor, in which Troy was situated.'—p. 73.

It is not to be supposed, (Dr. Clarke very sensibly proceeds to observe,) that a plain so favoured by nature as that watered by the Meuder and backed by the ridge of Casdagby, should afford a solitary instance in which these advantages had not attracted settlers; and the voice of antiquity is unanimous in assigning to this very region the city whose misfortunes afforded a theme to the most interesting poem in the world. The existence and the history of such a city, which the genius of Homer has expanded and adorned, would never, we think, have been the subject of doubt, had not such doubts arisen partly from the imperfection of our modern maps, which pervert even those stronger features of nature to which every poet is anxious to accommodate his fiction; and partly, we apprehend, from a mistake which is common both to the assailants and defenders of the veracity of Homer, who have on the one side judged a fiction grounded on fact, with the same severity which would have been applicable to a chronicle of the facts themselves, and on the other hand, have attempted to warp and bend the objects of nature into compliance with the details of a poetic Mythos. For although a real poet is naturally anxious to avail himself of interesting and well known scenery and a story already hallowed by tradition, yet it is only so far as they suit his purpose that either tradition or topography will be adhered to; and it is surely preposterous to expect that in a poem, so long, so varied, and so busy as that of Homer, he should exactly conform to the sober rules of the annalist, or the land-surveyor. If the place assigned for the Grecian camp be, as is asserted, one which before the time at which the action of the Iliad begins, must have destroyed them by disease,—instead of doubting, with Bryant, that the Greeks ever landed in the Troad at all,—it is surely safer to suppose that this is an instance in which, from some unknown and to us very immaterial cause, the

the poet has departed from the truth of history. If, in the same manner, the probable site of ancient Ilium should be ill adapted to the progress of Achilles' chariot round its walls,—if the fountains mentioned by Homer are a little farther from the city than his narrative implies,—or if no such fountains be discoverable in that immediate neighbourhood,—the answer ought to be that Homer is a poet, not an historian,—that the insolence of Achilles and the tepid spring of the Scamander were characteristic and common features of the age and country which he paints,—and that, in the words of Aristotle, a poet is not tied down to facts, but only to probabilities. It was the general opinion of antiquity, that Homer had in many respects departed from the truth of history in the action of his poem. Nor can any reason be assigned why he should not, by an equal privilege, have omitted, or softened, or altered such features of the scenery as interfered in his opinion with the effect or coherence of his narration. His sparing mention of rivers, which his warriors must have forded twice a day, and which must have materially impeded the advance of the Trojan chariots from the mound of the plain to the Grecian intrenchment, is a proof that he did not think it necessary, like some of his admirers, to ascertain his distances with the chain or the theodolite, or to transfer to poetry the trembling accuracy of a witness on a boundary cause. But while a poet himself is seldom thus particular, it is the privilege of poetry to bestow even on imaginary scenery, the minuteness and liveliness which conveys the idea of accuracy,—and if only the general features of his picture are correct, the zeal of his admirers in after-ages will not fail to assign a local habitation to even the wildest of his fictions. The sexton of Melrose has already begun to point out the tomb of Michael Scott, as described in the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and though the main outlines of Homer's picture are probably copied from nature, yet we doubt not that many of those objects to which Strabo refers, instead of affording subjects for the bard to describe, derived, in after-days, their name and designation from his description.

But though we do not apprehend that such topographical investigations will add in any material degree to the interest or clearness of the Iliad, yet we esteem the investigation of the Troad as important as any inquiry can be which is purely antiquarian, and feel anxious to do justice to Dr. Clarke's opinions and discoveries, which we shall present, if possible, to our readers in a less perplexing shape than that of his narration. For it must not be concealed, that partly from the minuteness of the watch-paper map to the scale of which he has compressed the greater part of Priam's monarchy; partly from his caprice in omitting the accustomed index which in other maps directs us to the cardinal points; and still more

more from the doubt and hesitation with which he differs from the opinions of former travellers, he has involved his facts in an obscurity which they do not deserve; nor are the insane wanderings of Io more difficult to unravel than our author's excursion from Koum Kalè.* With some trouble we have, we flatter ourselves, at length succeeded, and it may encourage others to employ some portion of the pains which we have done, when we express our impartial opinion that, whether we consider the number and importance of the ruins discovered; the good sense and good fortune which have guided Dr. Clarke's inquiries; or the remarkable coincidence of their result with the descriptions of Strabo and Pliny; the present tour may seem to constitute an era in the topography of the Ilienian plain, and to have restored a clue for tracing its antiquities which had been lost for above a thousand years. There are two points on the coast of the Troad which may be considered as data on which all its inquirers are agreed. The first of these is the Sigeian promontory, a natural feature too remarkable to be mistaken, and which is identified with Cape Yanizari. The second is the tomb of Ajax, ascertained by its distance, as given by Pliny, of thirty stadia to the eastward of the former; and as being the only conspicuous tumulus on the shore between Koum Kalè and the Dardanelles. Between these points, and extending from the latter to the embouchure of the Mender, is the beach which tradition or fancy has uniformly assigned for the port and encampment of the Greeks. The region, however, immediately in front of this station, and lying to the east of the Mender, had, down to the date of Dr. Clarke's excursion, been very imperfectly explored. Pococke, who traversed its coast from the Dardanelles to Koum Kalè, and had therefore the best opportunity of identifying the points mentioned by Strabo, though he notices the probable situation of Ophrurium and the Ptelean pool, hurries with apparent indifference over the tract just mentioned; and Chandler, though in an excursion from Sigeium he advanced in the very direction of Palaio Callifat, and noticed a conical hill at the foot of Ida, which he conceived to be the Callicolone, stopped short, as by fatality, at the very moment of discovery, and abandoned the unfinished adventure to a more fortunate, or more persevering inquirer. In the days, indeed, of Chandler and Pococke, mankind were content to admire the beauty of Homer's painting, without caring what particular hillock sate to

* Dr. Clarke has some amusing observations on this subject, p. 164.—We, of course, cannot contest with him the accuracy of the epithet ὑέρικες as applied to the Cuban;—but we really cannot bring ourselves to believe that when 'Æschylus wrote geographically he had reference to better documents than modern maps,'—or that when he conducts his afflicted heifer down the Indus to the Cataracts of the Nile, he is stating the 'result of his own practical observations.'

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him for its portrait; and the controversy, first awakened by the venerable Bryant, had not affixed to every streamlet of Priam's empire, a consequence which, in the eye of the philosopher, even now perhaps it hardly possesses. The later tourists also, since Chevalier by mischance first stumbled on Bournabaschi, have found it so much easier to tread in his steps than to seek out a road for themselves, that they have been occupied in the vain attempt to reconcile contradictions on the western bank of the Mender, instead of invading the regions eastward, the *ακηρατον λειμωνα*

Ενθ' ὑτε ποιμην αξιος φερβειν ϵοτα
Ουδ' ηλθε των σιδηρος.

—Yet it is undoubtedly in this direction that Strabo has taught us to expect the most important discoveries. 1st. In a commanding situation, immediately above the Grecian camp, two miles and a half from the embouchure of the Scamander, and one mile and a half in a direct line from the sea, stood the city of New Ilium, which Lysimachus fortified, and which afterwards became a Roman colony. But, 2dly, forty stadia, or five miles eastward of New Ilium, was a remarkable hill, which even in the days of Strabo retained its Homeric appellation of Callicolone, and whose base was watered by the Simoïs. And it was between these two points, ten stadia from the Callicolone, and thirty from New Ilium, that the village stood which was supposed to mark the site of the ancient capital of Priam.

The ruins which Dr. Clarke discovered at Palaio Callifat, he has undoubtedly good reason for calling those of New Ilium. By his map, indeed, they are too far removed both from the sea and the embouchure of the Mender,—and if they are, as he asserts, only three miles and three quarters from the woody and conspicuous Beyan Mezaley—it is impossible that this last can be the Callicolone, which, as Strabo expressly states, was at the distance of forty stadia. Nor is the Callifat Osmak, which is undoubtedly the Simoïs, sufficiently near the Beyan Mezaley. But we know too well the unavoidable inaccuracy of a map taken by an unpractised eye, to lay any great stress on these difficulties; and for the identity of Palaio Callifat with New Ilium there are other evidences to be drawn from Strabo's description. Immediately behind the city, a ridge of high land had its beginning which divided the Scamandrian or exterior, from the Simoïsian or interior plain, a circumstance which exactly corresponds with the limestone range traversed by Dr. Clarke, and supposed by him, with great plausibility, to be the *θρωσμος πεδιοιο*, where Homer encamps his Trojans. We have no doubt it will be found to communicate with those hills which our travellers crossed between Thymbrik and Tchiblak, and that the tumulus

tumulus which they noticed on their south-eastern slope is really the tomb of Ilus. We should wish then future travellers to ascertain, whether the ruins of Palaio Callifat be not in fact a mile or a mile and a half nearer to Sigeium than Dr. Clarke has laid them down, and proportionably farther from the Beyan Mezaley. Or if his estimate of the respective distances should be correct, whether there are any evidences that the sea has receded since the time of Strabo;* or what probabilities may appear that New Ilium extended itself towards Sigeium sufficiently to account for the discrepancy, by supposing that the twenty furlongs were measured from its western extremity. We should also be anxious to know the vicinity of the Callifat Osmak to the Beyan Mezaley, and whether there be not some hill, a mile and a quarter beyond the later, which has equal or better claims to the character of the Callicolone. In this last case it will become extremely probable that the Beyan Mezaley,—evidently the object of peculiar veneration,—and resembling, as Dr. Clarke informs us, 'the Castle Hill at Cambridge,' is the Acropolis of ancient Troy. At all events, if this last be ever ascertained, it must be by the clue which he has furnished that such discovery will be made.

Another addition which Dr. Clarke has made to our knowledge of the Troad, and one of the importance of which he is himself unconscious, is the ancient city whose ruins he visited, between Halil Elly and the shore, and which himself and his party were unable to reconcile to any previous account of the country. A reference to Strabo would, however, have convinced him that they could only belong to Rhæteium, which the best readings place at 70 stadia, in a direct line from the Sigeian promontory, and which must therefore have occupied the precise spot of these remains. This city has been in general absurdly placed, in utter defiance of Strabo's measurement, in the immediate vicinity of the tomb of Ajax; and even Dr. Clarke has dignified this latter spot with the name of the Rhæteian promontory, and the tomb itself with that of Aianteium. A comparison, however, of Pliny with Strabo will prove, 1st, that Aianteium was not a name applied to the tomb itself, but was that of the adjoining town; 2dly, that this town, though subject to Rhæteium, was distinct from it, being only thirty stadia from Sigeium, while the other was at least twice the distance: 3dly, that an open tract of beach, ηιων αλιτενης, intervened between Rhæteium and Aianteium, and answers precisely to the heathy country which Dr. Clarke traversed in his way to the former.

Our author speaks doubtfully as to the course of that river which

* This appears unlikely, since the tomb of Ajax is now as near the shore as ever, and the current of the Hellespont would clear away all deposits of the Mender.

he

he forded between Thymbrik and Tchiblak, and which the author of the history of Ilium supposed to be the Simoïs of Homer. If it fall into the Mender at the common embouchure above Koum Kalè, it is marvellous that he did not observe it from the lofty situation of Palaio Callifat; yet the nature of the country evidently appears to allow it no other issue. As to its joining the Mender near Tchiblak, it is an utterly preposterous notion; since the country has a regular fall from the Ida to the west, and since, if it joined any river there, it must be the Callifat Osmak, in which case our travellers must have forded it not once but twice. Its embouchure may therefore, we presume, be confidently placed in the spot assigned by our author's map; and we strongly recommend it to the examination of future travellers, since there is a passage in Pliny which leads us to infer that it is a stream of far more renown than the Θυμβρειος ποταμος of Strabo.

Besides a navigable stream to which Pliny gives the name of Scamander, and which he describes as falling into the Ægean sea, to the south of the Sigeian promontory, he enumerates three rivers as falling into a common æstuary: these are the Palæ-Scamander, the Simoïs, and the Xanthus. In the language of men, the Xanthus was, in the days of Homer, also called Scamander; so that within the space of a very few miles we have three rivers with one common appellation. From this fact, some interesting conclusions will follow. 1st, It is probable that the name of Minder, Mendar, Mæander, or Scamander, (for they are evidently the same word,) was, in the ancient language of Asia Minor, either generic for all rivers, or, at least, descriptive of some quality in which many were partakers.

2dly, By the supposition of a double or treble Scamander, many of those difficulties will be removed, which have in every age perplexed the critics of Homer and the topographers of the Troad:—but, 3dly, There being two Scamanders and one Simoïs in the immediate neighbourhood of Ilium, a question will arise, which of the three rivers was Simoïs, and which of the other two was that Scamander which Homer most frequently mentions, and which he distinguishes by its *divine* title of Xanthus? There are reasons for supposing, that (if Troy stood where Strabo places it) the modern Mender can have been neither the Xanthus nor Simoïs of Homer.

1st, Whoever compares Dr. Clarke's map with the account of Strabo, will observe that the direct way for the Greeks to advance against Troy, was, after crossing that river which we will still call the Thymbrik, to incline to the east with the Callifat Osmak to their right. If they had crossed the Callifat Osmak, they would have left Troy behind them, and have incurred the greatest

greatest hazard of being cut off from their ships. It is not necessary to be a soldier to understand this danger; and the warriors to whom Homer sung would surely have scouted such an improbability. It was however between the streams of Simoïs and Xanthus that the greater part of Homer's battles were fought, and the mound of the plain and the tomb of Ilus were situated; the Mender therefore can be neither of these. Again, if the least stress is to be laid on the descriptions of Homer, it is plain that no river could intervene betwixt Troy and *his* Scamander or Xanthus; for otherwise no fountain near the walls of Troy could arise, or be supposed to arise from the Scamander, or to have any connection with that river; but between Strabo's Ilium and the Mender, the Callifat Osmak flows: on this account too, the Mender is then excluded.

2dly, The Scamandrian plain, where the Grecian army mustered was, of course, the nearest to the ships. It is also called the exterior plain by Strabo, as the Simoïsian is called the interior plain, and this is sufficient evidence that, of the two remaining rivers, the Callifat Osmak is the Simoïs.

3dly, The plain immediately before the Grecian port is called Scamandrian, not very accurately, if the Scamander only bounded one extremity, and that the farthest from Troy; but with good reason, if a river indifferently called Xanthus or Scamander watered it in its whole length.

4thly, When Achilles cuts off the retreat of the Trojan fugitives, and obliges one party to rush to the fords of Xanthus, it is apparent from the circumstances of the story, that those who were thus overtaken were flying, as they naturally would fly, towards their city. But neither the Mender nor the Callifat Osmak answer to this description, for neither of them are in the track from the ships to Ilium. On the whole, it may be thought, on an attentive comparison of Pliny, Strabo, and Homer, that of the three rivers, which fall into the Sigeian æstuary, the principal and most westerly, is the Palæ-Scamander of Pliny; the Callifat Osmak, the Simoïs: and that the third, now called the Thymbrik, was the Xanthus of Pliny and the Xanthus and Scamander of Homer.

We foresee two objecons to our hypothesis:—first, that Strabo places the Scamander on the Sigeian side of the Simoïs; but, (not to mention that there are readings of Strabo which reverse this order,) if we suppose him to be speaking of the Palæ-Scamander, his account will not interfere with our ideas; and of the Xanthus he says nothing. The second is, that if the Grecian camp had been thus guarded by a river, they need not have built their wall. But whatever were the name, if such a stream flows there, the difficulty will be the same: however called, it is probably fordable;

able; and, above all, the wall is generally allowed to be an invention of Homer's. As to the passage which Dr. Clarke advances (Iliad, K. 499.) we cannot, we confess, decide on the imaginary station from which Homer supposed himself to survey his own battles; but we never read that passage without a strong impression, that it was to the left of Ajax and the Grecian army, that Hector was lopping off the heads of warriors; and that the Scamander, on whose brink these exploits were performed, was consequently to the left of the Simoïs. After all, till we have more accurate maps, we must be content to remain in doubt; but our hypothesis is at least consistent with the account of Pliny, and the sketch which Dr. Clarke has furnished: and whatever further light is thrown upon the subject must redound still more to the credit of the observer, who first awakened the attention of antiquaries to the eastern bank of the Mender.

It is almost needless to remark, that if the observations of the present volume be correct, the hypotheses, the plans and drawings of Chevalier and his associates, have all been labour in vain, and Bornabaschi, with its fabled springs, (for the cold spring appears to have existed in description only,) must relapse into its original obscurity. We have felt, we confess, a sort of invidious satisfaction at the ludicrous distress of so many laborious inquirers, whose cobweb intrenchments our lively traveller has, like the bee in Swift's Battle of the books, with so much ease, and almost without intending it, overthrown. The passage in the Iliad, however, on which their opinion rested, perplexed the critics so long ago as the time of Strabo, who notices its difficulty, and proceeds to mention that 'in this place (meaning the Pagus Iliensium) there was no hot spring; and that the source of Scamander was not here but in the mountain.' We forget whether Bryant has noticed this passage; but it is singular, that (setting aside all the other objections to Bornabaschi) the very circumstance of its tepid spring is sufficient to prove that this is not the place which antiquity considered as the site of Troy.

We regret that our limits forbid us to do justice to Dr. Clarke's excursion to the source of the Mender and the summit of Casdaghy:—to the perils which he endured in ascending the latter, and the awful and romantic scenery which surrounds the first. The costume and sandals of the Idæan peasants convey, even at the present time, no bad impression of the ancient Phrygian habit and the subjects of Æneas; and their wicker carts, as Chandler had previously noticed, are nearly on the model of the classic ἅμαξος. Their manners are interesting and hospitable, and the furniture and ample chimneys of their dwellings appeared to Dr. Clarke (to whom the study of Gothic antiquity is, as will be afterwards shewn, by no means familiar) the protoypes of the furniture and arrangement

ment noticed in the ancient mansion-houses of his own country. In truth, however, both the one and the other are the natural architecture of countries abounding in wood, the obvious ornaments of a nation of hunters and warriors, and are sufficiently accounted for by the similarity of habits and necessities, without sending the crusaders to Phrygia to learn the form of a chimney, or the manner of hanging up a spear on the wall. It is, however, a favourite practice with our author to confront the practices of distant countries even on points where it is almost impossible they should differ. Thus, he is not satisfied with telling us that Bonabaschi means in Turkish 'the head of the springs,' without assuring us that places in Wales receive their appellations from similar causes. The fact, no doubt, is true; but surely it was not worth carrying from Pen-tre-fynnin to Phrygia, since all countries that we ever visited have the custom of naming places from some feature of art or of nature: Dr. Clarke may himself have heard of an ancient city named from its bridge over the Cam; and his road to London must have occasionally conducted him through the village of *Foulmire*.

To return from this digression:—In this secluded district, (not Foulmire, but Ida,) the ancient cities of Palæ Scepsis and Æneia retain their classical names almost unaltered; and, at the latter place, a tumulus, of the largest size, would appear, from its name Ene Tepe, to cover the ashes of Æneas. The altars and temple of the Idean Jupiter, some of the features of which are so rude as to be almost Druidical,—are found on a hill called Kutchunlu Tepe,—and the whole of this beautiful region is filled with ruins of every age and style of architecture, from the noblest Doric of classical times, down to the hermitage of the middle ages. Gargarus, at the time of Dr. Clarke's visit, was covered with snow, and of dangerous access; but later in the year Lord Aberdeen ascended it without difficulty. It commands a noble prospect of great part of Asia Minor, and its roots approach so near the Adramyttian Gulph, that the regular caravan track from Adramyttium to Abydos still runs (as stated by Herodotus) on its north-eastern side. Dr. Clarke, however, is guilty of a small inaccuracy in supposing that tigers are found among these wilds. The lynx is probably found there; but the tiger, we apprehend, could not endure a climate so severe. Our traveller returned to the coast by the baths of Lydia Hamam, and by Alexandria Troas, in the neighbourhood of which latter city he discovered a fallen column of granite whose gigantic proportions, resembling those of Pompey's Pillar at the Egyptian Alexandria, induced him to refer both the one and the other to the common founder of both cities, whose statue they might be intended to support.

From Alexandria Troas he returned to the Dardanelles, and

after again experiencing the hospitality of the Pacha, embarked for Egypt.

Some particulars respecting Alexandria Troas are added in a note by Mr. Walpole, none of which, however, are such as to demand insertion here, though they are evidently the observations of a vigorous mind, and one in no common degree familiar with the authors and manners of antiquity. He spells his Turkish names most incorrectly. Mr. Heber, in his Crimean Journal, has been guilty of some similar inaccuracies, which are, indeed, the common traps for those who write from the ear; nor should we have noticed them except to contrast the superior correctness which generally distinguishes Dr. Clarke's eastern orthography, and to recommend that all who visit a country, should, at least, take the pains of mastering its *characters*.

A voyage down the Archipelago is likely to present but little that is new; its islands are nearly as well known to the generality of readers as those of Mull or Staffa, nor is much amusement to be expected from the repetition of the same manners and scenery which are given by every traveller from Tournefort downwards, or even from the addition of a few mutilated inscriptions to the stock already in hand. Yet even a country thus generally known may derive an interest from the manner in which it is painted; and the enthusiasm and eloquence of the following passage have not been often exceeded by the ablest masters of description.

'Whether in dim perspective, through grey and silvery mists, or amidst hues of liveliest purple, the isles and continents of Greece present their varied features, nor pen, nor pencil, can pourtray the scenery. Whatsoever, in the warmest fancies of my youth, imagination had represented of this gifted country, was afterwards not only realized, but surpassed. Let the reader picture to his conception an evening sun, behind the towering cliffs of Patmos, gilding the battlements of the Monastery of the Apocalypse with its parting rays; the consecrated island, surrounded by inexpressible brightness, seeming to float upon an abyss of fire; while the moon, in milder splendor, is rising full over the opposite expanse. Such a scene I actually witnessed, with feelings naturally excited by all the circumstances of local solemnity; for such indeed might have been the face of Nature, when the inspiration of an Apostle, kindling in its contemplation, uttered the Alleluias of that mighty Voice, telling of SALVATION AND GLORY AND HONOUR AND POWER.'—p. 194.

On the eastern face of Samos, a vast and awful mountain, a lambent flame is sometimes seen to hover in stormy nights, visible at a very considerable distance, and serving as a natural beacon in the dangerous channel of Bocaze.

The inhabitants of the island have often climbed their rocks in search

search of this miraculous phanar, but have uniformly failed to find it. The place, indeed, where it appears to rise, (two-thirds of the height of the precipice,) must be, in bad weather, almost inaccessible. 'It is probably,' as Dr. Clarke observes, 'one of those exhalations of ignited hydrogen gas found in many parts of the world, and always most conspicuous in hazy and rainy weather.' It is, however, the only instance we know of a beneficent 'will-o'-the-whisp.' At Cos, now Stanchio, the noble plane tree which has been the admiration of all tourists for the two last centuries, still exists, though with diminished beauty, and the warm chalybeate springs recal the memory of Hippocrates. Here Dr. Clarke discovered an interesting bas-relief which he supposed to represent the nuptials of Neptune and Amphitrite, though, from his own description, it is apparent that they can be only those of Bacchus and Ariadne. It is strange, indeed, that he should have been mistaken in a case so obvious. Even Tooke's Pantheon, we apprehend, would have told him that Bacchus was sometimes represented with a beard; and that the thyrsus, the satyrs, the bacchanals, and the tiger, could have no possible reference to any of the marine deities. The following note, however, it would be unjust to suppress, both as it enables us to appreciate Dr. Clarke's unassisted exertions in acquiring those most important antiquities which he has added to our national stock, and as it may throw additional light on the spirit manifested by a virtuoso of higher rank and greater advantages, at whose approach, if ever, since the days of Alaric,

'Mæstum illacrymat templis ebur, æraque sudant!'—

'The removal of this precious relique, to any of the museums of Europe, must be a desirable object with every civilized nation. It is an honour reserved for some more favoured adventurers. The only power we possessed of adding to the stock of our national literary treasures, was due to our industry alone. The aid our national situation, with regard to Turkey, might then have afforded, was studiously withheld. An absolute prohibition was enforced, respecting the removal of any of the antiquities of the country, excepting by the agents of our own Ambassador at the Porte. Mr. Gell, author of "The Topography of Troy," &c. was actually interdicted making drawings within the Acropolis of Athens. While I must lament the miserable policy of such a measure, and a loss affecting the public, rather than ourselves as individuals, I can only add, that every exertion is now making towards rescuing from destruction, not only the valuable monument here alluded to, but also many other important objects of acquisition lying scattered over the desolated territories of the Turkish empire. To a *British Minister* at the Porte, their removal and safe conveyance to *England* would be the work merely of a wish expressed upon the subject to the Capudan Pacha; and for the measures necessary in removing them from their present place, no injury would be sustained by the

fine arts, *in the dilapidation of any Grecian building.*—English travellers, distinguished by their talents, illustrious by their rank, and fortunate in their wealth, are now traversing those regions, to whom every instruction has been given that may facilitate and expedite their researches; it is hoped success will attend their promised endeavours to enrich their nation by the possession of such valuable documents.'—p. 211, Note.

The following particulars, furnished by Mr. Walpole as to the present condition of the Greek peasantry, are interesting, and in a great measure new.

'A Greek labourer receives from thirty-five to forty paras a day, nearly fifteen pence: he works only two-thirds of the year; the other third consists of holidays. During the four fasts, of which that in Lent is the most strictly observed, he eats shell-fish, caviar, (the roe of sturgeon,) pulse, and anchovies.

'I observed but few Greek villages in Asia Minor: the Greeks all seek the great towns, to avoid more easily the different means of oppression resorted to by the Turkish Governors; whose short residence in their provinces is spent, not in countenancing or furthering any improvement or plans of amelioration in the condition of those subject to them, but in exacting every thing they can, to repay themselves for the sum which the Porte takes from them; and in carrying away what wealth they are able to amass. It is difficult to ascertain what sum any given province pays annually to the Porte; but a near conjecture may be made, by adding the *Haratch* (capitation-tax) to the sum which the Governor stipulates to pay every year.

'The Turks, as far as my experience carried me, shew no disposition to molest or offend a traveller. Something contemptuous may at times be observed in their manner. But a great change for the better, in their general deportment, is to be attributed to their never being now exasperated by the attack of corsairs or pirates on the coast.

'No people living under the same climate, and in the same country, can be so opposite as the Greeks and Turks. There is in the former a cringing manner, and yet a forwardness, disgusting to the gravity and seriousness of the latter. The Turks treat the Armenians, who conduct themselves generally with great propriety and decorum, with much less harshness than they shew to the Greeks. The present condition is certainly not the most favourable point of view for considering the character of the Greeks; and their faults, which are those of their unfortunate situation, would disappear under more favourable circumstances, and a different government. When in office and authority, they are not so devoid of insolence to their countrymen, as might be wished. The *codja-bashis* in the Morea are, many of them, tyrannical to the other Greeks. The treatment which the Jews experienced at their hands, in the time of the Greek empire, is that which the Greeks now meet with from the Turks. "No one," says Benjamin of Tudela, "dares to go on horseback, but the Imperial physician; and the Jews are

are hated in the town by all the Greeks, without any regard to their good or bad character.'—p. 186.

Some vestiges of ancient superstition, driven from the temples, are still, as in other countries, preserved in the wakes and village merriment of Greece and Asia; and the god Silenus, represented by a fat old man, adorned with garlands, is annually drawn in a car, through the streets of Rhodes, at Easter.

The inhabitants of Syme and Nizyrus, who are principally maintained by the occupation of diving for sponges, are well known to be almost amphibious. When the antiquities amassed by Lord Elgin were sunk in the bay of Cerigo, some of these men succeeded in preserving a part of them by penetrating to the ship's hold in ten fathom water, and driving large iron bolts into the cases, to which cords were afterwards attached. The courtship of these Tritons is of a kind which would have delighted the whimsical author of the Telliamede.—'When a man of any property intends to have his daughter married, he appoints a certain day, when all the young unmarried men repair to the sea-side, where they strip themselves in the presence of the father and his daughter, and begin diving. He who goes deepest into the sea, and remains the longest under water obtains the lady.'

Mr. Morrit, in an interesting note, which makes us wish for more of his communications, adds some particulars respecting Halicarnassus and Cnidos, together with a plan of the latter city. This celebrated region of Asia had for many years been little explored, and the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Glaucus, now Macri Bay, which was the next point of Dr. Clarke's inquiry, was till then almost untrodden by the foot of science. Its pestiferous air, indeed, and the danger and difficulty of its access are sufficient to deter even the hardiest adventurer; but the inducements which it offers are almost as lamentably strong. The ruins of Telmessus are as little known as they are remarkable, and the objects of nature which surround them, are, as we infer from Dr. Clarke's representation, of the wildest and most awful kinds. Its theatre, which like most ancient works of this sort, is adapted to the sloping side of a mountain, is, indeed, considerably less than those of Satara or Alexandria Troas, but is characterized by a certain dignity both of site and proportion, which produces an effect on the mind almost unparalleled. Some of the stones used in its construction are nine feet long and three wide, by two in thickness:—and the impost or lintel of the principal door of entrance is a single slab of ten feet seven inches. These enormous masses are placed on one another without cementation or grooving, and such is the labour lavished on the exterior, that every stone is sculptured in regular

parallelograms formed by bevelling the edges. In another part of the incumbent mountain is a remarkable cave, apparently adapted to that oracular imposture for which Telmessus, in ancient times, was famous; the neighbouring rocks are scooped into stupendous sepulchres resembling those of Thebes or Persepolis; and the whole district is full of colossal soroi or sepulchres, of whose dimensions, however, though he calls them prodigious, Dr. Clarke has not thought fit in any single instance to subjoin the measurement. Scales of distance or dimension imply more trouble than sketches made by eye, and the admiration of a rounded period; but though the state of Dr. Clarke's health at the time might, indeed, excuse some want of accuracy, we cannot but lament that he has given us the soros of Helen without enabling us to judge of its height even by the usual criterion of the human figure; and that his chart of the Gulf of Macri is unprovided with that scale and meridian without which all charts are useless.

Of the sepulchres in the solid rock, some presented ornamented frontals resembling the glass doors of a modern book-case, and the doors of such as admitted of entrance had been closed by square slabs of stone, so nicely adjusted as, when finished, to baffle curiosity. Within were square chambers with one or more receptacles for dead bodies, resembling baths, and neatly chisseled in the rock. But of far the greatest part, the entrance eluded research; and even where violence had penetrated by breaking the pannels of the rocky doors, the mystery of the original means of access remained unsolved. The tombs of the ancients, it is known, indeed, were not only the depositaries of a family's dead, but frequently the hiding place of its treasure; and the oriental tales of charms which had power to compel the grave to render up its trust, had their origin no doubt in the care with which, on the one hand, avarice sought to prevent intrusion, and the avidity, on the other, which such mysterious concealment was likely to produce.

The remains of antiquity are not the only inducements to visit Telmessus: eleven new species of plants were found by Dr. Clarke in its neighbourhood, four of which grew on a small conical island in the mouth of the harbour, to which, as it is not mentioned in any writers of antiquity, our travellers, with the honest pride of Englishmen at that eventful period, gave the name of Abercrombie's Island.

The vessel which conveyed Dr. Clarke arrived off Alexandria in the evening of the 16th of April. At first, we were startled, we confess at the military appearance of our author's 9th Chapter; the repetition of the often told tale of Aboukir and Alexandria, and the unusual phenomena of a coloured plate of the English orders

order of battle, and a plan of the disembarkation, more worthy both of them of the Regimental Magazine, than a work of science. A moment's consideration completely altered our sentiments; and we felt, that as to have been present in such scenes, and not to have related them, would have been in an Englishman impossible and unnatural, so the national and moral effect of Dr. Clarke's vigorous painting, rendered the present volume no unfitting vehicle for the gleanings of those events which have as yet been but very imperfectly described. Often as the landing of the 8th of March has been related, the following passage will not be found without its interest.

'Never was any thing conducted with greater regularity. The French, to their astonishment, as they afterwards often related, instead of beholding a number of men landing pell-mell, saw the British troops preserving a regular line, as they advanced in their boats, although the wind was directly in their teeth; and, finally, landing in regular order of battle, under the heaviest fire perhaps ever experienced. Shells, cannon-balls, and grape-shot, coming with the wind, fell like a storm of hail about them; yet not a soldier quitted his seat or moved, nor did a single sailor shrink from the hard labour of his oar. Not a musket was suffered to be charged, until the troops could form upon the strand. They were commanded to sit still in the boats; and this command, with inconceivable firmness, did these men obey; with the exception only of returning for each volley of shot from their enemies three general cheers, an effect of ardour in which their officers found it impossible to restrain them. The feelings of those who remained in the ships were not proof against such a sight. Several of our brave seamen wept like children; and many of those upon the quarter-decks, who attempted to use telescopes, suffered the glasses to fall from their hands, and gave vent to their tears.

'But the moment of triumph was at hand. For three long miles, pulling in this manner against the wind, did our brave tars strain every sinew. Several boats were sunk by the bursting of the shells, and about two hundred and seventy men were killed before they reached the shore. At length, with all their prows touching the beach at the same instant, the boats grounded. Then a spectacle was presented that will be ever memorable. Two hundred of the French cavalry actually charged into the sea, and were seen for a few seconds hacking the men in the boats: these assailants were every one killed. It was now about ten o'clock; and within the space of six minutes, from this important crisis, the contest was decided. The 42d regiment, leaping up to their middle in water, formed rapidly upon the shore; and with a degree of impatience nothing could restrain, without waiting to load their muskets, broke from the main line before it could be formed, and ran gallantly up the hill, sinking deep in the sand at every step they took. In this perilous situation a body of French cavalry pushed down upon them; but instead of being thrown into any disorder, they coolly received the charge upon the points of their bayonets; and the rest of the

the army coming up, routed the enemy on all sides. The French fled with the greatest precipitation. Our troops had been taught to expect no quarter, and therefore none was given, The wounded and the dying neither claimed nor obtained mercy; all was blood, and death, and victory.'—p. 277.

During an excursion to Rosetta our travellers had an opportunity of noticing the singular phenomenon of the mirage, reflecting, with all the clearness of a real lake, the towers and palm trees of the city, and so perfectly resembling water that our travellers anxiously inquired for the ferry which was to conduct them across. It is strange that such a circumstance is no where mentioned either by ancient or modern observers previous to the date of the French invasion, though it may, at times, and in a less degree, be witnessed on the plains of Hungary, and though many expressions in the eastern languages allude to it, as where the same word (Abel) is used to signify, '*a plain*,' '*vapour*,' and '*disappointment*.' They also observed that the sterility even of the desert is not every where incurable by industry; that, by digging, brackish water might be often found; and that, even where the inundation of the Nile does not extend, the bountiful dews supply, in no inconsiderable degree, the want of rain. Rosetta itself offers few remains of antiquity; one of the principal is a building of very uncertain date whose pillars and groined vault resemble the trunks and branches of the palm tree, a simple and striking ornament which affords, at least, a plausible hint for the origin of gothic architecture. The little island of Aboukir contains some remarkable ruins which Dr. Clarke, with good reason, conjectures to be a part of the ancient city of Canopus. The remainder is now covered by the waves, 'a memorable instance of the fate attending cities distinguished only by their vices.'

Cyprus, to which island our travellers were offered a passage by Captain Russel, of the Ceres frigate, is at present a most wretched country, exposed, by its situation between Syria and Egypt, to a species of sirocco from every quarter of the compass, to heat unmitigated, at least in its eastern regions, by trees or verdure, and to fevers more prevalent and fatal than are found on any other. These, indeed, are natural evils; and to suppose that the south-eastern parts, which Dr. Clarke traversed, ever exhibited those delightful scenes of lawns and groves which we associate with the name of the island of love and pleasure, and which the neighbourhood of Paphos may, perhaps, even at present share, is to indulge in fancies which neither reason nor the voice of antiquity sanctions: while to impute their having ceased to exist to Turkish oppression, is to ascribe to man, powerful as he is in works of evil, an influence over creation which providentially he does not possess. Yet the annual

annual farming of the government to the highest bidder has, it must be owned, a natural tendency to ruin a territory; and if it be true, which we can hardly credit, that the present population of a country so fertile, and equal in extent to one fourth of Ireland, does not exceed 60,000, no stronger instance can be found of a fruitful land becoming barren through the wickedness of those that govern it. Of those commodities which the oppression of its rulers still permits the Cypriots to cultivate, the quality, we are told, is excellent. The wines and fruits are the best in the world, and the wheat, though of the bearded kind, is very large and makes excellent bread. Enough and more than enough is told us in the present volume of the different substances on which the intaglios of the ancient Cypriots were carved; but the copper and gold mines which distinguished the island formerly, have apparently sunk into oblivion. The females of this country alone present that remarkable style of beauty which is imitated in Grecian statues, and which, since it does not exist in the Greek islands themselves, has been rashly pronounced imaginary. The dress of the courtezans still retains some traces of classical elegance; the richer dames encumber their beauty with a variety of ill-contrived ornaments.

But it is from its remains of antiquity that Cyprus is at the present day most interesting. It was, as Dr. Clarke has with considerable acuteness proved, the Chittim of Scripture; it was the seat of the earliest and some of the most flourishing Phenician colonies, and, as the point of junction between the east and west, it is here that we may best trace the passage of the Sidonian alphabets to Italy and Greece, or the transformation of the Syrian divinities Baal and Moloch into the Jupiter and Hercules and Apollo of classical mythology. What Dr. Clarke has given us on this subject, though short, is sensible: but he treats with too great reverence the laborious dreams of Athanasius Kircher, of whom even the learning has been overrated, and whose system, though he himself did not perceive it, had an inevitable tendency to pantheism. May the honest Jesuit rest in peace in his own mundus subterraneus, and may the volumes which he has built lie lightly on his ashes! he himself, if he were to return to life, would start and tremble at the cumbrous inanity of that system which modern philosophers have founded on his hypothesis. For ourselves, we could sooner pin our faith on the lawgivers of Laputa, than suppose that the warriors and statesmen of antiquity were only anxious about the sun's place in the ecliptic; that the priests of Egypt did nothing but carve almanacks on blocks of obsidian; or that the bards and historians of Israel spent their days and nights in allegorizing the signs of the zodiac into kings and

and conquerors. With this abuse of Kircher's doctrine Dr. Clarke has however no concern; his acuteness is too great, and his heart too good to favour such obliquity of intellect; and of the feeling and the eloquence displayed by him in the description of those scenes to which we are now hastening, the heart and powers of a mere modern philosopher are alike incapable.

Before, however, we forsake the shores of Cyprus, we have two observations to offer. 1st. The description of the male and female Centaur, which he gives us in his note, p. 328, as 'a Greek commentary on Gregory Nazianzen,' is in fact of greater authority than either he himself or Professor Porson was aware of. Mr. Gaisford, in his catalogue of the Clarkian MSS. has shewn by a reference to Lucian, that it is almost a verbal copy of a passage in the Zeuxis of that philosopher; and it is highly creditable to his sagacity that he has thus detected what even the memory of Porson had not retained.—2dly. If it be true that the cathedral of Nicosia is Gothic, we greatly doubt, whether even this will prove that style so old as the reign of Justinian. Allowing that emperor to be the original constructor of the edifice, there are so many instances in our own country where the heavy pillar of the Norman founder has been chipped into the slender fasciculated column, and the semicircular arch converted into the light triangular form of a later period, that it is more safe to ascribe such features in the present instance to the modernizing hand of the French and English artists under the family of Lusignan, than to suppose that Justinian in this one instance so widely departed from his favourite models of S. Sophia and the church of the sepulchre.

Our travellers returned to the coast of Egypt on the 16th of May, in time to witness the melancholy sight of the Iphigenia on fire. Two days afterwards they received another invitation from Captain Culverhouse of the Romulus, to accompany him on a mission to Djezzar Pacha at Acre, and on June 29, arrived in the harbour of this celebrated town.

Dr. Clarke begins his account of Acre with a pretty violent diatribe against the crusaders, a race of men whom we are not disposed to justify; but who, certainly, as appears from every history of the times, were not the mere savages that he imagines them to have been. If Dr. Clarke, who is evidently at present altogether unskilled in what we may call chivalrous reading, will consult either the authors contained in the Gesta Dei per Francos, or the Contemporary Romances, or so common a book as Henry's History of England, he will find that so far from the Franks bringing back to their own savage countries the refinements of the Saracens, there were many points in which these last might have been their pupils; that the

the engineers of Richard and Philip were capable of constructing engines of attack which would puzzle, and have puzzled the best mechanists of the present day:—that the architects of modern France have not been able to replace the bridge of Rouen which was built by the Empress Matilda; and that the cathedrals of Durham, Canterbury, and Old St. Paul's were already in existence, at the period which he conceived too barbarous to construct even that building whose poor remains he describes at Acre. Those who have supposed the arts of modern Europe to be derived from the Saracens by the crusaders, forget how few comparatively of these last returned to their native land, or how improbable it is that they should adopt the customs of a race with whom they had little intercourse save on the field of battle, and whose persons and practices they were taught to believe offensive to the Deity. After all the declamations which have been lavished against the Frankish and German conquerors of Rome, there is no good reason to suppose that they allowed those arts to retrograde which they found among their new subjects; and the deterioration which had taken place may be referred, as in the case of Constantinople, to the Romans themselves, and not their foreign invaders. The villas of Italy were, as Mr. Knight has proved, the models of the feudal castle: the basilica of the age of Constantine were not only imitated, but excelled by the cathedrals of the feudal period; the feudal princes used in their wars the same catapulta and balista which (when directed by Roman hands) had been unable to withstand their valour; and even the Latin of the Gothic ages, barbarous as it is, was very little deteriorated from that which was spoken by Augustulus and his subjects.

With such obvious sources of imitation before us in the west, it is mere idleness to seek for others in the eastern countries; and it is surely sufficient to account for those few instances of similarity which may be found between the Saracens and their invaders, by the fact that either people had derived whatever civilization they possessed from the same Roman empire of which they had subdued and colonized the opposite extremities. We have once for all observed thus much on a subject which Dr. Clarke has very often introduced, and we trust that our present observations may serve as a receipt in full for the tents,* the chimneys, and painted windows of both Franks and Moslems.

* Dr. Clarke might have recollected that the tents both of Turks and British bear a common resemblance to those on the principal monuments of Rome: and if he had taken the trouble to consult any traveller into Arabia, he would have seen that the aboriginal tent of the country is of a different construction from either.

At

At the time of Dr. Clarke's visit, Acre was under the authority of Djezzar Pacha, one of those strange studies of human character which are rarely to be witnessed except in those countries where the passions of men are allowed to take their course with small restraint from education, where courage and craft are the passports to rank and power, and cruelty the usual means of guarding that eminence which courage and craft have acquired. With high animal spirits, with a self-complacency resulting from the consciousness of power, and a cunning and jealousy which had become too habitual to be laid aside, even where he himself could apprehend no danger—fond of alluding to his own low origin, because it proved his talents, and to his own cruelty, because, while he was secure of the fears of his subjects he despised their hatred—*the Butcher* (for such, Dr. Clarke tells us, was his own translation of the word Djezzar) must have been (to those who had no reason to fear him) a singular and interesting picture of those tyrants of ancient times whom the influence of Christianity, which even the wicked feel, has almost extirpated from Europe. His real name was Ahmed, and he had risen from the situation of a slave to the rank of governor of Cairo, in which office, as he himself was fond of boasting, it was his custom to mingle in disguise among the multitude, and realize the stories which Arabian fiction ascribes to Haroun Alraschid. His haram was guarded with a concealment and mystery unusual in the east, and when he retired thither in the evening, he barred, with his own hands, the three massive doors which separated it from the rest of his palace. Of his wives, whose number was unknown, and whose seclusion was never violated, he was suspected to have murdered several; and his domestics and ministers of state had most of them lost an eye, an ear, an arm, or a hand from the sallies of their master's brutality. Dr. Clarke compares him to Herod; but they resemble each other in no respect but cruelty. The Jewish sovereign, however profligate and oppressive, had talents, or at least acquirements, far superior to those manifested by the Pacha; and the unbounded splendour and ostentatious munificence of the one, form a perfect contrast to the mean and miserly extortion of the other. Both were jealous husbands; but Herod's was the jealousy of a frantic lover, Djezzar's that of a jailor only. Both were proud; but the pride of Herod was displayed in great public works and costly buildings; that of Djezzar was the mere selfish sensation of power which a wild beast may be supposed to feel as he growls over his victim. The following is the account of Dr. Clarke's introduction to the Lord of Acre, of Sidon and of Galilee.

'We found him seated on a mat in a little chamber, destitute even of

of the meanest article of furniture, excepting a coarse, porous, earthenware vessel, for cooling the water he occasionally drank. He was surrounded by persons maimed and disfigured in the manner before described. He scarcely looked up to notice our entrance, but continued his employment of drawing upon the floor, for one of his engineers, a plan of some works he was then constructing. His form was athletic, and his long white beard entirely covered his breast. His habit was that of a common Arab, plain but clean, consisting of a white camlet over a cotton cassock. His turban was also white. Neither cushion nor carpet decorated the naked boards of his divân. In his girdle he wore a poignard set with diamonds; but this he apologized for exhibiting, saying it was his badge of office, as governor of Acre, and therefore could not be laid aside. Having ended his orders to the engineer, we were directed to sit upon the end of the divân; and Signor Bertocio, his dragoman, kneeling by his side, he prepared to hear the cause of our visit.

'The conversation began by a request from the Pacha, that English captains, in future, entering the bay of Acre, would fire only one gun, rather as a signal, than a salute, upon their arrival. "There can be no good reason," said he, "for such a waste of gunpowder, in ceremony between friends. "Besides," he added, "I am too old to be pleased with ceremony: among forty-three Pachas of three tails, now living in Turkey, I am the senior. My occupations are consequently, as you see, very important," taking out a pair of scissars, and beginning to cut figures in paper, which was his constant employment when strangers were present: these he afterwards stuck upon the wainscot. "I shall send each of you away," said he, "with good proof of old Djezzar's ingenuity. There," addressing himself to Captain Culverhouse, and offering a paper cannon, "there is a symbol of your profession:" and while I was explaining to the captain the meaning of this singular address, he offered me a paper flower, denoting, as he said, "*a florid interpretation of blunt speech.*" As often as we endeavoured to introduce the business of our visit, he affected to be absorbed in these trifling conceits, or turned the conversation by allegorical sayings, to whose moral we could find no possible clue. His whole discourse was in parables, proverbs, truisms, and Oriental apologues. One of his tales lasted nearly an hour, about a man who wished to enjoy the peaceful cultivation of a small garden, without consulting the lord of the manor, whenever he removed a tulip; alluding, perhaps, to his situation with reference to the Grand Signior. There was evidently much cunning and deep policy in his pretended frivolity. Apparently occupied in regulating the shape of a watch-paper with his scissars, he was all the while deeply attentive to our words, and even to our looks, anxious to discover whether there was any urgency in the nature of our visit; and certainly betraying as much ostentation in the seeming privations to which he exposed himself, as he might have done by the most stately magnificence. He was desirous of directing the attention of his visitors to the homeliness of his mode of living: "If I find," said he, "only bread

bread and water in another world, I shall have no cause of complaint, because I have been accustomed to such fare all my days; but those who have fared sumptuously in this life, will, I suspect, be much disappointed in the next." We spoke of the camp of his cavalry, then stationed near the town; and of the great preparations he seemed to be making against the Druses, and other rebel Arabs, with whom he was at war.' "It is not," said he, "the part of a wise man to despise his enemy, whatsoever shape he may assume. If he be but a pismire, there is no reason why he thould be permitted to creep upon your cheek while you are sleeping."'—pp. 368, 69, 70.

The climate of Acre is healthy, and its port, though insecure, the only tolerable one in this part of Syria. Few vestiges either of Greek or chivalrous antiquities remain, and of these fewer still were sought after by our travellers, who seem on this occasion to have abandoned their wonted spirit of research, as they only noticed three Gothic arches which the English sailors call 'King Richard's Palace,' and which are, without doubt, as Maundrell and Pococke represent them, the remains of the cathedral church of St. Andrew. Dr. Clarke indeed supposes it to have been the church of St. John Baptist, erected by the knights of Jerusalem, and grounds his opinion on certain human heads with distorted features represented in its cornice, and which resemble, as he assures us, the head of St. John as barbarously delineated 'in those rude paintings used as idols in the Greek church.' To this argument we have three circumstances to oppose;—first, that the building, to whatever saint it was dedicated, was undoubtedly not a Greek but a Latin place of worship; and we never observed such representations of *St. John*'s head among those of this last named religion. Secondly, That such heads, if, indeed, in the present instance they be not spouts, are no uncommon ornament in cathedrals, without any reference to decollation; and thirdly, that the patron of the knights hospitallers was not St. John the Baptist, but, as William of Tyre informs us, (lib. xviii. 5.) St. John the almsgiver, a Cypriot by birth, and patriarch of Alexandria. This mistake is the more necessary to be noticed, because Mosheim has fallen into it as well as Dr. Clarke, and it has, so far as we know, passed hitherto without correction. It is singular that the remains of this edifice should have been of late years so greatly dilapidated. According to Le Brun's engraving, the west front and the north side, as far as the transept, were in his time standing, presenting indeed a less splendid exterior than many contemporary buildings in France and England, but still a chaste and simple specimen of that style of Gothic which is generally referred to the middle of the thirteenth century. At present only three arcades remain.

During

During the stay of our travellers at Acre, an assault was made on them by the mob, which had nearly put a melancholy end to their progress; and which, when our author with much spirit had insisted on rousing the old 'Butcher from his noonday sleep,' in order to complain of the outrage, afforded them a tolerable specimen of his prompt method of executing justice. His visage, like that of Nebuchadnezzar, was changed with fury; and beckoning with one hand the officer on guard, by whose negligence the fray had occurred, and drawing his dagger with the other, it required all the entreaties of the English to prevent him from sheathing it in his breast. They at length succeeded in appeasing him, and on the third of July began their journey for Jerusalem under the escort of Signor Bertocino, Djezzar's interpreter, and eleven soldiers of his cavalry, and accompanied by so many pilgrims of the country as to form a numerous caravan. They forded the river Belus, which must therefore have a more northern source than most modern maps assign it, whose composers have in fact mistaken the passage in Pliny which assigns its origin to Carmel, which they have supposed to mean only the cape so called, while it was in fact the general name for the whole range of mountains thence to Lebanon. At a village on this range, named Sheffhamer, they passed the night, and the next day entered ancient Galilee. The land, though Djezzar's tyranny kept it uncultivated, is every where abundantly fertile; and thistles, which, as Dr. Clarke well observes, are a sure indication of natural wealth of soil, are here in more abundance and variety than he ever witnessed elsewhere. The mountainous district was indeed stony; but its valleys are described as equal to the finest parts of Kent and Surry; and the plain of Zebulon is covered with an exuberant and spontaneous vegetation. The prickly pear, with its gaudy blossoms and tremendous thorns, grows every where wild among the rocks, with a stem not inferior in girth to the mainmast of a frigate; and though the sun's rays were intense, the other plagues of hot countries do not molest the traveller in the Holy Land. At Sepphoris, now Sepphoury, they were conducted to a ruined Gothic church, which former travellers have noticed more slightly than it merits, under the name of the house of St. Anne; and rescued from the rubbish two pictures of great, though uncertain antiquity, which had *possibly* remained there since the overthrow of the house of Lusignan, and to which their Arabic inscriptions might seem to assign a still earlier origin. Yet this latter evidence is in truth delusory; the majority of the inhabitants of Galilee are now, and always have been, Christian; the pictures are in the style of painting now usual among the Greeks; and the vault where they were found may have served as

a chapel long after the desolation of the upper building. At all events the discovery is interesting, and the picture which Dr. Clarke has engraved, is apparently not without a share of other merit beside antiquity.

The dress of the Arabs, as in all countries where the climate and the general poverty set bounds to the caprices of fashion, remains the same as in the remotest ages. In the districts of the north they still 'bind the calf of the leg with the Tyrian cothurnus; and southwards with the classical and sacred sandal.' The raiment is of blue cotton, and the upper garment, of coarse camel's hair, is esteemed more valuable when 'without seam, and woven from the top throughout.' The females are not so carefully concealed as in Turkey; but partly from poverty and filth, and partly from ill-placed ornaments contrive to render their persons as disgusting as the barbarians of the South Seas. The querns, or handmills, are turned by two women sitting face to face; and a fountain, at a small distance from Nazareth, may be with good reason supposed to have been often frequented by the Virgin Mary, whose name it bears.

Nazareth, which Mr. Brown mentions as a respectable town, has, under Djezzar's government, dwindled to a village. It has a monastery of Franciscan Friars, and a handsome church, though degraded by the absurd impostures of the priests, who shew a cellar or subterraneous chapel as the house of Joseph and Mary. The friars have taught many of the neighbouring Arabs to speak Italian, and with some of these our travellers had a very interesting conversation. It was, as might be expected, full of complaints against the rapacious tyranny of their governors.—'One of them said, *beggars in England are happier and better than we poor Arabs.* Why better? said one of our party. *Happier,* replied the Arab who made the observation, *in a good government; better, because they will not endure a bad one.*' Nazareth is built on a hill; above the town is a precipice corresponding to that from which, as St. Luke relates, the infatuated countrymen of the Messiah sought to cast him headlong; and it commands a long and narrow valley opening to the east, though D'Anville has erroneously given it a different termination, and placed the city to the south-west of the hills which separate Galilee from the plains of Esdraelon.

From Nazareth, after a comfortless night, disturbed by every possible penance of vermin, noises, and apprehensions of the plague, which at that time was raging in the town, our travellers proceeded to Cana, among whose ruins they noticed many of those massy stone water-pots, once common in the country, holding each from eighteen to twenty-seven gallons. They were not preserved as relics, but lying about disregarded by the present inhabitants; and it is undoubtedly singular that the most prominent feature in the

the place should still correspond so remarkably to the miracle which our Saviour performed there. Between Cana and Turan basaltic phenomena are of very frequent occurrence; and from the summit of Hutin, the mountain which tradition points out as the scene of our Saviour's memorable sermon, a magnificent prospect is presented, which we shall give in the author's own words, premising only that a reference to D'Anville's map of Syria would have shewn him that Jebel el Sieh is the general name for the whole chain of (not Libanus, but) anti-Libanus, and is identified by Jerom with the scriptural Hermon.

'From this situation we perceived that the plain, over which we had been so long riding, was itself very elevated. Far beneath appeared other plains, one lower than the other, in that regular gradation concerning which observations were recently made, and extending to the surface of the sea of Tiberias, or sea of Galilee. This immense lake, almost equal, in the grandeur of its appearance, to that of Geneva, spreads its waters over all the lower territory, extending from the north-east towards the south-west, and then bearing east of us. Its eastern shores present a sublime scene of mountains, extending towards the north and south, and seeming to close it in at either extremity; both towards *Chorazin*, where the Jordan enters; and the AULON, or *Campus magnus*, through which it flows to the Dead Sea. The cultivated plains reaching to its borders, which we beheld at an amazing depth below our view, resembled, by the various hues their different produce exhibited, the motley pattern of a vast carpet. To the north appeared snowy summits, towering, beyond a series of intervening mountains, with unspeakable greatness. We considered them as the summits of Libanus; but the Arabs belonging to our caravan called the principal eminence *Jebel el Sieh*, saying it was near Damascus; probably, therefore, a part of the chain of Libanus. This summit was so lofty, that the snow entirely covered the upper part of it; not lying in patches, as I have seen it, during summer, upon the tops of very elevated mountains, (for instance, upon that of *Ben Nevis* in Scotland,) but investing all the higher part with that perfect white and smooth velvet-like appearance which snow only exhibits when it is very deep; a striking spectacle in such a climate, where the beholder, seeking protection from a burning sun, almost considers the firmament to be on fire.'—pp. 454, 455, 456.

Dr. Clarke is without authority, however, in fixing the temptation of our Saviour and the retirement of John, in the elevated plain north of this lake. Ænon and Bethabara, the places most frequented by the Baptist, are fixed, by Eusebius and Reland, not far from Scythopolis, at least fifty miles to the southward; and there is every reason to suppose that the wilderness, whither Jesus retired, was in the same vicinity, where he had received his baptism. But the northern parts of Galilee, and the borders of Trachonitis neither are, nor ever have been desert: the ancient name of *Sharon*,

ron, which, in common with many other districts, they bore, may be, perhaps, retained among the Christian Arabs; and this, to the ear of a learner, might easily sound like the Arabic word *Sahara*.

Some interesting particulars are added respecting the Druses, a race concerning whose origin many absurd notions have been propagated; and whose religion, though enveloped in mystery, is believed to retain, among other singular rites, the worship of the golden calf. They are a race, both in habits and physiognomy, distinct from the Arabs, and are highly spoken of for their probity and mildness of disposition. That they are a kindred people with the ancient Etruscans, Dr. Clarke has hazarded a conjecture in a note to p. 327; and it is certainly rendered probable by the manner in which Rauwolf spells their name. Dr. Clarke will find many hints, by no means unworthy his attention, in Hyde, (Relig. Vet. Persarum, p. 461.) who, though he often fails in critical acumen, had an acquaintance with eastern authors and manners which entitle his opinions to the highest deference, assisted as he was by the local knowledge of Chardin. Both in religion and dialect (Dr. Clarke does not seem aware that the Druses have a peculiar dialect) Hyde identifies them with the Curds, and asserts that the epithets of Yesidean, Curd, and Calb (quære, χαλυβες?) are given by the Turks to both. The nightly meetings and promiscuous intercourse of their Okkals, he confirms by the whimsical anecdote of a Syrian, who in disguise was present at one of them, but was detected by an indiscreet curiosity as to the age and beauty of the female (an old woman unluckily) who fell to his share in the blindfold scramble. Those singular fanatics, the assassins, were, according to him, of their number; and he finds them in Herodotus as inhabitants of Libanus, under the name of ΑΗΡΟΥΣΙΑΙΟΙ.

The hot baths near Tiberias are still frequented, and the *House of Peter*, as it is called, is possibly the most ancient place of Christian worship now standing in Palestine. The Christian inhabitants of the town are numerous, and there are Jewish families who pretend to have resided there ever since the days of Vespasian. The lake, six miles broad, and perhaps seventeen in length, is beautifully clear, and the fish, both here and in the Jordan, resemble those of the Nile. Our travellers were prevented from visiting mount Tabor by the war which then raged between its inhabitants and Djezzar, and they proceeded by Nazareth to the plain of Esdraelon, incurring by the way considerable risk of their lives through our author's impetuosity, and the stupidity or malice of one of their Arab conductors.

On the almost exhausted subject of Arabian manners, little that is new can be expected; and Dr. Clarke had no great opportunities of adding, from personal observation, any traits to the elaborate portraits

portraits of D'Arvieux and Niebuhr, though his illustrations of Scripture by the present habits of the country are here, as elsewhere, felicitous and striking. His party joined the camp of Djezzar's army, in the plain of Esdraelon; and here, for the first time, they experienced an attack of the dreadful simoom, or southern wind. Dr. Clarke's account of this memorable plain, which, though a solitude, he found like one vast meadow, covered with the richest pasture, together with his recapitulation of the different nations whose tents have been wet with the 'dews of Hermon,' is interesting and lively; but we are much surprised that he should speak of it as almost a new discovery, and as hitherto seldom noticed in books of travels. 'It does not,' he observes, 'occur in the ordinary route pursued by pilgrims in their journies to Jerusalem. These men have generally landed at Jaffa, and have returned thither, after completing their pilgrimage.' And of this, he assures us in a note, 'the reader may find amusing evidence in an extract from a MS. poem of the Cottonian library.—The last line will not easily be paralleled.

'At port Jaff begynn wee
And so frothe from gre to gre,
At port Jaff there is a place
Where Peter raysed thrugh Goddes grace
From dede to lif Tabitane,
He was a woman, that was her name.'

We cannot tell what weight he may assign to this golden legend, but we are very sure that landing at Jaffa is no proof that pilgrims were not in the habit of visiting Galilee. On the contrary, there is good proof that almost all the most intelligent pilgrims either landed at Acre or embarked from thence;—nor, if we begin with the earliest, and descend to the most recent age of eastern travel, is there any spot which Dr. Clarke has visited which had not been previously described by Brocardus the monk, Bartholomæus à Saligniaco, Zuallart, Antonio de Castillo, Le Brun, Maundrell, and Pococke. We mention these because we have referred to them; how many more have trod the same course we know not; nor what voyages, besides the silly publication of Châteaubriand, (which Dr. Clarke has the goodness to praise,) have omitted all mention of Samaria and Galilee. By Ginea, now Jinnin, the frontier town between Galilee and Samaria, and the town and Norman fortress of Santoni, which our author, with great probability, identifies with the ancient Sebaste, he proceeded to Sichem, now Naplouse, whose beautiful valley, with the tomb of Joseph, still held in reverence, and Jacob's well, ascertained by the circumstances of its situation, together with the various and awful associations which these objects recal, are painted with a force of

eloquence and feeling which do the highest honour to the writer's heart and genius. This is tempting ground; but our extracts have been already unreasonable, and our limits forbid us to linger even in these hallowed precincts.

The tyranny of Djezzar ended at Jinnin, and the milder government of the Pacha of Damascus was apparent in the diligent cultivation of the Samaritan vallies, and of the rugged mountains of Judea which they were now beginning to ascend. Dr. Clarke indeed has rendered a worthy service to the cause of truth, in repelling effectually, and we trust finally, the idle charge of sterility, which the ignorance of infidelity has so long advanced against the Holy Land, in contradiction to all ancient authorities, and to the united testimony of the best modern travellers.

'A sight of this territory can alone convey any adequate idea of its surprising produce: it is truly the Eden of the east, rejoicing in the abundance of its wealth. The effect of this upon the people was strikingly pourtrayed in every countenance: instead of the depressed and gloomy looks of Djezzar Pacha's desolated plains, health, hilarity, and peace, were visible in the features of the inhabitants. Under a wise and a beneficent government, the produce of the Holy Land would exceed all calculation. Its perennial harvest; the salubrity of its air; its limpid springs; its rivers, lakes, and matchless plains; its hills and vales;—all these, added to the serenity of its climate, prove this land to be indeed "a field which the Lord hath blessed: God hath given it of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine."'—p. 520.

The approach to 'the Holy City' is described with equal eloquence: its present size and even stateliness surprized them, and the Turkish seraskier, and the corpulent friars of the Latin convent received their English visitors with due respect and unbounded hospitality. The day after their arrival, having first dispatched the swarms of Jews and Armenians who besiege all new-comers with their merchandize of beads, crosses, shells, and amulets, (the latter of fetid limestone from the banks of the Dead Sea,) the party set out on their excursion to the holy places.

This is a very interesting part of the volume, and as Dr. Clarke has assumed the privilege of a Protestant and a Christian philosopher, to differ from the generally received opinion as to the most venerable of these places, we will endeavour to put our readers in possession of the question as it has hitherto stood; and while we do justice to the acuteness and good sense of Dr. Clarke's remarks, to state some circumstances which may seem to hold the question even yet in a state of uncertainty.

The interested mummery and gross ignorance of the guardians of such antiquities as Jerusalem might be supposed to furnish, have

have apparently omitted no circumstance of absurdity which might shake the credit of their own tradition, and, if that tradition had any foundation in truth, brand even truth itself with the external symptoms of falsehood. But as no reliques can be so interesting as these, it is at least worth an effort to separate whatever parts of the detail are least likely to have been falsified, from such as bear the evident stamp of priestcraft and superstition. The first and most remarkable, and one which it is of all others the most necessary to get rid of, is the pretended rock of Calvary. We know not on what authority the scene of our Saviour's execution has been described as 'a small hill without the city, resembling a human skull.' No such feature occurs in the accounts of the insurrection; nor in the details of the siege by Josephus is any mention made of a point whose military importance would be so obvious to both sides, and of course contested by both. Nor does St. Jerome, who, of all Christian writers, is most diffuse in his descriptions, afford any ground for such a supposition; he speaks of it in his commentary on St. Luke, as a part of the hill on which Jerusalem stood; and in his epistle to Paulinus, as a rock or cliff indeed, but apparently not an insulated one. It was probably the brow of that hill on which the city walls were built, and not itself an elevated mound. The fact, therefore, which both D'Anville and Dr. Clarke assume as certain, that Calvary was a hill, appears itself as apocryphal as that Adam was buried there; but there is also another circumstance which has been rashly taken as granted, namely, that the tomb of our Saviour was in the same place as his cross. That this, so far from being founded on Scripture, is in itself highly improbable, is apparent for the following reasons.

The cavern in which Jesus was laid, was certainly not constructed for the purpose of receiving his remains: it was the private cemetery of Joseph of Arimathæa, who intended it for himself; and it was, moreover, situated in a garden, no doubt, belonging to the same proprietor. Now, that in the very place where the enemies of Jesus crucified him, one of his disciples should have previously, and without expecting it, constructed a tomb for his remains, was a coincidence too singular and too apparently providential to have escaped the notice of the Evangelists: and it was also most improbable that the Roman soldiers should have selected, as the place of three executions, and the exposure of three bodies on the cross, the garden of any individual, more especially when that individual was a magistrate of considerable rank. The place whither our Saviour and the two malefactors were taken, was probably the place made use of on such occasions, and the name of Golgotha, which Dr. Clarke insists on to prove its situation

tuation among sepulchres, will tally better with the carnage and skeletons of the place of execution, than with the usual circumstances of a quiet and orderly burial-ground. When, therefore, the monks of Jerusalem pretend to shew, within the same narrow building, both Calvary and the sepulchre, we have reason to suspect, that one at least is apocryphal; and a little consideration will evince that Calvary was, of the two, the spot least likely to be identified in the days of Helena.

A place polluted by frequent executions was not one which the Jewish converts would frequent with pleasure; and it is probable that they would regard with horror, rather than reverence, the scene which recalled their Master's sufferings, where the guilt of their nation was consummated, and the ruin of their city sealed. The cross, which was a scandal to their countrymen, could not be otherwise than painful to themselves, and they would feel no anxiety to preserve the memory of a place with which they themselves were but too familiar. The place itself, distinguished by no monument, would only be recollected so long as it was the usual scene of executions, and could hardly be distinguished after the taking of Jerusalem by Titus, and those cruelties which pallisaded the ditch with crosses, and converted the whole circuit of the town into one vast Golgotha. But the case is widely different with the sepulchre of Christ, to preserve and honour which the prejudices of Jews and Greeks united; both of whom, from former habits, would be led to decorate the tomb of a prophet, and scatter flowers in honour of a departed friend, and whose preachers would appeal, with irresistible authority, to that empty vault which was the proof of their Lord's resurrection. The Christians did not honour, that we know of, the scene where their martyrs died; but we know at how early a period they began to venerate the places of their interment, and those who were enticed into idolatry beside the urns of Babylas or Thecla, would surely not behold with indifference a tomb so renowned as that of the Messiah. Nor was it only its superior sanctity which would preserve its memory. As the private property of an opulent Christian family, it would be secured from pollution or injury; and the tomb itself was no 'hereabouts,' which tradition was to settle, but an object too visible, and too definite either to be overlooked or mistaken. While a single Christian survived in the town, it could never cease to be known and venerated; and it certainly will require a considerable weight of argument to induce us to believe, that while the tombs of Ajax, of Achilles, of Æneas, of Theron, are ascertained by satisfactory tradition, a sepulchre of a date so much more recent, and of so much more forcible interest should have been allowed to sink into obscurity, or have been supplanted by a spurious and imperfect copy.—

But

But as Dr. Clarke has shewn that the present appearance of the sepulchre is at variance with the accounts in the Gospel, and the general character of Jewish tombs, it remains for us to examine whether the alterations of time, together with those ascribed to the bad taste and unfortunate zeal of Helena, can have been sufficient to produce this difference. His reasons for incredulity are as follow:—The tomb of Christ was in a garden without the walls of Jerusalem; the structure which at present bears its name is in the heart of, at least, the modern city, and Dr. Clarke is unwilling to believe that the ancient limits can have been so much circumscribed to the north as to exclude its site. Further, the original sepulchre was undoubtedly a cave, the present offers no such appearance, being an insulated pile, constructed or cased with distinct slabs of marble. That both these arguments, however, are inconclusive will appear, we think, to Dr. Clarke himself. From a testimony which will shortly be produced, it is certain that, whether probable or not, the ancient limits of the city did exclude the present sepulchre; and that this last, defaced and altered as it is, may be really 'the place where the Lord lay,' is likely from the following circumstances. Forty yards, or thereabouts, from the upper end of the sepulchre the natural rock is visible; and in the place which the priests call Calvary, it is at least as high as the top of the sepulchre itself. The rock then *may* have extended as far as the present entrance; and though the entrance itself is hewn into form, and cased with marble, the adytum yet offers proof that it is not factitious. It is a trapezium of seven feet by six, neither at right angles to its own entrance, nor to the aisle of the church which conducts to it, and in no respect conformable to the external plan of the tomb. This last is arranged in a workmanlike manner, with its frontal immediately opposite the principal nave, and in the same style with the rest of the church. It is shaped something like a horse-shoe, and its walls, measured from this outer horse-shoe to the inner trapezium, vary from five to eight feet in thickness, a sufficient space to admit of no inconsiderable density of rock, between the outer and inner coating of marble. This, however, does not apply to the antichamber of which the frontal, at least, is probably factitious: and where that indenture in the marble is found which induced Dr. Clarke to believe that the whole thickness of the wall was composed of the same costly substance. Now these circumstances afford, we apprehend, no inconsiderable grounds for supposing with Pococke, that it is indeed a grotto above ground: the irregularity of the shape, the difference between the external and internal plan; the thickness of the walls, so needless, if they are throughout of masonry, all favour this opinion; nor is the task ascribed to Helena's workmen of insulating this rock, from that

the world in one view the history of sepulchral architecture, and the progress of art and superstition from the stele to the soros, and from the soros to the temple. That the rudiments of idolatry may be found in the honours paid to departed heroes, and that the classical Νάος is only an expanded cenotaph, is a truth, which, though susceptible of the most satisfactory proof, has been hitherto very imperfectly investigated; nor has even Spencer himself observed what light may thus be thrown on many of the Mosaic institutions, or the care with which the light and lofty palace of the living God, at Jerusalem, was distinguished by its proportions, ornaments and furniture, from the dark and ponderous tombs of the Egyptian divinities.

From Jerusalem Dr. Clarke proceeded to Bethlehem and Jaffa, a journey often performed, and on which the present tour affords but little additional information. As if wearied with the scepticism which he displayed as to the antiquities of Jerusalem at Bethlehem, he swallows entire, and with much composure, the utterly preposterous fable of the cave of the nativity, and flatters himself that he has discovered the identical well, of whose water a draught was procured for David by the swords and blood of some of his bravest followers. Of this event, it is needless to say, he presents a very pleasing and animated picture; but he gives also a very whimsical specimen of his own peculiar mode of reasoning, when he adduces a text describing the infirmity of David on his deathbed, as a proof that he was 'old and stricken in years,' at the siege of Bethlehem, when he could not be much more than forty years of age. If, Dr. Clarke (which may heaven grant!) should live to be an aged man, he would surely be a preposterous biographer who should confound the venerable infirmities of the hoary Professor of mineralogy, with the youthful vigour of the Russian traveller; or who should represent him as scaling Casdaghy with the grey hair which some thirty years afterwards adorned him.

But even this strange inaccuracy is tenfold surpassed by the marvellous voyage which, in p. 642, he has assigned to the prophet Jonah, whom he makes to have embarked at Joppa for Nineveh! Now as Nineveh, according to most geographers, is at least seven hundred miles from any sea; and as to pass from the Mediterranean to the mouth of the Euphrates would require the circumnavigation of all Africa and Arabia, we were, we confess, not a little surprised that a learned traveller should have conceived such a voyage probable, till we recollected the strange imperfection attributed by the Doctor to all our modern maps, and the inestimable advantage enjoyed by those who, 'when they write geographically,' have recourse, like the ancients, to 'the result of their own practical

tical observations.' With Æschylus for his pilot, Dr. Clarke himself may possibly have made the voyage; but before we give up Ptolemy and D'Anville, it may be worth our while to notice that Jonah himself contemplated such a course as little as any modern hydrographer, and that Tarshish, or Tartessus, not Nineveh, was the port for which he embarked.

This is not the only circumstance in which Dr. Clarke's observations on Joppa and its history will be found to differ from the general opinion of the world. With a liberality which merits all possible praise, and a confidence which only needs a better foundation than the inquiries of a single evening, (for such was the duration of his residence in Jaffa,) he decides on the falsehood of the accusation brought against Buonaparte, of having massacred in cold blood the greater part of the garrison of this town. This is a question, indeed, which like every other question of the sort, has been swelled by the voice of party on either side beyond its natural importance, since, in the sea of blood with which the world has been lately deluged, the slaughter of a few Turks, more or less, can hardly be supposed to swell the tide; nor is the engrained character of the Duke of Enghein's murderer susceptible of any deeper dye from a massacre for which he had the colourable pretext that the victims had broken their parole. Of the fact itself, however, we have not the smallest doubt: it is perfectly consistent with Buonaparte's general character; it accords in particular with the policy which, to strike a terror in Egypt, a few months before refused quarter to the garrison of Alexandria; and it is positively confirmed by the testimony of all inquirers except Dr. Clarke and his companions. What is, indeed, after all, the amount of their ground for disbelief? They remained a few hours in Jaffa, and heard nothing of the matter! and this negative testimony, which, if it proves any thing, proves that Dr. Clarke and Captain Culverhouse were incompetent to form any judgment at all on the subject, is opposed to the authority of those British officers who were off the coast of Syria at the very period of the French invasion; and of those others, among whom may be mentioned General Koehler, (not Kleber, as Dr. Clarke calls him) Sir Charles Holloway, Sir R. Fletcher, Major Leake, and Captain Lacy, who many of them remained above six months at Jaffa; of Mr. Morier and Dr. Wittman, who, from their situation in the Grand Vizier's army, and the knowledge of the Turkish language possessed by the former, were peculiarly qualified to arrive at a certainty of the truth; and of Sir Robert Wilson, who assures us that the French officers employed in the expedition did not think proper to deny the charge—a fact, which we can corroborate from our own knowledge.

That

That Signor Damiani may have omitted to add to his tale of sufferings a single circumstance, which, however revolting to European manners, would not appear so striking to one who had for many years resided in the Levant, does not appear to us a point of the weight which Dr. Clarke ascribes to it; we know, however, on the best authority, that the good old consul has never expressed any doubt of the massacre to subsequent travellers; and that the horrible circumstances mentioned by Mr. Morier were, at a period somewhat anterior to Dr. Clarke's visit, in the mouths of all Jaffa, and the subject of constant conversation both among Turkish and European officers. After all, the horrors of Buonaparte's Syrian campaign are hardly worth the mention, when compared with those to which Judæa, in former ages, or Spain has been in latter times exposed; and the butcheries of Titus and Vespasian must seek a parallel, not at Jaffa, but at Zaragoza, Valencia, or Gerona. From Jaffa Dr. Clarke embarks in a boat laden with fruit, a commodity for which its environs are celebrated; and, passing by the ruins of Cæsarea, rejoins the Romulus at Acre.

We have now gone through two of these massive quartos, and have not, to the best of our knowledge, omitted any circumstances in either which have required our strictures or the author's correction. Dr. Clarke himself, indeed, will probably be not unwilling to confess that none of his faults at least have escaped our notice; but he will be much mistaken if he apprehends that the incisions which we have made have proceeded from any but a friendly motive, and from a national anxiety to render, as perfect as possible, a work in which, from its bulk, and from the share of public attention which it has attracted, the national reputation is in no trifling degree concerned. Of the former volume some of the faults are avoided in this which we have now reviewed; and a little less confidence in first impressions, and a little more attention to the rules of logic may produce a third, we trust, more perfect than either, and which may maintain the pre-eminence hitherto held by English travellers over those of every other nation. To the learning and industry of Shaw or Pococke, his claims, indeed, can hardly be supported; but in proportion as his authority is less severe, his descriptions are more graphical, and he differs from the tourists of an earlier day as the mirror differs from the lake; the last has greater depth, but surrounding objects are reflected with more liveliness from the surface of the former.

ART.

ART. XI. *Poems*, by S. Rogers. Small 8vo. pp. 276. London, Cadell. 1813.

THE first poem in this collection does not fall within the province of our criticism. It has been published many years, and has acquired that sort of popularity which is, perhaps, more decisive than any other *single* test of merit. It has been generally admired, and, what is not always a certain consequence of being admired, it has been generally read. The circulation of it has not been confined to the highly educated and critical part of the public, but it has received the applause which to works of the imagination is quite as flattering—of that far more numerous class, who, without attempting to judge by accurate and philosophical rules, read poetry only for the pleasure it affords them, and praise because they are delighted. It is to be found in all libraries, and in most parlour windows.

Not that the 'Pleasures of Memory' entitles its author to a place in the higher class of English poets. But it was published at a moment of great poetical dearth, when the old school (if we may so express ourselves) was drawn almost to its lees, and before the new one had appeared:—the subject was very fortunate, and it was not too long—it abounded in pleasing, though detached pictures—and it every where afforded evidence of a highly cultivated and elegant mind.

We have always been desirous to see something more from the hand of an author whose first appearance was so auspicious. But year after year rolled on, and we began to fear that indolence, the occupations of a busy life, or the dread of detracting from a reputation already so high, would for ever prevent our wishes from being gratified. We were therefore both pleased and surprised, when, upon accidentally taking up the last edition of Mr. Rogers's poems, we found that it was enriched, not only with several very elegant wooden cuts, but with an entirely new performance in eleven cantos, called 'Fragments of a Poem on the Voyage of Columbus.'

The first remark that presents itself to our minds upon reading the title of this work is, that Mr. Rogers has been far less happy than before in his choice of a subject. True it is, that in the whole history of the world we find no greater event than the discovery of America—no more illustrious name than that of the discoverer. Still, however, we have strong doubts whether either the man or the event is well calculated to become the subject of poetical composition. Columbus is a purely historical person. His virtues and actions, though they place him incontestably in the highest class of great men, are not of that sort that ever have been, or ever can

can be 'married to immortal verse.' He was a grave, austere, thinking, scientific personage. He had courage—true manly courage—but it was not of that shewy brilliant kind which seeks out and shines in combats and martial achievements. Inferior to the Achilles, and Orlandos and Marmions, as a theme for epic and romantic song, as much as he is superior to these splendid and mischievous personages in the eye of reason and philosophy, the most brilliant imagination would seek in vain to supply a single trait that should render more striking the simplest tale that can be told of his sufferings and his glories. His severe, awful, and melancholy form, unveiled by the hand of truth, will command the gratitude and veneration of all ages: you only weaken its effect by attempting to hang over it the drapery of fiction.

As the discoverer of America is not a poetical person, so neither is the discovery itself a circumstance capable of much poetical illustration. *It is not the mere greatness of an event* that renders it fit for verse. The charm of poetry consists in its pictures of external nature, and still more, in its description of the diversities of human character, and the workings of human passions. It is the misfortune of Mr. Rogers's subject that it excludes both. Poetry refuses itself to the melancholy task of detailing the disappointments and humiliations of Columbus wandering from court to court, and beseeching in vain the avaricious or short-sighted sovereigns of Europe to become participators in that glory which he justly and confidently anticipated. Mr. Rogers's good taste has taught him, that though such a topic may be *alluded to* with grace and pathos, it cannot be *dwelt upon* without disgust. The voyage too itself is barren of circumstances. Nothing happens in the course of it that either accelerates or retards the catastrophe. It exhibits to our view, one man, and one event—a man who must be pourtrayed in the soberest colours of reality—one event which sinks all the rest into absolute insignificance. The subject is still more unfavourable to description, than it is to narration. It would be idle and tedious to make the voyage of Columbus a vehicle of describing objects common to every voyage whatever; and it affords very little that is peculiar to itself. The new-found world indeed is full of grand, delightful, and curious objects; but you cannot describe them, because the interest of the poem must cease with the discovery.

These are some of the difficulties which we conceive belong to the subject. We must now consider how far Mr. Rogers has been able to overcome them.

The story is strictly confined to the voyage. It begins with the sailing of Columbus, and ends a few hours after he lands. It is supposed to be related, not by the poet, but by one of the companions

sions of Columbus himself, retired to a monastery, where, not long before his death, he composed this account of the great adventure in which he had been engaged.

The idea appears to us happy—but we do not observe that much use is made of it. Except for one or two passages, the lay might with equal propriety have been left in the mouth of the minstrel. Those passages, however, are executed with considerable taste and feeling, and it was, perhaps, worth while, even for their sake, to adopt a contrivance which, where it does no good, at least does no harm.

Sensible that barrenness is the defect of his subject, Mr. Rogers has called in the aid of invention to supply it with a little more of variety and incident than naturally belong to it. We have, in the third Canto, 'an assembly of the Zemi, or evil spirits,' convoked by their chief 'Merion,' who acquaints them that the period prescribed by Omnipotence to their rule over this part of the globe is drawing fast to a close, and that they must prepare

> 'Thrones to resign for lakes of living fire,
> And triumph for despair.'

He determines, however, to make a last effort to counteract the decrees of fate, and, in the fifth Canto, wings his flight in the shape of a condor across the ocean.

In the sixth, he exchanges the form of a condor for that of a vampire, who,

> '——couched on Roldan's ample breast,
> Each secret pore of breathing life possessed.'

Under this malignant influence, Roldan forgets his duty to his heroic chief, and stirs up a mutiny. This, however, is appeased by a pathetic discourse from Columbus, in which (as is historically true) he begs three days more, and the voyage proceeds. Our readers will have already observed that this machinery is quite superfluous—a mere vehicle for fine writing—a contrivance to prevent the poem from ending too soon. The evil spirits do nothing in proportion to the dignity, activity, and malignant ingenuity of such personages. Merion holds a meeting—makes a speech—takes a long aërial journey, and changes his masquerade dress twice, all for a most inadequate effect, that of giving Columbus half an hour's uneasiness. Not only is he unable to prevent the discovery of America, but even to retard it a single moment. Mr. Rogers seems to have forgot that supernatural agency, though sometimes, is not always and necessarily, the most poetical way of accomplishing an event. In this instance, we are inclined to doubt whether the *knot* was worthy of the *divinity*. The mutiny, undoubtedly, was too important to be omitted, especially in such a paucity of incidents; but we think that it would have made a better figure if it

had been attributed to mere human causes, suspicion and superstitious fears operating upon ferocious and untractable minds, described as Mr. Rogers is well able to describe them.

In fact, as we have already taken occasion to remark, the strong, distinctive character of the great event which he has chosen to celebrate, is *truth* and *reality*. In these consist its interest and its greatness, and we hardly know an instance in which they so absolutely refuse to ally themselves with fable. So that when, in another place, (Canto 6, verse 5,) Mr. Rogers represents his hero as acting by inspiration, he is guilty of a great mistake as to the nature of his subject, and the means it gives him for producing effect. Inspiration finds no more place in the poetry than it has in the *history* of the discovery. When Virgil guides Æneas by the voice of oracles, and the display of prodigies, through the storms and dangers raised against him by the wrath of hostile deities, he adds to the dignity of his subject; which, when stripped of its marvellous accompaniments, is nothing but the story of an adventurer of royal descent, who, driven from his native country, wanders from shore to shore with his band of companions, till at last he lands in Italy, (a known and not very distant part of the world,) where he makes unjust war upon one of the native chieftains, defeats him in battle, and robs him of his kingdom and of the princess to whom he was betrothed. The interference and sanction of heaven were necessary, both to give dignity to these transactions and to excuse their iniquity.

The voyage to America is a subject of a completely different kind. Columbus ranks with the first of men, but it is not because he was aided *directly* from above. Providence interfered in this instance, as it usually interferes, through *secondary* causes. To make him inspired, is to make him great; but with a kind of greatness altogether different from that which really belonged to him. The discovery strikes us most, as being the mightiest and most astonishing of all events *purely human*—accomplished by *human* courage, *human* perseverance, and *human* sagacity, and uniting in itself by a coincidence for ever singular, the character of an heroic achievement with that of a grand, deliberate, successful experiment in natural science. Columbus dreamed no dreams, and saw no visions; but he became persuaded by reasons drawn from the true theory of the earth, that there must be other regions accessible, but still unknown, to the inhabitants of this; and the design which he had formed with the genius of a philosopher, he executed with the magnanimity of a hero. But to talk of inspiration, is just as idle as it would be, in a philosophical poem, to say that Sir Isaac Newton dreamt the earth was flat at the poles, or that the mathematicians who were sent to ascertain the truth of his theory, were guided by omens and prodigies to the object of their search.

In

In the 8th Canto the new world is discovered, and with the discovery the great interest of the subject ends. The poem however is continued through several more cantos. In the 9th, we have the description of 'Cora,' an Indian girl, who was perhaps intended to become the heroine of some adventure in the 11th, which is wanting. In the 10th, an American banquet, which is a little disturbed by the appearance of the ghost of Cazriva, an old cacique, 'employed during his life time,' 'and after his death, to charm his people.' In the 12th, Columbus sees a vision, in which are foretold to him his own misfortunes, the cruelties of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, the prosperity and glory of the republic founded by General Washington, and the ultimate conversion of the whole continent to Christianity.

From this sketch of the story our readers will perhaps incline to think, with us, that the inherent defects of the subject have not been entirely removed by the skill of the poet, and that 'the Fragment on the Voyage of Columbus' is deficient (as might reasonably be expected) in that variety of incident, and that display of human characters and feelings, which form the great charm of narrative poetry. If we are reminded that it is only a fragment, we answer, first, that by leaving his work in that imperfect form, the author has only acknowledged, but has not at all surmounted the difficulties arising out of the topic he had chosen; in the next place, we are utterly at a loss to conceive, and we believe he would be equally at a loss to explain, how the 'lacunæ' could be filled up so as to render the narrative more interesting. In fact the story, such as it is, is complete in spite of them. Cora indeed might have made the subject of an episode. But a love-tale about this young Indian lady, however pretty and interesting in itself, would form no very suitable appendage to an account, in verse or prose, of the discovery of America: and it was, perhaps, a recollection of this incongruity which prevented the 11th Canto from seeing the light—perhaps, from existing at all. We now proceed to a more important point, the execution of it.

It exhibits what we were not at all prepared to expect—evident marks of haste. After a long and profound silence, Mr. Rogers seems to have been seized with a sudden and eager desire to appear again before the public. It is to this cause we ascribe some inaccuracies of which no example is to be found in his earlier performances. What, for instance, but extreme haste and carelessness could have occasioned the author of the Pleasures of Memory to mistake for a verse such a line as,

'There silent sat many an unbidden guest:'—Canto X.?

or, in the very first line but one of the poem, to use 'possessed' in

the sense of 'got possession,' or 'made himself master of'? We could mention other instances of the same kind, if it were not a disagreeable task both to ourselves and our readers, to present them with a longer catalogue of minute defects.

But these are comparatively trifling faults. The author has, we can hardly doubt, already perceived them himself: and they are such as he may acknowledge without pain, and correct without difficulty. We only blame him for that impatience to publish which, except in works of a mere temporary interest, is not easily to be excused.

But we have also to notice an error more closely interwoven with the whole texture of the work, more deliberate and more systematic, and more likely, we fear, to cast a shade upon the poetical reputation of the author. In the 'Voyage of Columbus,' Mr. Rogers has aimed at a stile very different from that of his earlier compositions, and in which, with every disposition to acknowledge his merits, we cannot but confess that he has been unsuccessful. It was as the faithful, diligent disciple of Pope and Goldsmith, that Mr. Rogers became deservedly a favourite of the public, and it is to the imitation of these splendid and captivating, but safe and correct models of excellence, that he seems most fitted by the bent of his genius, and the direction of his studies. Endowed with an ear naturally correct and attuned by practice to the measure of his favourite masters, nice to the very verge of fastidiousness, accurate almost to minuteness, habitually attentive to the finer turns of expression, and the more delicate shades of thought, Mr. Rogers was always harmonious, always graceful, and often pathetic. But his beauties are all beauties of execution and detail, arising from the charm of skilful versification, the 'curiosa felicitas' of expression culled with infinite care and selection, and applied with no vulgar judgment, and with the refined tenderness of a polished and feeling mind. But to the flow, the unity, the boldness, the grandeur that belong to the higher style of poetical composition, he is altogether a stranger—removed at like distance from its commanding excellencies, and its minute defects, and receding farthest from his favourite masters on that side where they approach nearest to those mighty geniuses who alone are entitled to be called their superiors. In passing this opinion upon the earlier writings of Mr. Rogers, we do him no intentional injustice, and we are sure it is perfectly consistent with feelings of considerable respect for his poetical character.

True it is, that the style he first adopted, and that in which we think he is most fitted to excel, is not that in which success even more complete than his own indicates the highest powers of understanding. But it requires diligence and taste, and judgment and

and feeling, such as fall to the lot of but few even in a polished age, and of which we wish we could feel quite certain that the literature of this country would always afford a living example. In short, we had looked to Mr. Rogers as one of those who were to continue and support that correct and elaborate school of poetry which, from the days of Pope to the beginning of this century, engrossed so much the largest share of the public approbation, and which, we own, we regard with peculiar favour, not only on account of its own intrinsic beauties, but because the cultivation of it appears to afford the best security against that entire depravation of the national taste in poetry, which would probably be the consequence of an universal attempt to reach the higher and more perilous kinds of excellence. Unluckily Mr. Rogers has taken a different view of this subject. Stimulated by the astonishing success of some late writers, he has tried to equal their fame, not by perfecting himself in that style of composition which belongs to him, but by partially adopting that of his rivals—or rather by interweaving it with his own, and bringing together things that are in their nature incompatible. Desirous, as was natural and fair, to reach the eminence upon which they stand, he has erroneously supposed that it was necessary to pursue the same path, and climb the hill upon the same side. Columbus indeed is written in the same measure as the Pleasures of Memory; but it is evident that the author has had in view several writers, some of whom, when he was employed upon that elegant and popular poem, were not known to the public, and others who had not then entered into his thoughts as objects of imitation. Harmony, elegance, correctness, pathos, are all within his reach, and a sufficient foundation for a considerable poetical fame—but he has resolved to content himself with nothing short of varied cadence, striking traits, awful magnificence, and the lofty flights of a creative fancy. Tired of pleasing, he is ambitious to astonish and transport his readers. The consequences of failure are harshness and abruptness, instead of variety in the versification—obscurity for grandeur, and in some instances, mere baldness, where he intended to exhibit the native force of simple and unadorned expression.

We have mentioned these faults with the less scruple, because it appears to us that they are owing not to any want of skill or talent in the author, but to the misdirection of those powers which we have formerly seen, and hope again to see, more happily employed. And after all it is probable, that this work, which the author has suffered to glide into public without any of the usual forms of introduction, is designed by him merely as an experiment, (on which he was not willing to throw away too much

time and labour,) in order to ascertain what his success was likely to be in a new style of composition.

There is an affectation of historical precision in the notes, which consist chiefly of little quotations from old English, Latin, and Spanish authors. We own that in a poem we set but little value on this species of accuracy. Unluckily too, Mr. Rogers has himself been guilty of a notable deviation from it. In the list of presents which Columbus makes the cacique who received him upon his landing, we find a *telescope*, and there are afterwards some beautiful lines in which Cora is described watching her lover through it, who is in his boat out at sea. Now most of our readers, though they have not read the cotemporary chronicles, know that the telescope was not invented in the days of Columbus. We should not have noticed this minute error, if the author had not fallen into it in the midst of his pursuit of that minute excellence which is directly opposed to it.

Still, however, and with all its defects both of subject and of execution, the poem is by no means undeserving attention. Mr. Rogers has not been able to depart from his former manner, that which use had made natural to him—so much as he perhaps intended. He is often himself, in spite of himself. Habit, good taste, and an exquisite ear, are constantly bringing him back to the right path, even when he had set out with a resolution to wander from it. Hence, though the poem will not bear to be looked at as a whole, and though there runs through it an affectation of beauties which it is not in the author's power to produce, yet it contains passages of such merit as would amply repay the trouble of reading a much larger and more faulty work. It will be the more pleasing part of our task to select a few of them, with an assurance to our readers that they are not the only ones, and with a strong recommendation to read the whole—a recommendation with which they will very easily comply, as the poem does not exceed seven or eight hundred lines.

In the first Canto, there is a very pretty couplet about the compass—

> 'That oracle to man in mercy given,
> Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven.'

Soon after comes a description of the monsoon, which is very striking, though we do not see what practical advantage is gained by ascribing it to the agency of an angel—or what necessity there is to quote 'Revelations, cap. 19. ver. 17.' as an authority for the expression 'mighty wind.'

> 'He spoke, and at his call, a mighty wind,
> Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,

But

But deep majestic in its destined course,
Rushed with unerring, unabating force,
From the bright East. Tides duly ebb'd and flow'd,
Stars rose and set, and new horizons glow'd;
Yet still it blew; as with *primeval* sway,
Still did its ample spirit, night and day,
Move on the waters!'—

*Primeval* is a word that has become a great favourite among our modern poets, and we often find it used on occasions where we very little expected to meet with it, and when we feel considerable difficulty in ascertaining the sense it was intended to convey. When Mr. Rogers says the wind blew with 'primeval sway,' we presume (for we are not quite sure) he means that it blew just as it did when the world was created. But he must pardon us for saying that this is an obscure, affected way of expressing the thought, and makes a blemish in what is otherwise a very brilliant passage.

Of the second Canto, Mr. Rogers, speaking in his own person of the Hermit's narration, says, 'This canto appears to have suffered more than the rest. We wander as it were—ubi rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.' This is very true, in one sense, for it is broken and obscure; but it is only trifling with the reader to offer him such a confession by way of apology. The only reason for putting the story into the mouth of a cotemporary adventurer—is to give it additional life and spirit, and to diffuse over it that venerable hue of antiquity which is so grateful to poetical eyes: but as an excuse for defects, this expedient is absolutely ludicrous. If the canto is broken, why was not a little more MS. discovered?—If it is unintelligible, why did not the author translate his Hermit into clearer language?

In the fourth Canto, 'The Voyage continued,' are some admirable lines on the intrepidity of Columbus in exploring an unknown ocean.

'Yet who but he undaunted could explore
A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
Trackless, and vast, and wild, as that reveal'd,
When round the ark the birds of tempest wheel'd;
When all was still in the destroying hour,
No sign of man, no vestige of his power.'

The speech of Columbus to the mutineers is also a very successful effort.

'Generous and brave! when God himself is here,
Why shake at shadows in your mid career?
He can suspend the laws himself design'd,
He walks the waters and the winged wind;
Himself your guide! and your's the high behest,
To lift your voice, and bid the world be blest!

And can you shrink! to you, to you consign'd
The glorious privilege to serve mankind?
Oh, had I perish'd when my failing frame
Clung to the shatter'd oar mid wrecks of flame!
—Was it for this I lingered life away,
The scorn of folly, and of fraud the prey,
Bow'd down my mind the gift his bounty gave,
At courts a suitor, and of slaves the slave,' &c.

In the seventh Canto they first behold the new world—the greatest natural event that ever happened, and it may safely be affirmed, that ever can happen in the history of mankind; and it is, perhaps, rendered the more striking, because it is brought, as it were, into so small a focus, reducible to a precise point of time, and attended by circumstances on which the imagination so readily seizes. Compare it, for instance, with those events that approach nearest to it in importance—those great battles by which the fate of empires has been decided. It is impossible to fix the precise moment of victory and defeat, or to represent them to the mind otherwise than by a series of successive images. Besides, many of the ideas unavoidably connected with a battle are such as no one can dwell upon without disgust and pain—blood, carnage, the desolation of the earth, and the misery of its inhabitants. But till the dawn of the day when Columbus beheld the land, the new world was as unknown as it was in the days of Homer—that moment was the moment of discovery. The transition is instant, and the two hemispheres are joined, never again to be separated. The whole thing presents itself to us at once in the most distinct form, and in the liveliest colours. A calm day in a tropical climate, a tranquil sea, and the distant prospect of a green shore growing gradually upon the eye, and already scenting the air with its unknown flowers. This is the *scenery*, if we may so express ourselves, of that mighty event which is for ever to live in the recollection, and to influence the fate of mankind. This is the sensible form in which it is embodied. We are introduced to every thing that is most grand and astonishing through the medium of every thing that is most beautiful. This is the great feature of Mr. Rogers's poem; of course he does his best, and we will afford to our readers an opportunity of judging how far he has been successful.

We ought first to observe, that in the close of the seventh Canto the symptoms are described by which, on the preceding evening, they were led to suspect that the object of their voyage was near at hand.

'The sails were furl'd, with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose:
Rose to the Virgin—'Twas the hour of day
When setting suns o'er summer seas display

A path

A path of glory opening in the west,
To golden climes and islands of the blest,
And human voices in the silent air,
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!
Chosen of men! 'twas thine at noon of night,
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light:
Pedro! Rodrigo! there methought it shone!
There in the west! and now alas 'tis gone!
'Twas all a dream, we gaze and gaze in vain!
But mark and speak not—there it comes again!
It moves—what form unseen, what being there,
With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?
His instincts, passions say how like our own;
Oh, when will day reveal a world unknown!'

Here we remark an apparent inconsistency—in the first part of this passage they are supposed to have seen the light about sun-set. In the last we are told that they descried it at midnight. The lines are very happily executed; but the author should have made his choice betwixt the two suppositions.

Canto eighth.—'The New World' opens thus.

'Long on the wave the morning mists repose;
They rise—and melting into light disclose
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods,
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods.'

These lines too are very good so far as they go: but, though we have the old expedient of an 'hiatus'—valde deflendus, if the author thought any thing ought to be added, and very absurd if he did not—Mr. Rogers ought to recollect, that to evade the business of connecting together by proper shades and gradations the *salient* and striking parts of a composition, is neither more nor less than to leave unconquered its chief difficulty—to sacrifice its chief beauty, and to forfeit its chief praise. After a proper number of asterisks we proceed.

'—Oh say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embrac'd and wept as at the gates of heav'n;
When one and all at once repentant ran,
And on their faces bless'd the wondrous man,
Say, was the Muse deceiv'd—or from the skies,
Burst on their ear seraphic harmonies?
Glory to God! unnumbered voices sang,
Glory to God! the vales and mountains rang,
Voices that hail'd creation's primal morn,
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born!'—

We object to nothing but the *Muse*—were it only from good taste, the fables of heathen mythology (splendid and beautiful as they

they are in themselves) ought never to be brought into contact with the awful history of the true religion.

The poem languishes till the twelfth Canto, when it revives again in the 'Vision.' The idea is happy. In fact it affords the only means by which the interest could be protracted beyond the discovery. It exhibits a rapid, spirited, poetical view of the future fate of Columbus himself, and of the world he had discovered. We could with pleasure make some extracts, but we have not room; and the specimens already given will probably have convinced our readers, that notwithstanding its defects, the poem has beauties of no ordinary kind.

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ART. XII. *The Expediency maintained of continuing the System by which the Trade and Government of India are now regulated.* By Robert Grant, Esq. Blacks and Parry. London. 1813.

THE 'Expediency maintained' was not intended by Mr. Grant, nor will it be considered by his readers, as one of the mass of ephemeral productions which the approaching expiration of the East India Company's charter has called forth. It aspires to a more lasting celebrity, and will probably be thought to deserve it, even in its incomplete state—incomplete as to the subjects intended to be discussed—but finished, as far as it goes, with laboured precision. The work is undoubtedly a work of very considerable ability, abounding in passages of uncommon force, and eloquence, thickly sown with metaphors at once brilliant and correct, and may be supposed to contain all the information that a free access to Leadenhall-street could supply. Its faults are a redundancy of words, and something of a studied phraseology, occasionally bordering on affectation; faults which are not, perhaps, rendered less conspicuous by the consideration that the work was not written on the spur of the moment, although it has suffered a premature delivery for the sake of answering a particular purpose. But retrenchment and correction are learnt by practice, and of the original power and fertility of Mr. Grant's mind, the volume affords the most favourable indications. To excite alarm at the danger, by any 'change of system,' of losing India by colonization, and our 'excellent constitution' by the transfer of Indian patronage to the crown, has been, for the last thirty years, the favourite and most effective policy of those who 'maintain' the 'expediency' of preserving for themselves an exclusive monopoly and an undivided patronage; and such is avowedly the object of Mr. Grant's publication.

To

To understand what India is, under the British government, it is necessary to know what it was under that of the Mahomedans. Mr. Grant has accordingly judged it necessary to open his work with a summary account of 'the nature and effects of the Mahomedan government established in Hindostan, particularly as it was exemplified in the provinces of Bengal,' as a contrast to the political system of the East India Company, established in British India, under the sanction, and with the aid of the British legislature. The exhibition of this contrast occupies very nearly one half of the book. Our sketch of it must be brief, our conclusions somewhat different from those of Mr. Grant.

The Mogul government was a complete despotism—'of that absolute kind which tolerates no nobility but the nobility of office.' The political theorists who support the doctrine of absolute despotism, and maintain that the want of an hereditary aristocracy, by depriving faction of a head, secures the intestine tranquillity of the state, may find their theory true, as applied to the despotism of China, and its two hundred millions of subjects; but perfectly false in regard to the empire of Delhi, where, 'in the absence of a hereditary nobility, rebellion always sought, and always found a leader in the bosom of the imperial house itself.' In Hindostan, whether under native or foreign governments, 'malcontent chiefs associating with malcontent connections of the throne,' have produced those 'relative discords and fraternal furies, which have cursed and disgraced the palaces of the Achæmenides, the Othmans, and the Timurs of all ages. Here the personal character of the sovereign was every thing, the law nothing. The reign of Aurengzebe was a flourishing period of the Mogul empire; it began to decline in that of his less vigorous son Behadur Shah, and may be said to have finally expired on the capture and plunder of Delhi by Nadir Shah, in 1739, twenty years before the British acquired territorial dominion in Bengal.' It is admitted by Mr. Grant that, at this crisis, the want of an established *patrician order* did not prevent Hindostan from being rent in pieces by rebellious Omrahs; but that of those pretenders, who either usurped the vizierut at Delhi, or the viceroyalties of the provinces, none could urge any claims of ancestry over which the period of one or two generations did not completely cast a veil.

'None, therefore, could build his usurpation, even obliquely, as it were, on a basis of opinion: but a general and an equal scramble took place; each pretending an appointment from the Court at Delhi, where, indeed, the instrument of investiture could generally be procured for a trifling present, and, if it could not be procured, it was invariably fabricated. Wherever, mean time, one of these untitled adventurers succeeded

succeeded in establishing himself, there a government grew up, which, like that from the ashes of which it had arisen, was a despotism without an aristocracy, and which was attended by the evils usually incident to that form of polity.'—(p. 8.)

A very summary view of the Mogul system of government will be sufficient to shew the deplorable condition of the people within the sphere of its influence. According to this system each province had its viceroy, known under the name of *Nazim* or *Nawaub*, and its *Dewan*, both of which were appointed by the imperial court. The former was invested with the command of the troops; the military administration of the province; the supreme jurisdiction in criminal matters, and the exclusive superintendance of the police. To the latter were entrusted the management of the public revenues, and the distribution of civil justice. The balance of power between those two functionaries, always ill adjusted and fluctuating, was decided in favour of the sword, when the supremacy of the imperial court at Delhi became altogether titular. Then 'the Dewan sank into dependance, and was generally some Hindoo of subtilty and intrigue, the mere creature of the viceroy, and probably the convenient instrument of his avarice and tyranny.'

It is almost superfluous to add, that these provincial governments under the nabobs, bad in principle, were at all times administered in an arbitrary manner; but in the weak, inefficient and nominal supremacy of the court of Delhi, became the worst of all tyrannies. Little or no respect was paid to the singular attachment of the Hindoo people to their customs and civil institutions; no forbearance towards their timid, submissive and unresisting natures. They were assessed at a higher rate than the professors of the Mahomedan faith: from the prince to the peasant all were oppressed or degraded; the only consolation left to them was, that they did not suffer alone; 'every rank in the state tyrannised with impunity over the next, and the durbar of the Nabob exhibited, for the most part, an offensive scene of intrigue, favouritism and venality.'

Mr. Grant observes that, by an evident solecism in policy, the financial and judicial departments were so blended as frequently to be entrusted to the same hands. The Dewan was both the chief judge in civil causes, and the principal minister of finance. The zemindars, farmers, and collectors of revenue were invested with judicial powers. The financial policy of the moguls was almost wholly directed to the collection of a territorial revenue. The crop was divided into certain fixed proportions. The ryot, or actual cultivator, had two-fifths; part of the remainder was partitioned out among

among the land-holders, intermediate renters, agents, &c. and the residue belonged to the state. In Bengal the practice was for the Dewan annually to summon the zemindars, or land-holders, and to settle with them a fixed sum to be paid into the treasury. According to the amount of this sum the zemindars formed their settlement with the renters, and these, with their subordinates, down to the cultivator or ryot. These annual leases, subject to an annual variation of the rent reserved, to say nothing of the manifold subdivision of interests in the land, could not fail to be highly prejudicial to cultivation. But besides the regular fixed rent, there were certain imposts levied at will, for which the government called on the zemindar, the zemindar on his renters, and the burden increased as it travelled downwards. Where no demand was made on the part of government, the zemindar took care to call for compensation. 'Under the colour of exactions from superiors, contributions were imposed on subordinates, which, however, when detected by the superiors, were extorted from the robbers with interest.' If a ryot died or fled the country, the brother ryots of the district were called upon to make good his deficiency. Whenever the calamity of famine occurred, 'the wretched survivors of a wasted population were taxed with a severity inversely proportional to their numbers.'

These vexatious exactions were enforced by the ordinary usage, in all the despotic governments of the east, of dealing blows and scourges to inferiors, a practice which neither violates any municipal law, nor outrages public feeling; and, if necessary, by the seizure and detention of the persons of the defaulters. The exercise of the zemindary jurisdiction was at all times sufficient to enforce the payment of his own extortions. But the most efficient instrument, employed in the collection of the imposts, was the whip or scourge. The land-holders experienced the same treatment from the government. The blessings which flowed from the administration of Jaffier Khan, the Nabob of Bengal, in the reign of Aurengzebe, Mr. Grant observes, have been extolled by his countrymen with all the exaggeration of the east. 'The wolf and the lamb lived in harmony together; the hawk and the partridge dwelt in one nest.'—Yet the executive officer of his orders 'used to suspend the zemindars by the heels, and, after rubbing the soles of their feet with a hard brick, bastinado them with a switch. In the winter he would order them to be stripped naked, and then sprinkled with water; and he used to have them flogged till they paid money,' &c.

A system, so vicious in principle, and so infamous in practice, led, as might be expected, to the extreme depression of cultivation. Of the exuberant province of Bengal, when Lord Cornwallis

wallis established the perpetual settlement of the revenues, 'one third part was a wilderness.' Abuses equally great prevailed in the collection of the customs, which were chiefly levied at the discretion of the zemindars and farmers, who erected toll-houses without restriction; and exacted tolls without regulation; and thus 'the internal trade of the country was liable to endless impediments and indefinite extortion.'

The judicial department was not less corrupt than that of the finance. In the metropolis of the province, the Nazim presided in the trial of capital offences: the Foujidar in that of all other criminal matters. There were three chief civil magistrates. The Darogah Adawlut al Aulea (the Nazim's deputy) tried all causes relating to personal property, and took cognizance of quarrels or affrays. The Darogah Adawlut Dewannee (the Dewan's deputy) tried causes of real property: the Cazee those relating to claims of inheritance or succession. Neither the constitutions nor the respective functions of those three courts were accurately defined. The first two were perpetually encroaching on each other, and the Cazee was not nice in determining a cause without the assistance, or even knowledge of those who should by law have been his coadjutors.

In all criminal matters, Hindoos as well as Mussulmans were subject to the Mahomedan code. By this law, murder is regarded as a crime solely against the individual, and the punishment of the murderer is awarded on the basis of retaliation. On this ground the heirs of the deceased, or the master, if he was a slave, must inflict it, if it be inflicted at all, with their own hands. The obvious deductions from such a doctrine, which were actually admitted under the Mahomedan government of Bengal, are most important.

'No man is punishable for the murder of his own slave; for, in that case, he would commit the practical absurdity of retaliating on himself. No man is punishable for the murder of his child, grandchild, or other descendant; for resuming a life which he himself has bestowed, he is only considered as liquidating an outstanding account. So monstrous an exemplification of the rule, though undoubtedly conceded by the Mahomedan law, can seldom, it may be hoped and believed, take place; but others, not far less shocking, were, in Bengal, of daily occurrence. The life of the murderer being forfeited to the heir or the master, the heir or the master was very consistently authorised, either to remit the penalty altogether, or to accept in lieu of it a sum of money. In consequence of this liberty it is plain that every man lay entirely at the mercy of those who were to inherit his estate; and, at all events, the fact is, that compositions for murder were notoriously frequent under the native government of Bengal.'

The nature of the offence is as ill defined as the principle of its punishment

punishment is defective. The evidence of a murderous intention is not left to be collected from the circumstances of the case, but depends on rules not less whimsical than preposterous.

'Death, by the iron edge of an hoe or spade, is generally reputed to be murder: whether death, by the iron back of the instrument, be murder, is disputed; but all agree that it is not murder when inflicted by the wooden handle. According to some of the highest legal authorities, it is not murder to destroy a man wilfully, either by severe flagellation, or by keeping him in cold water, in the winter season, or by exposing him, bound hand and foot, to the summer sun, or by throwing him from the roof of a house, or into a well; and it is the concurrent opinion of all the best commentators, that it is not murder to destroy a man wilfully by poison, or by throwing him, bound hand and foot, to be devoured by wild beasts.'

This is not the mere theory of the Mahomedan law. Mr. Grant quotes a case, recorded by Mr. Hastings, of 'a wretch who cruelly held the head of a female child under water till she was suffocated, in order that he might make prize of her clothes and ornaments, and who, on being convicted of the offence before one of the native courts, was punished only by a fine.*

The dispensation of the Mahomedan law to all the classes of Hindoo society, in criminal matters, was cruel and oppressive in the extreme. Even in civil matters, it was a great favour to allow them to refer their disputes to their own Brahmins: but if one of the parties was a Mahomedan, the matter was determined by the Mahomedan law. The extraordinary partiality for ancient usages and institutions was totally disregarded. 'Our minds,' says Mr. Grant, 'must revolt at a system which prescribed to this order of men a violation of their most rooted feelings, as the only price of that justice which every people has a right to demand at the hands of its rulers.'

Much might be said on the well known corruption and venality of the judges, and of the extortions of the inferior officers of the courts; of the ready instruments of oppression which tribunals, thus constituted, were in the hands of a tyrannical government—of the virtual exclusion of the poorer members of society from the protection of the law from the extensiveness of the districts, and the stationary position of the courts; but these are evils that may occur in the practical execution of the best of laws. The police was miserably defective. Robbers by profession, called decoits, plundered in open day with as much insolence and activity, and

* *It* is recommended by Sir H. Strachey, that effectual steps be taken to prevent the wearing of valuable ornaments by children, who are frequently murdered for the sake of them. *Fifth Report from the Select Committee.* Appendix, No. 11.

far

far more cruelty, than our highwaymen, or the gangs of pick-pockets in the streets of London. 'These banditti were often in league with the village people, and with the zemindars and other land-holders, who gave them impunity and intelligence, in exchange for a share of their plunder. The victim of this bargain was the ryot, against whom all the depredations of the robbers were directed.'*

In fine, of the general insecurity of rights under the government of the Nabobs, Mr. Grant conceives a very striking idea may be conveyed from the following passage in Mr. Orme's 'Government and People of Hindostan,' which he further tells us is 'a fact stated in the Company's records.'

'The mechanic or artificer will work only to the measure of his necessities. He dreads to be distinguished. If he becomes too noted for having acquired a little more money than others of his craft, that will be taken from him. If conspicuous for the excellence of his skill, he is seized upon by some person in authority, and obliged to work for

* We are grieved to observe that decoity, or gang robbery, has rather increased under the British government. Nothing that we have ever heard of, in any country, can be compared with the atrocities committed by these gangs of decoits. The following relation of the prosecutor on a trial of decoits, exhibits a horrible picture of human depravity. He states 'that about twelve o'clock, on the night on which the robbery and murders took place, he was sleeping in a house, at a short distance from that of his father, and being awoke by the noise of robbers, went out, and saw that a party of about fifty decoits had attacked his father's house; that, from fear, he concealed himself in a plaintain garden, within fifty yards of the spot, from whence he saw the robbers drag out his father and mother; and, after binding their hands and feet, apply lighted straw and torches to their bodies, demanding of them, at the same time, to point out where their money was concealed; that the unfortunate people assured them they had none; but that the robbers, proving inexorable, went into the house, and brought from it a quantity of hemp, which they twisted round the body of Loharam, and, after pouring on it ghee, or clarified butter, to render it more inflammable, set fire to it; that they then procured a quilt from the house, which they also moistened with ghee, and rolled round the body of Loharam: that the prisoners threw the prosecutor's father on the ground, and, keeping him down with a bamboo which they held over his breast, set fire to the quilt; that, at this time, the cries of the unfortunate man were most shocking, the robbers continually calling on him to tell where his money was, and he assuring them that he had none, and imploring them to take his cows, or any thing they might find in his house; that the robbers, however, still proceeded to further cruelty. Having procured some mustard seed, and torn up the flesh of Loharam's breast, by drawing a large bamboo several times across it, pounded the mustard seed on the sores, with a view to make the torment more excruciating; that at the same time the mother of the prosecutor was tortured nearly in the same manner, by the robbers tying hemp round her body, and setting fire to it, and dragging her about, from place to place, by the hair of her head, calling on her all the while to tell them where her husband's money was concealed; and also calling on the prosecutor by name, to come and witness the state of his father and mother; that these cruelties, together with the plunder of the house of Loharam, and other ones adjacent, continued until between three or four o'clock in the morning, at which time the robbers departed, and that the prosecutor, on going up to his father and mother, found them most dreadfully mangled, but still alive; that his father expired about noon, and his mother not till the following morning. The prisoners, whom the prosecutor swore to have recognized at the murder of his parents, were nine, all of whom were sentenced to suffer death.' *Fifth Report from the Select Committee. Appendix, No.* 12.

him

him night and day, on much harder terms than his usual labour acquired when at liberty.'—p. 41.

Such was the actual condition of the Mogul provinces when the East India Company acquired territorial power in Bengal. As a contrast to this dark, but by no means 'overcharged' picture, we now proceed to sketch a general outline of the government as established in British India in the course of the last thirty years.* To do this it will not be necessary to follow Mr. Grant through his description of the legislative and executive functions of the *home* government of India, vested in the court of directors, as the organ of the East India Company, the Board of Control, and the parliament, nor to discuss the expediency of conferring discretionary powers on the local governments to ensure greater energy of conduct, or of imposing checks for the better security against abuses. We shall merely observe that the Governor General of India stands in the place of the great Mogul, and, though checked by a council, can, at any time, act independently of it, on his individual responsibility: that the members of the council must have resided in India, as servants of the Company, for not fewer than twelve years; that they are to abstain from all commercial dealings, except on account of the Company, and from the acceptance of all gifts or presents.

The East India Company, being a commercial as well as a political body, has occasion for two great wheels to keep the machinery in motion—the Board of Revenue, and the Board of Trade. The Board of Revenue consists of a president, who is also a member of the council, and three other members of high standing and experience in the Company's service. It superintends the settlement and collection of the land revenues and other taxes, and all concerns connected with them. The Board of Trade, similarly constituted, superintends the commercial concerns of the Company, the collection of the government customs, and the manufacture and delivery of salt and opium.

The collectors of revenue are selected from the regular civil servants, of a standing proportionate to the importance of the district. They have no discretionary power, as under the Mahomedan government, of taxing the land-holders. The lands now bear a fixed rent in perpetuity, a regulation which has for ever choaked up that copious source of abuse which, under the Mahomedan system, 'flowed down in an enlarged stream along the whole succession of sub-collectors, land-holders, tenants and sub-tenants.' They provide for the management of estates of landholders disquali-

* The Dewannee of Bengal was obtained by the Company in 1765; their administration of the country commenced in 1770; but the *present system* dates only from the act of 1784.

fied by sex, minority or lunacy, and for the education of such as are minors; they superintend the division of joint estates; procure lands for invalided sepoys, pay pensions, superintend embankments, &c. A collector of revenue is not allowed to trade, nor to hold a farm, nor to lend money to a land-holder; his character is purely ministerial, and not, as under the Mahomedan government, in any shape judicial. He has no power beyond that of bringing defaulters before the regular courts, to which he is himself amenable for irregularities committed in his official capacity. He is obliged to keep a diary of all his proceedings, which is transmitted periodically to the Board of Revenue. It is the duty of that board to inspect those proceedings; to see that the revenues are punctually realized; to superintend the conduct of the collectors; to suspend or report them, in cases of misconduct; to keep regular minutes of its proceedings; to transmit them monthly to the Governor General in council; and to furnish a second copy, to be sent home for the Court of Directors.

The institution of the Board of Trade, its arrangements and proceedings, are precisely similar to those of the Board of Revenue. Every transaction, however trifling, throughout every branch of the two departments, is made a matter of record. It is indeed a distinguishing feature, which pervades the whole administration of India, that every department in the service, and every member of departments, are required to transmit ample minutes of their proceedings to the next highest authority. 'So universally is this practice enforced, that there is no official servant of the company, however low his situation, or however remote his position from the seat of the local government, whose whole conduct is not stamped on documents placed in the hands of his superiors, and accessible at pleasure to the British parliament.'

Of the judicial authorities, some are nominated by the King, others by the Company. The latter are those which possess a general jurisdiction over the natives, both civil and criminal. The number and gradation of criminal courts in the provinces, subject to the Presidency of Fort William, are, a Supreme Court stationed in Calcutta, six Circuit Courts attached to the six districts or divisions, and about forty inferior courts or magistracies dispersed over the three provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa.

The number and gradation of civil judicatures are precisely the same; and though the functions, powers and forms are distinct, the same persons who preside as judges in the Courts of the one class, preside also in the corresponding courts of the other.

The magistrates are appointed from among the civil servants of the Company. They superintend the police, and their duties are not unlike those of a justice of the peace in England. They receive informations,

informations, commit offenders for trial, and bind over prosecutors and witnesses. The rules for their conduct are exactly prescribed. The court of a magistrate is called a Zilla (or provincial) Adawlut.

The courts of circuit consist each of three judges, one register, and one or more assistants, all civil servants of the Company, together with native law-officers, both Mahomedan and Hindoo. The judges make their rounds at stated periods every year; and hold regular and frequent jail-deliveries. In these courts, criminal offences are tried according to the Mahomedan law; and a sentence of death, or of extraordinary imprisonment, must receive confirmation from the superior criminal court of Calcutta, before it can take effect.

This court is called the Nizamut Adawlut. It is the old Mahomedan court under the Nazim to which the Governor General in Council succeeded as president, and was then called the Mayor's Court; but it now consists of a chief judge and two puisne judges, covenanted servants of the Company, of long standing, but not members of the government. A regular establishment of native officers, skilled in the Mahomedan law, is attached to it. It revises trials referred to it from the courts of circuit, confirms, rescinds, modifies, but cannot enhance, the sentences of those courts. The Governor General possesses no criminal jurisdiction, but has the power of pardoning delinquents. The course of civil justice is regulated in the same manner. The same judges, who preside in the courts of circuit, form the provincial courts of appeal, from which, in cases of property amounting to a certain value, a further appeal may be had to the Sudder Dewannee Adawlut which sits in Calcutta, and still further, where the value amounts to five thousand pounds, to the king in council.

In all the courts, whether civil or criminal, the European judges are invariably assisted by native advisers. Under the Mahomedan government, suitors pleaded their own causes; but advocates are now chosen out of the Mahomedan college at Calcutta, and the Hindoo college at Benares. Every provision has been made for securing the purity of justice, and for the punishment of corruption in those who administer it. Their fees are all settled by regulation; and any officer receiving more than his due, forfeits his employment. The receiving of a sum of money, or any valuable thing, as a gift or present, by one in the service of the Company, is deemed to be 'extortion and a misdemeanor at law.'

So sacred are the prejudices and the customs of the Hindoos considered, that the administration of an oath is dispensed with to those of a certain caste, to whom it would be humiliating; and such are only required to sign a declaration, that they will speak the truth. And as the appearance of women of a certain rank, before any

person of the other sex, would fix an indelible stain on them, their declaration may be received by three creditable females, first sworn to the faithful discharge of the trust.

The jurisdiction of the courts we have mentioned extends not, or extends but partially, to British subjects residing in India. All such subjects, accused of crimes, must be brought to trial before the supreme court of judicature established in Calcutta, or the courts similarly constituted at the other presidencies. It consists of a chief justice and two puisne judges, all of them professional lawyers, and nominated by the king; and it possesses 'civil, criminal, equitable, ecclesiastical, and maritime jurisdiction.' Its cognizance extends to all British subjects, natives or descendants of natives, in India; and to all the inhabitants of Calcutta. It is enjoined by act of parliament, where the natives are parties, whether Mahomedan or Hindoo, or both, to respect the usages of the country. When one of the parties is a Mahomedan, and the other a Hindoo, the law is to be followed which is acknowledged by the defendant.

In the discharge of its legislative functions, two leading principles may be said to have actuated our Indian government; a scrupulous abstinence from all wanton interference with the institutions, civil or religious, of the natives; and a cautious attempt to combine with this forbearance a course of gradual melioration. It neither left untouched the iron fetters of prejudice, in which ancient usage had bound them up, nor wantonly or experimentally tore them asunder with a rude and violent hand. 'The glory of the British, as rulers of India, consists,' as Mr. Grant justly observes, 'in the combined wariness and courage with which they have innovated.'

The constitution of India as now established, after a series of innovations which were tardily commenced, suggests to Mr. Grant two observations. The first is, that 'the system cannot be a bad one, under which so many and so great advantages have been secured to the inhabitants of the territories comprised within the Indo-British empire, and such strength and firmness to the empire itself.' We may safely go a step farther, and pronounce it to be a *good* system, when compared with that which it superseded—but it does not therefore follow, that all attempts are to be withheld for its further improvement: and unless Mr. Grant is prepared to shew, that the present system is perfect, and capable of producing the greatest possible happiness and prosperity to fifty millions of subjects, and of 'strength and firmness' to the 'empire itself,' we must withhold our assent to his second proposition, that 'when any measure is recommended, from which even a remote probability of danger to the existing Indian system can be shewn, a weighty burden of proof falls on the advocates of such a measure.'

Arguments

Arguments of this kind were employed in 1784, and had they then prevailed, none of those happy effects would ever have been experienced which, for the last 30 years, have, by a series of 'new measures,' so signally improved the condition of our native subjects of India. While both Mussulmen and Hindoos are equally protected in their laws and religion, the absurdities that disgraced the Mahomedan code have been abolished, and its more cruel punishments abrogated. While we have left untouched the precepts of the Hindoo religion as contained in the Shasters, we have succeeded, by representation and persuasion, in abolishing many of its inhuman and unnatural abuses. The lives of infants are no longer devoted to the waters of the Ganges. Female children of a particular tribe at Benares and Guzzerat, are no longer destroyed from false notions of pride; and many of the preposterous privileges assumed by particular castes, have been greatly abated. But when the correction of those abuses was undertaken, the innovators had nothing like 'proof' to offer for their ultimate success. Nay, when we adopted one of the boldest and most violent innovations ever attempted in this or any other country, 'the permanent settlement of the territorial revenue,' a measure that was said to transfer the whole landed property from one set of men to another, so far from any thing in the shape of proof being brought forward against the 'remote probability of danger,' many of the oldest and ablest servants of the Company, eminent for their knowledge in the financial and economical systems of the native governments, strongly objected to it, as fraught with danger of the most alarming kind. It was urged, that by the ancient Hindoo constitution, the ryot or occupant was the real proprietor of the soil which he cultivated; that this right was acknowledged by the Mogul system; that the tenure of the zemindar was merely official and conditional; and that the transfer of the property of the soil, on this officer, was a direct invasion on the immemorial privileges of the ryot. Others were of a different opinion, and contended that the possession of the zemindar had always been deemed hereditary and complete, though the tenure was held on certain conditions, which appeared to affect the validity of the title; but so far from either party being able to bring forward any thing in the shape of 'proof,' as to the result of the measure, 'it erred,' says Mr. Grant, 'not, as had been predicted, to the injury, but in favour, of the ryot.' Doubts are still entertained as to the justice or even policy of this bold measure, which was, to say the best of it, a sacrifice of established rights, to answer a supposed political expediency. It took away that part of the zemindary power which was most useful in maintaining a vigorous police, and left that which was most obnoxious to the agricultural improvement of the country. But, we notice this measure here only to prove,

that innovations of the most daring character may with safety be adopted, so long as they affect not the religious prejudices of the natives.

We are not friendly to experiments on legislation, nor to the introduction of unnecessary change; yet we would not reject the proposal of any rational measures for the improvement of an imperfect system, even though there should appear to be some 'remote probability of danger' in the attempt. Had the British parliament listened to this kind of argument, when it first interfered in the Company's concerns, a succession of Whitehills, and Rombolds, and Benfields might still have disgraced, with impunity, the British name and character in the east. We might still have to deplore that systematic oppression, which prevailed in the times of Mahomedan ascendancy, and which the Directors of the East India Company were wholly unable to restrain or correct—that *devolution* of oppression, as Mr. Grant calls it, which 'descended by stages from the prince to the peasant,'—when 'every intermediate possessor of rank or influence, oppressed by those above, revenged himself on human nature, by oppressing those below—to console him for the misfortune of being a slave, he had the savage satisfaction of being a tyrant.' The happy change that has established 'the meanest rights of the meanest natives, on the solid basis of law and justice',—that has 'secured the rice in his pot to every man in India'—was not brought about by the East India Company, or by its organ, the Court of Directors, or by its local governments of India; it was the work of the British parliament, carried into effect in direct opposition to the Court of Directors. In fact, the name of the natives never once occurred, till the interference of the legislature; their bonds and their investments, their revenues and their dividends, their debts and their assets, were sometimes brought forward to public notice; but the condition of their fifty millions of subjects was never once taken into consideration. The Company, then, ought to be satisfied in leaving to the public such further regulations as, in the wisdom of its representatives, shall appear to be most conducive in adding to the happiness of millions, and to the strength and resources of the empire.

The second chapter of Mr. Grant's book opens with this proposition.

'Any material innovation on our present Indian system would probably involve one or both of the two following consequences:

'First, That of allowing to British subjects in general a right, complete, or very partially qualified, of trading to, and of residing in, British India, and any part of it.

'Secondly, That of transferring entirely, or in great part, the civil and military functions now exercised by the Company, as the sovereigns

reigns of India, together with the patronage attached to them in that character, to some other person or persons.'

Or, in other words, any material innovation would tend to the colonization of India, and the transfer of its patronage from the Company to the Crown. Unfortunately for Mr. Grant's position, among all the innovations which have taken place since the revolution in the Company's affairs in 1773, when the crown, or rather the parliament, first interposed its control, down to the present time, not the least approximation has appeared towards the one or the other of those apprehended evils, (for so we presume they are meant to be considered,) though, as we have seen, many and most 'material innovations' have been adopted since that period. That the effect of opening the trade to India will be to draw thither a greater number of European residents; and that the number so drawn will depend chiefly on the enlargement of that trade, are self-evident propositions: it is not, we admit, quite so evident in what manner a free but regulated trade and access will operate on the state and circumstances of the country, which Mr. Grant has thus powerfully, and we believe truly described.

'The associated community of British and natives in our eastern dominions, certainly presents one of the most curious and interesting spectacles ever witnessed. We observe two races of men, not more distinct in origin than they are in language, complexion, dress, manners, customs and religion; nor is the distinction in these respects more complete than the disproportion in energy both of body and mind. We have on the one side extreme feebleness of frame joined with extreme effeminacy, dependence and timidity of spirit;* on the other we have vigour, hardiness, courage, enterprize and ambition. This natural inequality is increased by the consciousness, confessed on the one side, cherished on the other, that the feeble race is politically subject to the stronger. But, farther, this weak race is remarkable for an attachment the most obstinate to a set of customs and institutions the most singular, and to superstitions so whimsically interwoven with the whole frame of life that, under some circumstances, a simple touch from a person of a different persuasion is considered as an almost equally serious injury with a mortal stab. To answer this peculiarity there is, on the other side, a national character, generous and humane, indeed, yet by no means *delicate* in its generosity and humanity, and proverbially distinguished for an aptness to view with contempt and derision all foreign customs and institutions whatever. In the single article of a religious affront these generally tranquil beings seem capable of active resentment. An insult here has been known to rouse them into motion and vengeance with the suddenness of an explosion. Here then they

* This is not the character of the Hindoos in general, as given by Sir John Malcolm. See *his Evidence before the Committee.*

are dangerous to their masters, and it would be natural to expect that the general intercourse between two such orders of persons would be an intercourse of injury and suffering, subject, however, to interruption from some paroxysm of revenge on the part of the injured.—Yet in Hindostan nothing of all these effects occurs, or, except, perhaps, in one solitary instance, has occurred for years. Two races, such as have been delineated, mix there in daily and hourly intercourse; and yet there is neither habitual injury, nor habitual suffering, nor occasional revenge.'—(pp. 175, 176.)

How this state of things is practically maintained, Mr. Grant explains, in a satisfactory manner, by the four strong barriers placed between the native and the British resident.

'First, the authority of the local executive government, which may peremptorily order out of the country any European, whose conduct is such as to excite a popular alarm among the natives. Secondly, the tribunals of the Supreme Courts of Judicature, and of the parallel court of the recorder in Bombay; tribunals which, being totally independent of the Company, may be said to hold the judicial balance between the British residents and the natives. Thirdly, the intimate intercourse and effectual sympathy maintained between Great Britain and British India, insomuch, the British subjects resident in the latter, being educated in Great Britain, always holding connexion with it, and always aware that they act under its supervision, partly derive by inheritance, partly catch by contagion, and partly consult from prudence, these sentiments of right and justice, which are here generally popular, but which, in India, local prejudices might be apt to extinguish or overbear. Fourthly, the rule, adopted and enforced in the Indian service, of gradual and progressive advancement, and, what may be viewed in combination with this, the prohibition imposed on all British subjects, of residing, without a special license, at any place in India, except within ten miles of some one of the principal settlements.'—(p. 177.)

Of these barriers, all of which appear to be well calculated to protect the weak against the strong, Mr. Grant deems the third to be the most efficient in guarding the natives from ill usage; but their chief security against any direct violation of their peculiar customs and privileges, depends on the fourth. Fear of punishment, he thinks, added to the influence of the characteristic benevolence of their country, might operate on British residents in their intercourse with the natives; but that good motives or right intentions will avail little without a practical knowledge, or rather a *sense* of the singularities of the native character and customs,—qualifications which nothing can communicate but a slow training and experience; and that the greatest evils would arise if European adventurers were admitted into the country without that *training and experience*; that, in short, if the ignorance and prejudices of Englishmen were once

are suffered to come into unrestrained contact with the ignorance and prejudices of the Hindoos, 'some terrible detonation would probably be the consequence.'

On this part of Mr. Grant's argument we have three observations to make. First, that he assumes, as a principle, that which never entered into the calculation of the wildest speculator to propose—an *unrestrained and unlimited* intercourse with India. It has been stated by his Majesty's ministers in distinct terms, that not only the present restraints are to be continued, but others imposed, should the existing ones not be found sufficiently operative; it has appeared in evidence, that the regulations and restraints, now in existence, are effectual for their purpose, provided the officers appointed to see them executed perform their duty. This part of his work, it is true, may have been written before the question of the new charter began to be agitated; but we observe, that notwithstanding the declaration of the president of the Board of Control, the counsel for the Company continue to examine their witnesses before the committees as if an *unrestricted intercourse* was in contemplation.

Secondly, that although the collectors of revenue, commercial residents and judges, are generally preferred to their respective stations from length of service, combined sometimes with merit, they may still possess but a very shallow knowledge of the native character and language; this, we think, has been instanced in the course of the parliamentary investigation. Admitting, however, these gentlemen to be qualified, in proportion to their standing, how many thoughtless youths, fresh from the schools, or the streets of London, are every month sent up the country among the natives, in the various capacities of writers, assistants, surgeons, surgeons' mates, officers of every rank in the king's army, and cadets in that of the Company? All these are far more likely to come into immediate contact with the natives, than the 'experienced' resident, collector or judge; and, the fact is, they *do* so come in contact, and very frequently outrage the feelings of the natives, sometimes through wantonness, but more frequently from carelessness or inadvertence. But how would the case stand with regard to those 'numerous adventurers' whom Mr. Grant thinks a free trade would throw into India? If they visited the interior themselves, instead of employing native agents, their only object, we presume, would be that of buying and selling. Now one of the leading features in the conduct of a sober and expert merchant, is that of a cautious and conciliating manner; an endeavour to insinuate himself into the good graces of a new customer, by a courteous and pleasing deportment; studiously avoiding any step that might give offence. It is a material part of his profession to make himself

himself acquainted with the language, the manners and the prejudices of those among whom he hopes to establish a connection; and Mr. Grant may rest assured, that self-interest is a great quickener of the wit, and as likely to create, and rapidly too, a *sense* of the singularities of the native character and customs of the people of India in the 'mercantile adventurer,' as the 'long training and experience' of the covenanted servant of the Company can ensure; and far more likely, than in the untrained writer or cadet.

Thirdly, That Mr. Grant and the East India Company are strangely inconsistent in their endeavours to spread an alarm at the numerous herd of adventurers that a free trade will throw into India, maintaining, as they do, at the same time, that such a trade cannot be carried on at all by private adventurers, but that all who engage in it must be ruined, as neither the products of the country, nor the condition of the people, do, or can, admit of any considerable enlargement either of imports or exports. If such be really the fact, whence arises all this fear from the great influx of adventurers, whose ignorance and prejudices, coming in contact with the ignorance and prejudices of the Hindoos, are to cause so terrible a detonation as will shake India to its centre? One would almost be led to conclude, that the merchants of the united kingdom were conspiring together to fit out whole fleets of expensive ships of 400 tons burthen each, to convey a shoal of adventurers for the mischievous purpose of rousing the natives to insurrection. Why, we would ask, did not the danger occur to the directors, when, in their intercourse with ministers, they consented to an open trade 'from any port of the united kingdom to any port in India?' Has the simple proposition of distributing the return cargoes among a few of the out-ports led to the discovery that India may be lost in the Bristol channel, or the German ocean? It appears, indeed, to be the decided opinion of one of the most intelligent and most experienced officers in the Company's service, that it will be impossible for any European traders long to remain in the interior of India; and that they must sooner or later all be driven to the coast by the trading disposition of the natives, the superior advantages they possess, and the impossibility of sustaining a competition with men, who would be content with small profits, and whose expenses for a whole twelvemonth would not amount to those of one month of an European.*

These advocates for total exclusion are pleased to consider the intercourse of Englishmen alone as dangerous to the continu-

* Colonel Munro's evidence before a committee of the Commons. The evidence given by this gentleman contains a mass of valuable information, and opinions so sound and enlightened, as have been rarely elicited from one person in this way.

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nce of the British power in India, and mercantile Englishmen as the most dangerous, who are, in fact, most interested in its tranquillity and prosperity; while ten millions of Moors, Tartars, Arabs, Persians, all more or less tinctured with the intolerant and proselytizing spirit of the Mahomedan religion, and even the bigoted Portugueze catholics, have dwelt for ages among the Hindoos, without exciting those disturbances which are so fearfully apprehended from a handful of British merchants. The truth is, that these Mahomedans, having experienced the invincible attachment of the Hindoos to their customs and religion, and the total inefficacy of all attempts to wean them from it, had discretion enough to sheathe the sword and to shut the Koran: from that moment they had nothing to fear. The Portugueze persisted in attempts to convert them to Christianity, and lost their possessions. It is on the point of religion only, and Mr. Grant admits it, that the Hindoos are 'dangerous to their masters.' A religious affront, and nothing short of it, will rouse those generally tranquil beings to resistance, and active resentment. 'So acute are their feelings on this single point, as to change, in an instant, the lowest, the most timid, and most servile Indian into a ferocious barbarian.'* So forcibly, indeed, was the House of Commons impressed with the consistency and uniformity of a most respectable body of evidence, on this point, taken before a committee so far back as 1781, that the opinion was then unanimous,—that any interference in the religion of the natives would eventually insure the total destruction of the British power in India.

This opinion of 1781 was, for the first time, unfortunately verified in 1806, by the massacre of Vellore. Great pains have been taken to persuade the world that it was not the foppery of expunging the mark of caste from the forehead of the Hindoo, or shaving off the Mahomedan's whiskers, or changing the turban for a tawdry cap, that caused this revolt in the native troops; but (if the Madras government be entitled to any credit) a report industriously spread among them, that it was the wish of the British government to convert them, by forcible means, to Christianity;'† with the addition, that these measures were preparatory to it. The very belief of the intention, however unfounded, ought to serve as a lesson to the British legislature, to abstain from all proceedings calculated to give the slightest colour to the renewal of a report so fraught with mischief. Yet it has so happened, that the committee of the House of Commons, losing sight of the great question which vitally affected the welfare of fifty millions of people, and in

* Sir John Malcolm's Evidence before the Committee of the Lords.
† Proclamation of the Governor in Council at Madras.

which

which the political and commercial interests of the nation were deeply concerned, was almost wholly occupied, for several successive nights, in drawing forth evidence *favourable* to the propagation of the Christian religion in India by means of missionaries. This examination has wisely been suppressed; but in every part of the kingdom meetings are held, and resolutions passed, most of them intemperate in language, and many of them false in fact—indiscreet at all times, but impolitic, in the highest degree, at this particular time.* Many of these resolutions injudiciously dwell upon the degrading and inhuman superstitions, the horrible customs, and the moral turpitude of the Hindoos. It is a gross mistake to suppose that no notice will be taken of them by the natives of India. Many of the brahmins read the English newspapers, and, when any thing that interests them occurs, communicate and discuss what they read with one another. To say that the resolutions of individuals can do no harm, is assuming more than can be known. In our opinion, the mere agitation of the question, after what has happened, will do harm. It may be true, that it is not what *we* resolve, but what *they* think, that will endanger India; but it should be remembered, that by our proceedings will their thoughts be regulated; and it would not be much out of character to suppose some subtle brahmin of Benares to harangue his colleagues somewhat to the following effect:

'My brethren, we are on the eve of a great change. Hitherto the Feringas† have shaped their government for our good; they have taken the whole country, it is true, into their possession; they have modified the laws; but they have given us tranquillity and improved the condition of the great mass of the people; they have shewn respect for our customs and prejudices, and they have protected us in the free exercise of our religious duties; hence, we have borne our own fall with patience. While a few Christian faquirs, apparently regarded by their government with as much indifference as our faquirs are by us, were content to collect to their houses the outcasts of society—men who had forfeited their characters, and lost their caste,—men ready to take up any religion, after being excommunicated from their own—parias and colleries, willing to be Christians, in order to eat the bread of idleness;‡ their mistaken zeal created no alarm. But other "benevolent persons," as they

* The malady is become epidemic. Petitions load the tables of the two Houses, from all quarters. In one night twenty-two were presented by a single member; and we have heard from respectable authority, that a manufacture of them is carried on by a Committee, in London, which occupies no small portion of the time of the engrossing clerks of the capital.

† The name by which Europeans in general are distinguished;—hence *Franks*, which a Frenchman has the vanity to think is a term of compliment to his nation.

‡ A great part of the funds sent out from England is consumed in maintaining those persons who are converted.

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re called, are to be sent among us, to change, what they themselves have pronounced unchangeable,* our established religion. A certain ameer al omrah,† at the head of many of the nobles and learned of the land, has declared, "that there are more than fifty millions of inhabitants subject to the British empire in India, under the influence of inhuman and degrading superstitions, which form an effectual bar to their progress in civilization;" and it is added that the only remedy for these evils is to diffuse among us the blessings of Christian knowledge. They represent our superstitions as senseless, because we worship one god, and acknowledge his attributes in the triple character of Brahma, Vishnoo and Sheeva, emblems of the creating, the preserving, and the destroying power. They call them degrading, because our people have, from time immemorial, been subdivided into a number of castes, each enjoying its particular rights, and the whole forming a regulated gradation in society: we have, it is true, like other civilized nations, our privileged orders founded on superior knowledge, and continued in hereditary succession; but we have no exclusion of property; among our brahmins are found beggars, and among our sudras wealthy merchants. But our superstitions are inhuman, because a particular tribe of people, from a high-minded, but ill-directed pride, were in the habit of putting their infant daughters to death; a practice which was no sooner explained to be a sin, and contrary to the precepts of the Shasters, than it was discontinued.‡ And if, when life is despaired of, and a recovery hopeless, we perform the ceremony of ablution and 'extreme unction,' we are not singular in the idea of thus affording consolation in the last moments of departing life. It may also happen, that an enthusiast will occasionally throw himself under the wheels of the sacred car at Juggernaut; but this is the frenzy of religion, and a practice not sanctioned in our Shasters; and what religion has not its impostors and its fanatics? And why may not a death of this kind sometimes be the effect of accident? Is it more surprising that, in the pressure of a crowd, where one hundred thousand would not be missed,§ half a dozen persons should be crushed to death, than that twice that number should perish at the door of a playhouse? But we are reproached for considering certain kinds of suicide as meritorious: this is not our

* Mr. Graham's evidence.

† Ameer al omrah—a lord of the lords;—from *ameer* comes our *amiral*, or admiral; ameer al mumumim, the commander of the faithful.—The resolution, we suppose, refers to that of the meeting of which Admiral Lord Gambier was chairman.

‡ Moore's Hindoo Infanticide.

§ Doctor Buchannan's Christian Researches.—Among a million of ragged and naked pilgrims, all pushing to get near the sacred car; the doctor was fortunate in being able to see a devotee throw himself under the wheel.

belief;

belief; and, at any rate, ours are suicides from hope, not from despondency. Again, we are accused of compelling widows to burn themselves on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands: this is also a mistake; a Hindoo wife, who is burnt with her husband, is either actuated by motives of real affection, or she thinks it her duty to conform to custom; or she consents to avoid reproach. Of the few cases that happen, (and few they are since, though always public, not one European in one hundred ever witnessed the ceremony,) nine out of ten are entirely voluntary; they are not forcibly bound to the stake, and burnt as martyrs. Whatever our superstitions may be, they have at least the plea of antiquity in their favour; had we been given to change, force or persuasion or intrigue would long before this have robbed us of our religion.*

'But our moral character is held up by another ameer,† as "a compound of servility, fraud, and duplicity." It is possible we may thus be known among the shroffs and Banians of Calcutta. But another Englishman, better acquainted with our character, has declared that the Hindoos of Benares and those of the interior, "are not more distinguished by their lofty stature and robust frame of body, than they are for some of the finest qualities of the mind;" that "they are brave, generous, and humane; and their *truth* as remarkable as their courage."‡ By a third, whom we have all cause to remember with gratitude, we are represented as "gentle, benevolent, and as exempt from the worst propensities of human passion, as any people upon the face of the earth; faithful and affectionate in service, and submissive to legal authority."§ But can it be considered as matter of surprize that duplicity and deception

* The Emperor Ackbar, to conciliate all parties, contrived a new religion. To this end he borrowed the ceremony of baptism to conciliate the Portugueze Christians: reverence to the sun, to please the Parsees; the mythological and moral dogmas of the Shastras to win over the brahmins; and retained circumcision to flatter the Mahomedans. The consequence was, that by the Mussulmans he was considered as an apostate, by the Hindoos as a fanatic, by the Parsees as a profanator, and by the Christians as a pagan: the scheme was abandoned to avoid rebellion.

† Evidence of Lord Teignmouth before the committee of the Commons.

‡ *Sir John Malcolm's Evidence before the Committee.*

§ *Mr. Hastings' Evidence before the Committee of the Lords.* 'Great pains,' says Mr. Hastings, 'have been taken to inculcate into the public mind an opinion that the native Indians are in a state of complete moral turpitude, and live in the constant and unrestrained commission of every vice and crime that can disgrace human nature. I affirm, by the oath that I have taken, that this description of them is untrue and wholly unfounded.'

The testimony of Colonel Munro, who was thirty-two years in India, almost constantly in the interior, is still stronger, and cannot in justice be withheld. 'If a good system of agriculture, unrivalled manufacturing skill, a capacity to produce whatever can contribute to convenience or luxury; schools established in every village for teaching reading, writing and arithmetic, the general practice of hospitality and charity among each other; and, above all, a treatment of the female sex full of confidence, respect and delicacy, are among the signs which denote a civilized people, then the Hindoos are not inferior to the nations of Europe.'

should

should sometimes be practised to stave off the extortion to which we are subjected? How often may the inconsistencies in the testimonies given by witnesses in the courts of justice proceed from "simplicity, fear, embarrassment—how often from the ignorance or impatience of the judges?" "We cannot wonder," said one of these enlightened judges, "that the natives are aware of our suspicious and incredulous tempers. They see how difficult it is to persuade us to believe a true story; and accordingly endeavour to suit our taste with a false one."*

'We are accused of fraud and treachery by those who live among us, without fear of their houses being plundered by their own domestics. We are not worthy to be trusted, and yet our revilers scruple not to send to the bazar for a cossid, whom they never saw before, and entrust him with the conveyance of a purse of gold, or a casket of jewels for many thousand cos, which he never fails to deliver, and receives for his reward about as much as would pay the price of shoes worn out by an European in performing the same journey.† It is true, the lower provinces of Bengal, near to the seat of government, are infested with decoits, who lurk in the jungles and thickets; but neither the streets of Benares nor Calcutta, are annoyed by gangs of pickpockets, robbing passengers in the face of day; nor is every fifteen hundredth person committed to our jails to be tried for his life.‡ Neither are we yet so depraved as to have our houses entered by night, and our property stolen, to the amount of one-eighth part of the whole territorial revenue of Hindostan.§ The charge made against us of degrading our women, comes with a bad grace from those who dwell in a city wherein fifty thousand prostitutes, or one-tenth part of the females of all descriptions, old and young, nightly parade the streets.‖

'But if our rulers are really our superiors in civilization and knowledge, and are desirous, as we sincerely believe they are, of further improving our condition, it would be as well perhaps were they, in the first place, to abstain from draining us of our little wealth for the purchase of our own productions, and sending away the surplus as tribute; let them instruct our children in their

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* *Sir Henry Stracey's Report.* Fifth Report. Appendix, No. 11.

† Major Scott Waring.

‡ The return of persons committed for capital offences in England and Wales, in 1811, amounted to 6,819.

§ The property stolen in one year in and about London, amounts to two millions sterling.—*Colquhoun on the Police of the Metropolis*, p. 613.

‖ Colquhoun on the Police of the Metropolis.—'It would be no slight praise to the women of any nation, not even to the ladies of England, to have it said, that the corrections of their conduct was not inferior to that of the brahmin women and the Hindoo women of the higher classes.'—*Colonel Munro's Evidence* before the Committee of the Commons. We see no improbability in the supposition that a brahmin may have read Mr. Colquhoun's book; indeed, we think that it may be safely assumed as a fact.

language,

language, and enable them to read their books;* let them inspire our youths with a taste for those arts and sciences in which they excel us; let them send their merchants and their traders under proper restrictions, into the midst of us, and thereby excite a spirit of industry among the manufacturers and the cultivators of the soil; but let us be permitted to worship in our own way, the way in which our forefathers trod for centuries before their religion had existence.'

Observations like these, however harsh or unfounded, would not, on the present occasion, be incompatible with the feelings of a brahmin of Benares. While we yield to none in anxious desire for the spreading of Christianity over the whole heathen world, we cannot subscribe to that sublime doctrine that would sacrifice all 'worldly policy and temporal blessings to higher motives':†—in other words, that would stir up a civil war among fifty millions of people, for the mere chance of nominally converting some hundred parias. In a former article we took the liberty to suggest a church establishment in India, which we are rejoiced to find has met the views of government; though, after the discussion that has taken place, we cannot but entertain some doubts as to the propriety of introducing it into the body of the charter, or of introducing it at all, till any ferment, which may have been occasioned by the present imprudent discussions and resolutions, shall have subsided. But with respect to *chartered* missionaries, we trust for the sake of the nation and of India, that such will for ever be excluded from that country. Let them go as heretofore; or let them go under those restrictions which it may be necessary to impose on all: let them have full scope to preach the gospel, translate the scriptures, and establish schools on their own account and at their own risk; but let not the government give its sanction to their proceedings, nor tie up its own hands or the hands of the Governor General, which is the object of those who profess 'higher motives than wordly policy;' in short, let it always bear in mind,

* We have again and again inculcated the policy of spreading the English language, and especially in our own foreign dominions, where we are still *foreigners*. *Creighton*, one of the most intelligent of the Baptist missionaries, has justly observed that the dissemination of the scriptures is useless until the people are *taught to read*; and if yet to be taught, why not in the English language, instead of giving them a mutilated and incorrect translation of the scriptures into their own? He recommends the establishment of schools, to which children of all castes might be sent without scruple. He recommends instruction in natural history, geography, astronomy, and mathematics, 'which would furnish them with the means of detecting a mass of absurdities which are imposed upon them by their Shasters, and interwoven with their laws.'—Bap. Mis. Society, No. 18. Half a million of youths might be educated, and furnished with books, paper, pens, and even warm clothing, at an annual expense, not exceeding 120,000*l*.—*Ibid.*

† Resolutions of a meeting at Glasgow, signed by one Joshua Heywood.

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that on the point of religion only 'the Hindoos are dangerous to their masters.' For our own parts, we are fully persuaded there are but two ways that hold out any hopes of effectual success in the conversion of the Hindoos to Christianity. The one is, by a splendid church establishment served by sensible, zealous, but discreet ministers; not by such as talk of *coercing* the proud and contemptuous spirit of the natives,* but such as would, with the aid of government, address themselves to the reason, and, if that failed, to the interest of the pundits and brahmins of Benares. The early fathers, to whose well-tempered zeal Christianity owed its rapid progress among the pagan nations of Greece and Rome, adopted this line of conduct: their appeal was not to the multitude, much less to the outcasts from that multitude; they addressed themselves to emperors, prefects and senators, and these once won over, the plebeians followed in course. This mode of proceeding has not yet, we believe, been tried with the Hindoos. The other method which we would recommend is that of establishing public schools in every part of our extensive dominions, for the purpose of instructing the native youth in the English language; and to make a proficiency in that language the road to employment and preferment; the scriptures might then be read to advantage in their purity, and with better effect than can be expected from those incorrect and mutilated portions now disseminated, and which, we fear, are too commonly either disregarded or despised.

But, to return to Mr. Grant; 'why,' he asks, of the 'thirty thousand British subjects of the full blood,' which reside in India, some thousands of them from their youth, many of them habituated and even attached to the climate, manners, and mode of living, many forming sexual connections, and few returning at an advanced period of life; and, of the whole aggregate, not more than one in five returning at all—why is it, that 'not a single person of this large and fluctuating body is found to settle or colonize in India?' Doctor Smith has solved the problem in half a dozen words: 'the genius of an exclusive company' prevents it. Satisfied with this answer, but not before he has endeavoured to overturn some of the theoretical maxims of this celebrated writer, and brushed away some flimsy dogmas of the Edinburgh reviewers, Mr. Grant proceeds to class, under six different heads, the obstacles which the 'genius' of the East Indian system offers to the colonization of India. They are these:

First, The necessity of obtaining a special license from the Company to proceed to India in one of their ships; and the power of

* Buchanan's *Christian Researches.*

sending any person out of India who may have proceeded thither in any other way without their license.

Secondly, The prohibition to all British subjects in Hindostan from the possession or cultivation of land; 'a provision obviously, directly, and powerfully hostile to colonization.' Mr. Grant tells us that this is a mere rule of the company, unsupported by any act of parliament. The act, however, prohibits collectors of revenue from farming lands to Europeans, and from their accepting Europeans as security for a farmer. It is an excellent rule, and deserves to be sanctioned by an act of the legislature.

Thirdly, The *joint* effect of restricting the most lucrative and respectable lines of employment in India to certain persons appointed or licensed by the company, and of the incapacity of all British subjects to hold or farm land. By this double limitation a British subject is precluded from bequeathing to his children his profession and place in society. All his hopes and expectations center in England; 'to England he sends his children at a very tender age; and to England he generally hastens himself as soon as, for his rank, he has acquired a comfortable sufficiency.'

Fourthly, The mixed offspring of Indian and European parents being inflexibly excluded from the Company's service both civil and military.

Fifthly, The limitation of every British subject, whether in the Company's service or licensed by them, to reside in one of the principal settlements of the Company, or within ten miles of such principal settlement, unless by special license from the Company, or of the president or governor in council of such settlement. This salutary clause in the act, by keeping British subjects collected together, and perpetually under the eye of government, counteracts any propensity which might insensibly steal upon a secluded European for settling in the country.

Sixthly, A number of rules of cautious policy, framed by the Company, with the express view of repressing a spirit of colonization; such, for instance, as the indisposition generally shewn to the systematic admission of private ships built in India into the Indian trade with Europe; their jealousy of the private or privileged trade; their objection to the transfer of British capital to India; all which have operated in direct opposition to colonization; and this, if it be a merit, is perhaps the only merit they possess.

While all these barriers continue to exist, or even the two which exclude from the possession of land, under any tenure, and confine, to certain points, all British subjects going to India, there is little to apprehend that the throwing open of India to private adventurers would be followed by colonization. But admitting that

but the result should be, notwithstanding the continuance of the restrictive system, a tendency to the encouragement of permanent settlers—'Is then,' we ask with Mr. Grant, 'the colonization of India an evil?—and if so, to whom? To the Hindoos, or to Great Britain, or to both?' We are told in reply, that new settlers would encroach on the natives, and displace them. It would take many ages, we presume, before the offspring of a few traders, or men of shallow fortunes, who had neither connections nor attachments at home, for no others would think of permanently settling in India, could materially disturb the native population. But supposing the whole thirty thousand already there, to settle; the proportion would be little more than one to every two thousand natives. In how many thousand years, at the usual rate of increasing population, this new race might displace the fifty millions of inhabitants spread over a territory capable of sustaining a full third part more, we shall not pretend to compute.

But Mr. Grant seems to think that the colony would be divided from the original inhabitants, by the strongest marks of distinction; that it would not gradually melt away into the native population. This, however, we presume, would greatly depend on the degree of knowledge and prosperity conferred on the natives. The institution of schools would accomplish the former, and the influx of capital would promote the latter.

If there be any doubt as to the injurious effects of an extensive monopoly of the Indian trade to Great Britain, there can be none with regard to its pernicious operation on the natives of India. But this is not the greatest evil to which they are subject. The system of drawing from that country a territorial revenue to support its civil and military establishments, to purchase an investment of its own manufactures, and of remitting the surplus in the shape of tribute, to pay the expenses of the home debts and establishment, must be ruinous to the prosperity of the tributary country; and in that respect alone, any degree of colonization will prove beneficial to the natives, by the increase of capital, and the consequent improvement in manufactures and agriculture. We apprehend that Mr. Grant's fears lest the popular taste and prejudices of the settlers should undergo a similar change, and be productive of similar effects, to those of our West India colonies, have no foundation either in fact or argument. There is no analogy whatever between that respect which Englishmen have invariably shewn for the prejudices of the Hindoos, and the 'profound contempt with which the British and Anglo-British creoles of Barbadoes regard the purely negro population.' A negro is unfortunately as much the personal property of his master, because he is transferable by sale or purchase, as his horse or his cow, and men are apt to consider themselves entitled to

treat their own as they please. It is but very recently that in the West India islands even the wilful and malicious murder of a slave has been made felony. But the case is widely different with regard to the free natives of India, the meanest of whom is equally protected with the most powerful of those who (Mr. Grant supposes) would 'incessantly insult and oppress him.' Independent of the effectual restraints imposed by the legislature, and carried into practice, strenuously and honestly, we believe, by the local authorities, we are quite sure that the moral superiority of the English settlers over 'the feebleness and timidity of the Hindoo', would differ not less in kind than in degree, from that of the dominion of a personal master, even were no restraints imposed. And until we can persuade ourselves that the nature of Englishmen is far more flexible and base than we are willing, at present, to admit, we shall indulge the thought 'that the administration of justice between the colonists and the natives, being supplied directly from the mother country, *would* be utterly undebased by the bigotry of the local public'—nay more—we venture to assert that, 'it *would* be preposterous', in any one 'to raise a doubt even on this point.' While professional men of character and reputation continue to be sent out from home, for a limited time, to preside over and direct the course of justice, has not, we would ask, the professional honour of our Indian judicatures the same 'aid of every motive which can be furnished by the universal prevalence of a bias in favor of justice,' as it has at home? Mr. Grant's arguments as to *distance* weakening the effect of public opinion on the conduct of the judge—the wish to accommodate surrounding prejudices—the imitative or sympathetic propensities—the reiteration of a particular set of sentiments, &c.—till they finally end in corruption:—these, and such like supposed influences are, we firmly believe, wholly inoperative on the mind of an English judge, whether in England or in India; and we may be permitted to say this without offering 'a high compliment to the firmness of human nature,' or 'a low one to the influence of human society.'

With regard to Great Britain, we hesitate not to say, that every step towards the more complete civilization of Hindostan, (and the progress would be considerably accelerated by colonization,) must be productive of benefit to the mother country; nor can we consider it as a matter of any importance whether it be three hundred, or three thousand years before the colonists arrive at a state of strength and prosperity fit to govern themselves—'to emancipate themselves after the manner of America.' It is now pretty well agreed, that Great Britain suffered no loss from the emancipation of America; and if India should be, some centuries hence, peopled with Britons, or a mixture of Britons, its independence would, probably,

ably, all other things remaining as now, be more mutually beneficial to the two countries than the present connexion is to either of them. Entertaining such sentiments, Mr. Grant will excuse us for not concurring in his idea that colonization should be guarded against, 'even at the price of all commercial restrictions established by our present policy;' and for not adopting his conclusion that 'even the remotest approaches to colonization ought to be avoided with jealousy'—but it is needless to entertain any fears on this subject—'the genius of an exclusive company' has completely barred all approaches to it, though even a few additional ships should be permitted, by the new charter, to visit India.

The second evil which is to result from 'any material innovation in our present Indian system,' is that of 'transferring the civil and military functions, now exercised by the Company, as the sovereigns of India, together with the patronage attached to them in that character, to some other person or persons'—or, in other words, if the power and patronage of India should be taken from the Company, they must either be conferred on some independent authority in India, or abandoned to the ministers of the crown. Much argumentation is employed in establishing those positions; but as the whole train proceeds on the supposition of the colonization of India, and the extinction of the East India Company, neither of which is in progress, and both, at all events, remote contingencies, we pass over this part of the discussion, to take a hasty view of the consequences which Mr. Grant seems so greatly to dread, should the Indian patronage be transferred to the servants of the crown.

The most prominent of these consequences is stated to be 'the constitutional danger that may be apprehended from the annexation to the crown of so large a mass of influence.' To elucidate this point of 'ordinary agitation,' we have the 'actual amount of patronage' minutely detailed, and precisely calculated to four places of decimals, or the ten-thousandth part of a cadetship. We are informed that, as matters now stand, if we suppose the whole patronage for a given year to be divided into 28 equal lots, the quota of the president of the Board of Control would, at the most, be two of those lots; and that even this share is a matter of courtesy dependent on the pleasure of the court of directors. We further learn that the number of writers annually appointed by the directors is about 30; but that after striking off those engaged in the commercial department, which are estimated at two-elevenths of the whole, the remaining 24 writerships would be annually in the gift of ministers; but, as the customs, and the monopoly of salt and opium would probably continue, Mr. Grant, by a calculation not necessary for us to follow, arrives at this conclusion—that 26$\frac{144}{1000}$ writerships would be the annual number in the gift of the king's ministers,

nisters, which, by another arithmetical process, he finds to exceed that which they enjoy at present, in a twelve-fold proportion.

The number of cadetships annually given away by ministers would be about 128, of which the number the minister is annually complimented with by the court of directors may be averaged at 9¼, and consequently the influence of the crown would, in this department, be multiplied fourteen-fold; and the sum total of patronage will amount to 154 writerships and cadetcies. 'That is, the ministers of the crown would annually have it in their power to confer situations, in fact, for life, on more than 150 individuals; and these situations not paltry clerkships or waiterships, but all of them such as may confer respectability on youths of patrician connection; many of them such as the sons and nephews of members of parliament, and even the younger branches of nobility, might aspire to fill, and which, it is well known, that persons of those classes frequently do aspire to fill.' (p. 286.)

But this is not all. The directors annually appoint medical men under the name of surgeons. They appoint clergymen under the denomination of chaplains. They appoint barristers and attorneys to the supreme courts. They appoint free-merchants who engage in the country trade, and they license free-mariners. On the whole it is concluded, that the disposable places, in the legal, medical, and clerical departments, amount to about 290, all of which would swell the influence of the crown.

Besides these appointments, the directors issue recommendations of young men to persons high in the Indian service—they grant compensations to those who have sustained loss in their service—they decree pensions or gratuities to those who have served them well—they censure or acquit those of their servants who are reported, or suspended, for alleged misconduct—disqualify an offender, or, annul a disqualification unjustly inflicted—all of which are comprehended under the name of 'substantive means of influence.'

Then comes a sweeping display of 'accountants, auditors, cashiers, registers, secretaries, clerks, messengers, and other petty officials,' which, with the expenses of the fiscal establishments for the collection of duties, and prevention of contraband traffic, are estimated at a lumping sum of seventy or eighty thousand pounds of annual patronage to the crown.

But we have not yet done. The civil covenanted servants of the company, exclusive of the commercial department, amount to 589; the staff appointments in the army to 478; there are 330 retired officers receiving allowances amounting to 91,616*l.*, and other retiring allowances to officers of the Bombay marine. There are besides a variety of places, not on the regular establishment, in the nature

nature of clerkships, secretaryships, petty agencies, frequently bestowed on the sons of European gentlemen by native mothers, amounting to 792—'minor situations,' which, as things now stand, 'escape the grasp of the ministers of the crown'—*offals* of Indian influence, as they are termed by Mr. Grant, which might 'commodiously form an assortment with imports of a more precious nature.'

In fine, after a laborious display of places, pensions and privileges, followed by a comparison of the effects of influence when placed in the hands of ministers, and in those of the directors, always favorable to the latter, we come at length to the sum total of 'the annual value of the patronage which the ministers of the crown would possess by superseding the Company in the government of India,' amounting to three millions and a half, from which, however, 'for some reason or other,' (none is assigned,) a round million is struck off on account of *ministerial forbearance* to make the full use of the powerful engine thus placed in their hands. Assuming the probability of every tenth office becoming annually vacant, it necessarily follows, that the minister would have 'at the commencement of every session of parliament,' kept snug, of course, for that occasion, vacant offices to dispose of, yielding two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or, 'two hundred and fifty places of a thousand pounds a-year.' It also follows that, as nothing is to be struck off for *directorial forbearance*, the annual amount of patronage is 350,000*l.*, and that each director has vacant offices to dispose of worth 14,583$\frac{1}{3}$*l.* every year, or 14$\frac{7}{12}$ places of a thousand pounds a-year—the odd $\frac{7}{12}$ is about the share with which each director 'compliments' the president of the Board of Control. Can any one wonder at the prodigious struggle which is made for a seat in the direction, when so many valuable appointments shower down for distribution among 'the sons and nephews and more distant relations,' and the other 'connections and dependents of the directors?' Nor are these merely the fruits of one solitary year—thirty years enjoyment of them would, on Mr. Grant's data and principles of calculation, give a mass of patronage amounting to 420,000*l.* which is equivalent to a capital of 4,200,000*l.*! A director indeed must manage very ill who cannot contrive to retain his directorship for life; it is a copyhold estate, subject to a kind of sheyance of one year in five. To talk of the purity of the re-election, or of the independence of the proprietors, is idle, as far as regards the annual return of the six directors who *come in by rotation*; they are in fact elected by their brother directors, which is (in itself) a great abuse. Besides, the directors hire most of the ships in the trade; their owners employ the ship-builders, these again the ship-chandlers, and these the rope maker, plumber, glazier, painter, &c. all of whom, to secure employment, must get their names on the

list of proprietors; they must vote for a particular person; and no one can doubt that the profits on their respective trades are of too much importance to be sacrificed to the mere gratification of giving an independent vote, especially as they cannot be ignorant that no vote of theirs would raise the dividend on East India stock the fraction of a farthing.

But, says Mr. Grant, the independence of the proprietors is proved in a recent instance, where an old director, out by rotation, was rejected. This *solitary* exception proves the rule. But what was the fact? This director had, within three years, given away to a near relation, three writerships, value £10,000, which relation sold two of them, and bartered the third for church preferment. Now admitting, as we are willing to do, that the patronage and confidence of this director was 'grossly abused,'—that, as stated in the report of the committee of the House of Commons, nothing appeared from which could be traced 'any corrupt or improper bargains to any director,' or 'with the privity or concurrence of any director,' yet when this committee had declared, on the very eve of the election, that 'the patronage was an article of traffic,' and that it appeared to them 'not unreasonable to contract, in some degree, the patronage of those who had not been sufficiently watchful in the disposal of it,' we can ascribe no very large share of merit to the 'independent proprietors' in rejecting the director, thus blown upon, however innocent. The blot was too palpable to be missed.

But the case of this director was by no means singular. The committee reported that the existing precautions were not of sufficient force to prevent a very extensive traffic, 'in the nominations to writerships and cadetcies,' and they mention by name, a dozen directors, (just one half,) 'whose patronage and confidence had been grossly abused' by the sale and traffic of appointments made by them, through the intermediate agency of brokers, attornies, taylors, and other mean agents, in consideration of certain sums of money proportioned to their respective values. The question then is no longer, whether the public is likely to be better served by persons appointed by the directors, or by the ministers of the crown; but whether 'youths of patrician connection, sons and nephews of members of parliament, and younger branches of nobility,' in short, young gentlemen of birth or education, who have a name and character at stake, and who, it may be presumed, have had those just and liberal notions of honour and nice feeling, which distinguish the gentleman from the plebeian, instilled into their minds—whether these, or the illegitimate offspring of nobody knows who, foisted into the service through the 'corrupt agency' abovementioned, or even the indigent and obscure relatives and depen-

dents

dents of directors, are most likely to serve the public ably and honestly? At any rate the appointments on 'the recommendations of a minister' could not be made 'with less solicitude for their success, and less heed of their failure,' than those obtained or bestowed in the manner above-mentioned.

But then, besides the appointments, the compensations, the pensions, the gratuities, &c., 'large items,' which it is hinted may amount to some 'three or four hundred thousand pounds' annually, now enjoyed by the court of directors, being so many 'substantive means of influence,' would, in the hands of ministers, be capable of 'indefinite enlargement.' And can Mr. Grant be really so great a stranger to the regulations by which all the offices under government are tied up, as seriously to make such an assertion? Does he not know that if a single additional clerk, with a salary of £80 a-year, be appointed to any of them, a detailed history of all the 'whys and wherefores' that made such an appointment necessary, must be submitted to the House of Commons? Greatly indeed does he err, if he supposes that the 'individual wishes of the court of directors, clashing with the general interests of the Company, can be any effectual check to extravagance, compared with that arising out of the suspicious vigilance of the parties in parliament, hostile to the minister. Thousands are the instances in which the liberality and munificence of the court of directors are freely, and we doubt not properly, exercised, unknown to the public, or disregarded by it. Indeed the happy confusion in which their accounts, civil, military, commercial and political, have hitherto been jumbled together, sets all scrutiny at defiance; but from the moment that the minister of India should become responsible, all his accounts and all his patronage would be canvassed and sifted, even to their minutest fractions.

But then the minister may be careless or corrupt enough to turn a deaf ear 'to public convenience and established usage.' He may also, 'unchecked, appoint or displace the individuals constituting one of the Indian governments; and, armed with the terror of this power, he may secretly transmit to these individuals, whatever orders he will.' When, instead of argument, we have recourse to *may-bes*, there is no limit to the hypothetical corruption and improper practices, chargeable to a minister. We regret to find so respectable a writer as Mr. Grant countenancing, by his adoption, those vague and illiberal charges which it has of late years been too much the fashion to bring against public men. He even extends this unworthy feeling of suspicion to the whole British parliament, which he seems to consider as utterly 'incompetent for the active and circumstantial superintendance of Indian affairs.' That empire, we are told, 'moves in a trajectory of its own,' not to be inspected

inspected by large deliberative bodies, meeting in a distant quarter of the globe. But it is not merely incompetent; the attention of his readers is called to a 'most important consideration,' which is, that, 'by a skilful distribution of Indian patronage among members of parliament, the minister is enabled to conciliate the very persons by whom he is to be controlled; by multiplying his offences, he propitiates his judge.' As to any checks or restraints on the distribution of Indian patronage, as far as parliament is concerned, in the inspection and execution of those restraining laws, Mr. Grant views them with sovereign contempt. How far he imagines his argument to be strengthened by setting off the purity of the Court of Directors against the general corruption of the King's ministers and the whole House of Commons, we willingly leave for the decision of his readers.

The notion, (long since, as we thought, exploded,) that the accession of Indian patronage to the crown would endanger the constitution, is revived by Mr. Grant; but it has evidently lost the commanding influence which it once exerted over the public mind. We are old enough to remember the extraordinary effect which the India bill of Mr. Fox (passed afterwards in a modified form by Mr. Pitt) produced on the general feeling;—though we believe that the carricature print of 'Charles Fox running away with the India House on his shoulders,' contributed more towards it than the pamphlets and speeches distributed then, as now, with all the profusion of a sovereign company. Those times are past; and the public sentiment is entirely changed. The miserable expedient of placarding the walls of the metropolis with, 'No Bristol stones, but real India diamonds,'—'No opening Liverpool warehouses to fill London poorhouses,' &c. entirely failed. These are not the days, in our estimation, in which a few Indian appointments, thrown into the scale of the crown, would have any effect in destroying the balance of the constitution. When so many mock-patriots, and mob-popularity-hunters, are constantly on the watch for opportunities of plucking a feather from the wing of prerogative, there is no great danger of the influence of the crown soaring too high. Nor, until we can be brought to entertain the same sentiments of the representative body of the nation, which Mr. Grant appears to do, will we believe that, among the 658 members which compose this body, even half a dozen will be found base enough to forsake their party, and barter their principles, for one of those Indian writerships or cadetcies, which a corrupt minister may have stored up 'for the commencement of every session of parliament.'

We rather wonder that Mr. Grant, with his ingenuity, should not have been able, in the event of the supersession of the directors,

tors, to discover some other channel into which the Indian patronage might be diverted from the ministers of the crown. Why, for instance, should not the sons and nephews of officers wounded in the service, or of retired officers, whether civil or military, after long, faithful and meritorious services, be considered in the distribution of that patronage, which is now bestowed on the sons and nephews of the directors? Or, to effect a more general participation, why not dispose of the Indian appointments to such as, on examination, shall be found duly qualified as to talent and respectability, and thus create a fund for the relief of decayed officers, whether European or native? Another consideration might have suggested itself. It appears from evidence taken before the committee of the House of Commons, that disaffection prevails, as might naturally be expected, among the deposed rajahs, omrahs, thans, &c. who, by our conquests, have been deprived of office, power and wealth. It would be some compensation to these disappointed men, were certain situations in the government thrown open to such of their sons as might be willing to qualify themselves to fill them; and by thus uniting their interests with those of the British government in India, their attachment to it might be secured. But, though we think that the patronage might, without much danger, or loss of purity, pass into other hands than those of the directors, we should still say, let them retain it, provided they are disposed to shew a little more liberality in other respects—let them retain their army, their revenues and their dominion—let them retain even, for the present, the exclusive trade to China; but let the trade of India be open and free, and let the outports of the kingdom divide the benefits of it with the metropolis, even at the hazard of checking the growth of the latter, which is thought by many to be a sink of vice and misery quite capacious enough already.

'On the Points at present in Dispute between his Majesty's Ministers and the Company,' which is the title to the fourth and last chapter, we see nothing to add to our opinions contained in a former article. It is, in fact, little more than the letter of Mr. Grant and Mr. Parry, of the 13th January, 1809, addressed to Mr. Dundas, put into another, and, perhaps, not an improved shape. Mr. Grant is pleased to reckon us among 'the literary antagonists of the Company, who contemplate a radical change.' We are surprised at this charge; and we call upon him to point out a single passage in our examination of the question now at issue, that can, by any possibility, be tortured into such a construction. We meant to render good service to the Company by deprecating the violence of the general clamour raised against it; we incidentally mentioned, as the opinion of many well informed persons, that a reform might advantageously be introduced into the home establishment.

lishment. The opinion, it is true, was 'anonymous,' but it was not 'justified by unnamed arguments'—it was not 'justified' at all—it was not 'argued' at all—it was, as we said before, casually mentioned: but we do not hesitate now to say, and we are ready to support it by argument, that it would be a great improvement in the home management, if the Court of Directors, like their servants in India, were prohibited from private trade; if their numbers were reduced, their salaries increased, and their patronage divided.

We will only for the present ask Mr. Grant three simple questions:—

1. Can it be expected that a director of the East India Company, who is directly or indirectly connected with ship-building on the river Thames, will, in any emergency, encourage the building of ships in India where he has no connection?

2. Can a director, who may happen to be largely concerned in the importation of hemp and naval stores from the Baltic, who may perhaps have a contract to supply the navy with them, be expected to encourage the growth and importation of hemp and naval stores, in and from India? And,

3. Can he be expected to give his time to the public concern, for which he receives 300l. a year, when his own immediate concerns press so much more forcibly on his attention?

With these questions we take our leave of Mr. Grant, assuring him that he is not mistaken in ascribing to us the negative merit of 'good intentions;' and assuring him also of our just and respectful estimate of the promise which this work displays of abilities to be hereafter, we doubt not, conspicuously exerted for the public benefit. If we confess that it also evinces strong prejudices, and prejudices, as we think, often unfounded, and often exaggerated, we say no more in this than that a mind evidently of masculine vigour and constitution, has nevertheless not been able to resist the powerful and incessant assailments of early impressions, of near interests, and of the best affections of nature. We disclaim (and he does us the justice to believe our disclaimer) all hostility to the East India Company: but it is one thing not to wish wantonly to invade its privileges; and another to be ready to maintain them, by the sacrifice of the common rights of those, who, without aiming at being the fellow-sovereigns of the Company, cannot quite forget that the individuals composing that sovereignty are, after all, their own fellow-subjects. We do not think the greatness of the East India Company at all inconsistent with a just consultation of the paramount interests of this country; we think it mainly conducive to the good of India. It is the advocates of the Company, and they alone, that bring into doubt the compatibility of these different, but, as we conceive, consenting interests, when they contend that

that to open India, or to let loose England, to a commercial intercourse, not unfettered but enlarged, is to overthrow the fabric of the Company's power. It is they, and not we, who moot the question, whether, *if* the choice *must* be made, Parliament ought to prefer the continued existence of the East India Company, for its own sake, on its present system, unaltered and unalterable for all time to come, *or* an increase of happiness to fifty millions of native subjects, and of wealth, strength, and firmness to the British empire. We deny that such is the alternative on which parliament has to decide. We contend, indeed, that the happiness of India and the prosperity of England are the objects for which parliament ought to legislate, and that the East India Company is but the means of attaining those objects; but it is surely enough for the Company, enough both for its interests and its reputation, that we admit (and we make the admission with cheerfulness and sincerity) that through its instrumentality, moulded by the wisdom, and acting under the continued superintendence of parliament, those objects may be most safely, and most beneficially pursued.

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* An attack has been pointed out to us, in an Italian Journal, on an article in No. XVI. on the letters of Jacopo Ortis. It is not our intention to enter into a discussion, with any one, on matters of taste or opinion; but on a question of fact, we would not be wholly silent. The critics impugn what we delivered respecting the birth-place of Ugo Foscolo, and the existence of such a person as Jacopo Ortis. Our authority for both is the Signor Barzoni, one of whose works we have introduced to the knowledge of the reader in the present Number. This gentleman well remembered the suicide of Ortis, which a particular circumstance had strongly impressed upon his mind. His testimony was subsequently confirmed to us by another Venetian gentleman, at present, we believe, in the house of Mr. Fagan, the British Consul at Palermo.

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ERRATUM in No. XVI.

Page 816, line 6, for Gustavus III. read Gustavus IV.

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# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

## *JULY*, 1813.

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ART. I.—*The First and Second Reports of the Committee of the Fish Association for the Benefit of the Community, respecting the Measures to be adopted for the Supply of the Metropolis and its Neighbourhood*, 1813.

*An Account of a Supply of Fish for the manufacturing Poor; with Observations*, by Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart. 1813.

*A Dissertation on the Public Fisheries of Great Britain, explaining the Rise, Progress, and Art of the Dutch Fishery, &c. &c.* By Henry Schultes. 1813.

'THE coasts of Great Brittaine doe yeeld such a continual seaharvest of gaine and benefit to all those that with diligence doe labour in the same, that no time or season in the yeare passeth away without some apparent meanes of profitable imployment, especially to such as apply themselves to fishing, which, from the beginning of the yeare unto the latter end, continueth upon some part or other upon our coastes, and therein such infinite shoales and multitudes of fishes are offered to the takers, as may justly move admiration, not only to strangers but to those that daily bee employed amongst them.'* Such was the observation of that 'learned knight,' Sir John Boroughs, in the year 1633, the truth of which is as indisputable now, as it was then. If, indeed, we except the agricultural improvement of a country, there is no other source of national wealth and strength more productive and permanent, than that of the fisheries, and more particularly, when the circumstances and situation of its coasts are favourable for the prosecution of them on a grand scale. The greater the extent of coast compared with the area of the land which it embraces, the nearer will the benefits derivable from the fisheries approach to those which are drawn from the soil. Our sea-girt islands are most happily situated in both respects. In addition to a highly productive soil, the seas which surround us afford an inexhaustible mine of wealth—a harvest, ripe for gathering at

* The Sovereignty of the British Seas proved by Records, History, and the Municipal Laws of this Kingdom, by that Learned Knight Sir John Boroughs, Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London, 1633.

every time of the year—without the labour of tillage, without the expense of seed or manure, without the payment of rent or taxes. Every acre of those seas is far more productive of wholesome, palatable, and nutricious food than the same quantity of the richest land; they are fields which, perpetually 'white to harvest,' require only the labourer's willing hand to reap that never failing crop which the bounty of Providence has kindly bestowed.

These islands are, indeed, favoured in a peculiar manner for carrying on the fisheries to the greatest possible extent. Not only the seas belonging to them, but all their numerous inlets, creeks, bays, and havens; the lochs, the lakes, and the rivers all swarm with esculent fish. They are blessed, moreover, with an abundant population to enjoy this plentiful harvest—they have capital to supply all the necessary means for collecting, preparing, and distributing this valuable article of human sustenance—they have the uncontrolled command of the sea, which not only secures their fishermen from the molestation of an enemy, but prevents the interference of a rival in the field. An increased and increasing population ensures a consumption at home; and mines of salt, as inexhaustible as the supply of fish, enable us to export with advantage the surplus produce to such foreign nations as afford, in return, those necessaries and luxuries of life, that are not raised by ourselves.

But other considerations combine at this moment to excite us to a vigorous prosecution of the fisheries. Food of every description has risen to an extravagant and unprecedented price; butchers' meat, once in ordinary use, is now nearly beyond the reach of the great mass of the people; the labouring poor can scarcely hope to taste it; and as to *fish*, whether in the metropolis or the great inland towns of England, *that* may be considered as a prohibited article, even to the middling ranks in life. If then the seas which surround Great Britain and Ireland are, and nobody will deny that they are, capable of affording an inexhaustible supply of fish—if fishermen are able with all imaginable ease to take it in unlimited quantities—and if, notwithstanding, the supply is not equal to the demand, either in the home or the foreign market, there must be some defect or discouragement, or some want of systematic regulations, to withhold so important an article of food from the community at large. Highly, however, as we estimate the public advantages derivable from the fisheries, and they can scarcely be too highly estimated, we are not sanguine enough to join in the confident expectations of Mr. Schultes, that the 'establishment of a national fishery' (on his own plan of course) 'would extinguish the poor's rate, afford universal employment, prevent the necessity of naval impress, increase trade, diminish taxes, supply constant and

and perpetual food, and augment the wealth of the nation annually twenty millions of pounds.' But we willingly yield our assent to the more moderate expectations of the members who form the committee of the 'Fish Association,' that, by the removal of certain obstacles to a more general use of fish in this country, sustenance may be provided for a great additional population, employment afforded for a numerous class of courageous and adventurous individuals, provision made for unfailing nurseries of seamen for our navy; and a considerable increase to the trade of the United Kingdom.

That the mine we have to work upon is in reality inexhaustible, a transient inspection will be sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical inquirer. We now know that travellers do not exaggerate, when they tell us of swarms of locusts obscuring the light of the sun; of flights of white ants filling the whole horizon like a snow shower; of herds of antelopes scouring the plains in thousands; neither are fishermen disbelieved when they speak of shoals of herrings, occupying, in close array, many millions of acres near the surface of the sea; nor when they tell us that, on the coast of Norway, in passing through the narrow inlets, they move in such deep columns, that they are known by the name of *herring mountains.* The cod, hake, ling, mackerel, pilchard, and salmon, though not quite so numerous as the herring, are all of them gregarious, and probably migrating animals. In thus ordaining that the most numerous of the finny tribe should be those which afford the most wholesome food for man, we acknowledge the benevolent intentions of an all-wise and good Providence.

We are yet imperfectly acquainted with the natural history of the herring. Its winter habitation has generally been supposed within the arctic circle, under the vast fields of ice which float on the northern ocean, where it fattens on the swarms of shrimps and other marine insects which are said to be most abundant in those seas. On the return of the sun from the southern tropic towards the equator, the multitudinous host issues forth in numbers that exceed the power of imagination. Separating about Iceland into two grand divisions, the one proceeds to the westward, filling, in its progress, every bay and creek on the coast of America, from the Straits of Bellisle to Cape Hatteras; the other, proceeding easterly in a number of distinct columns of five or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth, till they reach the Shetland islands, which they generally do about the end of April, is there subdivided into a number of smaller columns, some of which taking the eastern coast of Great Britain, fill every creek and inlet in succession from the Orkneys down to the British Channel; and others, branching off to the westward, surround the coasts of the Hebrides, and pene-

trate into the numerous firths and lochs on the western shores of Scotland. Another shoal, pursuing the route to Ireland, separates on the north of that island into two divisions, one of which, passing down the Irish Channel, surrounds the Isle of Man, the other pours its vast multitudes into the bays and inlets of the western coast of Ireland. The whole of this grand *army*, which the word *herring* emphatically expresses, disappears, on the arrival of the several divisions on the southern coasts of England and Ireland, about the end of October, to which period, from its first appearance in April, it invites the attack of a variety of enemies, besides the fishermen, in every point of its route. In their own element the herrings furnish food for the whale, the shark, the grampus, the cod, and almost all the larger kind of fishes; and they are followed in the air by flocks of gulls, gannets, and other marine birds, which continually hover about them, and announce their approach to the expectant fisherman.

To keep up this abundant supply and to provide against all the drains which were intended to be made upon it, nature has bestowed on the herring a corresponding fecundity, the spawn of each female comprehending from thirty to forty thousand eggs. Whether these eggs are deposited in the soft and oozy banks of the deep sea, abounding with marine worms and insects and affording food for winter's consumption, or whether they lie within the arctic circle amidst unremitting frost and six months perpetual darkness, is yet a doubtful point; but the former will probably be considered as the less objectionable conjecture.

The esculent fish, next of importance to the herring in a national point of view, is the codfish, which is also considered among the number of those which migrate from the north, in a southerly direction, to nearly the same degree of latitude as the herring. But there is reason to believe that its constant residence is on the rough and stony banks of the deep sea, and that it is rarely found beyond the arctic circle, and there only sparingly and in the summer months. On the great bank of Newfoundland, on the coasts of Iceland, Norway, Shetland, and the Orkney islands, on the Well-bank, the Dogger-bank, the Broad Forties, on the northern, western, and southern coasts of Ireland, the cod is most abundant and of the best quality: in some or other of these situations the fisheries may be carried on with certain success and to great advantage from November to Midsummer. On the western coasts of Scotland and Ireland all the different species of the cod genus, usually known under the name of white fish, are plentifully dispersed. Every bank is, in fact, an inexhaustible fishery, for, with fewer enemies than the herring to prey upon it, the cod is at least a hundred times more productive. The fecundity of this

fish,

fish, indeed, so far exceeds credibility, that had it not been ascertained by actual experiment, and on the best possible authority, it would have been considered as fabulous to assign to the female cod, from three to four millions of eggs.*

Not only the hake, sometimes known by the name of 'poor John,' but more commonly by that of stock-fish, and the ling, are to be reckoned among the valuable products of the British fisheries, especially as articles of foreign consumption, but we may also include the haddock, which is another species of cod, as equally important for the supply of the home market. Haddocks assemble in vast shoals during the winter months in every part of the northern ocean, and bend their course generally to the southward, proceeding beyond the limits of the cod and the herring; but it is remarked that they neither enter the Baltic nor the Mediterranean. The two dark spots a little behind its head, are supposed to have gained the haddock, in days of superstition, the credit of being the fish which St. Peter caught with the tribute money in its mouth, in proof of which the impression of the Saint's finger and thumb has been entailed on the whole race of haddocks ever since. Unfortunately, however, for the tradition, the haddock is not a Mediterranean fish, nor can we suppose it to have belonged to the lake of Tiberias. The truth is the Italians consider a very different fish as that which was sanctified by the Apostle, and which after him they honour with the name of *il janitore*, a name that we have converted into *Johnny Dory* with the same happy ingenuity that has twisted the *girasole* or turnsol into a *Jerusalem* artichoke.

Several other kinds of white fish, as turbot, plaice, sole, and whitings are plentifully dispersed over various parts of the British seas, so as to afford an ample supply for the home market, the whole year round, without the smallest danger of that supply being exhausted or diminished.

The mackerel fishery in the English Channel continues about four months in the year, commencing in April or May. This too is a fish of passage, but, contrary to the course of the herring, is supposed to visit the British seas in large shoals from the southward. The mackerel is chiefly caught for immediate consumption, but is sometimes pickled for winter use. Its fecundity is very great, each female depositing, at least, half a million of eggs.

The pilchard, like the herring, of which it is a species, is a fish of passage. It makes its appearance, in vast shoals, on the coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall, and in the neighbourhood of the Scilly islands, from July to September. About the time that the pilchards are expected on the coast, a number of men called *huers*

* Philosophical Transactions, vol. 57, p. 280.

post themselves on the heights to look out for their approach, which is indicated by a change in the colour of the water. The boats in the mean while, with their nets prepared, are held in momentary readiness to push forth in the direction pointed out to them by the *huers*. On the coast of Cornwall alone, fifty or sixty thousand hogsheads of this fish are annually salted for foreign consumption.

But of all others the salmon may, perhaps, be considered as the king of fishes; and no part of Europe is more bountifully supplied with it than the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. At certain seasons of the year, whole shoals of this noble fish approach to the mouths of rivers, which they ascend to considerable distances, surmounting every obstacle in order to find a safe and convenient spot to deposit their spawn. From January to September they are in high season, but in some part or other of the coast are fit for use every month in the year. The salmon fishery is of great value, whether for home consumption or exportation. Prodigious quantities are consumed fresh in the London market, and in almost all the sea-port towns in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; but a far greater quantity is salted, dried, or pickled in vinegar. The lochs and friths of Scotland and Ireland are visited by salmon in such copious shoals that more than a thousand fish have sometimes been taken at a single draught. The two most productive fisheries are that of the Tweed near Berwick, and of the Bann near Coleraine; at the latter of which, Mr. Young says, 1450 salmon have been taken at one drag of a single net. The salmon also frequents the coasts of Norway and Iceland in the summer months in prodigious quantities. Hooker describes the salmon fishery in the river Lax Elbe on the latter island, where women, as well as men, took with their hands, in a few hours, 2200 salmon.*

The banks of the North sea, the rocky coasts of the Orkneys, and the eastern shores of Britain, afford, in abundance, two articles of luxury for the London market, though but sparingly drawn from those sources: we allude to the turbot and lobster. For a supply, however, of the former we have always had recourse to the Dutch, to whom we paid about £80,000 a-year; and for about a million of the latter, taken on the coast of Norway, the Danes drew from us about £15,000 a-year; for eels we gave the Dutch about £5000 a-year. These fisheries are calculated to give employment to not less than 10,000 seamen.

Even the oyster fishery supplies the market of the metropolis with an article of nutricious food for eight months in the year; and if cultivated with the same care in the neighbourhood of Chichester, Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth, the coasts of Wales,

* Journal of a Tour in Iceland, by W. J. Hooker.

and

and among the Hebrides, as at Colchester, Milton, Feversham, &c., there is not a town in Great Britain which might not be as abundantly supplied with oysters as the London market.

Notwithstanding this never-failing harvest of food within our immediate reach, the neglect of the fisheries has never ceased to be a subject of unavailing complaint from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the present time. 'It maketh much to the ignominie and shame of our English nation,' (says the learned Keeper of the Tower Records, above quoted,) 'that God and nature, offering us so great a treasure, even at our own doores, wee doe, notwithstanding, neglect the benefit thereof, and by paying money to strangers for the fish of our own seas, impoverish ourselves to make them rich:' and he complains that Yarmouth which, from a bed of sand, had risen to an opulent town, solely by the fishery, with the Cinque ports and other towns and villages to the number of 205, were, in his time, 'decayed and reduced to extreame poverty,' whilst those of Holland and Zealand were flourishing from the riches collected on our own coasts, where not less than 400 of their vessels were constantly employed to supply England alone with fish caught on its own shores. As a contrast to our indolence or indifference, a lively picture is drawn of the bustle and activity which the Dutch herring buss fishery communicated to the various tradesmen and artisans, labourers, salters, packers, dressers, &c. and of the numbers of poor women and children to which it gave employment.* On the coasts of Holland and in its bays and inlets 3000 boats of various kinds were constantly occupied; on those of England and Scotland, in the cod and ling fishery only, they had 800 vessels, from 60 to 150 tons burden, fully employed; and each of these was attended by another vessel for supplying it with salt and carrying back the cured fish. From Bougoness to the mouth of the Thames, a fleet of 1600 busses were actively engaged in the herring fishery, to every one of which might be reckoned three others, some employed in importing foreign salt, some in conveying it to the fishing vessels, and others in carrying the cured fish to a foreign market. Thus the total number of shipping engaged in, and connected with, the herring fishery amounted to 6400 vessels, giving employment on the water alone, to 112,000 mariners and fishermen. At that time Holland could boast of 10,000 sail of shipping, and 168,000 mariners, 'although their country itselfe affords them neither materials or victuall or merchandize to be accounted of towards their setting forth.' It

* In a pamphlet entitled 'England's Path to Wealth and Honour, in a Dialogue between an Englishman and a Dutchman,' which abounds with information on the subject of the fisheries, the whole alphabet is employed, in regular order, to enumerate the various trades-people, artisans, &c. who subsist by the herring fishery.

had a navy which supported many a long and arduous contest with that of Great Britain for the dominion of the seas; and its commerce and colonies spread themselves over the most distant parts of the globe. Many fair and populous cities rose with prodigious rapidity from a few mud hovels scattered among the swamps and morasses at the mouths of the Rhine and the Waal. So universally indeed was it acknowledged that the strength, wealth and prosperity of the United Provinces were entirely owing to the herring fishery, that an observation was in common use among themselves, that Amsterdam had its foundation on herring bones.

But the best proofs from what channel the republic of the United Provinces derived its rapid flow of wealth and prosperity, may be collected from an estimate of the population of the States General, published in Holland in 1669, which stands as under:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 'Persons employed as fishermen, and in equipping fishermen with their ships, boats, tackle, conveying of salt, &c. | 450,000 |
| Persons employed in the navigation of ships in the foreign trade, wholly independent of the trade connected with the fisheries. | 250,000 |
| Persons employed as manufacturers, shipwrights, handicraft trades, dealers in the said manufactures, &c. | 650,000 |
| Persons employed in agriculture, inland fishery, daily labour, &c. | 200,000 |
| Inhabitants of all descriptions employed in various concerns connected with domestic consumption and in general use. | 650,000 |
| Idle gentry without callings, statesmen, officers, usurers, soldiers, beggars, &c. who are supported by the labour and care of those abovementioned, | 200,000 |
| Making a total of | 2,400,000.' |

Of this aggregate population it will appear that eleven-twelfths were exercised in habits of industry; and that 700,000, or every third person nearly, was either a mariner, a fisherman, or one employed in the encouragement and increase of their marine and the fisheries. It was the boast of the pensionary De Witt that nearly one-fifth part of the population of the United Provinces earned their subsistence by the fisheries at sea, and it was his opinion that the trade of Holland could not be supported without them, but would decay with the decay of the herring fishery, which he considered as the right arm of the republic. The States General, indeed, made no secret of the grand source of their wealth and prosperity. In one of their ordinances, relating to the herring fishery, they set out by

by declaring, 'how well known it is that the great fishing and catching of herrings is the chiefest trade and principal gold mine of the United Provinces, whereby many thousands of households, families, handicraft trades and occupations are set on work, are well maintained, and prosper, &c.' The people of England were fully aware of the great advantages derived by the Dutch from a fishery carried on principally by the latter within the seas, and frequently close under the shores, of the former. Why this country, with an apparent indifference, suffered a nation which she had so recently raised out of its dykes and mud-banks to a state of independence, to erect, by rapid stages, a grand national superstructure on the basis of British produce and protection, till she became her most formidable rival on the ocean, is a subject that has often engaged the pen of the statesman; of such men as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir William Monson, Sir William Petty, Sir Roger L'Estrange, and many other able and practical politicians. Neither has there been any want of efforts on the part of individuals, or of encouragement on that of government, (though the latter might not always have been properly directed,) to correct this extraordinary supineness. Liberal subscriptions have been set on foot, and vast sums of money contributed at various times for the establishment of fishing villages and the building and setting forth of ships and boats suitable for the purpose. Various acts of parliament have been passed from time to time for the encouragement of the fisheries and fishermen, conferring premiums, granting bounties, allowing exemptions from duties, and bestowing other indulgencies and privileges, protecting mariners, landsmen, and apprentices engaged in the fisheries from the impress, and allowing every person, who should have followed the occupation of fisherman for seven successive years, being a married man, to set up and freely exercise any trade or profession in any town or place in Great Britain. In the midst of all these encouragements, however, we have not been quite consistent. The cod and turbot fisheries were chiefly carried on by the Dutch. There are two baits of which these fish are peculiarly fond, the lamprey and the whilk, neither of which the Dutch possess, but both of which were amply supplied to them by us. Nay, it appears on evidence before a committee of the House of Commons that our own fishing vessels have been frequently kept a fortnight or three weeks in the Thames for want of lampreys, while the Dutch were carrying them away by hundreds of thousands at a time.* But other unfavourable circumstances of greater weight than these caused the fisheries to languish in

* Report of the Committee for Fisheries, 1786.

England,

England, in proportion as they flourished on the opposite side of the channel; and thus, as Mr. Schultes says,

'This country passively contributed to her rivals' aggrandizement; and at the very period, namely 1695, when the Dutch and her neighbours were enjoying all the advantage of affluence, power and dominion, deriving annually from the British Sea fishery the enormous sum of twenty millions of pounds, we began to borrow money for public expenditure, and incur the national debt, which gradually increased in the same proportion as their wealth and prosperity; and (painful to remark) it appeared by a tract published in 1653, wherein the writer refers to the testimony and asseverations of merchants in Amsterdam, that we purchased our own fish at the incredible sum of sixteen hundred thousand pounds annually.'*

It may be proper, before we endeavour to point out the remedy, to trace some of the main causes, which have operated in producing that fatal disease which has so long and so obstinately impeded the progress of Great Britain towards a successful establishment of the fisheries on all or any of the numerous situations, favourable for that purpose, on a line of sea coast, not less than 3000 miles in extent.

The occupation of a fisherman may be considered generally as the offspring of poverty; the dangers of the element on which he moves, the fatigues and hardships that he has to encounter, the disease and infirmity prematurely brought on by exposure to cold and wet, the uncertainty of a market for his fish, if successful, and the certainty of starving from a want of success, are the discouraging prospects which he who embarks in the trade has to contemplate; but as necessity is the parent of exertion as well as of invention, we do not find that a want of hands for the fisheries makes any part of the obstacles which have retarded their progress. It is pretty nearly the same with nations as with individuals; that country, which has but one of its sides abutting on the sea, must necessarily be poor before it consents to become a nation of fishermen. Thus the provinces of Holland and Zealand, whose cultivable land yielded not sufficient produce for the subsistence of one-eighth part of their inhabitants, were driven by necessity to seek for the remainder on the water. But England, which had twelve times the quantity of productive land for her population, felt not the same necessity of cultivating the sea to provide subsistence, though surrounded by that element on every side. Food was neither so dear nor so scarce, that men were driven to the necessity of encountering the perils and hardships of a boisterous element to

* Schultes's Dissertation, p. 5.

increase

increase the quantity or reduce the price of the necessaries of life. The small portion of its inexhaustible stores that was drawn from its bosom was rather to supply an article of luxury for home consumption, than a merchantable commodity for the foreign market; and even that demand was scantily and precariously furnished. If the *catch*, as it is technically called, was too abundant, a great part of it was spoiled for want of a quick and certain market at hand, while the quantity itself lowered the price of those that were disposed of; if too scanty, the produce was not worth the expense of sending to a distant market, unless sold there at an exorbitant price. The uncertainty of the supply and the fluctuation of price were necessarily followed by an uncertainty in the demand; and such a state of the market being precisely suited for the establishment of a monopoly, a monopoly was accordingly established. For this purpose a narrow and confined spot of ground was set apart in the city of London, which absorbed the whole of the fish that came within the radius of its vortex, extending from Billinsgate, as its focal point, seven miles in every direction; and this little spot *virtually* monopolized all the best fish that were caught on the coast of the United Kingdom. This market is held as an exclusive privilege of the corporation of London by charter, 'which,' says Sir Thomas Bernard, 'in the greatest and most populous city in the world, restricts the sale of an essential article of life to a small and inconvenient market; and has exclusively placed the monopoly of fish in the hands of a few interested salesmen.'

'If the abuse (adds Sir T. Bernard) were limited to a mere enhancement of price upon those who value the articles of life in proportion to their dearness and scarcity, the power might be so modified in its exercise, as to be undeserving of public animadversion or interference. But it is now ascertained that, in a period of scarcity, when every effort is making by importation and economy to provide for the public necessities, a kind of *blockade* has checked the supply of the metropolis; large quantities of fish have been withheld or wantonly destroyed as they approached the market, and nearly two millions of inhabitants in London and its surrounding neighbourhood have been in a great measure deprived of an article of food, which might have lessened the consumption of butchers' meat and wheat-corn, to the relief of the whole kingdom.'*

The evils of this monopoly are greatly enhanced by the tricks and abuses which are contrived by the fishermen, the salesmen, and the fishmongers, who, in the present state of things, are all more interested in creating a scarcity than in the diffusion of plenty. It is more advantageous to all these parties to sell a turbot at three guineas, and a lobster for its sauce at twelve shillings, than by sending three times the quantity to market, to reduce the prices

*Account of a Supply of Fish, p. 1 et seq.

to

to a sixth part of what they actually are. Great care is therefore taken that the market be precisely fed to the profitable point, but never overstocked. To effect this, they have a depôt of well-boats and store-boats ready stocked about Gravesend. In these boats a supply of cod, turbot, and lobsters are kept during the season, from whence the proper quantity is daily measured out for the Billinsgate market. In the height of the season those that get sickly are thrown overboard, but, towards the end, when keeping up the price is no longer an object, thousands of sickly and emaciated cod and lobsters are thrown into the market. Not many months ago a Russian frigate ran down one of these lobster vessels, and set 15,000 of these animals adrift in the Thames. A species of cruelty is resorted to in order to prevent lobsters, so pounded up, from tearing one another in pieces; the great claw is rendered paralytic by driving a wooden peg into the lower joint.

All attempts have hitherto failed to break this iniquitous combination. Certain fishmongers, encouraged by several noblemen and gentlemen, agreed to serve out fish at reduced prices, by having it brought from the coasts by land carriage. The Billinsgate salesmen took the alarm, raised a subscription of several thousand pounds, and bribed the servants and housekeepers of the encouragers of *land carriage* fish to put the very worst fish they could get on their masters' table; from which it soon obtained so bad a character that the new fishmongers were ruined, and the old ones contrived to add to their monopoly all the fish brought to market by land as well as water carriage.

It is of so much importance to destroy this combination, that the Committee of the Fish Association, in their first Report, consider it expedient to commence their operations with the metropolis, believing, and with reason, that the increased use of fish in London, Westminster, and their vicinity, would not fail to contribute, by their example, to introduce its general consumption into other cities and places in Great Britain. To attain this object, it appears to the committee to be absolutely necessary that the present impediments to supply and distribution should be removed.

Of these impediments, the four principal ones are the following. First, Billinsgate, being the only market, is neither adequate in size to more than a small portion of the necessary supply, nor convenient in point of access, or local situation, to the immense population which, within the last century, has extended itself to the westward, over Mary-le-bone, Paddington, Lambeth, &c. a circumstance which has necessarily impeded and obstructed the distribution and sale of fish. Secondly, the doubt and hesitation of fishermen in bringing up to this only market so large a quantity of fish

fish as they might procure, while so many circumstances render the sale of it both difficult and uncertain. Thirdly, the distribution and sale, arising from the local situation of Billinsgate market: 'the labour and loss of time of a poor basket-woman, who can afford to buy only a small lot of fish, must be greatly increased, by her being obliged to resort to Billinsgate between three and six o'clock in the morning, on account of her little purchase, and to return with it several miles on her head, before she can begin her sale.'* The case with regard to mackerel, which more or less applies to other fish, is thus stated by Sir Thomas Bernard.

'It is a singular but well known fact, that at the very time when there is the greatest quantity of mackerel to be caught in the part of the British channel which supplies the London market, and when that fishery is most abundant, the fishermen who frequent Billinsgate, almost wholly discontinue the mackerel fishery. This extraordinary circumstance is thus accounted for. These fishermen depend in a great measure for customers on fishwomen who attend daily at Billinsgate with their baskets on their heads, to purchase the mackerel, and carry them for sale about the metropolis. As long as these women continue their attendance on the Billinsgate market, the fishermen are secure of a certain degree of custom for their fish; but as soon as the common fruit comes into season, they give up dealing in fish; finding the sale of gooseberries, currants and the like, to produce them a larger and more secure profit, with less risk or trouble. The fishermen being thus disappointed of a sale for their mackerel, at the time when they are most abundant, give up, in a degree, their employment for the season; and an immense quantity of palatable and nutricious food is thereby annually withheld from the inhabitants of the metropolis.

'This circumstance of the want of means of sending their fish generally into the town, not only prevents the mackerel being caught; but, even after they have been caught and brought up the river, precludes a considerable part of it from ever reaching the market; for all that arrives at this period beyond the estimated demand of the fishmongers, *however fresh and good*, is thrown into the Thames, and destroyed before it reaches Billinsgate; with the consequence of enhancing the price of mackerel to the opulent part of the metropolis, and of excluding most of its inhabitants from a participation in this cheap and plentiful supply of food.'†

The fourth great impediment, mentioned by the committee, to the general use of fish in the metropolis, is the *uncertainty* of price, and the total ignorance in which the public are kept as to the *daily state* of the supply. 'The housekeeper who is going to market, knows pretty correctly what will be the price of mutton, beef, bread, cheese, and almost every other article of subsistence, but

* First Report of the Committee of the Fish Association, p. 12.
† Account of a Supply of Fish, p. 3 and 4.

has

has no means of guessing whether fish will, that morning, be twopence or two shillings a pound.' She knows, indeed, that the price depends mainly on the pleasure of the fishmongers, and considers it therefore a sort of prohibited article, fit only for the tables of the rich and luxurious. Indeed the great mass of inhabitants, consisting of tradespeople, mechanics, and small annuitants, would as soon think of going into Owen's or Grange's shops to ask the price of a pine-apple, as to inquire of Grove or Taylor the prices of cod, turbot, or salmon in the height of the season and when the town is full. Hence, when it may happen that there is even a glut of fish, which however is rarely the case, as there is no mode of diffusing that information, there is none of increasing the means of sale.

There is, however, another and not an artificial impediment to the regular supply of the metropolis by water carriage, which arises from the navigation of the river Thames. Whenever there is a prevalent south-west wind, which makes it impracticable to get up the river, the fishermen take shelter in a small bay on the Essex side of the mouth of the Thames, called Holy Haven, or sometimes East Haven; here they are obliged to wait a shift of wind, and, if disappointed in this, their cargoes are thrown overboard, and they proceed on another fishing voyage. The committee therefore propose to open a communication by land carriage between Holy Haven and the metropolis; the distance is only thirty miles, of which about four or five would require a new road to be made. Were this once effected, a daily and regular supply of fish would reach town in five or six hours after its arrival in Holy Haven, and the increased expense would not exceed one halfpenny a pound.*

The first step to the removal of all these obstacles to a more extended use of fish in the metropolis, appears obviously to be the dissolution of the present monopoly by the establishment of new markets. The evil of this monopoly is not a complaint of recent date; it would seem to have been felt so far back as the year 1749, when an act was passed 'for making a free market for the sale of fish in the city of Westminster; and for preventing the forestalling and monopolizing of fish;' yet, from some strange and unaccountable circumstances, though the population of Westminster and its connected neighbourhood has increased more than three-fold since the passing of that act of George II. no benefit whatever has been derived to this immense aggregate of population from it. The commissioners, in fact, seem to have mismanaged the concern al-

* Second Report of the Committee of the Fish Association, p. 6.

together,

together, and to have put themselves completely into the power of the monopolists of Billinsgate.

The present committee therefore propose, in the first place, to make the act effective, and appoint new commissioners to carry it into execution. This, we conceive, is not enough; if an additional market was thought necessary in 1749, we should say that three at least were required in 1813; and as the nearer the markets supplying different articles are situated one to the other, the more convenience will be afforded to the housekeeper, we should recommend the establishment of one for the sale of fish in the vicinity of Blackfriars-bridge, near Fleet-market; a second in the neighbourhood of the new Strand-bridge, not very distant from Covent Garden and Hungerford markets; and a third near Westminster-bridge, for the supply of the lower part of Westminster and Lambeth. The fishermen of Brighton and other parts of the coasts of Sussex and Kent would amply supply these markets with the ordinary kinds of fish by land carriage, provided two obstacles were removed. The first is the collection of the post duty on the horses employed in their fish carts, which, for one cart with four horses, amounts to twenty-eight shillings. The second is the inconvenience and uncertainty of Billinsgate market. It appears, however, from Mr. Serjeant Onslow's interpretation of the act of 44 Geo. III. cap. 98, that no duty was meant to be imposed on a mere fish-cart or caravan, *carrying fish only;* and the joint opinion of the Attorney General and the learned serjeant on the other point is, that 'there is no legal impediment to any person or persons engaging a warehouse, yard, or other convenient place, at which to receive and sell, by retail or wholesale, fish or other victuals; but such individuals cannot by law erect a market, in which to exact tolls, or other incidents to a market.'* With submission to these learned authorities, the law for erecting one market, at least, in Westminster, exists as fully now as when it was enacted; and we apprehend that nothing more is wanting to carry it into effect than the nomination of new commissioners. Of this we trust the Committee of the Fish Association will not lose sight.

That the establishment of these markets would remove all the impediments to the general use of fish in the metropolis, has, we think, been decisively proved by an experiment made by Mr. Hale, one of the members of the Committee for the Relief of the Manufacturing Poor. He agreed with some fishermen to take from ten to twenty thousand mackerel a-day at a price not exceeding ten shillings the hundred *of six score,* or a penny a-piece; a price at

* Second Report of the Committee of the Fish Association p. 14.

which

which the fishermen said they could afford to supply the London market to any extent, *were they sure of a regular sale.* On the 15th June, 1812, upwards of 17,000 mackerel delivered at the stipulated price were sent to Spitalfields, and sold to the working weavers at the original cost of a penny a-piece, to which place women were employed to carry them from Billinsgate until eleven o'clock at night. Though purchased with great avidity by the inhabitants of that district, it soon appeared that Spitalfields alone would not be equal to the consumption of the vast quantities of mackerel which daily poured into the market; they were therefore sent for distribution among the poor, at the same rate, in other parts of the town; workhouses and other public establishments were also served; 'and the supply increased to so great a degree, that 500,000 mackerel arrived and were sold in one day.' The whole cost of this experiment for the distribution of *fresh and sweet* mackerel, caught the preceding day, at a penny a-piece, was fifty-five pounds ten shillings, expended chiefly in the carriage from Billinsgate.*

But this abundant supply is not confined solely to mackerel. Herrings might be sent up to market for many months in the year, and there sold for less than a halfpenny a-piece; and cod, haddocks, whitings, flounders, &c. proportionally cheap; so that no one week throughout the whole year would pass over, without every family in this great metropolis being enabled to enjoy a wholesome meal of fish one day at least in it.

The Committee for the Relief of the Manufacturing Poor did not stop here; they contracted for 200 tons of corned cod, caught and cured on our own coast, and for 400,000 corned herrings; the former was supplied to the distressed manufacturers of Sheffield at two pence halfpenny a pound, and the latter at the rate of two for three halfpence. It cannot then admit of a doubt, that, if facilities were given for a regular demand, the supply of fish, as of all other articles, would keep pace with that demand, not only in the metropolis, but throughout the United Kingdom; and it is quite certain that so great an addition to the quantity of food would have the effect of reducing its price, which is, at all times, an important consideration, but most important at the present time, when, to use the words of the Committee of the Fish Association, 'an increasing population, which in the last twelve years has been augmented by nearly a million and a half of inhabitants—extensive manufactories requiring a great addition of food—and the supply of our fleets and armies—of our West India colonies—and of those British settlements which do not entirely provide the means of their own subsistence—call imperiously both on the public and on individuals, to

* Account of a Supply of Fish, p. 5 et seq.

unite

unite every effort to provide an increase of subsistence, and to shake off that annual dependence on the uncertain and ruinous importation of wheat corn and other grain, at an expense amounting, in the same period of twelve years, to no less a sum than forty-two millions of money, sent out of the kingdom in quest of the necessary articles of life.'*

It must not be disguised however, that, such are the prejudices of the common people, and of the poor more especially, that were the supply of fish so abundant as to reduce the price to a very low rate, it would be considered as unwholesome, or not fresh, or out of season, and would consequently find few purchasers. A gradual introduction of fish as an ordinary article of food is preferable to a sudden overflow. An example set by their superiors frequently tends to the removal of the prejudices of the lower order. The late Admiral Rodney, dining at Carlton House, congratulated the Prince of Wales on seeing a plate of what he thought British cured herrings on the table, adding that, if His Royal Highness' example was followed by the upper ranks only, it would be the means of adding 20,000 hardy seamen to the navy. The Prince observed that he had paid him an unmerited compliment, the herrings not having been cured by British hands—'but,' continued His Royal Highness, 'henceforward I shall order a plate of British cured herrings to be purchased at any expense, to appear as a standing dish at this table: we shall call it a *Rodney*, and under that designation, what true patriot will not follow my example?'† We fear the *Rodney*, like the monument voted to the memory of that gallant officer, has long been suspended.

But the uncontrouled command of the sea, the local and natural advantages arising out of the insular situation of Great Britain and Ireland, 'encircled by inexhaustible shoals of nourishing and gratifying food,' the equally inexhaustible mines of salt which both the land and sea afford us, are advantages so eminently superior to those which most other nations are gifted with, that we ought not to be satisfied with the supply of our home consumption—We should imitate the Dutch, and draw from our stores a copious supply for exportation to foreign countries, in exchange for other articles of consumption, and thereby increase the national wealth, strength, and industry, and 'provide a great and unfailing nursery for our navy—the bulwark, the defence, and the glory of the United Kingdom.'

Here, we must confess, the causes of former failure are neither so obvious, nor the remedy against future failure so easy. Funds were not always wanting to supply every necessary material on a

* First Report of the Committee of the Fish Association, p. 5 et seq.
† Proceedings of the British Society at the London Tavern, 25th March, 1789.

grand scale, nor were precautions neglected for ensuring success. So early as 1580 a plan was proposed to raise £80,000 for establishing the British fishery; in 1615 the like sum was raised by a joint-stock company; in 1632 a royal fishing company was established under the sanction of King Charles I. In 1660 parliament granted a remission of the salt duties, and freed all the materials employed in the fisheries from customs and excise. In 1661 the national fisheries met with great encouragement under the auspices of Charles II. In 1677 this monarch incorporated the Duke of York and others into 'The Company of the Royal Fishery of England.' In 1713 it was proposed to raise £180,000 on annuities, for the purpose of establishing a fishing company. In 1749, by the recommendation of George II. in his opening speech to parliament, and in consequence of a report of a committee of the House of Commons, £500,000 was subscribed for carrying on the fisheries under a corporation by the name of 'The Society of the Free British Fishery,' of which the Prince of Wales was chosen the governor. This society, which was patronized and promoted by the first men in the kingdom, promised fair for a little time, but it soon began to languish, nor could the enormous bounty of 56s. a ton prevent its total failure. The attention of parliament was again called to this great national object in 1786, when a new corporation was formed under the name of 'The British Society for extending the Fisheries and improving the Sea Coasts of the Kingdom,' which, if it does not flourish with all the vigor that could be wished, is still in existence, and we believe in an improving state.

These failures however, injurious as they might be to individuals, who contributed to the funds, were not so to the public; the towns and harbours of the maritime counties were improved, the number of seamen increased, the pilotage of the coasts better understood, and a body of expert fishermen formed, many of whom continued their occupations on the ruins of the several companies.

The success of the Dutch was owing in great measure to the steady industry of that indefatigable people. Their fishery, however, was conducted on a well-regulated system, by which all were required rigidly to abide; it was a concern, in which the whole nation might be said to partake. Every one felt it a duty to have a share in the fishery. An officer with the title of Admiral commanded the fishing squadron, whose directions all the rest were implicitly to obey. The English Companies, it is true, whether joint-stock or royal, had their regulations; but each fisherman when at sea 'was left to himself, and permitted to fish as best liketh him;' he was, in short, under no restraint or discipline. The Dutch, besides, were purely fishers; 'in season and out of season' they occupied

occupied themselves in matters solely connected with the fishery. The English combined with their fishery some other employment which but too frequently furnished an excuse for putting to sea, perhaps at the proper moment, whenever they might find themselves disposed to loiter on shore. It is an old complaint that while the provident and indefatigable Dutch went out to sea as far as the Shetland Islands to meet the herrings, the English quietly waited their arrival on the coast and in the creeks. 'The Hollanders are industrious,' says Sir John Burroughs, 'and no sooner are discharged of lading but presently put forth for more, and seek for markets abroad as well as at home; whereas our English, after they have been once at sea, doe commonly never returne againe until all the money taken for their fish be spent, and they are in debt, seeking only to serve the next market.'* The English moreover being, as we have before observed, half traders and half fishers, were in the habit of proceeding to the mid channel and there bartering their goods for fish with the Dutch and Flemings; a practice which led by no very slow degrees to systematic smuggling, which was found to be an employment so much more genteel and easy, as well as profitable, that the fishing towns became so many depositaries of contraband goods.

We may therefore not be much out in ascribing the failure of the English fisheries for the home market to a want of those facilities which would create a steady demand, and ensure to the fisherman a certain and ready sale of his produce; and of those for the foreign market, to a want of system and management in the Royal and Joint-stock Companies—to a want of funds by individual fishermen, and the unwillingness of men of capital to engage in a concern of such doubtful success;—to which may be added the indifference and want of attention arising from the mixed employment of our fishermen: perhaps, however, the failure was after all mostly owing to the Dutch having anticipated and secured to themselves the best of the foreign markets, where their herrings had obtained the character of being so much superior to ours, that it was in vain we endeavoured to enter into competition with them, even in regard to price.

If we turn our attention, in the next place, to the fisheries of Scotland, we shall find that there too they have always languished; yet all the natural inducements that can invite or compel to the cultivation of the fishery exist on the northern and western shores of that country, and more especially on its appendant islands of Orkney, Shetland, and the Hebrides. It is here that 'the British Society for extending the Fisheries' have chiefly exerted them-

* The Sovereignty of the British Seas proved, &c. p. 53.

selves, and here indeed their exertions were most required. The total change which the rebellion, and the consequent breaking up of the clans, occasioned in the situation and circumstances of the Highlanders, compelled many thousand families to seek for employment on the opposite shores of the Atlantic. This emigration depopulated whole districts. The soil was not ungrateful nor the climate ungenial; both the sea and the land offered abundant means of subsistence: but the change was too violent to admit of proper measures being taken to allure these poor people to the pursuit of the fisheries and the cultivation of the waste lands. Seduced too by false statements, and deluded by imaginary happiness, they fled from their native shores to undergo a state of misery ten times more severe than that from which they vainly flattered themselves they were escaping. Their deplorable condition in the promised land of America is thus feelingly, and we believe faithfully, described by a gentleman who spared no pains in directing his inquiries into the 'most effectual means of the improvement of the coasts and the western isles of Scotland.'

'Within these few years I have taken much pains to inquire, and have had the very best opportunities of ascertaining, the unhappy fate of many of those unfortunate people who have emigrated, either from Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, to that part of the globe; and even within these few months I have had an account of the poverty, wretchedness, nakedness, and misery of many of those people, which it is almost horrible to describe. Of money there is none to be obtained; what is carried out is soon expended; and when their clothes are worn out they have no means of replacing them. If they should even obtain employment as labourers, they can get no wages in money from their employers. If they obtain land, they can get nothing for its produce: their food a little Indian corn and water, they drag out a miserable existence, with little chance of ever acquiring the only consolation that remains, that of procuring the means of returning to their native land, in which many hundreds of these deluded people declared to my friend that they would be glad to accept the most abject employments, or even to beg from door to door rather than support the miseries of their situation in America. The women who had gone out were of all others the most wretched; nor is there, of either sex, or of any description, a single individual, who has recently emigrated to America, that would not think it the most fortunate emancipation to be landed naked on their native shores.'*

To put an effectual bar to the recurrence of so much misery on the return of peace, to prevent so many brave men and their families being lost to the country, in which the interests of humanity are no less concerned than those of sound policy, no great sacrifice on the

* Letter to the Right Honourable Charles Abbot on the improvement of the coasts and extension of the fisheries of Scotland, &c. by R. Fraser, Esq.

part

part of the public would seem to be required. These emigrations are not so much owing to a redundancy, as to a scantiness, of population. The dispersion of the inhabitants over a wide tract of country is unfavourable to the cultivation and improvement of it; it is useless to raise grain where there is no demand for it—no markets—no roads—no assemblage of people in towns, uniting in one point the various occupations of social life, and sending forth, like the heart in the human body, health and vigour to the extremities. In such a country the great landholder finds his advantage in converting whole districts into pasture for the rearing of cattle and sheep, which require not a turnpike road for driving them to a market. The same scantiness of population on the sea-coasts, where all are fishermen, is attended with the same disadvantages. The families of these poor people are in a state of constant migration; for the wives and children of fishermen are employed in gutting the fish. The women travel along the dreary coast, from bay to bay, in the cheerless months of November and December, with their infants on their backs, a little oatmeal, a kettle and a few other utensils, which an uninhabited waste could not supply: 'they commence their cold and heartless labour without shelter for themselves or their infants, without any change of their daily diet of fish and oatmeal, no house to screen the sick or the dying—the heath, the cavern, or stunted bush their only bed, the snow or the hoary frost their only covering.'* So strongly, indeed, was the House of Commons impressed with a sense of the evils arising out of this state of the country, that it is declared in the Act † which incorporates the 'British Society,' 'that the building of free towns, villages, piers and fishing stations in the Highlands and islands of North Britain, will greatly contribute to the improvement of the fisheries, agriculture, manufactures, and other useful objects of industry in that part of the kingdom, in which the dispersed situation of the inhabitants have hitherto proved a great impediment to their active exertions; and their being collected into fishing towns and villages would be the means of forming a nursery of hardy seamen for His Majesty's navy, and the defence of the kingdom.'

Accordingly three fishing settlements were fixed on by the Committee of the Directors; one at Ullapool, on the north; another at Loch-bay, in the Isle of Sky; and the third on the south coast, at Tobermory; since which has recently been added a fourth at Pulteney-town, near Wick in Caithness. Bounties were also given at the same time and certain facilities granted with regard to the salt duties, which have subsequently been extended; but this is not enough: before any effectual remedy can be applied to the Scotch

* View of the Highlands, 1784. † 26 Geo. 3.

ulgence must be enlarged, more towns built, and
nd complicated regulations arising from the duty
y done away. This is of far greater importance
than the allowing of bounties, and in the end at-
tained probably with less loss to the revenue. We think with Adam Smith, that a tonnage-bounty, proportioned to the burden of the ship, and not to her diligence and success in the fishery, is not the best stimulus to exertion; but we by no means agree with him, that vessels will be fitted out for the sole purpose of catching, not the fish, but the bounty. We must also doubt the correctness of the fact adduced in illustration of his theory, namely, that, in the year 1759, when the bounty was fifty shillings the ton, the whole buss-fishery of Scotland brought in only *four barrels* of herrings; so that each barrel of merchantable herrings in that year cost the government, in bounties alone, £159 7*s.* 6*d.** This is at least strangely inconsistent with what he advances in the very next page, namely, that the great bounties had given such *encouragement* to the buss-fishery as to ruin the boat-fishery. But facts were then, as they now are, against his theory; the buss-fishery, in spite of bounties, is gone to decay, while the boat-fishery not only survives but improves. We agree with him, however, that bounties have the effect of encouraging rash adventurers in concerns which they do not understand, and cause them to lose, by their ignorance, more than is gained by the liberality of government. The bounty, in fact, is no encouragement to the actual fisherman. In the Shetland islands the laird is the proprietor of the boats. All that the poor fisherman catches is to be delivered to the laird's steward at a very low rate, who, in return, gives him the heads of the fish for himself and family, and serves him with the necessaries of life from the laird's storehouse at an enormous profit, sometimes at the rate of five shillings for a peck of oatmeal of eight pounds weight. His family employ themselves in making worsted stockings, mittens and night-caps, for which they are allowed about five pence a pair!†

It appears from the report of a committee of the House of Commons in 1785, that the whole of the duties on salt received into the Treasury from the counties of Argyle, Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, Orkney and Shetland, on an average of the preceding ten years, amounted only to £ 172 6*s.* per annum, and there is reason to believe that they have not since that time increased. These counties might therefore be exempt from the duties on salt without much injury to the revenue; but this is not enough; they should

* Wealth of Nations.

† General Remarks on the British Fisheries, 1784.

also

also be exempt from 'the various vexatious bonds and penalties which at present accompany that indulgence, and which in many cases are as distressing to the fishers as if they paid the duty on the salt they use.'* How, for instance, can it be expected that the poor fisherman should send to the distance of 80 or 100 miles to a depôt of salt for every boat load of fish he may wish to cure? how can he convey such cured fish to a custom-house, equally distant, to have it examined? He has not sufficient capital to purchase a ship load of salt; or if he had, where is he to keep this perishable article? It is well known that for want of facilities which would enable individuals to purchase small quantities of salt, hundreds of boat loads of fish are cast away, or thrown upon the land as manure.

Nothing can more strongly exemplify the beneficial effects arising from the free use of salt, without being subject to bonds, pains, or penalties, than the privilege granted by Parliament to the inhabitants of the Isle of Man to import salt from England duty free, not only for curing fish, but for all other domestic purposes. In the year 1769 the inhabitants of this island amounted to 17,500. 'In the year 1784,' says Mr. Fraser, 'I had the honour to be appointed by the Treasusy to make an inquiry into the state of the revenue and fisheries of that island. I found that, at that period, without bounties on their boats or the tonnage of their fishing smacks, or any premiums other than the free use of salt, they carried on a most extensive fishery, which employed 2500 seamen. In the absence of the herrings, the fishermen supplied the consumption of the island, in great abundance, with white fish, the agriculture was greatly increased, and the population consisted of 30,000 souls, having nearly doubled the number of its inhabitants in fifteen years.'† In 1798 their boats had increased both in number and size; from the burden of ten to twelve tons they had now advanced from sixteen to twenty two tons, of which the number exceeded 350, each employing seven or eight men; they had besides from forty to fifty fishing smacks from twenty to forty tons each, the whole employing upwards of 3000 seamen, which were then equal to the number of men and boys employed in the whole of the buss fishery of Scotland, supported by bounties exceeding £20,000 a year.‡ The prosperity of this island continues to be progressive, which is ascribed principally to the free importation of salt. That frauds are here committed on the revenue, and that, if the same indulgence was granted to the fisheries of Scotland, they would be committed to a greater extent, proportionate to the greater facilities of disposing of this ar-

* Committee of Fisheries in 1785.
† Letter to the Right Honourable Charles Abbot, from R. Fraser, Esq.
‡ Report of the Committee of the House of Commons for the Fisheries, in 1798.

ticle, there can be no doubt; but it is probable, on the other hand, that the trade and manufactures of the United Kingdom would be more benefited by the increased quantity of food thereby procured, and the national prosperity more advanced by the increased wealth of a numerous body of fishermen, than it possibly can be by the trifling sum which may accrue to the revenue from the present system of the salt laws as they affect the fisheries. We are persuaded, however, that means may be discovered effectually to prevent duty-free-salt from being used for any other purpose than that of curing fish, by making it unfit for, or immediately detected if applied to, any domestic use; as tinging it, for instance, with a pale red, green or yellow colour, while liquid in the pans, and thus communicating a tint to the solid crystals, which would in no shape injure the fish.

The whole sea coast of Ireland, its bays, creeks, inlets, lakes and rivers abound with all the various kinds of edible fish and of the very best quality; yet the fisheries of this part of the United Empire have, if possible, been more neglected than either those of England or Scotland. The Nymph bank* on the southern coast, abounding with cod, hake and ling, and presenting a fishery, perhaps not quite so extensive, but equal in all other respects, to that of the banks of Newfoundland, was a late discovery. The Liverpool market is scantily supplied from this bank; but those of Bristol, Bath, Plymouth, Exeter, Portsmouth and London might derive an ample supply of white fish from thence with greater certainty and facility than from the banks of the North Sea, the wind blowing fair from it for all those markets nine months out of twelve. But the Irish, poor and wretched as they are, and surrounded as the island is with inexhaustible fishing grounds, are either so indolent or have so little inclination to engage in the fisheries, that they have not yet proceeded a single step beyond procuring a partial supply of their own wants. They seem indeed to have less taste for a sea-faring life than their insular situation might be supposed to create, a proof of which is given in the few men which that country furnishes for the royal navy. With a population consisting of considerably more than one fourth of the whole population of the United Kingdom, Ireland does not supply more than one-seventh of the men belonging to the navy, and three-fourths of this small portion are landmen. Those few who follow the occupation of fishermen are so much prejudiced in favour of their own imperfect methods of catching fish, that they have hitherto resisted all attempts at improvement. A gentleman, it seems, by a particular

* So called from the vessel in which it was discovered, by Mr. Doyle, and of which an account was published in 1736.

kind

kind of trammel net, proved to them that in a couple of hours he could take ten times the quantity of hake that they with their hookers were able to do in a whole night. The cost of one of these hookers is from £130 to £150; it is navigated by four men and a boy, and the mode of fishing is by the hook and line. A set of trammel nets with a boat costs only from £30 to £35. They employ four men, but when thrown out require no attention and do not prevent the use of the line at the same time,—the one is certain, the other uncertain. The hake, though playing about in shoals, are not always in the humour of *biting;* but they cannot escape the trammels. The hook too must be *baited,* and baits are sometimes not to be had. The poor fisherman can never hope to raise out of the produce of his labour so large a sum as from £120 to £150 to enable him to purchase a hooker; but a small boat and a net may fall within his compass, or at any rate may be purchased by a joint contribution of the boats' crew; and the feelings of proprietorship would give a spur to his activity. Yet with all these obvious advantages, such was the prejudice against this new method of taking fish, that the crews of the hookers, alarmed at the supposed diminution of their profit, occasioned by the increased supply, combined together along the whole coast and destroyed the trammel nets wherever they discovered them.*

An enlightened society for Ireland, formed on similar principles to that of the British society for extending the fisheries, &c. in another part of the United Kingdom, might be the means of removing those prejudices. Still the same difficulties would remain with regard to the salt laws, the removal of which it is presumed would, under proper regulations, give such a spur to the Irish fisheries, as would amply compensate the loss or failure of the distant fishery of Newfoundland, neither of which are impossible contingencies. It may be lost by the war; it may fail through the exertions and success of a rival. In point of fact, it has for some years past been progressively on the decline; whilst that of New-England has continued to flourish in the same progression.

It is stated on good authority, that in the year 1805, the number of vessels employed in the American fishery amounted to about 1500, carrying about ten thousand men, who had caught from 8 to 900,000 quintals of fish, while the whole produce of the Newfoundland fishery did not exceed 500,000 quintals, and the number of vessels and men employed did not amount to one half of that employed by the Americans.† The causes of this falling off are stated to be; first, the prohibition from making such local

* Hints for the Improvement of the Irish Fishery, by Geo. N. Whately.

† Considerations on the Expediency of adopting certain measures for the Encouragement or Extension of the Newfoundland Fishery. 1805.

laws

laws and regulations as might be suitable to the circumstances of the inhabitants; secondly, the restriction which prevents the resident inhabitants from erecting their necessary dwellings; thirdly, the prohibition against the enclosure and cultivation of land, which prevents the inhabitants from raising any part of their provisions beyond a few potatoes; and fourthly, the restriction laid on the importation of provisions from the United States, which confines that importation to bread flour, Indian corn, and live stock, and that only on conditions not calculated to afford the inhabitants much relief. 'From a system the first object of which is to withhold that principle of internal legislation which is acknowledged to be indispensible to the good government of every community—which restrains the building of comfortable dwellings, in a climate exposed to the most inclement winter—which prohibits the cultivation of the soil for food—and restricts the importation of it from the only market, which the inhabitants have the power to go to—from such a system it is not surprising that the inhabitants of Newfoundland are not able to maintain a competition against the American fishermen.'*

We have our doubts whether the Newfoundland fishery would be worth the carrying on, provided our home fisheries were in a better state of cultivation. To send out an annual supply of food for all the men employed on this fishery, to the distance of 3000 miles, and an annual supply of fishermen and seamen, who make it a convenient stepping-stone in their emigrations to America, while the home fisheries on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, equally productive of the same kind of fish equally good, are nearly abandoned, is, to say the least of it, a questionable policy. It adds little to the wealth and less to the strength of the empire, and it appears to us quite impossible that we can, on return of peace, carry on a competition with the Americans on their own shores.

The brief review which we have taken of the British fisheries conveys not a flattering, but we believe, a faithful, picture of their present state. The supply, as we have seen, is inexhaustible; the demand, not satisfied either in the home or the foreign market; the object, of great national importance; the means, completely within ourselves; and success, certain under a well regulated plan. We have our doubts, however, whether Mr. Schultes has suggested such a plan; like most projectors, he brings forward only the favorable bearings, and promises too much.

The outline of his scheme, if we rightly comprehend it, is this—The herring fishery to be placed under the continual support and immediate direction of the government, whose chief officers, as

* Considerations on the Expediency of adopting certain measures for the Encouragement or Extension of the Newfoundland Fishery. 1805.

*factors*

*factors* or *middle men*, are to inspect the curing and packing of all fish for the foreign market. The salt laws to be revised, restrictions removed, all penalties abolished, and the intervention of excise officers dispensed with. A fund of *six millions* to be raised and issued in descriptive notes of one to five pounds each, to be recalled at the end of five years, and bearing interest at five per cent. To build or purchase a fishing navy of 4000 good stout vessels, not less than 50 or 60 tons burden, each of which, with all the appropriate furniture, is calculated to cost about £3000, or the whole fishing flotilla twelve millions; one half of the value to be advanced by the fund above-mentioned. The fish to be cured on board and repacked on shore, according to the regulations observed by the Dutch. All the herrings caught and packed to be purchased by government at 25*s.* a barrel of sea-sticks, which, when repacked, may be disposed of at 42*s.* a barrel. It is supposed that each ship will take and cure annually, on an average, 600 barrels or 2,400,000 barrels on the whole, which, after repacking, will give 1,600,000 barrels of merchantable herrings. The account would then stand as under.

*Payments.*

| | |
|---|---|
| For 2,400,000 barrels at 25*s.* the barrel, £3,000,000, in five years . . . . . | £15,000,000 |
| Deduct five years interest on the sum borrowed | 1,500,000 |
| | £13,500,000 |

*Receipts.*

| | |
|---|---|
| 1,600,000 repacked herrings, or, in five years, 8,000,000 barrels at 42*s.* . . | 16,800,000 |
| Profit to Government . . . | 3,300,000 |
| Or annually . . . . | £660,000 |

Of the 1,600,000 barrels he estimates 600,000 for the consumption of Ireland, and one million to the northern nations of Europe; for he observes, that as it is ascertained the latter took from the Dutch 624,000 barrels in 1653, it may be presumed, 'upon the calculations made by political arithmeticians,' there must have been a double population since that period, and consequently there must be a double demand. We are not sufficiently interested to inquire in what school Mr. Schultes learned his political arithmetic, but if his mercantile arithmetic is not grounded on better principles, we suspect that Government would have but a losing bargain by employing him as their accountant in the new national herring

herring fishery. We do not see clearly, what appears so very obvious to Mr. Schultes, how the poor's rate would become extinct by compelling each poor person to eat four salt herrings a week. His other plan, of raising 'seven millions eight hundred thousand pounds a year,' is as certain as it would be ingenious, *if*—'if two-thirds of the poor of England and Wales should earn by manual labour three shillings a week each person.' But his 'illustration' of increasing the revenue and diminishing taxes by repositories of pickled herring in every town, is, to us at least, an 'illustration' in the form of *obscurum per obscurius.*

We have a more rational and feasible 'project of a plan for the improvement of the British fisheries' by an anonymous author.* He proposes, 1. A grand national corporation organized under the immediate protection and superintendance of parliament. 2. A capital stock of to be raised in shares by the sea port towns and corporations, proportioned to the advantages of locality, and amount of their trade and tonnage; an annual dividend of 5 per cent. guaranteed on the capital. 3. Conveniences for shipping, storehouses, sheds, &c. constructed in places contiguous to the best fishing grounds. 4. A free use of salt by the managers without any interference of the revenue officers. 5. The fish taken and cured to be exempt from all duties whatever; on the other hand no bounties to be given. 6. Fishermen disabled by accident, age, or infirmity, and the widows and children of fishermen to be provided for. 7. The corporation to be authorised to propose rules for the regulation and discipline of the fishery. He proposes to catch and cure in the deep sea herring fishery, for the foreign market, 900,000 barrels, and for home consumption 600,000 barrels, or 1,500,000 barrels annually, which at 24*s.* a barrel would be worth £1,800,000. To do this there would be required 60,000 tons of decked vessels manned with 14,000 men and boys. The cost of these vessels, with their furniture, nets, and the wharfs, storehouses, &c. he estimates at £1,050,000, which with the total annual expenditure, risk, and interest on the capital will be further augmented to the sum of £1,673,250, so that after allowing a fair profit on all the articles of expenditure, and finding employment for vast multitudes on shore, there will remain an annual surplus saving of £126,750. On the same principle on a capital of £764,000, expended on the cod fishery, he makes out a clear annual gain of £136,000 by employing 40,000 tons of decked shipping, and 4800 men and boys to catch and cure 600,000 barrels of cod fish.

The outline of the plan we consider as unobjectionable. We

* Plan of National Improvement, &c. Brunswick. 1803.

would

would only add that the shares should be reduced into so small a sum, ten pounds for instance, that every poor fisherman might have the chance of becoming a proprietor, and should always be entitled to a preference in the purchase of shares, which, in addition to the price paid for his labour would ensure him 5 per cent. on all his savings; the clear profits, after the appropriation of a fund to provide for decayed fishermen and their families, might either be applied to an increase of the dividend or extension of the capital. It is for want of some such security, that capital has not been adventured in the home fisheries; and government only can afford satisfactory security. Wherever a capital has been advanced, it has been done with the sole view of securing a monopoly, as in the case of the salesmen of Billinsgate. A real master fisherman with an establishment of vessels, boats, nets, &c. is a character wholly unknown on the coasts of Britain; but let the government guarantee the capitalist 5 per cent. for the money he advances, under proper regulations, and every seaport in the kingdom, favourably situated for the prosecution of the fisheries, would speedily furnish whatever sum might be required. Supposing a million sterling to be advanced by individuals of the various fishing stations on the coast, the annual expense to government would not exceed £50,000, while the benefits which the nation would derive from it are incalculable. We think nothing of voting twenty or thirty thousand pounds annually for carrying on the Caledonian canal, which many well informed persons consider as an useless expenditure of money; whilst the same sums annually expended on the improvement of the sea coast and on the encouragement of the deep sea fishery would add more to the wealth, strength, and prosperity of Scotland, than all the Caledonian canals which engineers have projected.

In a national point of view the extension of the home fisheries would be attended with many important considerations. By augmenting the quantity of food there would necessarily result a reduction in the prices of all the necessaries of life; the condition of the labouring poor, artificers, and tradesmen would be improved; and a permanent fishery would be the means of rearing and supporting a bold and hardy race of men for the defence of the sea coast, and of creating a nursery of excellent seamen for the navy, not less valuable, we might perhaps say, more valuable than that of the coal trade. This is a consideration of more importance at the present moment, when, after a war of twenty years duration, our old seamen are fast wearing out, and the ordinary sources of recruiting young ones greatly exhausted by the regular army and militia, into which landmen are tempted to enter by the large bounties, which exceed those given by the navy in a

five-

five-fold proportion. The merchant service is no longer that nursery of seamen for the navy which it used to be. Merchant vessels are now for the most part navigated by invalided seamen and foreigners; and the Americans have robbed us of 40,000, or as some say, 60,000 seamen. We are strongly inclined to think that the late unfortunate captures of our frigates by the Americans were less owing to any disparity in the respective sizes of the ships and the weight of metal, (though that disparity is sufficiently great to account for it,) than to the circumstance of the enemy's ships being manned wholly with prime seamen, which their limited navy enables them to do; whereas in our immense fleets one third part only of the crews of the ships consists of able seamen, (among whom the petty officers are included,) the rest being made up of ordinary, landmen, and boys. We may add too that, in many of our ships, every tenth man is a foreigner. We are ready to admit that, from such inferiority of bodily strength, and of numbers versed in seamanship, this new naval enemy may occasionally have the advantage; but we repel with disdain and indignation the calumnious assertion that our seamen have become 'heartless:' an assertion so false and libellous that it could have been hatched only in the mischievous designs of some dark and malignant spirit, or in the disordered brain of a maniac; but no sooner hatched than confuted by the fact of a British frigate completely subduing, in fifteen minutes, an American frigate, her superior in size, her superior in metal, her superior in number of men. It is, perhaps, not generally known, that immediately after boarding, the Chesapeake separated from the Shannon, while the colours of the former were still flying and the ship unhurt, so that in fact the whole of her remaining crew was conquered by about 140 British seamen, with Brooke at their head, who scoured the decks and drove the whole crew into the bottom of the ship with 'irresistible fury.'

With such men, trained by such an officer, we have little to apprehend from the superior magnitude of the enemy's ships; but we do entertain very serious apprehensions lest the supply of these brave fellows should fail us. By encouraging the fisheries, however, every seaport town, every little village on the coast, and on the banks of the creeks and inlets, would become a nursery of seamen. Every spot to which boats and vessels resort must necessarily raise seamen; the very sight of them creates a taste for the sea in the neighbouring youth; and the little adventures and risks of a coasting voyage or a fishing expedition, instead of deterring, serve only to excite in boys of spirit a stronger desire to brave the 'billows of the stormy deep.' We must not flatter ourselves that the long protracted war has increased our naval power; far otherwise is the case, as every experienced officer in the service well knows.

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It is therefore the more incumbent on the government to omit no measures that may tend to keep up this 'arm of our strength,' so essential to the honour, the independence, and the security of Great Britain; and we know of no measure so well calculated to produce this effect, as that of giving every possible assistance and encouragement to the home fisheries.

But the encouragement of the fisheries in a naval point of view is almost of equal importance on the recurrence of peace, as in the midst of a war. What, we would ask, is to become of the 145,000 seamen and marines now serving in the navy, at the conclusion of the war? Supposing that 45,000 be required to be kept in full-pay, what is to become of the remaining 100,000? When the commerce of the whole world, which we now almost exclusively possess, comes to be divided among the several maritime nations of Europe and America, so great a number of discharged seamen will in vain seek for employment in our commercial marine; and if not employed in the home and foreign trade, or in some way or other, must obviously be lost to the country. We may fairly reckon however that of these 100,000 men, one in five, from long service, wounds and infirmities, will be unable to provide for himself, and will, therefore, be a fit object for the nation's gratitude, dispensed through the medium of that noble institution, towards the support of which, indeed, every seaman contributes, and is therefore the more entitled to its relief. But where are the funds to be found to provide for 20,000 additional objects, who, on every consideration, must be thought deserving the benefit of Greenwich hospital! There are at present on that establishment about 2500 in, and 10,000 out, pensioners, requiring an annual sum of £120,000. In peace the revenues must fall off greatly, as many of the productive sources will then be dried up. A national fishery would give employment to all such Greenwich pensioners as were able to be useful, whether in the ships fishing at sea, or the boats attached to the fishery, or in the various occupations connected with it on shore, the number of whom may at least be reckoned at two-thirds of the whole. It is well known that there are few of the in-pensioners, comfortable as they are, who would not rather prefer a small out-pension to enable them to pass the evening of their days among their friends, who mostly reside at some or other of the sea port towns of the United Kingdom. Now every in-pensioner costs the establishment at least £36 annually, while the largest out-pension does not exceed £18, and many are as low as £7. Hence thrice the present number of those in the hospital might be subsisted, and with greater comfort to themselves, by admitting the helpless only as in-patients, and allowing all such as were still able to do something, full liberty to go where

where they pleased. By this regulation, were the fisheries once established on a grand national plan, employment might be found on every part of the coast of the United Kingdom for a vast number of brave and deserving men, each retiring to the neighbourhood of his native spot: and here, with the addition of his small pension to his earnings, the worn-out seaman might be enabled to pass the remainder of that life, of which the best portion had been devoted to his country's service, among the friends and companions of his early days.

Every one must be fully aware of the extreme difficulty, if not impossibility, of manning the navy on the breaking out of a new war. For every ship of the line that we could send to sea, the first six months of the war, the enemy, by his marine conscription, would be able to man and equip five. But a national fishery, established on a grand scale and under proper regulations, would form such a nursery for the navy that we might then rely with certainty on a supply of seamen equal to the manning of twenty sail of the line at the shortest notice, on the speedy equipment of which the safety of the country might perhaps mainly depend.

We pretend not to know whether the attention of the government may or may not have been drawn to this important subject; but we do know that the highest considerations of state-policy—that every motive of public interest and private benefit—urge the immediate adoption of some efficient plan for the extension and improvement of the fisheries. The present state of the war makes such an undertaking the more necessary, whilst farther delay may be altogether fatal to it. It is essential to the success of any plan that our fishermen should obtain a full possession of the fishing grounds, and be in vigorous pursuit of all the various fisheries from Shetland to the Land's End, before the termination of the war. That period once arrived, the golden opportunity will have passed away. Whenever peace shall take place, we may be well assured that our ancient rivals the Dutch, who by French alliance have lost their navy, their commerce and their colonies, will, through French assistance, strain every nerve to re-create the one and regain the others. To effect this, they have the same means and the same resources which succeeded so well and so rapidly in former times. Nothing that we can possibly do, on the return of peace, will check their progress half so effectually as an immediate and vigorous prosecution of the fisheries, on our part, while the war lasts, and the getting possession, not only of the best fishing grounds, but also of the best foreign markets for the disposal of their produce. Those markets are now open to us. The Baltic, the Mediterranean, the whole coast of Spain and Portugal, the West India islands, the Brazils and Spanish America would ensure

ensure a demand for an almost unlimited quantity of salted fish. It would be idle to suppose that, on the return of friendly relations with the Dutch, we shall be able to prevent their fishing on our coasts, and in our very harbours, as they have been accustomed to do heretofore. In the last short interval of peace they came over to dredge for oysters, and to procure whilks for bait, in the very mouth of the Thames. French fishing vessels visited the banks and inlets on the coast of Ireland; and a boast was made, in the official journal of that country, that, in the course of two months, the Boulogne fishermen caught as many herrings on our side of the Channel, as produced them £28,000; and that one third of this sum was paid by English fishermen in ready money for the purchase of fish caught on their own shores!

In any negociation for a general peace, every effort will be used by our inveterate and deadly foe to thrust forward, as a prominent feature, *the liberty of the seas.* Our naval superiority is, in fact, the *lethalis arundo* that rankles in his breast. By that superiority the spark of liberty has still been kept alive on the continent of Europe, and by it alone have Spain and Portugal been rescued from the tyrant's iron grasp. We are therefore accused by him, on all occasions, and the accusation is re-echoed by his worthy coadjutor in America, 'of wishing to exclude the universe from that element which constitutes three-fourths of the globe;' and of throwing a barrier across this 'common highway of nations.' The accusation, we need not say, is utterly unfounded. The superiority which we have obtained by the skill and valour of British seamen has been used with British generosity and moderation. But, we confess, it has frequently occurred to us, that the charge might have been answered by a public declaration, stating clearly and explicitly what those maritime rights are, 'which,' to use the words of Mr. Abbot when speaking in the name of the Commons of England, 'we have resolved never to surrender.' The ground on which we stand is too firm and too elevated to require us to rest our foundation on undefined pretensions. We may, with safety, not only declare what those rights are, but further, that we shall wage interminable war rather than abate or compromise one iota of them. We hold the full and free use of the ocean, and every part thereof, by the whole universe, as a fundamental principle of public law, subject only to those regulations which have been established and sanctioned by the law of nations. England, it is true, has long claimed the sovereignty of the seas as a right which universal conquest has fairly given her; a right which we trust she will long continue to hold for her own honor and for the general happiness of mankind. Her sovereignty however is purely military, and in other respects but a 'barren

sceptre;' for, we repeat that at no period does it appear that she ever intended to set up any claim to a legal and possessory right of the sea to the exclusion of other nations.

That we have used the sovereignty of the seas with moderation is no idle assertion. If, by the common consent of nations, the sea has been held to be innocent, and inexhaustible, and therefore, that every one has a right to use it for navigation, and for fishing, England has not infringed either of those rights. She has exercised no prerogative of power beyond what is strictly recognised by the law of nations—assumed no privilege that could tend to the establishment of any legal right to the dominion even of her own seas. The *Mare Clausum* of Selden was certainly calculated to mislead, and it did mislead, a great part of the public on a point to which the public feeling was tremblingly alive; but the ablest statesmen of that day never thought of confounding the two questions of military dominion, and legal right of possession; or, as Vattel expresses it, 'England never claimed the property of all the seas, over which she has claimed the empire;' whilst he admits at the same time, that she had a right to take possession of the herring fishery on her coasts, though the omission of so doing caused that fishery to become common.

As the right to an appropriate fishery on our own coasts may speedily be brought into public discussion, it may be worth while to inquire how the fact stands with regard to our claims to the fishery in the seas of Great Britain—whether we have, in point of fact, at any period of our history, established a claim, by assuming to ourselves the power of granting licenses, or assigning limits, to those fisheries. There are two or three points on record that would seem to countenance the idea of the Kings of England having exercised these acts of sovereignty. Sir John Boroughs, whom we have before quoted, says, in his Sovereignty of the British Seas, that Philip the Second, king of Spain, obtained of Queen Mary his wife, a licence for his subjects to fish upon the north coasts of Ireland, they paying yearly for the same one thousand pounds sterling, which was accordingly paid into the exchequer of Ireland; but he produces no authority excepting the hearsay of the son of Sir Henry Fitton the treasurer. Such payment is no where on record, and, if ever made, was either a private bribe or an extortion. What appears to render this the more probable, is that the ambassadors of Queen Elizabeth openly affirmed to those of Denmark, when that power pretended to prevent foreigners from fishing between Norway and Iceland, 'that the kings of England had in no time forbid the freedom of fishing in the Irish sea, albeit they were lords of both banks.' Again, it is recorded by Camden, and quoted by a number of writers, that the Dutch asked leave of the governor

governor of the castle of Scarborough to fish for herring on that part of the coast, observing that 'the English always gave leave to fish, reserving the honour to themselves, but slothfully resigning the profit to others.' But Sir Philip Meadows observes that Mr. Camden has produced no authority for such an assertion; that the governor might probably, by his civilities to the fishermen, make some perquisites, and derive some emoluments, by permitting them to dry their nets on shore, fetch victuals and water, &c. but that it is not likely he had so indefinite a power, as to enable him to give leave, upon bare asking, for foreigners to fish at pleasure within the royalties of the crown; that at any rate it is manifest that no state ever did pay to the crown of England any yearly sum or other consideration for liberty of fishing upon the seas of England, for, in such case, such sum must have passed into the account of the exchequer as a branch of the royal revenues, and have there remained on record.* He further observes that none of our leagues and treaties made either with the house of Burgundy or with the house of Austria, since the union of the two houses, or with the States General, since their disunion from both, have ever reserved to the crown of England, any annual payment, fee-farm or consideration, for their liberty of fishing in our seas; that a certain sum was never agreed, and that an uncertain one could never be demanded; that, on the contrary, all the ancient treaties from the time of Edward IV. to James I. with the dukes of Brittany and Burgundy and the princes of the Low Countries, invariably covenant on both sides that their respective subjects should freely, and without let or hindrance, fish every where upon the sea, without asking any licenses, passports or safe conducts.—For instance, in the treaty between Edward IV. of England and Francis duke of Britany, the fishermen of both nations *pourront peaceablement aller par tout sur mer pour pescher et gaigner leur vivre, sans impeachement, ou disturber de l'une partie ou de l'autre,*' &c. Thus also in the Intercursus Magnus made in 1495 between Henry VII. and Philip IV. it is agreed *quod piscatores utriusque partis poterint ubique ire navigare per mare, securè piscari, absque impedimento, licentia, seu salvo conductu.* And the Dutch in the time of Queen Elizabeth were never molested in the enjoyment of the same privileges.

There are two cases, however, on record, that would seem to establish the fact of a licensed fishery on the part of England. In the seventh year of King James I. 1600, a proclamation was published, inhibiting all persons of what nation or quality soever, not being

* Observations concerning the Dominion and Sovereignty of the Seas, composed by Sir Philip Meadows. *Pepysian Manuscripts.*

natural born subjects, from fishing upon any of the coasts and seas of Great Britain and Ireland, and the isles adjacent, without first obtaining licences from the king, or his commissioners, authorized in that behalf, which licences were to be renewed yearly. This royal edict, however, which further required a rateable composition to be paid into the exchequer, proportioned to the tonnage, seems altogether to have been disregarded by the continental states, whose subjects met with no difficulty in obtaining an indefinite liberty of fishing every where close upon the English shores, and even within its bays and havens, without the least fear of molestation, by the payment of some trifling fee or gratuity. A repetition of the proclamation by King Charles I. in 1636, with the view of establishing a claim to an appropriate fishery, met with no better success. The better to enforce this edict, the Duke of Northumberland, as admiral of the fleet, was sent into the North Sea to compel the Dutch fishermen to take licences, and to pay for the same, at a moderate rate, which they gladly accepted, to secure to themselves the benefit of the fishery without molestation; but the ambassador of the States General in England remonstrated against this unprecedented proceeding and disavowed the act of their fishermen. Henry IV. of France did, however, it seems, pay England the compliment of asking permission to fish for soles on the English banks for the use of his own table; and our own Henry VIII. condescended to renew a treaty which Henry VII. had made with John II. of Denmark, in which it was mutually covenanted that 'the liegemen, merchants and fishermen of England, should fish and traffic upon the Northern Sea, betwixt Norway and Iceland, but under a proviso of first asking leave, and renewing their licences from seven years to seven years, (de septennio in septennium,) from the kings of Denmark and Norway and their successors.'*

Next as to a limited fishery. This expedient has also been tried, but with no better success than a licensed one. The precise boundaries of that marine territory, which approximates to the dominions of any prince, have never been established by universal consent. It has been held indeed as a general maxim of national law, 'that he, who is lord of both banks, is lord of the intermediate channel;' but even this concession is subject to modification where that channel is the passage into open seas. Civilians unanimously agree as to the right of sea property, but differ as to the extent and quantity of that right. One living on the borders of the Atlantic, might with seeming propriety extend that right an hundred miles into the ocean; another dwelling on the shores of the Baltic or Mediterranean

* Sir P. Meadows, on the Dominion and Sovereignty of the Seas. *Pepysian MSS.*

might

might think twenty leagues of sufficient extent; another again might maintain, that so much of the sea appertains to the land, as a man can see over from the shore on a clear day; all these notions have in fact had their supporters. But as Sir Philip Meadows observes with regard to the last, 'if a man see from Dover to Calais, I suppose the like can be done from Calais to Dover; and whose shall the sea be betwixt?' The opinion of more modern writers on the law of nations seems to assign the distance of a cannon shot from any part of the shore as the extent of marine jurisdiction, or, as a general principle, that legal dominion of the sea should extend so far from the coast as the safety of the nation renders it necessary, and her power is able to assert.* The extent of the British seas has at all times been a fruitful theme of dispute and discussion with neighbouring nations. In the attempt to settle the honour of the flag between England and France, Richlieu proposed that French ships should strike the flag and lower the topsail to British ships in the English Channel when nearer to the English shore, and that British ships should strike to those of France when meeting nearer to the French coast. The Cinque ports considered their jurisdiction to extend half seas over: the Trinity house were of opinion that the British seas extended from Cape Finisterre to the middle of Van Statenland in Norway, and from thence northward of Scotland and the isles thereof. The Lords of the Admiralty having in 1712 called on Sir Charles Hedges, the judge of the Admiralty Court, for his opinion as to the extent of the British seas, he delivered it as follows, which our readers will perhaps be inclined to consider as that of a good courtier, rather than of a sound lawyer.

'1. I take it without any doubt that the four seas, namely, east, south, west and north, are within her Majesty's sea dominions, as Queen of Great Britain. 2. That the east and south parts of this dominion extend to the opposite shores, and if a line be drawn from Berwick to the Naze in Norway, and another from Cape Finisterre to Cape Clear, or the most western point of land in Ireland, I conceive the space within those lines has been always reputed a part of the British seas; but I cannot say this is the utmost extent of them southward, there being some opinions that carry them farther. 3. If a line be drawn from the north Foreland to Calais, and another from the islands of Scilly to Ushant, I think the space between those lines and the opposite shores describe that part of the British seas called the Channel; and the other space from the Channel to the Naze is called the German ocean.' After describing the seas of Scotland and Ireland, he goes on to say that 'if the British domi-

* Vattel.

nion may be extended as far from the Irish shores to the westward in any proportion that the ocean bears to the Mediterranean, the Gulph of Venice, the Euxine, Sound, Belt or White Sea, which are possessed by several princes or states, who restrain those respective dominions; the Queen of Great Britain may take in many more leagues than any of them do miles; or, if they claim by virtue of being possessed of opposite shores, her Majesty may, by the same rule, claim the western ocean beyond Ireland.'* When Sir William Temple boasted that by the treaty concluded in 1673, between King Charles II and the States General, the flag was carried to all the height his Majesty could wish, because it was stipulated in the 4th article of that treaty, 'that the States General of the United Provinces, in due acknowledgment on their part of the King of Great Britain's right to have his flag respected in any of the seas from Cape Finisterre to the middle point of the land Van Staten in Norway, agree, &c. that their ships shall strike their flag and lower their topsail, &c. Sir Philip Meadows asked, 'what has England to do with the bay of Biscay or sea of Norway? From Cape Finisterre to Van Staten is a greater stride than the British seas, (as in former treaties the article stood,) but then it weakens our standing. The limits fixed between the two capes are too wide for dominion, too narrow for respect. The crown of England claims no dominion in any seas but the British only, yet it claims respect every where and in all seas.'†

More moderate as well as more rational were the ideas of King James I. as to sea dominion and marine jurisdiction. It appears from Selden, that in the year 1504, the second of his reign, he caused twelve sworn men well skilled in maritime affairs to trace out on a map the sea coasts of England, on which were drawn straight lines from one promontory or headland to another, and all that was intercepted and included within these lines was called the king's chambers and royal ports. With this sea chart was published a royal proclamation, in which they are stiled 'the places of the king's dominion and jurisdiction.' Sir Leonine Jenkins calls them 'those ancient sanctuaries where by the law all merchantmen are in safegard, and all hostilities whatsoever are to cease, and where all parties, though in enmity with one another, are equally to pay a reverence to, and enjoy the benefit of, his Majesty's protection.'

This act of King James has been considered as impolitic, because it implied that he had no right, or, if he had, that he relinquished it altogether, beyond that boundary. It was soon evident however, that he had no intention to limit his right of the fisheries within such narrow bounds, as we have already seen by his pro-

* Admiralty Records.

† Letter from Sir P. Meadows to Mr. Secretary Pepys. *Pepysian Papers.*

clamation

clamation five years afterwards, prohibiting foreigners from fishing on any of the coasts and seas of Great Britain and Ireland without a licence. In fact, in the very same year that he caused the said sea-chart to be drawn, the commissioners appointed to conclude an union between the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, among other things concerning the trade, mutually agreed 'that the fishing within the friths and bays of Scotland and in the seas within fourteen miles distance from the coasts of that realm, where neither English nor other strangers have used to fish, should be reserved and appropriated to Scotchmen only; and reciprocally Scotchmen to abstain from fishing within the like distances off the coasts of England.' In the same reign, Lord Carlton, the English ambassador at the Hague, was informed, that a communication had been made to the United States commissioners in London, that their subjects would then and in future be prohibited from fishing within fourteen miles of his Majesty's coasts.* The Dutch however paid little attention to this notice. They out-numbered us in their merchant shipping in the proportion of 10 to 1,† and their navy as to number and tonnage was far superior to ours. It was manifest indeed that they were determined to try with us a vigorous contest for naval superiority, and King James did not find it prudent to provoke it at that time.

Since then no good precedent can be advanced to establish the right of Great Britain to impose on her opposite neighbours either a limited or a licenced fishery, even in her own seas, the obvious policy on her part would be that of forming a numerous and expert body of fishermen, while the war continues, which has given us the unrivalled commerce of the world, as we have long been the uncontrouled masters of the sea. We know of no other effectual mode of retarding the progress of the enemy in a rivalship of the fisheries, than that of a prior occupation of them; for, peace once restored, in vain we should endeavour to exclude them from our fishing grounds; the very attempt to do it would involve us in endless disputes and difficulties. If, in the midst of war, we are so indulgent or so indifferent as to permit them to fish half Channel over, they will not scruple to visit our bays and harbours in time of peace. We permit even to our enemies the enjoyment of a benefit which, under a change of circumstances, they would peremptorily refuse to us. We allow them to come out and fish without molestation, notwithstanding that fishery not only feeds their markets, but supplies their blockaded fleets with a succession of seamen—almost the only seamen whom they have the opportunity of making.

* Sir P. Meadows on the Sovereignty of the Seas. *Pepysian MS.*

† Hume.

We did indeed, on one occasion, seize some fifteen or sixteen of the Dutch schuyts, because, on the loss of the Flora frigate in 1808, the surrounding fishing boats, instead of assisting the sufferers, inhumanly made away from the wreck and left them to perish; about the same time too the Dutch had broken a cartel which they had concluded with Great Britain. But what was the consequence? The Dutch fishermen found in our easy philanthropy an amnesty for the loss of those brave men of the Flora, who had perished through their inhumanity; the schuyts and fishermen were restored, the order rescinded, and the Dutch fish as before without molestation.

The immense advantages to be derived from establishing a national fishery on a grand scale, must plead our excuse for extending the present article to so great a length. Happy shall we be if we have succeeded in drawing the attention of those to the subject, through whose influence and exertions alone those advantages can be obtained.

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ART. II. *An Essay towards a Theory of Apparitions.* By John Ferriar, M. D.

THE observation of Dr. Johnson, that the belief in apparitions could become universal only by its truth, and that those who deny it with their tongues, confess it with their fears, has perhaps received more consideration than it is fairly entitled to. The last remark will not carry very far at any rate, nor is it of much avail even in the very small extent to which it is applicable; for the fear of ghosts may well survive the belief in them, and is much oftener the effect of habit, than the result of conviction. It was said of a certain officer, the early part of whose life had been passed in extraordinary shifts and distresses, that a reverse of fortune, which brought plenty and ease, never could put him above the fear of bailiffs, at sight of whom he invariably fled; and it may perhaps be averred that there scarcely lives a person who does not retain a more or less painful impression from some danger which no longer exists. The first part of the sentence has however more weight, and though the universality of the creed respecting spirits cannot be argued as a proof of their visitation, it at least proves the existence of some universal causes, which must have led to such a belief. A discussion of these forms the subject of the work at present under our consideration.

The author prefaces it by declaring that he is about to open a new and unbeaten field to the composer of romance, and to present an effectual antidote to the terrors of the ghost-seer, assuring those whom

whom he invites to his 'enchanted castle' that the door will not be opened to them 'by a grinning demon, but by a very civil person in a black cap.' Instead however of ushering in his guests with the method and solemnity, which such a description implies, he has scarcely admitted them before away goes this grave personage with a hop, step and a jump, which might almost baffle the activity of Mr. Scott's goblin-page. We will tax our muscles to accompany him in elasticity and irregularity of movement. He begins by allowing that impressions have been made upon the senses of persons of credit, which were apparently præternatural;—that by such 'the forms of the dead and the absent have been seen and their voices have been heard.' Proposing to explain these reputed prodigies by physical means, he states it to be a known fact that, in cases of delirium and insanity, spectral delusions take place and often continue during several days; but says it has not been generally noticed that similar effects may have been produced by a partial and undetected affection of the brain. Deducing all fantastic apparitions from this source, he, for greater perspicuity, as he states, distributes his matter under the three following divisions:—1st. The general law of the system to which spectral impressions may be referred; 2d, the proof of the existence of morbid impressions of this nature without any sensible external agency; 3d, the application of these principles to the best authenticated histories of apparitions;' but he soon loses sight of his arrangement.

Having thus announced the plan of the author, we shall follow him as we can; but feel that we give no very favourable earnest of our activity by being stopped, at the very threshold, by this bold proposition. 'It is a well known law of the human economy, that the impressions produced on some of the external senses, especially on the eye, are more durable than the application of the impressing cause.' The author first illustrates this position by the description of a faculty, which he had himself possessed, in his youth, of recalling, in the dark, any interesting object that he had seen in the course of the day, and colouring the copy with all the brilliancy and force of the original; and then in confirmation of his system, cites an insinuation of Dr. Darwin in his Zoonomia, that this error, like the deceptions of perspective, is only corrected by experience. To this principle he attributes dreams, the supposed spectacles exhibited in the aurora borealis, and other natural illusions, illustrated by different examples. But were the impression made upon the organs of sight not, what it certainly is, a mere repetition, effected we know not how, through the force of imagination, but, in fact, permanent, and only corrected by experience; we should perceive in children the first dawn and progress of observation, as well with respect to *this*, as to the illusions of perspective, the process of which is easily traced.

traced. Were the impression, of which the author treats, other than imaginary, why need he have resorted to a dark room in order to renew the images with which he had been previously amused? These would have been still visible, according to his theory, (unless he means to argue yet more whimsically, that this uneffaced picture of things once seen operates to the exclusion of what is before our eyes,) though confused with the objects of his immediate view. He would have enjoyed his romantic prospects in mid-day and in a garret; the only inconvenience might have been the having his green fields dotted with a tester bed, high-back chairs and bureaus.* This principle too is insufficient, as he afterwards virtually admits, to the establishment of his system respecting apparitions; for those who have sleeping or waking dreams, do not only copy, they imitate and compound. We confess that we have the more delight in battering this new and extraordinary proposition, because we think the doctrine singularly uncomfortable. Other 'of the external senses,' we are informed, may be capable of this real secondary affection. Now though there are many impressions which all would willingly reproduce, we believe that no one covets a second edition of squalls and broken bones. *Vous ne devez pas dire que vous avez reçu des coups de bâton, mais qu'il vous semble d'en avoir reçu*, may be a very unsatisfactory suggestion to a man who has been just cudgelled, but it is more cruel, and not a whit more philosophical, after admitting his first misfortune, to persuade him that it will be renewed at a time when there is not a twig in sight, or an arm to brandish one; especially if he has not been bastinadoed often enough for him to have corrected this impression by dint of experience. Such is the consolation afforded by 'a very civil person,' who professes to annihilate the tyranny of the imagination.

The manager, having now explained the nature of his machinery, draws up the curtain and exhibits his phantasmagoria, which presents us with legions of spirits, black, white, blue and grey. One trick in the puppetshow deserves to be recorded. One of the mortal dramatis personæ in imagination swallows the devil; a case which, in our opinion, should be referred to a confused association of ideas. From the most generous motives 'he resisted,' says Dr. Ferriar, 'the calls of nature during several days, lest he should set the *foul fiend* at liberty. I overcame his resolution, however,' he adds, 'by

* We do not mean to deny the retina, in some cases, retaining, *for a few seconds*, the impressions which it has received; but we deny the extent in which this fact has been maintained, and the inferences which have been drawn from it. Such instances are, we believe, rare, and usually considered by medical men as arising from some debility, or morbid affection of the organ.

administering

administering an emetic in his food.' Another case of a young lady, who was accompanied by her own apparition, may be ascribed to the author's own principle of insanity, as she may certainly be pronounced to have been *beside herself*.

Taking a large skip here, amongst other impediments, over lycanthropia, (in which the patient imagines himself to have become a wolf, 'an impression,' we are told, 'which has, no doubt, been produced or strengthened by narcotic potions of hyoscyamus and datura stramonium,' query, wolf's bane?) for we find that we cannot leap fair with the author, we find ourselves, amongst accessory causes of delusion, with respect to spectres, followed, as usual, by stories more or less apposite. One of them, that of M. Bezuel and M. Desfontaines, is extremely curious. These two, when boys, the eldest, M. Bezuel, being only fifteen, made a compact, which, for greater solemnity, they signed with their blood, engaging that whichever died first should visit the survivor. They were soon afterwards separated, and, at the end of two years, the agreement was fulfilled by M. Desfontaines, who had been drowned near Caen, and who appeared, on the succeeding day, to his friend. The circumstances which preceded this visitation are particularly worthy of attention. Bezuel was amusing himself one day in haymaking at a certain M. de Sortoville's, when he was seized with a fainting fit, which was succeeded by a restless night. He experienced a second fit, in the same meadow, on the following day, attended with the same consequences. Again on the third day, while on the hay-stack, he experienced a similar attack, and this was a prelude to the ghost, &c. He tells the story himself.

'I fell into a swoon; one of the footmen perceived it and called out for help. They recovered me a little, but my mind was more disordered than it had been before. I was told that they asked me what ailed me, and that I answered, "I have seen what I thought I should never see." But I neither remember the question nor the answer. However, it agrees with what I remember I saw then, a naked man, in half length, but I knew him not. They helped me to go down the ladder, but, because I saw Desfontaines at the bottom, I had again a fainting fit: my head got between two stairs, and I again lost my senses. They let me down, and set me on a large beam, which served for a seat in the great *Place des Capucins*. I sat upon it, and then no longer saw M. de Sortoville nor his servants, though they were present; and perceiving Desfontaines near the foot of the ladder, who made me a sign to come to him, I went back upon my seat, as it were to make room for him, and those who saw me, and whom I did not see, observed that motion.'

He proceeds to state, that the apparition took him by the arm and conducted him into a bye lane, where he conversed with him for nearly three quarters of an hour, and informed him of all the particulars of his death, which had taken place, as was before stated,

stated, on the preceding day. All saw him walk away; and M. de Sortoville and his footboy heard him speaking in the manner of one who was asking and answering questions. All this time, however, his spiritual companion was invisible but to himself. Their intercourse was repeated more than once. That the fainting fits were the cause of this illusion there can be no doubt, and Dr. Ferriar informs us, speaking from his own experience, 'that the approach of syncope is sometimes attended with a spectral appearance;' but it is seldom that an opportunity can be afforded, as in the present instance, of watching the gradual concoction of a ghost. The appearance of Desfontaines, like the first crude apparition seen by Bezuel, was only a half length, and this mode of seeing spirits by halves appears more general than we should have supposed; for we are told, in another place, that two old ladies, who were inhabitants of antient castles, comparing notes respecting their different residences, one of them averred that hers was haunted by the appearance of the upper part of a human figure, a piece of intelligence which was received with great apparent satisfaction by the other, inasmuch as it explained to her why her mansion was visited only by the lower half. It does not appear that they resorted to the obvious expedient of tossing up *heads or tails* for double or quits. Dr. Ferriar, however, who has served up every variety of spectre, has, in addition to these semi-goblins, furnished us with an instance of a double phantom, or rather a sort of polypus ghost. We extract the story, which is taken from Lucian, as furnishing a new and amusing theory of the division of labour.

'Eucrates says that he became acquainted in Egypt with Pancrates, who had resided twenty years in the subterraneous recesses, where he had learned magic from Isis herself. "At length," he states, "he persuaded me to leave all my servants at Memphis, and to follow him alone, telling me that we should not be at a loss for attendants. When we came into any inn, he took a wooden pin, latch, or bolt, and wrapping it in some clothes, when he had repeated a verse over it, he made it walk and appear a man to every one. This creature went about, prepared supper, laid the cloth, and waited upon us very dexterously. Then, when we had no further occasion for it, by repeating another verse, he turned it into a pin, latch, or bolt, again. He refused to impart the secret of this incantation to me, though very obliging in every thing else. But having hid myself one day in a dark corner, I caught the first verse, which consisted of three syllables. After he had given his orders to the pin, he went into the market place. Next day, in his absence, I took the pin, dressed it up, and repeating those syllables, ordered it to fetch some water. When it had brought a full jar, I cried "Stop, draw no more water, but be a pin again." It was in vain, however, that he reiterated the command of *as you were*, the perverse pin continued his employment till he had nearly filled the house. "I, not able to endure this obstinacy, (continues Eucrates,) and fearing the

the return of my companion, lest he should be displeased, seized a hatchet and split the pin in two pieces. But each part, taking up a jar, ran to draw more water, so that I had now two servants in place of one. In the mean time Pancrates returned, and, understanding the matter, changed them into wood again, as they were before the incantation."

The author having, at last, dismissed his shadows, sums up his evidence by the declaration that the facts which he has stated have afforded to himself a satisfactory explanation of all difficulties respecting what he terms spectral appearances; he calls upon the physician and philosopher to examine such cases with accuracy instead of regarding them either with terror or contempt, 'and to ascertain their exact relation to the state of the brain and of the external senses;' he observes, that were this done, 'the appearance of a ghost would be regarded as of little more consequence than a head-ache,' and finally congratulates himself on having 'released the reader of history from the embarrassment of rejecting evidence in some of the plainest narratives, or of experiencing uneasy doubts when the solution might be rendered perfectly simple,' and thus he reconducts his guests to the entrance of his enchanted castle.

'Prosequitur dictis portâque emittit eburnâ.'

We fear that the doctor's nostrum will not turn out the perfect specific he imagines.

'*O vouz qui craignez tant les esprits,*
*Et qui les craignez sans y croire,*'

may, as we have before stated our opinion, be applied to the largest class of those for whom he prescribes. On these all medicine will be thrown away; their morbid propensities must be left to wear themselves out, or if any potion can avail, it is a disease wherein the patient must minister to himself. There is, however, another description of actual, or possible, ghost-seers, who might, perhaps, profit by such a discussion of the subject; but this determined assailant of the world of phantoms has left unattempted the two strongest works, behind which they may intrench themselves. Every one who has experienced a violent nervous attack, or witnessed the effect of it on others, and indeed every one who has had the nightmare in daylight, must, if they think at all, have found in such causes an explanation of ghosts, and will have easily conceived to themselves a more diseased state of organs, which might represent phantoms more vivid, more precisely figured, and more permanent than those with which they have been visited. But the difficulties with regard to accepting this, as a general solution of the mystery, are, first, the evidence we have of more persons than one having witnessed these appearances; and, next, that of some event, which could

could not, by natural means, be known at the time, having been thus manifested; a circumstance which appears at once to explain the cause and to attest the truth of such a visitation. These two defences are, however, certainly more assailable from the previous demolition of the outworks which surrounded them.

The great point to be considered with regard to the supposed verification of ghosts by the testimony of more than one person is, that if we give the witnesses credit for being honest, it would be going much too far to allow them to be unprejudiced. In the great majority of cases of this description which are in circulation, it is to be observed, that the minds of those who have seen such sights, were prepared for the reception of the wonderful by circumstances either of time, place, or conversation. Men, in this situation, resemble instruments tuned to the same pitch, which, if a note of one be struck, will repeat the sound on a correspouding string. The following story may serve as an illustration. A traveller in the east found himself in a village where there was a great outcry against vampires. It may be necessary to premise, that the vampire of spectral history is a dead body which has the privilege of sucking the blood of the living. So universal was the belief that the magistrates granted a general search warrant, and the traveller accompanied a great number of the inhabitants to the church yard for the purpose of putting it into execution. The grave of a person suspected was opened in his presence, and while *he* saw nothing but a putrid and macerated carcass, the rest beheld, in the same object, freshness of complexion, and corpulence, in short, all the known indicia of the delinquent's profession, and were much inclined to give the dissentient an opportunity of practising it, in his own person, for obstinately maintaining his opinion. Here all the assistants but the stranger were predisposed to belief; but it may be shewn, by another instance, that the imagination of one person will reflect the images represented by that of another, even where it has not been previously wrought upon and prepared for such an impression. A modern poet who, though he has exercised a powerful command over the world of spirits, is certainly free from superstition, accompanied a friend one evening to a place in Edinburgh, where they sold oysters. They were shewn into an inner room, and sat down to table. Here they were joined, as they believed, by an unknown person, whom neither of them knew; but it is to be remarked, that his appearance was unaccompanied by any circumstances of terror. He neither swallowed his oysters, shell and all, or did any thing which could subject him to suspicion. They lost sight of him they knew not how; and on going into the next room and inquiring about their uninvited guest, were assured by those who had remained there during the whole time they

they were within, that no one had passed through that apartment, which afforded the only means of access to their own. It may, perhaps, be objected to any inference drawn from this anecdote, that the imagination of the two gentlemen in question had probably been warmed with wine. Perhaps so: but *le peril monte la tête comme le vin,* says Madame de Staël, and fear is as quickly communicated as an electric shock. We may also consider optical deceptions, which have been generally mentioned by Dr. Ferriar amongst the causes of ghost-seeing, as one explanation of these better attested stories; but they are of much too rare occurrence to be admitted as a universal solvent of apparitions.

With respect to the second class of spiritual anecdotes, which includes all accounts of visitations, where some event appears to coincide with the spectacle represented by the imagination, we must recollect that we hear only of those where the result corresponds with its supposed signification; the thousand instances in which it does not, are never communicated. A young man, a writer in India, is surprised by the appearance of his mother (whom he had left in England) bathed in tears. He conceives this to be an intimation of his father's death, communicates what he has seen to a friend, and this person, under the idea of giving him a lesson against credulity in the future disproval of his fears, desires him to make an entry of all the circumstances in his pocket-book. The sensible intention of this friend is disappointed by the verification of the vision. Take, on the other hand, a story which may well weigh against the preceding. Three brothers, out of four, sleeping in the same room, when boys, dream that their father is dangerously ill, or dead, yet nothing had passed which might naturally have suggested to them so painful an idea. His death would have been but one wonder the more, but he long survived the triple omen by which it was apparently figured. The fact is, whimsical combinations are continually taking place, which, when they involve nothing which savours of a ghost, we are content to consider as the effect of what is called chance; if they do, we must cut the knot in one case as well as in the other. Many of these are as much out of the reach of calculation as any story of second sight. We take one as an instance. A short time ago, a seaman, belonging to the Arrogant, died, and the wages due to him were claimed by his brother, named John Carr, living at No. 4, Spicer Street, Shadwell. On inquiry, however, it was found that Mary Carr, his sister, residing at Lowth, in Ireland, had been appointed his executrix. Orders were given for sending her the papers necessary to her receiving whatever might be due; but these were, by some mistake, forwarded to the direction of the first claimant, at No. 4, Spicer Street, Shadwell. In this street there were two Nos. 4, and

and at one of these actually dwelt another woman of the name of Mary Carr, who, having possessed herself of the papers, attended at the Navy Pay Office, and received the money.

Still we have not traced the illusion to its source: if we have explained the causes which have fortified, or appeared to prove the truth of this belief, it is more difficult to explain how the mind first acquired it,—how it first came by the idea of a ghost; and unless we were prepared to argue that this is innate, we know but one solution of the difficulty, which is the supposing it to spring out of the universal belief in the immortality of the soul; whether this be a traditional fragment of revelation, or an induction formed from dreams. To these the savage always ascribes divinity. The Indian, therefore, whose imagination first represented to him, in sleep, the image of a deceased friend, though, in his dream, he might imagine him still alive, would, on waking, conceive his apparition to have been indicatory of another state of existence. Respecting the ready adoption of the creed, we shall find no difficulty, when we consider how universally our hopes and fears rest upon a world beyond our own; and, perhaps, there is no more striking proof of the predisposition of the human mind to that weakness, which forms the subject of the present essay, than the instinctive dread of darkness, remarkable in children, who have escaped the taint of nursery superstition. The gloom of itself seems to dispose the mind to melancholy, and a vague feeling of insecurity leads the imagination to people it with such terrors as it can furnish and dress up, out of its preconceived ideas. A father and mother, who had taken every possible precaution to preserve an infant daughter from all the horrors of the church-yard, observed in her an evident apprehension of being alone in the dark. They naturally concluded that their care had been fruitless, but, on examining into the object of her fear, she confessed that this was no other than '*Ell-wide.*' She had heard the word used by her mother, and, not knowing that the said Ell-wide was 'base and mechanical,' being struck with the majesty of the name, and receiving '*ignotum pro magnifico,*' had adopted him as an object of respect, precisely upon the same principle on which the late worthy member for Sussex cheered, at the bare mention of the hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia.

But we feel that we have caught the contagion of story-telling; we have been too long occupied in this Σκιομαχία, we willingly drop our weapons, and retire from the contest.

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ART.

ART. III. *Correspondence of the late Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. with the late Right Hon. Charles James Fox, in the Years* 1796—1801, *chiefly on Subjects of Classical Literature.* 8vo. pp. 232. London; Cadell & Davies; Edinburgh, Blackwood; Dublin, Keene. 1813.

THE diffusion of wealth, literature, and curiosity; the increased disposition to read, and the increased ability to buy books, have not only added to the number and fertility of living writers, but have also occasioned the press to groan under a vast additional load of posthumous publications. No sooner does an eminent person die, than his scrutoire is ransacked, and his friends are solicited for materials to make a volume. His works are sought for with almost as much regularity as his last will and testament; and by the time the latter has been proved at Doctor's Commons, the former are almost ready to appear in Paternoster-row. Nor is this process applicable to professed writers alone. A few sketches, or hints, or a fragment found in his port-folio, or verses ascribed to him; or, if none of these things exist, the never-failing resource of his correspondence, by the kindness of friends, and the diligence of publishers, is quite sufficient to raise a man after his death to the dignity of an author who, in his whole life, never entertained any settled thoughts of becoming one. This practice is not unattended by advantages. It adds to the public stock of harmless amusement. It often preserves important facts, and sometimes even rescues valuable compositions from oblivion. Besides, it gives us a deeper insight into human nature, by exhibiting to us nearer at hand, and at moments of carelesness and confidence, those persons, whom we had been accustomed to admire at a distance, when veiled by prudence, and protected by forms. On the other hand, it must be owned, that it not only ministers to a laudable desire for knowledge, but tends, quite as much, to gratify that low illiberal curiosity which is nourished by idle anecdotes of private life, and that malignant enviousness which comforts itself for the general superiority of great men, by contemplating their weaknesses and defects. Perhaps, after all, it is more for our advantage to maintain inviolate the respect due to the best specimens of our nature, than risk it by unnecessary disclosures—to embalm the illustrious dead, than deliver them over to the dissector for the sake of throwing new lights upon the intellectual anatomy of man. All indeed would be well, if the task of selecting from posthumous papers were performed with honesty, and with tolerable discretion; but in nine instances out of ten we have to lament a failure on one side or the other, and the reputation of the dead is sacrificed to the imprudence, vanity, or rapaciousness of the living.

The fate of Mr. Fox, in this respect, has always appeared to us

peculiarly hard. He left behind him a reputation to which none but the very highest excellence in literature could have added. It was a reputation which not even his bitterest enemies ventured to call into question. The feelings of political animosity seemed overcome by a generous sentiment of exultation in that genius and eloquence which added perceptibly to the stock—great as it is, of English glory. His whole conduct, and some points of his character, were the subject of endless dispute, but his talents were left to be estimated by the zeal of his followers, and if the 'Historical Fragment' had never seen the light, they might without much contradiction have indulged themselves in triumphantly conjecturing 'how well he would have written had not politics and pleasure denied him leisure for literary pursuits.' But the work appeared, and at once precluded all such speculation, by as great a disappointment as ever occurred in the literary history of the world. It failed instantly and totally. The partiality of friends, and the magic of a great name were unable to sustain it for a single day. Yet no book was ever more fairly dealt by. The public was certainly desirous to admire it if that had been possible; Mr. Fox's political adversaries were not active in decrying it; his followers shewed a decent regard to his memory by praising it at the risk of their own character for taste. The sages of the north too did their duty without shrinking, and boldly proclaimed a new era in our literature. But all efforts were fruitless. The defects were too striking to be concealed or extenuated; and in the work of an author who (as we were told) had formed so high a notion of the dignity and simplicity of history—a work upon which he had bestowed so much time and so much anxious care—for which journies had been undertaken, and libraries searched, the public were astonished to find a style inaccurate, though laboured, cold at once and declamatory; and the narrative of events more than a century old deeply tinctured with the prejudices of his own age and his own party.

In some instances too, the tendency of the work is such as we should have been better prepared to meet with in the writer of a German drama than of an English history. Without entering into any discussion of Mr. Fox's political opinions, we may be allowed to complain when they evidently interfere with the just appreciation of character, and the very sense of right and wrong. It is impossible to read the sentimental story of Monmouth, (upon which Mr. Fox has put forth all his strength,) without being persuaded that in the estimation of the writer, disloyalty, like charity, is a merit of so transcendant a kind, that it may serve to cover almost every sin. Monmouth was, even to his last moments, singularly disregardful of the obligations and even the decencies of domestic

domestic life; his understanding was feeble, and he wanted even courage, the only virtue that can throw lustre upon the character of a weak man engaged in great transactions. Mr. Fox endeavours to make of him a sort of hero of romance; and the fate of this unfortunate but guilty person, excites in his breast, at the distance of four generations, a more tender sympathy than he ever deigned to express for the whole clergy and nobility of the most ancient civilized monarchy in the world, plundered, exiled, and butchered, in his own time, and almost before his own eyes. Not that we are inclined to consider coldly such an event as Monmouth's execution, or to censure the emotions of a generous pity. But Mr. Fox evidently feels for him a greater interest than belongs to his character, or even to his misfortunes. He extenuates his failings not only with that indulgence which flows from a just and humane consideration of the infirmities of our common nature, but with the affectionate eagerness of a partizan.

We have always regretted that the publication of this unfortunate work was not prevented by the exercise of a sounder discretion in his surviving friends. It diminished the reputation of a great man, without (so far at least as we are aware) any one advantage beyond the mere gratification of public curiosity to compensate for the loss. If, indeed, Mr. Fox had already appeared before the world with distinction as an author; if, like the great man whose disciple he once boasted himself to be, his literary had corresponded to his political fame, the mischief of publishing even the 'Historical Work,' would have been comparatively small. The failure of a single posthumous performance would have signified little when the public judgment had already been fixed by happier efforts. From that nothing could be inferred, but that Mr. Fox, in common with many other eminent persons, was not able to command his own talents equally at all times, and on all subjects. Unfortunately, however, his whole character as a writer has been staked upon one performance, which can attract notice only by its astonishing disproportion to the talents of him who produced it; and one of the greatest English orators and statesmen is introduced into the world of literature only to take his place in the inferior classes of English authors. We think it hard upon the memory of so great a man as Mr. Fox to place him in a point of view in which he must appear decidedly inferior to those that are the natural objects of comparison with him. Equal, in the judgment of his contemporaries, to Bolingbroke or to Burke, he ought not to have appeared as an author at all, except in some work which would have placed him by their side, in the first ranks of literary fame. It may be said that great indulgence is due to an unfinished posthumous performance,

published without the consent of the author. To this we answer, in the first place, that such an appeal to the candour of the world is always a little hazardous. People are apt to judge of a thing as they find it, and without sufficient consideration of the circumstances under which it appears. Such indulgence too was less likely to be shewn to a work which was announced with something of confidence and parade, which so far from deprecating criticism seemed to challenge no slight or vulgar praise. An unusually long approach prepared us for the beginnings, at least, of a magnificent building. We were unavoidably led to expect something of power and effect. It was ushered into public notice, as if it were destined 'labenti succurrere sæclo,' to begin a reformation in politics and literature—to recal our style and our principles to the ancient standard of purity. Expectations such as these once imprudently excited, it is not easy to satisfy, and not safe to disappoint; and when lofty pretensions have been once advanced and rejected, it is too late to take the benefit of that tone of apology and extenuation which, if earlier employed, might have obtained for the work a more favourable reception.

We think too, that Mr. Fox's friends would have done well to recollect, that the lapse of years naturally tends to regulate the public judgment of his talents more by his writings, and less by every other criterion. As a statesman he was never long enough in power to accomplish any measures that could carry his name with glory down to posterity. His talents as an orator form his great and undisputed title to fame. But of his speeches no full authentic record remains. The generation that witnessed his astonishing genius for debate, will soon have passed away, and the warmth of their enthusiasm will be but feebly reflected upon the minds of their posterity. 'How much more then would you have been affected if you had heard him?' said Æschines. But Demosthenes had lost nothing except the advantage of his own delivery; Mr. Fox will have lost every thing, and his reputation for eloquence will stand upon the mutilated fragments in the newspaper reports, and the suffrage of his contemporaries. It is no doubt true, that in a free and powerful country, at an enlightened period, to have remained for five-and-thirty years in a great popular assembly without a superior, and with only one equal, is a proof of talent, such as no reasonable man in any age will feel inclined to contest. But after all, 'distinction,' 'superiority,' 'excellence,' are only relative terms, and are applied at different times with equal confidence and enthusiasm to express very different degrees of real positive merit. The value of contemporary admiration must depend on the character of the age; and, even on the most favourable supposition, something

something may be allowed for fashion, accident, prejudice, and the peculiar taste of the times. How much ought in justice to be ascribed to these causes it is never very easy, and becomes every day more difficult to ascertain. Where, if we may so express ourselves, an opinion is to be pronounced upon an opinion, in order to get at the ultimate object of judgment, the whole subject is involved in considerable obscurity. Men are naturally disposed to fly from these uncertainties—from traditionary veneration, and the eulogies bestowed by their progenitors upon the heroes of their own day, to some surer and more authentic measure of positive excellence. And if such a criterion actually exists, a *monumentum literis mandatum*, in which the man speaks for himself, something that they can see with their own eyes, and not through the magnifying halo of contemporary prejudices, it will have a great, perhaps an undue influence upon their opinions. Its proximity, and distinctness, render its effect equal to that of weightier, but more distant objects. Now this is just the evil we apprehend from the ill-advised publication of Mr. Fox's History. When posterity observe both from the part he played, and from the unanimous suffrages, so far as they can be collected, of all those that flourished along with him, how high was that station which he held among the great men of his own time; and when, on the other hand, they read this work, and form upon it that judgment which is, we believe, already, with but little variation, the judgment of all tolerably impartial persons, we are not without apprehension that they will transfer, in some degree, their opinion of the writer, to the orator and politician, and conclude, however erroneously, that Mr. Fox, though an able, was an over-rated man. And this is a conclusion from which they cannot possibly escape, except by a fair re-consideration of the various and weighty testimony in his favour, both external and internal, and by a more just and philosophical allowance than is generally made, for the mortifying inequalities of human genius. We are sure that any attempt to uphold the work, (besides its probable insincerity,) is only calculated to do harm to the memory of Mr. Fox. Our approbation of it could only serve to persuade future generations of our utter want of impartiality, and by that means shake their confidence in all our other judgments upon him. We must give up his History, if it is only for the sake of preserving unimpaired his other titles to glory; and the justice of our general admiration of him may be vindicated, by calling to mind, that all his fame as a statesman could not save him from entire failure as a writer.

We have been led to these remarks by the appearance of the Correspondence betwixt Mr. Fox and Mr. Gilbert Wakefield. It is certainly not liable to the objections we have just been stating to

the publication of his History. Mr. Fox is not presented to the world in the light of a professed author. The only question that those who sanctioned the publication had to determine was, whether or not these letters, written hastily, and without the remotest thought of their ever being submitted to the eye of the world, are such as do honour to the memory of an illustrious statesman? and we are clearly of opinion, that they were right to decide it in the affirmative. Some letters upon the same subjects printed at the end of Mr. Trotter's Life, and which indeed formed the only valuable part of that publication, had inspired us with a wish to see more, and we are happy to find that the materials existed for gratifying it.

The letters now before us are chiefly employed upon some of the nice points of Greek criticism, but they derive their interest, not from the light they throw upon the questions relative to the 'digamma,' and the 'final ν,' but from the portraits they give, in some features most amusingly contrasted, of Mr. Wakefield and of his illustrious correspondent.

Gilbert Wakefield, as most of our readers are probably aware, was known to the world partly as editor of several classical works, partly as an author of several ill-tempered, ill-written, and injudicious pamphlets on political subjects. He was a commentator of the old school, learned, laborious, peevish, insolent, presumptuous, and never meddling with matters of taste but to shew how completely nature had denied him that faculty. In religion he was bred a sectarian of the Hackney school, but we understand, that, for the latter part of his life, he belonged to no congregation whatever, and the form of Christianity he professed was peculiar to himself. He had early imbibed the principles of the French Revolution in all their ferociousness, extravagance and absurdity, and he adhered to them with primitive zeal, long after the horrors to which they had given birth had frightened half their original converts back into reason. In short he was a 'vir clarissimus,' grafted upon the crab-stock of a Jacobin dissenter—a sort of septembrizing Gronovius—better fitted indeed for grammar than for politics, but carrying into both a spirit of insolent dogmatism and precipitate innovation.

The bond of connection betwixt this singular personage and Mr. Fox was natural enough. Mr. Fox's thirst after classical learning made him desirous to engage in correspondence with so eminent a scholar, and Gilbert Wakefield was no less eager to cultivate an acquaintance with Mr. Fox under the pleasing idea of his being a Jacobin—an error of which it must be owned Mr. Fox did not take much pains to cure him. The correspondence once begun

continued at intervals for about five years, and until near Mr. Wakefield's death, though it does not appear that there was ever any personal acquaintance between them. In point of learning the advantage was (as may be easily imagined) on the side of Mr. Wakefield. The study of the classical writers had been the great business of his life, and as his memory was tenacious, and his industry unremitting, he had gained a very extensive acquaintance with ancient literature. Mr. Fox, when a boy, had been remarkable for his classical attainments, and he preserved through life a strong relish for the Greek and Roman writers. His more active employments, however, had left him but little leisure for such pursuits, and till about the time at which his correspondence with Mr. Wakefield commenced, he had done little more than keep up his Eton stock by occasional and desultory reading. He was an elegant, but time had not allowed him to become a profound scholar, and he writes to Mr. Wakefield with the unaffected modesty of a person who seeks to be instructed, and who is not at all desirous to conceal from his instructor the extent of his own deficiencies. He speaks of himself as unacquainted with several authors that are commonly enough read, even by those that are not considered as deeply learned. Of Apollonius Rhodius he had seen nothing but the extracts in the Eton selection; and we find him inquiring after an edition of Aristophanes in a way which shews that he had but recently begun to cultivate an acquaintance with the Greek theatre. But whatever Mr. Fox wants in learning, as compared with his correspondent, he makes up in taste, and in the power of reasoning; two qualities, particularly that of reasoning, in which Mr. Wakefield was as much below, as the other was above the common run of mankind. In this way the balance is more than restored, and it is curious to observe, how his acute and accurate understanding, operating upon comparatively scanty materials, enables him, upon points where they differed, to contend with advantage against an adversary whose mind was stored with facts he was incapable of arranging, and premises from which he knew not how to elicit the proper conclusions.

Mr. Wakefield was an honest and strictly moral man, but he had the misfortune to be peevish, scurrilous, and dogmatical, even beyond what is permitted to a verbal critic. His ill temper is indeed somewhat subdued by his respect for Mr. Fox. But still there are quite sufficient indications of what he could be, and what from his other writings we know that he was. The harshness of the critic only serves to render the tone of Mr. Fox's correspondence more pleasing. It was reasonable to expect that in point of grace and courtesy the statesman should be superior to the dissenting mi-

nister. But Mr. Fox owed his advantages to nature as much as to habit. His letters are written in a delightful strain of frank unaffected politeness—reflected immediately from that benevolence of which all politeness, however diversified by conventional forms, is designed to be the image. We are greatly mistaken if mere acuteness and knowledge of the world could produce a similar result. Good breeding, in the sense in which Mr. Fox was well bred, implies a warm heart and nice feelings. All the letters of which the public are yet in possession are to persons inferior to him, as well in station as in talents, and we think them models of that species of correspondence. Nothing can be more kind or more delicate. His manner has nothing in it of what is called condescension—that thin veil which insolence throws over superiority only to make it more conspicuous. His kindness is plain, manly, unstudied. He takes a tone of equality without doing any thing to shew that he has come down to it. His advantages were too great for him to be ignorant of them himself, but his modesty and good nature were always on the watch to prevent the display of them in any way that could be painful to others. We doubt whether, in the whole of this correspondence, a single expression could be pointed out from which it could be fairly inferred that Mr. Fox thought himself a wiser or a greater man than Mr. Wakefield.

We have a good specimen of them both in Letters 23 and 24. At the beginning of the shooting season in 1799, Mr. Fox had the misfortune to hurt his hand, by the bursting of his gun. Mr. Wakefield, impelled (as he expresses it) 'by an ardent desire for Mr. Fox's approximation, as nearly as possible, to his own notions of perfection,' takes this opportunity to lecture him upon the cruelty of shooting; and, in the hope of inducing him to renounce that barbarous amusement, quotes him a long sentence from Cicero about the 'indignæ homine docto voluptates.' Here was some temptation to sneer; but this strange burst of fanaticism produces from Mr. Fox a good humoured and perfectly serious answer. As it is short we insert it.

'Sir,

I ASSURE you I take very kindly your letter, and the quotation in it. I think the question of "How far field sports are innocent amusements," is nearly connected with another, upon which, from the title of one of your intended works, I suspect you entertain opinions rather singular; for if it is lawful to kill tame animals with whom one has a sort of acquaintance, such as *fowls*, *oxen*, &c. it is still less repugnant to one's feelings to kill wild animals; but then to make a *pastime* of it—I am aware there is something to be said upon this point. On the other hand, if example is allowed to be anything, there is nothing in which all

all mankind, civilised or savage, have more agreed, than in making some sort of chace (for fishing is of the same nature) part of their business or amusement. However, I admit it to be a very questionable subject: at all events, it is a very pleasant and healthful exercise. My wound goes on, I believe, very well; and no material injury is apprehended to the hand, but the cure will be tedious, and I shall be confined in this town for more weeks than I had hoped ever to spend days here, I am much obliged to you for your inquiries, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. J. FOX.'

This however did not satisfy Mr. Wakefield—he returns to the charge, and not content with having proscribed shooting, involves hunting in a still severer sentence. That he pronounces to be 'the most irrational and degrading spectacle in the world, and' (rising by an unexpected climax) 'an admirable prolusion to those delectable operations which are transacting in Holland and elsewhere.' It may perhaps be necessary to acquaint our readers that 'the delectable operations in Holland,' for which men's minds had been steeled by the cruelties of a fox-chase, were certain efforts which the British ministry of that day was wicked enough to make, in order to assist the misguided inhabitants of that country in throwing off the mild and rightful dominion of the Executive Directory of France. Luckily however he goes off to Ovid's Tristia, and in the next letter Mr. Fox contrives to glide gently out of the controversy.

It is but justice to Mr. Fox to observe, that he is evidently desirous of confining the correspondence to literary topics. That however was rendered impossible by his learned friend's horror of English despotism, and zeal for French happiness and freedom. Mr. Wakefield insists upon mixing a little politics with his Greek. And a more deplorable example of rancour and folly than is exhibited in the few remaks upon public questions that are scattered up and down these letters, it would be difficult to find. In the year 1797, after all the massacres and proscriptions which for five years had desolated and disgraced France, we find him expressing a decided preference of the French to the English political character. He is quite charmed with the 'gipsey jargon' of the revolutionists, even when it was already beginning to grow obsolete. One of his letters ends thus—'Excuse me, if in the French style, which appears to me most manly and becoming, even for the sake of variety itself, I conclude myself, "ever yours, with health and respect." He thinks the practice of tying up malefactors at Newgate execrable—is thrown into utter consternation by the sentence upon Lord Thanet and Mr. Ferguson—considers the nation as sunk into the lowest state of degradation—

gradation—and on one occasion, when he is pressed rather hard by Mr. Fox in an argument about the digamma, he apologizes for his own inability to furnish a more satisfactory reply, by intimating that there had not yet been revolutions enough in the world to dispel the obscurity that hangs over such topics. 'But these studies,' he says, 'are really in their infancy, and will continue so till better forms of government leave the human race more at leisure to cultivate their intellects.' The present state of Greek literature in France might have inclined even Mr. Wakefield to doubt the efficacy of a revolution in settling questions as to the 'digamma.' It is not to be supposed that we blame Mr. Fox for not entering into a refutation of such doctrines as those of Mr. Wakefield; but we cannot help saying that he is far too complaisant in his way of assenting to them It could not escape a person of Mr. Fox's sagacity that Mr. Wakefield was a pure unadulterated Jacobin, a deadly fanatical enemy to the whole established order of this country, civil and ecclesiastical. Yet we find him (p. 18) talking of the opinions *we* profess, as if he had been a politician of exactly the same school. But these were the unhappy years of Mr. Fox's life, when long disappointment had ended in despair, and when, unmindful of all that was due to himself and to his country, he was content to purchase a short-lived hollow popularity among miscreants whom he must have abhorred, and fanatics whom he must have despised, by sacrificing for ever the confidence of the sound, the judicious, and the governing part of the community. Hence that strange *anti-patriotic* feeling by which, in the discussion of all questions betwixt England and any other power, he seemed to be actuated. He had come at last to feel a prejudice against the nation which had preferred his rival, and he had learnt to look, with indifference at least, to the subversion of that order of things in which he found no place proportioned to his talents. Yet if there ever was a man far removed by nature from that sect with which he now formed a preposterous union, it was Mr. Fox. He was unfitted from playing the part of a Jacobin, by the absolute want of all the necessary qualifications. He had neither the coarseness, the ferocity, nor the ignorant insolent contempt of all that is ancient and established. He was in every thing a gentleman of the highest class. His education—the connections he had formed in life—his habits and feelings, all purely liberal and aristocratic. He was the creature of polished society, such as it existed under the ancient monarchies of Europe. He belonged originally to the good old school of Walpolian Whigs—prudent practical persons—a little too fond of jobbing—quite contented with the constitution as they found it, and disposed to hold high the honour of the country

in

in its intercourse with foreign nations. He had not a single point of contact with the philosophizing assassins who, about twenty years ago, first appeared as candidates for the government of the world. He was neither bold nor hasty in his application of general principles, and no man was ever less inclined by his own nature to sweep away present liberty, present comfort, and present security, in order to lay a foundation for ideal perfection at a distant period. His eloquence too was of that chaste argumentative sort which can only be addressed with success to an educated and intelligent audience. From the loftiness and simplicity of his mind, the delicacy of his taste, a certain natural shyness which might at first be mistaken for coldness and reserve, he was utterly incapable of condescending to those paltry artifices, and performing those mountebank tricks which are necessary to captivate the multitude. In the act of cajoling a mob, he was infinitely surpassed by persons whom, in point of talents, it would be quite ludicrous to compare with him. He was an aukward unpractised demagogue, and a lukewarm unwilling reformer. From justice and humanity he was anxious for the happiness of the lower orders, that is, of the bulk of mankind, but no minister would have been ever less disposed to admit them to a large share in swaying public measures. When his friends absurdly called him 'the man of the people,' they seemed to have forgot that the great act of his life was a struggle against the people. He made his stand against them upon the forms of our government—upon that constitutional fiction by which the House of Commons is supposed *always* to speak the sense of the nation. An appeal to the country was that which he affected to execrate as a crime, and the man of the people spent ten years in an ineffectual endeavour to persuade them that one half of the aristocracy, with himself at their head, ought to rule, in spite of them and the other half.

Such was Mr. Fox, who, by the power of circumstances, which it required something more of firmness and high political virtue than he possessed, to resist, was led, in the most important crisis of his political life, to play a part directly opposite to the natural bent of his own inclinations and character. Formed to hold with a high hand the reins of government in a tempered monarchy, he became the apologist of an insane and flagitious revolution, an advocate for the public enemies of the state in all its contests with foreign powers, the rallying point of disaffection, the terror of good, the hope and support of bad citizens.

But we have been insensibly led on to say more than we ought or than we intended of Mr. Fox's political character. Our chief concern with him at present is as a scholar and a man of taste. The most interesting

interesting parts of this little publication are those in which Mr. Fox incidentally gives his opinion upon some of the ancient writers. We are sorry that they are not more numerous: for though upon such topics it is not fair to expect much novelty, or that what is new should be right, particularly from a man writing hastily and without the responsibility of publication, yet it is impossible not to feel curious about all the articles of Mr. Fox's literary creed. So great an authority might well induce one to reconsider the most established doctrines, and when they do not differ, we feel our confidence increased by the coincidence.

In the first place, we cannot help again remarking Mr. Fox's strong attachment to classical learning. It was the delight of his early days, and his proficiency in it afforded the first presage of his future glory. He never wholly abandoned it even in the meridian glow of occupation and pleasure; and he reverted to it in his latter days with all his characteristic eagerness. We dwell upon this fact, because we think the authority of so great a man—of a man so little liable to be influenced by vanity or prejudice—may serve in some degree to shelter the lovers of such studies against the censure of those haughty critics who are inclined to treat them as childish, pedantic, or (worst of all) *useless*. We are therefore glad to have it upon record, that, in the full vigour and maturity of his understanding, with the free choice of pursuits before him, Mr. Fox's leisure was employed—not (as we presume it ought to have been) in endeavouring to discover a six hundred and twenty-fifth metal—not in improvements in the art of bleaching and dying—not in examining the mechanism of the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny—not in teaching to a yet unenlightened world the true philosophy of wheel-carriages, but in reading and re-reading the poets, historians, and orators of Greece and Rome.

We proceed to lay before our readers a few extracts. They will be pleased to hear the opinion of one of the greatest orators of modern times, upon Cicero.

P. 85. 'By the way, I know no speech of Cicero more full of beautiful passages than this, (pro M. Cælio,) nor where he is more in his element. Argumentative contention is what he by no means excels in; and he is never, I think, so happy, as when he has an opportunity of exhibiting a mixture of philosophy and pleasantry; and especially when he can interpose anecdotes and references to the authority of the eminent characters in the history of his own country. No man appears indeed to have had such a real respect for authority as he; and therefore when he speaks upon that subject he is always natural and in earnest; and not like those among *us* who are so often declaiming about the wisdom of our ancestors, without knowing what they mean, and hardly ever citing any particulars of their conduct or of their "dicta."

All

All that relates to Cicero in this passage appears to us true and striking, and we also subscribe the concluding remark, though not probably with the extensive application of it that Mr. Fox intended.

Ovid was a great favourite with Mr. Fox. In the same letter he says,—

'I have always been a great reader of him, and thought myself the greatest admirer he had, till you called him the first poet of antiquity, which is going beyond even me. The grand and spirited style of the Iliad; the true nature and simplicity of the Odyssey; the poetical language (far excelling that of all other poets in the world) of the Georgics, and the pathetic strokes in the Æneid, give Homer and Virgil a rank, in my judgment, clearly above all competitors; but next after them I should be very apt to class Ovid, to the great scandal, I believe, of all who pique themselves upon what is called purity of taste. You have somewhere compared him to Euripides, I think, and I can fancy I see a resemblance between them. This resemblance, I suppose, it is, which makes one prefer Euripides to Sophocles; a preference which, if one were writing a dissertation, it would be very difficult to justify.'

In another place (p. 107) he says, 'I have read over, possibly for the hundredth time, the portion of the Metamorphoses about Pythagoras; and I think you cannot praise it too highly. I always considered it as the finest part of the whole poem; and possibly the Death of Hercules as the next to it.'

Mr. Wakefield had advised him (a proof by the bye how very limited he supposed Mr. Fox's classical knowledge to be) to read the famous chapter in Quintilian containing the comparison between the Greek and Roman writers. Mr. Fox says (p. 108) 'I have read again (what I had often read before) the chapter you refer to in Quintilian, and a most pleasing one it is; but I think he seems to have an opinion not quite high enough of our favourite Ovid; and in his laboured comparison between Demosthenes and Cicero, he appears to me to have thought them more alike, in their manners and respective excellencies, than they seem to me. It is of them, I think, that he might most justly have said, "Magis pares quam similes."

We have before noticed how little Mr. Fox had read of Apollonius Rhodius.—He proceeds in the same letter—

'I have no Apollonius Rhodius, and have never read of him more than there is in our Eton "Poetæ Græci," and the Edinburgh Collectanea: but from what I have read, he seems to be held far too low by Quintilian; nor can I think the 'æqualis mediocritas' to be his character. The parts extracted in the above collections are as fine as poetry can be; and, I believe, are generally allowed to have been the model of what is certainly not the least admired part of the Æneid. If he is in other parts equal to these, he ought not to be characterized by *mediocrity*. I wish to read the rest of the poem itself, and partly to ascertain

ascertain how much Virgil has taken from him: but I have not got it, and do not know what edition of it I ought to get. I should be much obliged to you if you will tell me. Shaw is one of the latest, but I think I have heard it ill spoken of. If, at the same time, you would advise me in regard to the Greek poets in general, (of the second and third order I mean,) which are best worth reading, and in what editions, you would do me a great service.'

Not long after he reads Apollonius through.—

'Soon after I wrote to you last I read Apollonius, (in Shaw's edition, for I have not been able to get Brunck's,) and upon the whole had great satisfaction from him. His language is sometimes hard, and very often, I think, prosaical; and there is too much narration: but there are passages quite delightful to me, and I think his reputation has been below his merit. Both Ovid and Virgil have taken much from him, but the latter less, as appears to me, than has been commonly said. Dido is, in a very few instances, a copy of Medea; whereas I had been led to suppose that she was almost wholly so: and of Hypsipile, whose situation is most like Dido's, Apollonius has made little or nothing.'

Again (194) he says—

'I know it is the fashion to say Virgil has taken a great deal in this book (4th) from Apollonius; and it is true that he has taken some things, but not nearly so much as I had been taught to expect before I read Apollonius. I think Medea's Speech in the 4th Argonaut. v. 356, is the part he has made most use of. There are some very peculiar *breaks* there which Virgil has imitated certainly, and which, I think, are very beautiful and expressive: I mean particularly v. 382 in Apollonius, and v. 380 in Virgil. To be sure the application is different, but the manner is the same: and that Virgil had the passage before him at the time is evident from what follows.

Μνησαιο δι και ποτ' εμοιο,
στεινυγομενος καματοισι.

compared with

Supplicia hausurum scopulis et nomine Dido
Sæpe vocaturum.

It appears to me upon the whole that Ovid has taken more from Apollonius than Virgil.'

There are more passages of this kind; but what we have given will serve as a specimen.

Mr. Wakefield writes in a stiff, heavy, pedantic way. We suspect he had no true feeling of the beauties of those authors in reading whom he was chiefly employed. Whenever he quits the beaten path and trusts to himself he is sure to go wrong. When his opinions are not trite they are utterly preposterous. Plato and Aristophanes are the two Greek authors he cannot get through. He thinks Ovid the first poet of all antiquity; and among the favourite passages to which he refers in support of this judgment is the Elegy on

on Tibullus. Now if we had to point out an instance of a fine subject unsuccessfully treated, we perhaps could not do better than mention this very elegy. Nothing can be more puerile and jejune. It is altogether worthy of the miserable couplet with which it concludes.

Ossa quieta precor placidè requiescite in urnâ,
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.

But Mr. Wakefield had heard it was good, or guessed from the subject and the author, that it ought to be so, and that was enough.

We shall however trouble our readers with one extract from his letters, because it gives what appears to us a fair and not ill-drawn character of a very extraordinary man—the late Professor Porson.

'I have been furnished with many opportunities of observing Porson, by a near inspection. He has been at my house several times, and once for an entire summer's day. Our intercourse would have been frequent, but for *three* reasons. 1. His extreme irregularity and inattention to times and seasons, which did not at all comport with the methodical arrangement of my time and family. 2. His gross addiction to that lowest and least excusable of all sensualities, immoderate drinking: and 3, the uninteresting insipidity of his society; as it is impossible to engage his mind on any topic of mutual enquiry, to procure his opinion on any author or passage of an author, or to elicit any conversation of any kind to compensate for the time and attendance of his company. And as for Homer, Virgil, and Horace, I never could hear of the least critical effort on them in his life. He is in general devoid of all human affections; but such as he has are of a misanthropic quality: *nor do I think that any man exists for whom his propensities rise to the lowest pitch of affection or esteem.* He much resembles Proteus in Lycophron:

Ὁ γελως ασπιχθησαι
Και δακρυ.

Though I believe he has satirical verses in his treasury for Dr. Bellenden as he calls him, (Parr,) and all his most intimate associates. But in his knowledge of the Greek tragedies and Aristophanes; in his judgment of MSS., and in all that relates to the metrical proprieties of dramatic and lyric versification, with whatever is connected with this species of reading; none of his co-temporaries must pretend to equal him. His grammatical knowledge also, and his acquaintance with the ancient lexicographers and etymologists, is most accurate and profound: and his intimacy with Shakespeare, B. Jonson, and other dramatic writers is probably unequalled. He is, in short, a most extraordinary person in every point of view, but unamiable; and has been debarred of a comprehensive intercourse with the Greek and Roman authors by his excesses, which have made those acquirements impossible to him, from the want of that *time* which must necessarily be expended in laborious reading, and for which no reading can be made a substitute. No man has ever paid a more voluntary and respectful homage to his talents, at all

all times, both publicly and privately, in writings and conversation, than myself: and I will be content to forfeit the esteem and affection of all mankind whenever the least particle of envy or malignity is found to mix itself with my opinions. My first reverence is to virtue, my second only to talents and erudition—where both unite that man is estimable indeed to me, and shall receive the full tribute of honour and affection.'

The style of Mr. Fox's letters is (as our readers will have already remarked in the extracts we have given) light, easy, natural, and correct. It is the unstudied language of a scholar and a gentleman. In his 'History' he seems to have been encumbered by some theory as to style, and either from the original faultiness of the theory itself, or from his not having practised the art of writing sufficiently to enable him to realize his own notions of excellence, the whole composition has an air of awkwardness and embarrassment. Here he is free from this self-imposed restraint, and consequently, we think, appears to far greater advantage as a writer of familiar letters, than in the dignified character of an historian. On all occasions he shews (what we are always glad to remark and eager to praise) a strong preference of simple idiomatic turns of expression to what is perhaps generally thought more dignified or graceful language. In all highly civilized countries there are two classes of people that are constantly tending to withdraw a language from its true standard. In the first place, half-educated people, who think that the best proof they can give of their taste and knowledge is to depart in all cases as much as possible from those forms of expression that are in use among the vulgar—Secondly those of an over-refined disposition, who are tired of all that is common, and who, for the benefit of readers as fastidious as themselves, exercise a perverse ingenuity in substituting new words and new combinations instead of those that formerly prevailed in correct writing and good company. To these must be added, when we are speaking of our own country, those half-foreign writers of Ireland and Scotland—but particularly of Scotland—whose industry and genius, contending against great advantages, have procured for them so high a place in our literature. The joint influence of all these threatens our language with a change which in no very long course of years will make Swift obsolete and Addison vulgar. Mr. Fox was sensible of this danger, and laboured to avert it. Nothing was more remarkable in the language of his speeches than its simplicity and *anglicism;* and as they unfortunately could not be preserved, we are glad that something at least should remain to record his authority by the most effectual of all means—his example.

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ART.

ART. IV. 1. *Letters to Sir W. Drummond.* By Rev. G. D'Oyly.
2. *Letters to Rev. G. D'Oyly.* By Vindex. 8vo. pp. 118. London; Sherwood and Co. 1812.
3. *Remarks on Sir W. Drummond's Œdipus Judaicus.* By Rev. George D'Oyly, &c. 8vo. pp. 218. London; Cadell and Davies. 1813.

SOME of our readers may, perhaps, have heard of a new commentary on the Hebrew Scriptures, entitled Œdipus Judaicus. With a reserve which does not always attend the consciousness of truth and sincerity, the discoveries contained in the book have been withheld from the general eye, and confined to those initiated persons whose degree of apprehension and habits of thinking were supposed not to disqualify them for an introduction into the greater mysteries, to which it is dangerous to admit over scrupulous and discriminating inquirers. Owing, however, to some negligence in the hierophant, a copy of these ἀπόῤῥητα has fallen into the hands of Mr. D'Oyly, a person who is not only destitute of the qualities deemed requisite to its perusal, but who also labours under certain positive disabilities, such as sound learning and accurate judgment. This appears in nothing more, than in the use which he has made of his advantages. Instead of complimenting the author, on the acquaintance with the Asiatic alphabets which he displays, he ventures to doubt* the soundness of that knowledge. Instead of acquiescing in the *ipse dixit* of the philosopher, he discusses his arguments, and questions his conclusions. Instead of expressing astonishment at the multiplicity of quotations, he inquires into their accuracy and pertinency; and instead of admiring the originality of the ideas, he detects them in a French writer, who had before been kept behind the scenes. It is, indeed, not a little unfortunate, that the author's intention of keeping the distribution of the book within his own hands should have been thus frustrated; and we cannot be surprised at the warmth of his anonymous apologist, Vindex, on finding that a copy of it had been so unworthily disposed of, in defiance of all his prudence.

Our readers, we are sure, will sympathise with Sir W. Drummond, when they understand what slight respect Mr. D'Oyly has shown for his learning, and perceive that the friendship professed in the Œdipus for the Scriptures, has appeared enmity in his eyes,

* Nothing, we observe, excites the indignation of Vindex more than this presumption. 'I shall suggest to you,' he angrily answers, 'that if you mean to dispute Sir W. Drummond's knowledge of the Oriental tongues, I think you might as well consult his published works—for example, his Essay on a Punic Inscription, containing a variety of biblical criticism, *royal quarto*; his remarks on an inscription in the island of Malta, in the Ninth Number of the Classical Journal, &c.'

owing, perhaps, to his having read the book without first undergoing the necessary process of medicating the intellectual ray with the compound used by the initiated. That they may enter upon the subject with proper feelings, we will acquaint them with the object of the work.

'The intention of the Œdipus Judaicus is principally to convert into allegory portions of the Old Testament, which have been always received as historical. For instance: the Book of Joshua conveys an allegorical representation of the reform of the calendar. The existence of the persons and places mentioned in that book, is not denied; but it is contended that when they occur in it, they are used not to designate persons and places, but to convey an allegorical meaning: viz. the name Joshua, is a type of the sun in the sign of the Ram; Jericho means the moon in her several quarters; Jordan is not the river known by that name, but a serpent, the hieroglyphic for the sun's annual orbit. Thus the author proceeds through the whole book, forcing every proper name into some connexion with astronomy; and then affirming that it is used not as a proper name, but as an allegorical symbol. In support of this system he eagerly takes advantage, as may be supposed, of every *number* occurring through the book, which corresponds with any number frequent in astronomy. The twelve tribes of Israel shadow the twelve signs of the Zodiac, or the twelve months of the year. When Jericho is compassed *seven* times, there is an allegory of the seven days of the week. When *five* kngs of the Amorites war against Joshua, the five intercalary days are typically represented.'—*D'Oyly's Remarks*, pp. 4, 5.

Now the method of proof, by deriving the proper names from some astronomical term, is certainly attended with one advantage, which is thus pointed out by Mr. D'Oyly.

'It is in the nature of things impossible to *disprove* any proposed method of deducing the etymology of a word, however absurd, fanciful, and strained it may appear to every considerate mind. We may give reasons for rejecting it as highly improbable, and for receiving another, perhaps, as drawn from a far more obvious source; but this is all that we can do; if any person should persevere in maintaining that his own is the best derivation, the question must be left to the judgment of others: it is impossible to *prove* that he is wrong. In some old Monkish histories, the word Britain is derived from Brutus, a supposed descendant of Æneas: now, we may produce reasons without end for disbelieving any connection to have subsisted between Britain, and a person named Brutus; and for either acquiescing in our inability to derive the word at all, or for greatly preferring some other mode of deriving it: but we can do no more; we cannot *confute* the person, who maintains that it certainly *is* derived from Brutus, and that every other mode of deriving it is comparatively forced and improbable.—Precisely in the same manner, when our author affirms that the word "Amorites" is derived from a Hebrew word signifying a Ram* (the astronomical sign of

* Œdip. Jud. p. 207.

Aries);

Aries); that Balaam comes from a word signifying "to swallow," with allusion to the celestial Dragon;* Deborah, from Aldebaran, the great star in the Bull's eye,† &c.: we cannot possibly *confute* him, or positively *prove* that he is wrong; we can only hint that these derivations are not *very* obvious or probable, and refer the matter to the common sense of mankind.'—p. 20. 'But the unfortunate part is, that every one of the intended derivations might be safely granted to the author, and yet not a single step of advance would be made towards the proof of his allegorical system. Let Sir W. D. prove, in the best manner he is able, the derivation of Hebrew proper names from astronomy. *If* he should succeed, he would only prove what is antecedently extremely probable, on the supposition that astronomy was a science greatly cultivated, and the only science cultivated, in those early times. For, on this supposition, it would be most natural that very many words and names in the language should bear express allusion to this favourite science. But what more would be proved? They would remain proper names still; they would denote, as before, real persons and places; and the books in which they are mentioned would still contain real histories, instead of being immediately converted into allegorical fables.'—p. 17.

We will now enable our readers to judge for themselves of the advantages accruing to the cause of revelation, by the allegorical scheme. They remember the four first verses of the Book of Joshua. In the commentary on that passage, contained in the Œdipus Judaicus, it is endeavoured to establish,

'That by the words Joshua the son of Nun, we are to understand instead of a real person, the son of another real person, called Nun—"the sun in the sign of Aries, which rises above Cetus or the whale"—that the word Jordan, in this passage, does not signify the river known by that name, but is used metaphorically to signify the ecliptic; that the word translated wilderness, having for its true signification the boundary of the land, is here conceived to mean the horizon; Lebanon the author supposes to have been a name given to the sun, and probably the rising sun; Euphrates he concludes to mean the light of the Zodiacal constellations; and all he can do for the word Hittites at present, is to observe that it is frequently connected with others which bear a distant reference to astronomy.' 'This is the substance of the commentary: and now the meaning,' he says, 'of the allegory seems pretty clear. The style being changed, the equinoctial sun hailed the Saviour, and identified with the Ram or Lamb, opens the year, and is feigned as leading the twelve Zodiacal signs along' (read across) 'the ecliptic.' 'As our author performs so very imperfectly the important part of pointing out what sense will come out from these four verses, on the supposition that his commentary is well founded, and that he has proved the abovementioned words to bear the symbolical meanings which he proposes; I will perform this part for him. Of course, we must take it for granted, that he intends the other words in the passage

* Œdip. Jud. p. 255. † Ib. p. 348.

to retain their received meanings; and especially the word "Moses" to remain a proper name, designating a real person, as it always has done; for, assuredly, he would not have omitted to favour the world with his new discoveries respecting this name, if he had made any. On the whole, then, his interpretation of the four first verses of Joshua stands thus:

"Now after the death of Moses, the servant of the Lord, it came to pass that the Lord spake unto the *Sun in the sign of Aries* (which constellation rises above the Whale), Moses's minister, saying, Moses my servant is dead: now, therefore, arise, go over this ecliptic, thou and all this people, unto the land which I do give unto them, even unto the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses; from the horizon and this rising Sun, even unto the flux of light, the light of the zodiacal constellations; all the land of the Chettim, and unto the great sea, towards the going down of the sun, shall be your coast."'—p. 32.

We attribute it to the misfortune which we suffer in common with Mr. D'Oyly, of not belonging to the initiated party, that, to our understanding, there appears to be a mistake in calling this allegory. In true allegory the principal and secondary subjects are kept distinct; here they are confounded, and the representative subject, the passage of the Israelites, and the thing represented, the passage of the sun, being mingled together, the result is unintelligible absurdity. Moses's minister might, *possibly*, be the representative of the sun in the sign of Aries, but the sun in the sign of Aries could not be actually addressed as the minister of Moses. This ignorance of the nature of allegory, which was known, no doubt, to exist in the persons for whose use the book was intended, is presumed throughout the whole commentary. In a subsequent narrative, it is pretended that Rahab is a personification of space or latitude, who was worshipped as a deity by the Tsabaists:

'—— the two men sent out from Shittim "seem to represent," in the reform of the calendar, "the two degrees added to each sign, or the two days added to each lunar month:" that is, the two days added to the lunar months of 28 days, so as to make the year consist of 360 days.

'Thus his version runs as follows: "The Sun in Aries sent out of the heavens two men (meaning two days added to the lunar months), to spy secretly, saying, go view the land, even the moon (or the lunar months); and they went and came into a harlot's house, named "Space or Latitude," and lodged there: and it was told the king of "the moon," &c.—the allegory continues; Space or Latitude personified, hides the two men (meaning the two days added to the months or the two degrees added to the signs), in the roof of the house, lets them down by a cord through the window, stipulates with them that her house should be spared at the capture of the city.'—p. 36.

Again, in the course of the history, Joshua conducts his army against a place called Ai: he brings with him 30,000 chosen men, of

of whom he selects 5000 to be placed in ambush; the place is at last taken, and 12,000 of the inhabitants are slain. But Ai, it seems, is the calendar; the 30,000 men represent allegorically the thirty days of the month; the 5000 men placed in ambush, the five intercalary days; and the 12,000 men slain after the capture of Ai, the twelve lunar months. Our readers will still observe the same confusion of the literal and allegorical meaning. 'The Reformer, coming to destroy the calendar of the Tsabaists, brings against it the thirty days of the month; the five intercalary days are placed in ambush; after the calendar is destroyed, the twelve months are put to death by the Reformer, &c.'—p. 39.

There are some hypotheses so prepossessing in themselves, that we willingly go great lengths in order to receive them. Such, for instance, is that of Bishop Horne concerning the Psalms, which inclines us to overlook or pardon many forced conceits and over-strained interpretations. We doubt whether it will be generally thought that this new version of the historical Scriptures is entitled to the same favour. Yet such as it is, we find that it cannot be supported without sundry departures from the Hebrew idiom, and alterations of the words, without a defiance of the common rules of interpretation, and a remarkable abuse of the astronomical terms employed—for instance:—

'The author explains, in his Preface, (p. xxvii.) what he means by the term *Paranatellon:* he says that, by the paranatellons of a sign, he means those extra-zodiacal stars, which rise above the horizon, or sink below it, during the time that the sign takes to rise or set. He derives this explanation from his wonted instructor, Dupuis, (Orig. de tous les Cultes, v. 3, p. 191,) and I believe it is perfectly correct; the word seldom occurs with modern writers on astronomy, but ancient astronomers used it in this sense. But in what degree does our author adhere to this explanation, or appear even to understand what it means? We may have some means of judging of this by several of his expressions, which I shall subsequently notice; but we may judge, best of all, by a delineation of the sign of Leo with its paranatellons, which he gives in the 16th plate of his Œdipus Judaicus. In this delineation, the sphere being projected on the plane of the ecliptic, he has drawn lines (representing secondaries to the ecliptic) from each extremity of the sign of Leo, to the pole of the ecliptic, meeting the ecliptic again on the opposite side: and he describes the constellations included between these, to be the paranatellons of Leo. Thus, such is his radical ignorance of the subject of which he treats, he evidently supposes that those constellations which have the same longitude with Leo, and those which differ in longitude by 180°, rise and set at the same time with Leo. He discusses the matter, in fact, as if the pole of the ecliptic was placed in the horizon; and he appears to be totally unconscious that the elevation of the pole above the horizon makes the entire difference in the relative risings and settings of the stars. Such is the profound know-

ledge of astronomy which our author brings to the discussion, and such the clearness of ideas which he himself displays, when he assumes the office of enlightening the minds of others.'—p. 75.

Again, it suits his purpose to affirm that 'the ship Argo descends into the horizon when the sun rises, at the time of the year when it is in Capricorn;' and he therefore affirms it. 'But,' says Mr. D'Oyly, 'I will request the reader to adapt a celestial globe to the latitude of Egypt—30 N. lat.—he will then find that only a part of the constellation Argo ever rises at all above the horizon; and that every part of it has actually sunk entirely under the horizon, before Capricorn begins to rise, and therefore, before the sun, when in Capricorn, can possibly rise.'—p. 94. It also makes a part of his system, that the sacrifice of the Paschal lamb was a memorial of the transit of the equinoctial sun, and copied from an Egyptian festival. To prove this, it is necessary to pervert the sense of several Jewish Rabbins; and after all, we are to suppose that a ram (i. e. the sun in Aries) was worshipped, because he was sacrificed; and that the solemnity was copied from Egypt, because it appears in fact that the lamb was chosen as a victim, for the express purpose of opposing the Egyptian worship.

'"But, say the Rabbins, (it is Sir W. Drummond who speaks,) there was nothing in the Egyptian festival, similar to the custom of the Israelites, in marking the doors, &c. with blood. My opinion is, that there was something very like it. St. Epiphanius says that, about the vernal equinox, the Egyptians had been accustomed, from very remote antiquity, to celebrate the festival of the ram or lamb. At this festival, he adds, they used to mark every thing about them with red. I have not a copy of Epiphanius by me; but I am pretty certain that I have read a passage in him to this effect."

'Sir W. D. (subjoins Mr. D'Oyly) was singularly unfortunate in not having a copy of Epiphanius by him, at the time when he wrote this passage; but I shrewdly suspect that he was more fortunate in having a copy of Dupuis by him, and that he derived from him his method of quoting Epiphanius's words. Dupuis (vol. 3. p. 56) speaks in this manner, "St. Epiphane parle également de la fête de l'agneau, ou du belier, établie en Egypte, dès la plus haute antiquité. Dans cette fête on marquoit tout de rouge pour annoncer le fameux embrasement de l'univers, et elle étoit, comme la paques, fixée au commencement du printemps." Now, what must be the surprise of the reader, when he finds that these writers give a most complete and thorough perversion of Epiphanius's words, and that this author says not a single syllable about an *Egyptian festival of the Ram*, at which every thing was smeared with red, nor speaks at all of any custom subsisting among them *from very remote antiquity?* I will refresh Sir W. D.'s memory, and produce for him the part of Epiphanius which has given rise to this singular perversion.

'Epiphanius is speaking of a sect of Jews, called the Nazaræans, who,

who, while they believed in Moses as a lawgiver sent from God, held to be false and spurious the accounts given in the Pentateuch, and, though they conformed to many Jewish ceremonies, rejected every sort of sacrifice. In arguing against these for their disbelief of the Pentateuch, he mentions the following external proof, supplied by an Egyptian custom subsisting in his day, of the truth of the events which are recorded to have taken place at the first institution of the Passover. "But, of the lamb slain in the country of the Egyptians, there is still among the Egyptians celebrated a tradition, even among idolaters: for, at the season when the Passover took place there, (and this is the beginning of spring when is the first equinox) all the Egyptians through ignorance take some red paint, and stain the sheep, stain the trees, the fig-trees, and other things, saying that, as is reported, on that day, fire totally consumed the world; but that the red appearance of blood is a preservative from such disaster."'—p. 134.

We must now express our obligation to Mr. D'Oyly for enabling us to judge what sort of interpretation the astronomical allegory gives, and shewing us so skilfully on what foundation it stands. It must be evident to all our readers that it can demand no attention or regard, except what is reflected from the importance of the object it assails. For ourselves, we should certainly have supposed that Sir W. Drummond had printed his lucubrations for the sole amusement of laughing at the zeal which is felt, and the talents which are employed, in defending the cause of religion, were it not for the serious tone of a reply to the first letters of Mr. D'Oyly, published under the title of Vindex. There can, we think, be no doubt that Vindex is intimately acquainted with the real object and intention of the Œdipus Judaicus: indeed he evinces a partiality for the original work which could scarcely be exceeded by the author himself. Now Vindex is so far from denying the author of Œdipus to be in earnest, that he is angry with Mr. D'Oyly, for apprehending any danger from the allegorical commentary, notwithstanding its author's innocent intentions, who argues, not only that 'the allegorical is often the real sense of the Scriptures, but that if the Old Testament be read with this understanding, it will be found to exalt the character of the Deity as highly as can be imagined by the limited faculties of man.'—Letters by Vindex, p. 46. It is no doubt the severest trial to which innocence can be brought, when it is mistaken for guilt; yet it might have mollified Vindex's resentment at Mr. D'Oyly's 'misapprehension,' if he had reflected that in spite of the authority of some fallible fathers, and other less sincere friends of revelation, there may be persons so simple and short-sighted as to confound allegory with fable, especially when their connexion is so close, that Vindex himself does not always distinguish clearly between them. 'Many have thought, (he says, p. 108.) that Sesostris, Taaut, Hercules, &c.

were real persons; but it is evident, if it were so, that their history has been abundantly mixed with allegory.' Now our readers will agree with us, that in this passage at least we might substitute the word fable for 'allegory,' without any violation either of the sense or the fact, and will not wonder, therefore, at our requiring a strong case of necessity to be made out, before we admit into an historical record an interpretation of so problematical a nature, that it is liable to be mistaken even by those who are more conversant than we pretend to be in the 'typical, allegorical, and figurative style of the ancient Orientalists.'—p. 46. But as this is a matter of general and supreme importance, we will consider it with all the seriousness to which Vindex pretends.

To prove the necessity of his explanation, Sir Wm. Drummond

'has instanced those passages of the Old Testament, from which, if they be taken literally, we might be led to connect ideas of locality and materiality with our notions of the Deity. Thus he doubts whether it be possible to separate such ideas from the literal interpretation of various texts, in which the Deity is described as dwelling in the sanctuary. He contends, however, that these passages bear a figurative sense, and that when thus understood they must tend to elevate our ideas of the greatness and glory of God.'—p. 51.

Now it must be allowed that the evil effects of the erroneous opinions here attributed to Jews and Christians, have had full time to operate, and that we have ample means to judge of their operation. If the Jews were really led by the literal interpretation of their Scriptures to a false or inadequate notion of the Supreme Being, we should find the evidence of this in every page of their religious and moral history: for it is no imaginary alarm to suppose, that mistaken ideas as to the nature of the Deity will lead to corresponding errors in practice. It would be easy, if this were the place for it, to shew that the moral and religious character of every nation, from China to Peru, bears a very close analogy to their actual belief as to the character of the Deity. But it is quite sufficient to refer to the popular religion of the Greeks and Romans, with which we are so familiarly acquainted, and in which the gods of the state and the gods of the poets were much more confounded than might be imagined from Varro's systematic division. The general belief, every one knows, was in deified men; men who, during their lives, had excelled their contemporaries in the temperament of mind or body, and who had not all, as we are told of Hercules, evaporated their mortal particles at the funeral pile, but retained the vices of humanity with the power of gods. Here, certainly, the irrational mythology was not contradicted by a rational worship: no one need be told that the religious festivals of the ancients were absurd and licentious, and that they

they were more or less so, in proportion to the character of the particular deity in whose honour they were celebrated; while the argument as to individual practice was as general as it is natural, Ego homuncio hæc non faciam? Sir William Drummond, therefore, who is well acquainted with antiquity, apprehended incalculable mischief, if an interpretation were suffered to continue current which ascribed '*locality, materiality, mutability, or unworthy passions*' to the Creator. We are only surprised that it never occurred to him as a just conclusion, that he must be mistaken in supposing such errors could arise from the plain language of the Jewish scriptures addressed to the understanding of a reasonable being, since the effect had never actually appeared in the general belief of the nation. In this respect, what is the real fact? Is it not, that from the earliest date of history to the christian era, the Jews alone had adequate or consistent notions of the Creator? Is it not, that the abstract conceptions on the subject of the divine essence, which we meet with in the Hebrew writings, are as far superior to the excursions of ancient philosophy, as the public devotional worship which existed among the Hebrew people was superior to the popular festivals of Greece and Rome? Throughout the Hebrew nation the Deity was honoured under the same consistent character: viz. as so entirely and solely the governor of the universe, that he was the only proper object of worship, and at the same time as a Being so spiritual, that he could not be either worshipped or represented under any sensible image. This general impression was conveyed from their history to their devotion; and from their worship to their morality. In the peculiar nature of their literary compositions we trace it in a manner not to be mistaken. Inferior in every other species of literature, the Hebrews abounded with poetical addresses to the Supreme Being which infinitely surpass any similar attempts that can be brought into comparison. Their writings contain ideas of omnipotence and omnipresence disgraced by no sensible images; they concur in representing the same invisible and spiritual Being to be the Creator of the world, and the guardian of mankind; above all, they excel in describing the moral attributes of God, his justice, and goodness, and mercy, as existing together, and not counteracting one another. That union of the natural and moral sublime, which forms the acknowledged and distinguishing beauty of the Hebrew poetry, was inspired by the belief generally residing in that nation, of the unity, power, and majesty of the Creator.

Here then we are presented with a phenomenon, considerable in itself, but still more extraordinary when contemplated with reference to the alleged fact of the tendency of the Jewish scriptures. That the Jews should have possessed a more sublime system of belief,

belief, and practised a purer mode of worship than any other ancient nation, is in itself sufficiently remarkable: but that this should be the case, in spite of scriptures tending to degrade the object of their belief and worship, is absolutely unaccountable. Will it explain this problem, to tell us, 'that the learned Jews (like the learned Egyptians and Chaldeans) had their esoteric doctrines? and to contend, at great length, that the allegorical parts of scripture were fully understood as such by the priests and prophets of Judea?' p. 24. We are glad, by the way, to find that there were learned Jews; they have not always been treated with so much courtesy;—but this compliment must not silence us, or prevent our asking what the esoteric doctrines of the Egyptian or Grecian philosophers contributed towards purifying the general practice of their countrymen? The esoteric doctrine of the Egyptians, whatever it was, did not withdraw the mass of the people from their senseless superstition; that of the Chaldeans did not check the worship of the heavenly bodies. The unity, if we may believe Warburton, was taught in the mysteries; yet the ancient hymns are mere depositories of the popular follies. But with regard to the Jewish people; though it is true, that the belief and language of Plato will no more bear comparison with those of Moses, than the conjectures of Copernicus with the demonstrations of Newton: yet it is notorious that a still more remarkable difference confronts us, as we descend in the scale of learning and cultivation. From the highest to the lowest of the people, all worshipped the same God, according to the same form, in the same temple. This fact, and the strong contrast it marks between the Jews and all other ancient nations, is by no means generally treated with the attention it deserves. The familiarity with their history, which we acquire in early infancy, important as it is on many accounts, yet weakens the force of the impression it is calculated to excite; and which it would infallibly excite in every intelligent mind, if the account of their history and polity were first conveyed to us at a period of maturer judgment, and viewed in sober comparison with the other records of antiquity. From the midst of darkness, error, and dispute; from scenes of licentious worship and degrading superstitions, we turn to an unhesitating faith, and a sublime devotion: all around is a desert, a wilderness, and gloom; from the centre of which the Hebrew religion rises to our view, set up like a bright and shining pillar to record the creation of the world, and the God who demands the homage of his creatures.

We confess that under all these circumstances, which must have occurred, it would seem, to one so conversant with history and philosophy as Sir Wm. Drummond, it requires all the strong assurances which Vindex gives us, to make it credible that he had no other

other view than to exalt the character of the Scriptures. Certainly, however, we had rather retain a friend than contend with an enemy: and since Sir William professes to hold out the right hand of amity, we will, if possible, attribute the ridicule which he has rather too freely bestowed on the literal interpretation, to his paternal anxiety about his own hypothesis: a feeling, however unphilosophical, from which philosophers are not always free, and which sometimes leads them to indulge in a warmth of expression not less unwarrantable than otherwise unaccountable. We cannot help fearing indeed, that less candid critics will rather conclude Sir Wm. Drummond to have proposed his objections against the received interpretation of the Old Testament, for the sake of his allegory, than to have resorted to the allegory for the sake of the difficulties. The question, in fact, is not, whether no passages may be culled from the sacred volume, which under the disadvantage of a verbal translation and of the alteration in style and manners, may appear liable to cavil, but whether they ever did, practically, lead to the consequences which the author apprehends. The question is not, whether misemployed ingenuity, coupled with an outrageous defiance of the decent respect with which the common feelings of mankind are wont to invest these high and holy subjects, can succeed in introducing a ludicrous image into writings of a sublime and serious import; but whether it ever did so, to the practical injury of the people to whom these writings were addressed. To this question their history returns a decided negative. But Sir Wm. Drummond, a scholar and a philosopher, and the author of an allegorical commentary, which he calls Œdipus Judaicus, affirms that this is their tendency. Utri creditis, Quirites? At any rate, as the measure of allegorising an historical narrative appears at first sight somewhat violent, however qualified by the benevolence of the intention; it seems but common prudence to require, before we submit to so harsh a remedy, some sufficient assurance of the existence of the disease: and the evidence which the case demands is not the assertion of the empiric, armed with his knife, or offering his panacea; but an actual weakness, and a visible interruption of the ordinary functions of a healthy constitution. As a proof that the Jews did not exhibit these morbid symptoms, we appeal to the religious belief inculcated in their law, declared in their worship, implied in their sacred literature, and acted upon in their code of morals.

The passages of the Old Testament with which the author of the Œdipus Judaicus is most inclined to quarrel (as we collect from Vindex) are those which record the several divine appearances. These, it seems, convey an idea of materiality. Of materiality! To whom? To the Jews? who while they addressed the Deity as 'dwelling between the cherubim,' addressed him also as 'dwelling

'dwelling with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit.' Isaiah, 57. Or to the Christians? who are expressly warned against any false interpretation by the declaration, 'No man has seen God at any time.' But as every one who is qualified to think at all upon the subject attributes these appearances to the immediate messengers of God, authorised to speak in his name: and as we do not, from our own experience, find it necessary to understand the exact nature of a communication, in order to believe that any communication was made;—we must take the liberty of passing this subject, only remarking, that it seems a little unworthy of a master of many languages, to dispute about the word 'angel,' as if he only understood English.

The principal support, however, of the allegorical system, is sought in the much disputed history of the extermination of the seven nations. The author 'thinks indeed that this history if literally understood, would lead us to form notions derogatory to the character of God, as the wise, just, and merciful governor of the world.' p. 98. Mr. D'Oyly had quoted Bishop Watson.

'You think it repugnant to God's moral justice,' says the learned Prelate to Paine, 'that he should doom to destruction the crying or smiling infants of the Canaanites. Why do you not maintain it to be repugnant to his moral justice that he should suffer crying or smiling infants to be swallowed up by an earthquake, drowned by an inundation, consumed by a fire, starved by a famine, or destroyed by a pestilence? The word of God is in perfect harmony with his works; crying or smiling infants are subjected to death in both.'——'Why do you not spurn, as spurious, the book of Nature, in which such facts (as earthquakes, &c. with all their dreadful consequences) are certainly written, and from the perusal of which, you infer the moral justice of God? You will probably reply that the evils which the Canaanites suffered from the express command of God, were different from those which are brought on mankind by the operation of the laws of nature. Different! in what? Not in the magnitude of the evil, not in the subjects of sufferance, not in the author of it.'—pp. 99, 100.

To this Vindex replies:

'I am induced to think that there was a difference. The evils inflicted on the Canaanites resulted from an extraordinary interposition of the divine authority. Evils brought on mankind by the operation of the laws of nature cannot be said to be produced by any such interposition. If the literal interpretation of the Book of Joshua be followed, it is evident that God specially interfered to destroy the seven nations. In the Book of Nature, from the perusal of which I infer the moral justice of the Deity, I can find no example of his interference with the course of nature's laws for the purpose of destroying his creatures.'—p. 103.

In spite of the distinction which this reply professes to establish, we

we still adhere to the Bishop's argument; and cannot see that the history concludes any thing more against revelation, than the acknowledged existence of evil disproves natural religion. Whether Vindex has considered this knotty question with the accuracy it requires, we have room to doubt, when we find mention made, page 102, of 'a law of nature, permitted indeed by God to operate, but not specially ordained by him, out of the course which nature would otherwise have taken.'

The Deity, it is evident, has allowed great imperfections to exist, both in the natural and moral world. That he could have exempted either, or both, from any evil, is a necessary result of his independence and power. If therefore he could, and did not, the calamities produced by plagues and earthquakes must be attributed to his permissive plan; and that war disturbs the happiness of nations, and cuts short the lives of individuals, must be part of a series of events, present to the divine mind from the foundation of the world. Though his hand is not immediately seen in each particular instance, yet each instance is involved in the general laws established by his will. If, therefore, it was morally wrong that the course of nature should be undistinguishing, or irreparably unjust that the calamitous consequences of war should be universal, the course of nature could not have been so ordained, or the course of human affairs permitted to run into such an evil, either by the God of Deists or Christians. To apply this to the point in hand. That the exterminated nations, considered in a mass, deserved the vengeance of a moral governor by their idolatry and depravity, can no more be disproved on the one hand, than it is denied on the other that there must have been various degrees of demerit, though there was no exemption from the common fate; or that many innocent children, as in every condition and generation of the world, were involved in the punishment of their fathers' guilt. It cannot be pretended by the Deist, that in the usual course of things, uniform regard is paid to the merits of mankind. And what is the conclusion drawn from this inequality? That it will be rectified by retribution in a future state. To the horizon by which our view is bounded, we may justly attribute the perplexing appearance which many of the particular instances of evil convey to our minds: when we see brought within a narrow space what the Creator's comprehensive survey combines with the view of his general dispensations. To us it is an insulated event; to him it is a part of an immense scheme. Our minds are overwhelmed with the present distress, which the Deity sees, not with indifference, but in conjunction with other events, and with the future retribution of which we know nothing. It is not in reality more contrary to justice, that the innocent should share the fate which the guilty have deserved, than that

that virtue should be depressed, whilst vice is triumphant and prosperous. Instances of the former case are of less frequent occurrence; yet either might justly appal us, but for the conviction that the author of the law to which such inequalities are owing holds the recompense in his own hands. In the divine view, to which the eternity awaiting the sufferers under any general calamity, in all its completeness and perfection, is no less present than their immediate misery, that misery is but a point in an interminable line; and appears what it will soon appear, retrospectively, to the sufferers themselves, in comparison with the 'great and unbounded' prospect lying before them.

Vindex adds, p. 103, 'There is also a difference, I humbly think, with respect to the means employed. The unconscious elements, obeying the primordial laws which God gave to nature, sometimes desolate whole cities, and lay waste whole districts. We find that men, that moral agents, were employed to destroy the Canaanites. As moral agents, the Israelites ought not to have been cruel, unjust, rapacious. As moral agents, they ought to have believed that God cannot delight in rapine, bloodshed, and robbery, &c.' At first sight, this is plausible. But what was the situation of the Israelites? It appears on the face of their history, that at the period in question they were living under a theocracy: under the immediate superintendence of the Supreme Being, to whom they owed and paid, not only the worship due to the Creator, but the allegiance due to a temporal sovereign. Their moral duty therefore, in the present case, was simply obedience. It was not their business, though it is thought to be ours, to doubt the justice or canvass the reasons of a judicial determination, of which they were the executive ministers. Where, again, are the Israelites to learn 'that God delights in robbery and bloodshed?' In the judgment which so positively assured them, that he delights *not* in idolatry and wickedness? When they were thus individually employed to wield the sword of divine justice against a guilty nation, and to succeed to the forfeited possessions, they would see in the dispensation the fulfilment, not the violation of moral justice; and the lesson they would imbibe, would be an awful conviction of the severity with which the Moral Governor of the world, who is uniformly represented in their law as just as well as merciful, treats wickedness and punishes idolatry. It was a practical example of the destiny impending over themselves, if they yielded to the guilty actions which they had been specifically enjoined to avenge in others.

There is one, and only one more cavil, of which we cannot be content to leave Vindex in undisturbed possession. Mr. D'Oyly had justly argued, that 'amongst the Jews thus deplorably mistaken,

ken, in supposing that they were reading the history of their ancestors, when they were merely reading astronomical allegories, must be included those who lived immediately subsequent to the date of their supposed histories.' Upon this Vindex takes occasion to inquire, 'Was the Pentateuch certainly written by Moses, and was the book named from Joshua *written by him?*'

'It cannot be denied,' he continues, 'that there are many interpolations in the books mentioned above, if they be, indeed, the same that were written by Moses and Joshua. I conceive it to be needless to point them out. They are sufficiently known. But it may be doubted by some, whether these be interpolations, or not, because it does not seem necessary to consider them as such, unless it be a matter of previous determination, that we shall ascribe the books to Moses and Joshua. There may be persons, who think it sufficient for the purposes of faith to believe that these books were written by some inspired person, without insisting on their being composed by Moses and Joshua;—especially as there is no scriptural injunction, which makes this a necessary article of belief. In a book of the Scriptures, now indeed excluded from the canon, it was distinctly stated, that the books, which might have been really written by Moses and Joshua, had been lost, and that the deficiency had been supplied by the inspired Ezra. There can be no doubt that several of the most distinguished Fathers of the Church have fallen into this error, if an error it certainly be. For my own part I pretend not to make any decision. I only wish to urge, that I see nothing either absurd, or impious, in considering it as a question, upon which every one may be at liberty to think for himself.'—pp. 27, 28.

We shall not be withheld by the delicacy which is so laudable in Vindex, from reminding our readers that the interpolations which he thinks '*sufficiently known,*' consist in the substitution of the modern for the obsolete name of two or three towns mentioned in the Pentateuch; and in an allusion which we find in Deuteronomy to the kings of Israel, and which evidently implies a writer subsequent to the establishment of the monarchy. The former instance we naturally ascribe to an honest but misjudging copyist, who was more anxious that the sacred text should be immediately understood by his readers, than to preserve it entire; the latter was undoubtedly introduced into the text from a remark originally appended to the margin. The known effect of similar errors, which are found in every ancient writer, is to furnish strong presumption against the authenticity of the passage in which they occur; but who would pardon the critic that should question the reputation of the work in which they are found, on grounds so slight and so easy of solution, even if it had no other evidence in its favour than the general testimony of antiquity?*

In

* Whoever wishes to see the principal arguments for the genuineness and antiquity of the Pentateuch brought together within the compass of half an hour's reading, will do well

In what follows, we must observe that the exclusion of what is commonly called, the second book of Esdras, from the canon, is not the consequence of banishment, as Vindex leaves us to suppose, but of illegitimacy; and that the book is said to be '*now indeed excluded from the canon*,' with the same propriety as a man might be spoken of as now dead, who had never been born: inasmuch as it never had an existence in any canon, Jewish, Roman, Catholic, or Protestant. With respect to the alleged loss of the writings of Moses and Joshua, and the supply of their deficiency by the 'inspired Ezra,' if this account were founded on any credible authority, it must really prove what the writer professes to have received, immediate inspiration; for this alone could transport Ezra from his own natural style, in which the return from Babylon is related, to the authoritative manner and lofty tone which characterize the books of Exodus and Deuteronomy. But as it must be totally vain to address internal evidence to a person who can read what is commonly called the second book of Esdras, without perceiving it to be the composition of a writer conversant with the Christian Scriptures, and in particular with the epistles of St. Paul: we will take other ground, and briefly ask of Vindex, how he intends to account for the agreement between the Samaritan and Jewish Pentateuch? The ancestors of the Samaritans, it is well known, seceded from their brethren soon after the death of Solomon. Allowing, therefore, the authority of the uncanonical Esdras, the coincidence between their copy, and the Hebrew, can only be ascribed to one of the three following causes: either he adopted the books from the Samaritans, which had been preserved by them as sacred and authentic during their separation; or he persuaded the bitter enemies and rivals of the tribe of Judah, to credit his imposture, and accept his forgery; or his own account must be believed to the letter, and the agreement of the copies must be referred to miraculous inspiration. Here is unquestionably a phenomenon which can only be explained by one of these solutions, and we readily leave objectors to Moses, and believers in Esdras, to take their choice among them.

It is curious, in a philosophical point of view, to observe the anomalous state of the reasoning powers exhibited by acknowledged sceptics. Their peculiarity seems to consist in a promptitude to receive any thing as true, provided it be not confirmed by revelation. They cannot think it credible, that God should declare to man the purpose of his being. They cannot believe, that in order to prepare the way for a more general promulgation of his coun-

well to consult a pamphlet by Dr. Marsh, entitled 'The Authenticity of the Five Books of Moses vindicated,' in which the objections here alluded to are refuted with all the acuteness and perspicuity which so eminently characterise the learned professor.

sels,

sels; he preserved among a particular people the records of the creation,—that he testified his existence, and bore witness to his design, by rescuing that people from bondage through miraculous interpositions of power:—that he assigned them a particular country, and prescribed to their observance peculiar ceremonies, as a memorial of the miraculous evidence by which he had proclaimed them the chosen depositaries of the records entrusted to them:—that, finally, he forbade them, under pain of grievous national misfortunes, from adhering or apostatising to the senseless idolatry of the neighbouring nations, but enjoined them to worship one God, as the creator of the world, who had given them sensible evidence of his existence and power. This, it seems, a deist cannot reconcile to his ideas of credibility; notwithstanding its apparent agreement with reason, and the general situation of mankind; notwithstanding the phenomena which are solved by its truth, and the difficulties which embarrass its rejection; notwithstanding the evidence of a long series of writings by which it is supported, and the historical testimony by which it is confirmed. But the stubbornness of the sceptics' incredulity in some cases, bears no proportion to the avidity of their belief in others. They *can* believe that God created man, and left him ignorant of the circumstances of his origin: that he gave him a mind capable of receiving ideas, yet did not enable him to express those ideas in language. They *can* believe that a nation existed, venerating certain monuments, and sacredly observing certain institutions, in memory of certain events, which events never took place:—a nation annually celebrating a very particular ceremony, and habitually consecrating all their first-born male children, in memory of a deliverance, which never occurred—a nation possessing laws expressly founded on facts of which the records are interwoven with them, and which appeal to the knowledge of the facts professed by the first receivers of the law, when the facts themselves never happened. They *can* believe, that the Jewish people received themselves, and entailed upon their posterity, without any assignable cause, statutes expressly forbidding them to intermix with other nations, though they were anxiously desirous of that seemingly innocent intercourse; statutes binding them to abstain, on certain appointed seasons, from business and amusement; to leave their land uncultivated one year in seven, and to desert their abodes and go up to their capital annually,—and all this on pain of certain imaginary vengeance to be inflicted by they knew not whom. Lastly, they *can* believe, that the people, in gratitude for these burthensome edicts, held their law in such veneration as to read parts of it publicly once in seven days, and the whole of it every seventh year; not allowing the lapse of time, or change of cir-

cumstances to justify the wilful alteration of a single letter of the original; and were so zealous in defence of this voluntary burthen, as to sacrifice their lives in vindication of it—for no stronger reason, or more cogent obligation, than because it had been promulgated by one of their fallible ancestors. Surely, these symptoms of infidel credulity betray strong proofs of a diseased state of the intellectual organs. At all events, they may satisfy us that believers are not alone subject to the charge of undervaluing the laws of evidence; of overlooking difficulties and embracing inconsistencies, or of subscribing to the strong language of the ancient father, Credo, quia impossibile est.

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ART. V. *Vagaries Vindicated; or, Hypocritic Hypercritics. A Poem addressed to the Reviewers.* By George Colman the Younger. London. 1813.

THE first virtue of a Reviewer, and that for which, in general, he gets the least credit, is *patience*. To read, to quote, to dissect dulness and absurdity, are tolerable, or perhaps we should say, intolerable trials of temper: but to abstain from answering our answerers, is (and of this we may be permitted to judge) the greatest exertion of critical self-denial. Our angry antagonists are so sure to be in the wrong, and to prove us in the right, to flicker about the light which we hold out to them till they burn their wings, that it is with the utmost difficulty we refrain from saying in a succeeding Number, that our 'observations on —— and —— have been enforced and elucidated with laudable accuracy, but rather too much of satiric severity, by —— and —— themselves, in their admirable "Answers to the unfounded Aspersions, &c. &c."'

But—'laud we the Gods!' here is 'an answer' which we may, nay, which we must notice. It professes to be not merely an answer, but, in one sense, an original work, and not an original work only, but *a poem*,—a regular poem, of eight hundred or a thousand heroic lines!—magnificently printed in quarto, with appropriate mottos in Latin and English, an Advertisement abounding with fury and pleasantry, and notes amounting almost to the dignity of a perpetual commentary.

Our *senior-junior*, 'George Colman the Younger,' has printed (we dare not say published) this exquisite poem to prove two things, First, That the dulness and obscenity of his former work are perfectly justifiable, and that our reprehension of these laudable characteristics was perfectly unjustifiable; Secondly, That he despises our reprehensions aforesaid, and treats them with *silent contempt* and *utter indifference*. And we must in candour confess, that

that his poem proves the truth of the first of his positions, just as strongly as it does that of the second.

His leading argument in defence of his obscenity is expressed in the following very cogent lines—

> 'Once more, then, to my first imputed crime,—
> Those double meanings that disgrace my rhyme;
> Why, all who understand them know no more
> Of evil, than they understood before;
> And all who do not, are no wiser grown,
> Would critics let the simple souls alone.'

By this reasoning our readers will observe, that nothing can be more innocent than the grossest double entendres, the most downright filth, because, according to this excellent dilemma, those who understand the obscenity understood it before, and those who did not understand it before, would still remain in utter ignorance, but for the mischievous zeal of critics, who explain these horrors to uninitiated innocence.

Now, if we had followed this author with a dirty commentary, if we had explained and glossed upon his filthy innuendos, we should have been almost as bad as himself; and he would have had good ground (not indeed of self-exculpation, but) of accusation against us. But certainly our remarks are not liable to this imputation; we were not so wanting in taste and decency as to quote any of his double or his single meanings. Of his dulness and absurdity we gave, to our own annoyance and the disgust of our readers, some specimens; but of his *other* quality, we contented ourselves with saying that he eminently possessed it: and we had too much respect for our office, our readers, and ourselves, to descend into particulars and run the risk of spreading the contagion, by exhibiting the spots and plague-marks of his infected Vagaries.

For the same reasons we shall not now pursue him into the other parts of his defence,—*defence* do we say! his *applause*, of

> ——— 'the laugh-exciting equivoque,
> The *salt* allusion, and the *broader* joke.'—p. 58.

For all reviewers, but for us in particular, he entertains, as we have already hinted, the most profound, but the most *silent*, contempt, which he expresses somewhat in the Irish mode, by the most violent and obstreperous abuse.—Take a sample—

> 'Come, *hackney'd* critic, shock'd at every speck
> In my o'er censured Lady of the Wreck;
> Pope of a *prostituted* press; who choose
> To thunder bulls against a *trifling* muse;
> A half Tenth Leo—*sensual* as he,
> But no encourager of poetry:

Come, *canting* Chiron—*Mentor from a stew;*
*Venal* impartialist of a Review;' &c.—p. 12.

All this perhaps may have a meaning; probably, if it resembles the rest of this ingenious author's works, it may even have a *double* meaning, but that it can in any case mean indifference and silent contempt of his critics, is what Mr. Colman, or even an abler advocate of absurdity, would find it hard to convince us.

But we must not give up too much time to Mr. Colman and his Answer. If we were malevolent towards him, we should make large extracts from his 'poem;' but we have no enmity to him or to 'his *trifling* muse,' as with great truth and candour he characterizes his intellect; he may *trifle* as long as he will, but he shall not *corrupt*, not at least undetected and unchastised.

Mr. Colman affects a taste for Shakespeare; we hope he will thank us for recalling and recommending to his serious consideration the admonitory observation which Henry the Fifth addresses to one who had a thousand times more gaiety and wit, and not many more years than Mr. George Colman the Younger—

——————— 'Fall to thy prayers, old man:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!'

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ART. VI. ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΟΥ ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΔΑΙ. *Euripidis Heraclidae. Ex recensione* Petri Elmsley, A. M. *qui annotationes suas et aliorum selectas adjecit.* Oxonii, excudebat Samuel Collingwood. 1813. pp. 144.

IF the comparative merit of the three great tragedians were to be estimated from the quantity of their writings which have been preserved to us, Euripides would undoubtedly bear off the palm: and it seems not unreasonable to conclude, that the critics of antiquity thought most highly of that poet, whose works have been handed down to posterity the least impaired. Certain it is that Euripides was more universally read than either of his brother tragedians; his poems are more frequently cited for the purposes of illustration by writers on ethics; and we know that Chrysippus made such extensive use of the Medea of Euripides in a certain treatise, that the work was called in derision, 'the Medea of Chrysippus.' In point of fact, however, these circumstances afford but an uncertain criterion; since other causes may be assigned, sufficient to account for the superior care with which the tragedies of Euripides seem to have been preserved. One is to be found in his moralizing and sentimental turn; and in the vast number of precepts applicable to the ordinary relations of life, interspersed through all his writings. In the perusal of his plays we see no traces of that 'fine

'fine frenzy' which bursts out in almost every scene of Aeschylus; our attention is not kept on the stretch by that sustained and majestic tone which is the peculiar characteristic of Sophocles; but there is more which comes home to every man's reason and feelings, less poetry indeed, but more common sense. Euripides was unquestionably a more attentive observer of human nature than either of his predecessors in the drama; he was more versed in the learning of the times, and a better philosopher. In the first and last of these points his superiority was so conspicuous, that his enemies (of whom he seems to have had not a few) insinuated that he was assisted in the composition of his dramas by Socrates. Hence his plays were better adapted for the instruction of youth, and more frequently cited by writers on ethics and physics: the natural consequence of which was, the multiplication of copies of his works. A poet who expressed, in simple and perspicuous language, precepts adapted to the mechanic and the husbandman, no less than to the hero or the king, and who clothed in melodious numbers the most abstruse doctrines of natural as well as moral philosophy, would of course be more generally read than those, whose superior polish or loftier flights of poetry could be justly appreciated only by men of refined feeling and liberal education. And that this was the case with Euripides, is proved in a remarkable manner, by the well-known story of the Athenian captives, who returned after the Sicilian expedition, from which it appears, that even the common people of Athens had the verses of this poet at their fingers' ends.

The peculiar merit of Euripides is thus sensibly and shortly stated by a critic of antiquity. 'Menander's accurate and graceful delineations of character, surpassed all the strength and raciness of the older comic poets; and the sweetness and persuasiveness of Euripides, although it fall short of the dignified elevation of tragedy, render him very useful to a man engaged in active life, and powerful in representing the manners and passions of his characters. Being not unskilled in philosophy, he intermingles with his poetry precepts and axioms serviceable to all conditions of men.'

From these causes it proceeds, that the general estimation in which the plays of Euripides were held, is by no means inconsistent with the fact of his poetical inferiority; a fact, of which we know, from the testimony of Aristophanes and Dio Chrysostom, that the critics both of the same and subsequent ages were sufficiently sensible. Both those excellent judges condemn in him as a defect, the very quality, which probably procured to his works so general a circulation, viz. his sententiousness. Euripides was lamentably given to moralize. In the very midst of some pathetic apostrophe or burst of passion, an impertinent γνώμη foists itself in, and

destroys all the effect. In the Supplices, Adrastus, in the greatest distress, makes piteous application to Theseus, prostrating himself on the ground and embracing his knees. Theseus, instead of answering, begins a soliloquy on the sum of human happiness and misery, between which he institutes a comparison extended through fifty lines, the result of which is, that there are three orders of citizens, of which the middle one is best behaved, and in consequence he professes himself unable to give any assistance to Adrastus. Some editors of ancient authors have, with a laudable regard for their readers, taken care to indicate the occurrence of a *gnome*, by planting opposite to it a finger post, or by inclosing it in inverted commas; the obvious purpose of which is, to point out all those parts which may be omitted without detriment to the sense. By means of this device we are enabled to go very expeditiously through Euripides, who is decorated with as many of these direction-posts as any of the cross ways in the neighbourhood of London.

Another gross fault in Euripides is the introduction of low or ridiculous characters, or of ludicrous speeches in the mouth of grave personages. If it has been objected to him that he makes his slaves and heralds talk like philosophers and princes, it is no less true that his kings and heroes sometimes descend from the elevation of the buskin into low and colloquial phraseology. Every reader of taste must be disgusted with the vulgar and absurd scene of the Orestes, in which the Phrygian slave is introduced. At v. 729 of the play before us is a remarkable instance in which the judgment of the poet forsook him, or accommodated itself to the humour of the spectators. The low jocularity of the servant, and the energetic feebleness of Iolaus, who hobbles slowly across the stage praising his own celerity and vigour, reminds us of the valour of Sir Andrew Aguecheek. The voraciousness of Hercules, the great *gourmand* of antiquity, is injudiciously displayed in the most interesting and critical part of the Alcestis, and it is not in the dignified tone of royalty that Menelaus threatens to give an old man a bloody coxcomb, who refuses to deliver up to him a certain letter. The principal defects of Euripides are well summed up in the following words. Τὸ δὲ πανουργὸν, κομψοπρεπές τε καὶ γνωμολογικὸν, ἀλλότριον τῆς τραγῳδίας. Of his inconsistency there are many instances; some of which Musgrave has noticed in the present play. It was remarked of him long ago, ἐναντία πολλάκις ἑαυτῷ λέγει.

Of the seventeen tragedies of Euripides which have survived the general wreck of literature, those which stand first in the common arrangement, are unquestionably the first also in merit. And this probably is the reason, why they have experienced the fate of favourite children, who have been caressed and nursed up, while the younger branches of the family lay in piteous plight, crying in vain

vain for assistance. So much has been done for the first seven or eight plays by skilful bonesetters, that we have them now tolerably free from dislocations and flaws, and in so respectable a condition, that they would probably be recognized by Euripides as his legitimate offspring. One or two indeed have fallen under the hands of very violent operators, and have been almost entirely rebuilt upon a new model, ὥστε μηδένα Γνῶναι φίλων ἰδόντ' ἂν ἄθλιον δέμας, while the remainder have been obliged to rest contented with an occasional visit bestowed upon them ἐν παρόδῳ by some compassionate critic, and to envy the more fortunate lot of their elder brothers and sisters.

The Heraclidae, who experienced rough treatment during their lifetime, have long remained in a neglected state, without any particular demerit on their part; on the contrary M. Prévost, who made them a present of a French dress, thinks them a very deserving family. It was therefore with great pleasure that we found them introduced to us by Mr. Elmsley, washed and combed, and their clothes neatly mended. They are now fit company for genteel people; and may take their place by the side of the queen of Troy, the prince of Argos, the fifteen Phoenician ladies, and the princess royal of Colchos.

Mr. Elmsley in the volume before us gives a corrected text, a collation of the Aldine edition, select annotations of preceding commentators, and his own very valuable remarks. We are certainly under the full influence of that laudable propensity of critics, which disposes us to find fault; but we are nevertheless compelled to acknowledge, that Mr. Elmsley's annotations are one of the happiest mixtures of critical and illustrative remark that has ever been bestowed upon any portion of the Greek drama. We do not agree with him in all his restorations of the text, nor in all his interpretations, and we shall freely state the grounds of our dissent; but these points of difference are few and unimportant, in comparison of the instances in which we recognize the hand of the skilful critic and the judicious interpreter. We shall now specify the principal features which distinguish the present from preceding editions, and suggest to Mr. Elmsley's consideration a few remarks which may perhaps tend to its further improvement.

V. 1 .Πάλαι ποτ' ἐστὶ τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ δεδογμένον. We prefer τοῦτό μοι δεδογμένον, the reading of Stobaeus. The emphasis should be thrown upon τοῦτο, and not upon the pronoun, which to a certain degree it is, as the verse now stands. The same reasoning does not apply to v. 818. of the Medea.

3. Ὁ δ' εἰς τὸ κέρδος λῆμ' ἔχων ἀνειμένον. '*Propensum in lucrum* plerique interpretes. Malim *lucro deditum*.' P. E. We render it, *solutum in lucrum*. Virgil. Aen. IV. 530. *Solvitur in somnos*. Georg. IV. 198. *nec cor-*

*pora segnes In Venerem solvunt.* Herod. II. 173. ἀνιέναι ἑωυτὸν ἐς παιγνίην. Androm. 723. Ἀνιμένον τι χρῆμα πρεσβυτῶν γένος. i. e. *solutum in iram.* Plato Rep. VIII. p. 447. ἄνανδρος καὶ λίαν ἀνιμένος. i. e. *solutus.*

7. Ἔξὸν κατ' Ἄργος ἡσύχως ναίειν--ἥσυχον P. E. We prefer Mr. Elmsley's second correction, ἡσύχῳ, which he rejects. Aesch. Eum. 888. Ἔξιστι γάρ σοι τῆσδε γαμόρῳ χθονὸς Εἶναι δικαίως εἰς τὸ πᾶν τιμωμένη. [*Vulg.* τῆσδέ γ' εὐμοίρου. *Aldus* τῆσδέ γ' ἀμοίρου.] Soph. El. 911. ἥγει μηδὲ πρὸς θεοὺς Ἔξιστ' ἀκλαύστῳ τῆσδ' ἀποστῆναι στέγης. V. 366. νῦν δ', ἐξὸν πατρὸς Πάντων ἀρίστου παιδὶ κεκλῆσθαι. [*Vulg.* παῖδα.]

8. πόνων Πλείστων μετίσχον εἷς ἀνὴρ Ἡρακλέει.—Πλεῖστον P. E. a correction which we do not think necessary. Aesch. Pers. 325. Κιλίκων ἔπαρχος, εἷς ἀνὴρ πλεῖστον πόνον Ἐχθροῖς παρασχών. Soph. Trach. 460. οὐχὶ κἀτέρας Πλείστας ἀνὴρ εἷς Ἡρακλῆς ἔγημε δή; Herodot. VI. 127, ὃς ἐπὶ πλεῖστον δὴ χλιδῆς εἷς ἀνὴρ ἀπίκετο. The phrase εἷς ἀνὴρ occurs also Soph. Oed. T. 1380. Κάλλιστ' ἀνὴρ εἷς ἦν γε ταῖς Θήβαις τραφείς. Xenoph. Anab. I. ix. 12. Καὶ γὰρ οὖν πλεῖστοι δὴ αὐτῷ, ἐνί γε ἀνδρὶ τῶν ἐφ' ἡμῶν, ἐπιθύμησαν καὶ χρήματα καὶ πόλεις καὶ τὰ ἑαυτῶν σώματα προΐσθαι. Ibid. 22. Δῶρα δὲ πλεῖστα μὲν. οἶμαι, εἷς γε ἀνὴρ ὤν, ἐλάμβανε διὰ πολλά.

19. Πέμπων ὁπῇ γῆς πυνθάνοιθ' ἱδρυμένους. Mr. Elmsley reads ὅποι, and quotes Mr. Porson's authority for taking ὅποι, *quasi esset* ὅπου. Our opinion is this; ὅποι signified *whither*, and ὅπου *where*; and whenthe sense required ὅπου and the metre admitted it, we do not think it probable that a Grecian would have used ὅποι. The copyists, we know, perpetually interchanged ποῦ, ποῖ, and πῇ, and since we may preserve an uniformity of usage, without injury to the metre, the laws of sound criticism oblige us so to do, rather than retain a word which signifies one thing, and say that it must be taken *as if it were* quite another. In v. 529. where the construction is precisely similar to that of the verse before us, Mr. E. retains the common reading, Ἡγεῖσθ', ὅπου δεῖ σῶμα κατθανεῖν τόδε. In v. 46. for Ζητοῦσ', ὅπῃ γῆς πύργον οἰκιούμεθα, he gives ὅποι. One MS. has ὅπου, the true reading. Soph. Oed. 369. Ζητοῦσα τὴν σὴν, ποῦ κατοικοίη, τροφήν. In v. 744 of the Helena, ὡς ἔχοιθ' ὕδρηκας, οὗ τ' ἐσμὲν τύχης is Tyrwhitt's correction. *Vulg.* οἵ τ' ἐσμέν.

21. Πόλιν πρότιμῶν Ἄργος οὐ σμικρὰν φίλων Ἔχθραν γε θέσθαι, χ' αὐτὸν εὐτυχοῦνθ' ἅμα. Mr. Elmsley adopts προτείνων, the correction of Canter, and conjectures that φίλοις should be substituted for φίλων, but remarks in the notes, 'Conjecturam meam, προτείνων φίλοις, hodie supervaçaneam esse suspicor. Genitivum enim in simili locutione adhibet Herodotus IX. 4. Ταῦτα δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ἀπίστελλε, προίσχων μὲν Ἀθηναίων οὐ φιλίας γνώμας, ἐλπίζων δὲ σφίας ὑπήσειν τῆς ἀγνωμοσύνης, ὡς δορυαλώτου ἐούσης πάσης τῆς Ἀττικῆς χώρης. Now, that the words προίσχων μὲν, &c. cannot mean *holding out to the Athenians no friendly intentions*, is clear, for more reasons than one. In the first place, Mardonius did hold out to the Athenians friendly intentions, and sent both embassies for that very purpose, Μηδὲν μεγαλὰ προτεινόντων, ἐφ' οἷσι ὁμολογέειν ἐθέλουσι. Secondly the sense which Mr. Elmsley gives to προίσχειν, belongs solely to the middle voice προΐσχεσθαι; See Thom. Magist. p. 740. Duker on Thucyd. I. 140. Valckenaer. Callim. Eleg. p. 224. Aem. Port. Lex. Ion. in v. We suspect that for προίσχων Herodotus used some such word as προτείνων.

The

The passage of Euripides ought, we conceive, to stand thus; Πόλιν προτείνων Ἄργος, οὐ σμικρὰν φίλην Ἐχθράν τ' ἴσισθαι. *Holding out to them, that Argos would be no contemptible friend, and no contemptible foe.* This is confirmed by v. 156, where the same alternative is held out by Copreus. At all events φίλων must not be coupled with προτείνων, which requires a dative case, as in Aesch. Prom. 775. Eurip. in Stob. p. 453.* Lastly we do not think, with Mr. Elmsley, that καὶ is united to αὐτὸν by *crasis*, but that it suffers elision, and should be written χ' αὐτὸν rather than χαὐτόν. Thus χ' ὥσπερ is for καὶ ὥσπερ, and χώσπερ or χὥσπερ for καὶ ὅσπερ. In v. 174, are the words χ' ὑμῶν μίσῳ πολὺς χρόνος. Mr. Elmsley remarks, 'Ex ὁ ἰν fit οὖν, ex καὶ οὖν, ᵓχοὖν, quod reposui.' We should proceed thus: from καὶ and ὁ is formed χ'ω, and from χ'ω ἰν is formed χὼν. Mr. Elmsley prints ὅτ' ἂν for ὅταν. We think that ὅταν, ἡνίκαν and ἡνικάδ' were anciently written as one word, and that their component particles, as the Grammarians say, *arctissime cohaerent.* Thus ἐὰν is compounded of εἰ ἂν, *if by chance*, ἔπειτα is ἐπεὶ τὰ, *after these things*, which was shortened into εἶτα. If ὅτ' ἂν were written separately, we should probably find some passage, where a word is interposed between the two particles, of which we do not remember an instance.

38. τήνδ' ἀφικόμεσθ' ὁρόν. Other editors have ὁδὸν, which is also adopted by Mr. Elmsley, who observes, 'Ζῳδίων pro ζωρίων restituendum Scholiastæ ad Apoll. Rhod. I. 1265.' The passage is this, ὁ δὲ οἶστρος, ἐκ τῶν ποταμοῖς ἐπιπλεόντων ζωρίων, where ζωρίων is a mere blunder of the Oxford printers; the Edition of H. Stephens has ζωαρίων, as it is cited by Phavorinus p. 1286, 9.

52. εἶθ' ὅλοιο, χὠ πέμψας ἀνήρ. — πέμψας σ' ἀνὴρ tacite et praeter necessitatem Barnesius. P. E. Barnes's correction is not indeed necessary, but we think it highly probable. Alcest. 754. Ἔρροις νυν αὐτὸς χ' ἡ ξυνοικήσασά σοι. In v. 519, of the Supplices of Aeschylus Mr. Porson restored Οὔτοι πτερωτοῖς ἁρπαγαῖς Σ' ἐκδώσομεν.

53. ὡς πολλὰ δὴ—ἤγγειλας κακά.—ὃς πολλὰ δὴ P. E. a correction which we do not conceive to be absolutely necessary. ὡς does not signify *adeo*, as the Latin version has it; but is used for ἐπεὶ, as in Hecub. 971. Phoen. 1678. Orest. 795. 1603. Hipp. 1115. Alc. 207. 800. Suppl. 394. Cycl. 167. Soph. Ant. 66. Aj. 274. Phil. 118. El. 470. Aesch. Prom. 517. 1066. Theb. 980. Pers. 563. It is also to be restored to Oed. Col. 45. for ὥστ'.

64. Οὔτοι βίᾳ γ' ἴμ', οὐδὲ τούσδ' ἄξεις λαβών. 'Vim particulorum οὔτοι—γε in hoc versu melius Anglice quam Latine explicare possum, *Surely you will not take us away by force.* A more accurate translation would be, *Assuredly you shall not take us away by force.* The particles οὔ τοι, to the best of our recollection, are never used except in positive assertions, where no doubt is expressed. See Alc. 718. Phoen.

* Helen. 452. Ἀ· μὴ προσίλα χεῖρα, μηδ' ὄθει βίᾳ. We had formerly corrected, Ἀ· μὴ πρότεινε χεῖρα. Now, however, we believe the true reading to be, Ἀ, μὴ πρόσειε χεῖρα. Herc. Fur. 1218. Τί μοι πρόσειόν χείρα, σημαίνεις φόνον; Read, Τίν' αὖ, προσίων χεῖρα, σημαίνεις φόβον; or, Τίν' αὖ προσίαν, χειρὶ σημαίνεις, φίλον; Thucyd. VI. 86. ἄλλον προσίοντες φόβον. See Ruhnken on Timaeus, v. Θάλλος.

462. Aesch. Theb. 242. Soph. Oed. C. 176. Οὗτοι μήποτέ σ' ἐκ τῶνδ' ἐδράνων, Ὦ γέρον, ἄκοντά τις ἄξει. Aristoph. Plut. 64. Οὗτοι, μὰ τὴν Δήμητρα, χαιρήσεις ἔτι. Eur. Med. 923. Οὗτοι σοῖς ἀπιστήσω λόγοις. We do not remember whether οὗτοι is ever followed by γε except in the formula οὐ τἄρα—γε. In the sense which Mr. Elmsley proposes, Euripides would have written Οὐ μὴν βία γ' ἔμ', οὔτε τούσδ' ἄξεις λαβών; as in Alc. 618. Οὐ μὴν γυνή γ' ὄλωλεν Ἄλκηστις σέθεν; *Surely your good lady is not dead?* We think the verse before us should be read thus, Οὗτοι βίᾳ σύ μ', οὔτε τούσδ' ἄξεις λαβών.

68. Ἄξω, νομίζων οὔτέ' εἰσ', Εὐρυσθέως.—Κομίζων. P.E.

70. ἀγοραίου Διός. Musgrave says that, unless there was a Ζεὺς Ἀγοραῖος at Marathon as well as at Athens, the poet forgets himself. Mr. Elmsley remarks, 'Si ἀγορὰ Marathone fuit, verisimile est Jovis Ἀγοραίου aram ibi fuisse.' We apprehend that every δῆμος had its ἀγορά. Colonus had, which was nearer to Athens than Marathon. See Meurs. Reliq. Attic. p. 23.

77. πιτνεῖς.—Mr. Elmsley gives πίτνεις, and explodes the contracted form πιτνῶ, justly, as we think.

92. ἀλλὰ τοῦ ποτε Ἐν χειρὶ σᾷ κομίζεις κόρους—πιστριφεῖς φράσον. These verses should undoubtedly form an iambic senarius. Mr. Seidler, with Barnes and Musgrave, reads Χερὶ σᾷ κομίζεις πιστριφεῖς κόρους, φράσον. We propose Χερσὶν κομίζεις πιστραφεῖς κόρους, φράσον. In the disposition of this chorus Mr. Elmsley follows Hermann, but judiciously restores Εὐβῷδ' ἀκτὰν for Εὐβοΐδ' in v. 84. ὠνόμαζεν λεὼς for ὠνόμαζε λαὸς in v. 88. and πόλεος for πόλιως v. 96. In v. 84, we should prefer Εὐβῷδ' ἄκραν.

106. Ἔκπεμπε νυν γῆς τούσδε τοὺς Εὐρυσθέως—τῆσδε P. E. It appears to us that τούσδε is necessary in the early state of this conference. So v. 124. παῖδες οἵδε. 137. ἄξονται τούσδε. 153. τὰς τῶνδ' ἀβούλους ξυμφοράς. Cf. 159. 169. 172. 267.

119. Καὶ μὴν ὅδ' αὐτὸς ἵρχεται σπουδὴν ἔχων. Mr. Elmsley notices this usage of the particles καὶ μὴν upon the approach of a new personage, as in Hec. 665. Or. 348. 456. We add Or. 1010. Phoen. 453. Alc. 506. 1006. Andr. 494. 543. 880. 913. 1155. Suppl. 980. 1031. Iph. T. 236. Tro. 230. 1207. Ion. 1257. El. 339. Aesch. Theb. 372. Soph. Oed. C. 549. 1249. Ant. 526. 1257. El. 1422. Inc. Rhes. 85. 527. In all of which instances these particles are followed by ὅδε or its cases. See also Antig. 1180. In v. 1115 of the Medea, Καὶ δὴ δέδορκα τόνδε τῶν Ἰάσονος Στείχοντ' ὀπαδῶν, Mr. Porson ought unquestionably to have adopted Valckenaer's correction, Καὶ μὴν δέδορκα. The particles καὶ δὴ are never used in this formula. We remember only one instance of ἀλλὰ μὴν similarly circumstanced, viz. Orest. 1565. Ἀλλὰ μὴν καὶ τόνδε λεύσσω Μενέλεων δόμων πέλας. Read, Ἀλλὰ γὰρ καὶ τόνδε λεύσσω. Phoen. 1328. Ἀλλὰ γὰρ Κρέοντα λεύσσω τόνδε διῦρο συννεφῆ Πρὸς δόμους στείχοντα. Hippol. 51. Ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τόνδε παῖδα Θησέως Στείχοντα. Ion. 393. Ἀλλ', ὦ ξέν', εἰσορῶ γὰρ εὐγενῆ πόσιν Ξοῦθον πέλας δὴ τόνδε. Herc. F. 139. Ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τῆσδε κοίρανον χθονὸς Λύκον παρόντα τόνδε δωμάτων πέλας. (not τῶνδε δωμάτων, as in the editions.) *ibid.* 442. Ἀλλ' ἰσορῶ γὰρ τούσδε. El. 107. Ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τήνδε προστόλων τινά. Aesch. Theb. 861. Ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἥκουσ' αὖθ' ἱπὶ πρᾶγος Πικρὸν Ἀντιγόνη τ' ἀδ' Ἰσμήνη. Soph. Ant. 155.

Ἀλλ'

Ἀλλ' ἔδε γὰρ δὴ βασιλιὺς χώρας τῆσδε. Once only we have found the simple particle μὴν in a similar situation. Soph. Ant. 626. Ὅδε μὴν Αἵμων. Mr. Elmsley observes, that καὶ μὴν in the above formula is not followed by γε in the same sentence, 'quod in diversa significatione plerumque post eas collocatur.' The particles καὶ μὴν occur without γε in Alc. 653. Suppl. 1009. Aesch. Prom. 254. 1080. Theb. 446. Choeph. 172. Soph. Oed. T. 1005. Ant. 558. 1054. In the Alcestis, v. 713, for Καὶ μὴν Διός γε μείζον' ἂν ζώοις χρόνον, read, μείζονα ζώοις χρόνον.

141. Ἐκ τῆς ἑμαυτοῦ δραπίτας τούτους ἴχνη. Mr. Elmsley prints Ἐκ γῆς ἑμαυτοῦ, but afterwards properly recals the old reading. Xenoph. Cyr. I. p. 14. ἴξω τῆς ἑαυτῶν. Anab. IV. viii. 6. ὅτι καὶ ὑμεῖς ἐπὶ τὴν ἡμετέραν ἔρχεσθε. For δραπίτας τούτους, Scaliger and Barnes read τούσδε δραπίτας, which we prefer, with Mr. Elmsley. Sophocl. *ap. Stob.* l. ix. *p.* 227. *Grot.* Τί τοῦδε χάρμα μεῖζον ἂν λάβοις ποτε.—For τοῦδε the edition of Trincavellus has τούτου. Plutarch *in Æmil. Paul. sub init.* quotes, Φεῦ, φεῦ τί τούτου χάρμα μεῖζον ἂν λάβοις—which is probably the genuine verse of Sophocles, though it is there cited without the author's name. The whole fragment we would read as follows, Φεῦ, φεῦ, τί τούτου χάρμα μεῖζον ἄν λάβοις, Ἢ γῆς ἐπιψαῦσαί τε, κἄπ' ὑπὸ στέγῃ Πυκνῆς ἀκοῦσαι ψεκάδος ὐδούσης φρενί; We cannot forbear enlivening the dulness of our minute criticisms by comparing the above fragment with the following lines of Tibullus I. i. 45. *Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem, Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu! Aut gelidas hybernus aquas cum fuderit Auster, Securum* SOMNOS, IMBRE JUVANTE, *sequi.*

> O, when the growling winds contend, and all
> The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
> To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
> Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
> Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
>
> ARMSTRONG, *Art of Health*, I. 288.

To return to our Greek, Aesch. Pers. 733. Ναί· λόγος κρατεῖ σαφηνής· τοῦτό γ' οὐκ ἴσι στάσις. Read, τῷδέ γ' οὐκ ἴσι στάσις, which was first changed into τούτῳ γ' and then into τοῦτό γ.' Compare with the old editions Soph. Phil. 1203. El. 230. and see Eurip. Hecub. 310. as cited by Aspasius in Aristot. fol. 1. b. Phaethon Fragm. III.

144. Αὐτοὶ καθ' αὐτῶν. *Nos in nosmet.* κατ' αὐτῶν P. E. who says, 'Persuasum habeo, Sophoclem et Euripidem nunquam αὐτὸν et similia de prima aut secunda persona usurpasse.'

145. Πολλῶν δὲ κἄλλων. 'Notæ sunt locutiones πολλοὶ καὶ ἄλλοι, πολλὰ καὶ δεινὰ, πολλὰ καὶ κακὰ, et similes, in quibus καὶ nihil sententiæ addit. Noster Suppl. 573. Πολλοὺς ἔτλην δὴ χἀτέρους ἄλλους πόνους.' P. E. This mode of expression was familiar to all the best writers. Homer Il. X. 44. Ὅς μ' υἱῶν πολλῶν τε καὶ ἰσθλῶν εὖνιν ἔθηκε. Theognis. 426. Πολλοὺς ἂν μισθοὺς καὶ μεγάλους ἔφερον. Hecataeus *ap. Demetr. de Eloc.* 12. οἱ γὰρ Ἑλλήνων λόγοι πολλοί τε καὶ γελοῖοι. Aesch. Pers. 244. Ὥστε Δαρείου πολύν τε καὶ καλὸν φθεῖραι στρατόν. Agam. 63. Πολλὰ παλαίσματα καὶ γυιοβαρῆ. Soph. Trach. fin. Πολλὰ δὲ πήματα καὶ καινοπαθῆ. Eurip. Alc.

Alc. 708. ἀκούσεις πολλὰ κοὐ ψευδῆ κακά. Andr. 942. πολλὰ καὶ κακά. Chionides *ap. Polluc.* X. 43. Πολλοὺς ἐγῷδα κοὐ κατὰ σὴ ταινίας. Plato Lys. p. 106. πολλοὶ καὶ καλοί. Xenoph. Symp. p. 152. ed. Schneider. πολλὰ καὶ σοφὰ λέγειν. Demosth. Ol. III. 9. πολλὰ δὲ καὶ καλά.

153. ξυμφορὰς κατοικτίσειν—κατοικτισεῖν P. E. Alcest. 700. Εἰ τὴν παροῦσαν κατθανεῖν πείσεις ἀεὶ Γυναῖχ' ὑπέρ σου, κἄτ' ὀνειδίζεις φίλοις. Read ὀνειδιεῖς.

154. Φέρ' ἀλλίθις γὰρ, τούσδε τ' εἰς γαῖαν πάρεις, Ἡμᾶς τ' ἰάσας ἐξάγειν, τί κερδανεῖς; The Latin version has, *hos dimittens in nostram terram.* It should be, *his admissis in tuam terram.* Suppl. 468. ἀπαυδῶ—Ἄδραστον εἰς γῆν τήνδε μὴ παρεῖναι. In the verse before us τούσδε τ' is Reiske's correction for τούσδε γ'. Androm. 809. Ἡ κατθάνῃ, κτείνουσα τοὺς οὐ χρῆν κτανεῖν. Read κτείνουσά γ' οὕς.

164. ποῖα πεδί' ἀφαιρεθεὶς Τιρυνθίοις θῆς πόλεμον Ἀργείοις ἔχειν; Mr. Elmsley very happily restores Τιρυνθίας γῆς.

169. Mr. Elmsley quotes a fragment of Alcæus, of which the concluding words are, Τόδ' εὖ γε κῦμα τῷ προτέρῳ νεομὼ Στείχει, παρίξει δ' ἄμμι πόνον πολλὴν Ἄρτλην. He corrects πόνον πολὺν Ἀρτλῆν. Mr. Gaisford in his notes on Haphaestion p. 336. had previously restored πολὺν, and reads the preceding words thus, τόδ' εὖτε κῦμα τῷ προτερώνυμῳ. We think the following correction more plausible. Τόδ' αὖ τὸ κῦμα τῷ προτέρῳ ὅμοιον Στείχει. *This second wave comes on like the former.* A description probably followed of the third wave, or τρικυμία.

173. Μάχοιντ' ἀνηβήσαντες. *Cum verbum ἀνηβᾶν* semper significet *rursus bescere*, literis sejunctis emendandum Μάχοιντ' ἂν ἡβήσαντες,' Pierson Verisim. p. 176 quoted by Mr. Elmsley. The correction is right, but not the reason. ἀνηβᾶν sometimes means simply *to grow up.* Callim. H. Jov. 56. Ὀξὺ δ' ἀνήβησας, ταχινοὶ δέ τοι ἤλθον ἴουλοι. where see Ernesti's note. Hesiod. Op. Di. 116. Ἀλλ' ὅταν ἡβήσειε, καὶ ἥβῃ μέτρον ἔποιτο. Read, Ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἀνηβήσειε. A contrary fault in Aesch. Suppl. 601. was corrected by Mr. Tyrwhitt, as mentioned by Mr. Elmsley.

188. We have here an excellent note upon the promiscuous use of the names Ἄργος and Μύκηναι for the same city. Something similar occurs in the Latin poets, who confound the neighbouring towns of Pharsalia and Philippi. (See Heyne on the first Georg. 489.) And in the Evangelists Matthew and Luke, who identify the Gergesenes and Gadarenes.

198. Εἰ γὰρ τόδ' ἴσται, καὶ λόγους κρίνουσι σούς.—κραίνουσι. Barnes. κρανοῦσι. P. E.

201. ἡ γὰρ αἰσχύνη πάρος Τοῦ ζῆν.—'αἰσχύνη in bonam partem accipi potest, pro dedecoris vitandi studio.' P. E. We are surprized that none of the commentators should have quoted Juvenal's *animam praeferre pudori.*

204. 5. λίαν γ' ἐπαινεῖν—ἄγαν γ' αἰνούμενος. Mr. Elmsley with justice rejects γ' in both verses. The last syllables of ἄγαν and λίαν are long. Menander fr. 228. Τὰ λίαν ἀγαθὰ δυσκολαίνουσιν πάλαι. Read, Ἀγαθὰ τὰ λίαν, as in another fragment preserved by the Scholiast on Plato p. 14. Ἀγαθὰ τὰ λίαν ἀγαθά. The intrusive particle γε is to be exiled from v. 668. of the Rhesus, τοὺς ἄγαν γ' ἐρρωμένους.

224. Σὲ

224. Σοὶ γὰρ τόδ' αἰσχρὸν χωρὶς, ἴν τι πόλει κακόν. — ἴν τι τῇ πόλει Erfurdt. Σοὶ γὰρ τόδ' αἰσχρὸν, ἴν τι σῇ πόλει κακὸν P. E. We think the following conjecture is a nearer approximation to the genuine reading, Σοὶ γὰρ τόδ' αἰσχρὸν, καὶ πρὸς, ἐν πόλει κακόν. Helen. 962. Ἀπόδος τι, καὶ πρὸς, σῶσον, or perhaps χἄμα, τῇ πόλει κακόν. Plato Crit. 5. p. 75. ὅρα, μὴ ἅμα τῷ κακῷ καὶ αἰσχρὰ ᾖ σοί τε καὶ ἡμῖν.

228. Μηδαμῶς ἀτιμάσῃς Τοὺς Ἡρακλείους παῖδας εἰς χέρας λαβών. — λαβεῖν P. E. A similar error infects the Supplices of Aeschylus v. 58. οἶκτον οἰκτρὸν αἴαν Δοξάσει τις ἀκού=ων ὅπα τᾶς Τηρείας Μήτιδος οἰκτρᾶς ἀλόχου. Read, οἶτον οἰκτρὸν αἰῶν Δοξάσει τις ἀκού=σιν ὅπα τᾶς Τηρεΐδος.

233. Ὠίκτειρ' ἀκούσας τάσδε συμφοράς. — τῶνδε P. E. Æsch. Suppl. 654. Μήποτε λοιμὸς ἀνδρῶν Τῶνδε πόλιν κενῶσαι. Read Τάνδε.

238. Τοὺς σοὺς μὴ παρώσασθαι ξένους. — τούσδε μὴ π. ξ. P. E. v. 252, however, is not exactly in point, as Demophon is there addressing Copreus.

259. τοῦ θεοῦ πλεῖον φρονῶν. — πλείω P. E. with two MSS. Soph. Ant. 768. Δράτω· φρονείτω μεῖζον ἢ κατ' ἄνδρ' ἰών. Read μείζον', as in v. 933 of this play, μείζω τῆς τύχης φρονῶν πολύ. It may not be amiss to observe, that πλεῖον φρονεῖν means *to be*, or *to think one's self more wise*, in which sense also μᾶλλον and ἄμεινον φρονεῖν are used; but μεῖζον φρονεῖν is, *to have higher notions of one's self.*

323. Ὑψηλὸν αἴρω — αἰρῶ Porson. ἀρῶ P. E. for ἀειρῶ, the future of ἀείρω.

372. This Epode we would arrange as follows, adopting Mr. Elmsley's excellent emendation of εὖ χαρίτων ἴσχουσαν in v. 380, for εὐχαρίστων ἴσχουσαν.

σὲ μὲν ἔμοιγ' ἀρέσκει σπεῦδ' οὐ δ', ὦ κακόφρων ἄναξ,
λέξων, εἰ πόλει ἥξεις, οὐχ οὕτως ἃ δοκεῖς κυρήσας· οὐδ' σοὶ μόνῳ ἔγγυος. οὐδ' ἰτέα κατάχαλκος. ἀλλ' οὐ τῶν πολέμων ἀραστάς μή μοι δορὶ συνταράξῃς τὰν εὖ χαρίτων ἔχουσαν πόλιν, ἀλλ' ἀνάσχου.

In v. 377, we have omitted ἐστιν after κατάχαλκος, inserting τῶν in the following verse. The system is thus reduced to regular choriambics.

385. Οὔ γάρ τι μὴ ψεύσῃ γε κήρυκος λόγος. ψεύσῃ γ' ὁ κ. λ. Heath. — ψεύσῃ σε P. E. We would combine both emendations, and read ψεύσῃ σ' ὁ κήρυκος λόγος.

386. Ὁ γὰρ στρατηγὸς εὐτυχὴς τὰ πρὸς θεῶν, Ἔστιν, σάφ' οἶδα, καὶ μάλ' οὐ σμικρὸν φρονῶν, Εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας.

'Vitiosum esse ἐστὶν ex eo apparet, quod rarissime ἐστὶ in initio versus legitur, nisi initio sententiæ, vel saltem post aliquam pausam sive distinctionem. Dedi igitur εἶσιν, *veniet*, quod miror Musgravio in mentem non venisse.' P. E.

387. Καὶ μάλ' οὐ σμικρὸν φρονῶν. 'In his verbis nonnihil haereo.' P. E. Read κοὐ μάλα σμικρὸν φρονῶν. Aesch. Pers. 325. Κεῖται θανὼν δεινὰλαὸς, οὐ μάλ' εὐτυχῶς. *Ibid.* 387. Καὶ νὺξ ἐφῆκε, κοὐ μάλ' Ἑλλήνων στρατὸς Κρυφαῖον ἐκπλοῦν οὐδαμῇ καθίστατο. Suppl. 466. Ἄτης ἄβυσσον πέλαγος, οὐ μάλ' εὔπορον. 922. Κλάοις ἄν, εἰ ψαύσειας, οὐ μάλ' εἰς μακράν.

430. Εἰς

430. Εἰς χεῖρα γῆ ξυνῆψαν. Valckenaer reads Ὡς χεῖρα, which we approve. The common phrase εἰς χεῖρας ἰέναι τινί, which Mr. Elmsley adduces, is surely quite inapplicable to the verse before us.

448. Ὦ δυστάλαινα τοῦ μακροῦ βίου σίθιν. Mr. Elmsley compares Hec. 661. Med. 1028. We add Helen. 1038. ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ κακῶν. El. 1143. Οἵ μοι, τάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς πάλαι τροφῆς. Read, Οἵ ἐγὼ τάλαινα. Aesch. Pers. 495. Οἵ ἐγὼ τάλαινα ξυμφορᾶς κακῆς, φίλοι. 517. Οἵ ἐγὼ τάλαινα διαπεπραγμένου στρατοῦ. A similar construction occurs Hec. 215. 449. Or. 219. 829. 1027. Iph. T. 1490. Helen. 1243. Aesch. Theb. 921. See Porson on v. 384. of the Phoenissae.

467. Τί γὰρ γέροντος ἀνδρὸς Εὐρυσθεῖ πλέον Θανόντος; The Latin version is *Quid enim Eurystheo plus accederet, te homine sene mortuo?* It should be, *Quid enim Eurystheo proderit.* Helen. 329. Περὶ δ' οὐδὲν ὀρθῶς εἰδέναι, τί σοι πλέον Ανσουμένῃ γένοιτ' ἄν; Theocr. Ep. VI. 1. Ἅ διλαιή τυ Θύρσι, τί τὸ πλέον, εἰ καταταξεῖς Δάκρυσι δυγλήνους ὥρας ὀδυρόμενος; Leonidas Analect. l. p. 234. Φεύξομ', Ἔρως, ὑπὸ γᾶν σὶ, τί δὲ πλέον;

481. Ἀλλ', εἰμὶ γὰρ — Mr. Elmsley properly omits the comma before εἰμί. To his instances of ἀλλὰ γὰρ, besides the seven which we have enumerated at v. 119. may be added the following; Phoen. 1775. Ἀλλὰ γὰρ τί ταῦτα θρηνῶ καὶ μάτην ὀδύρομαι; Helen. 1401. Ἀλλ' ἱκτηρᾶ γὰρ δωμάτων ὁ τούς ἐμοὺς Γάμους ἐτοίμους ἐν χεροῖν ἔχειν δοκῶν. Herod. VI. 124. Ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἴσως τι ἐπιμεμφόμενοι. Xenoph. Anab. III. ii. 32. Ἀλλὰ γὰρ καὶ πραίνειν ἤδη ὥρα. Lex. Sangerm. MS. *ap. Ruhnken. ad Homer. H. Cer. p.* 36. Ἀλλὰ γὰρ, ἀντὶ τοῦ δέ. Εὔσωλις Βάπταις — ἀναρίστητος ὤν, Κοὐδὲν βεβρωκὼς, ἀλλὰ γὰρ στέφανον ἔχων.

499. Ἐν τῷδε κινχόμισθα σωθῆναι λόγῳ. Mr. Elmsley conjectures κἀχόμισθα. *are we hindered?*

505. Κίνδυνον ἡμῶν οὔνεχ' αἱρεῖσθαι. Mr. Elmsley gives οὕνεκ' αἴρεσθαι, and illustrates the phrase, κίνδυνον αἴρεσθαι, with his usual learning and accuracy. Of v. 957. of the Supplices of Æschylus, Mr. Elmsley says, 'neque αἱρήσῃ cum Aldo, neque αἱρεῖσθαι cum Robortello, sed αἴρεσθαι legendum videtur.' We remember to have seen this correction proposed about three years ago, in the pages of a contemporary Journal, as Mr. Porson's. The verse in question should be read thus: Ἔσται τάδ' ἤδη πόλιμον αἴρει σοι νέον. Pelasgus orders the herald to take himself off; to which he answers Ἔσται τάδ'. *I will.* So in Homer when Scamander says, Ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ ἴασον, Achilles replies, Ἔσται ταῦτα, Σκάμανδρε διοτρεφές. See Porson on v. 1033. of the Iph. in Aul.

544. ἐνδικαιότερως. — ἐνδικώτερον P. E. who observes that comparative adverbs most commonly end in ON, superlative in A. He reads κατάξια for καταξίως in Soph. Oed. C. 911. V. 69 of the Helen should, we think, be read thus, Πλουτεῖ γὰρ οἶκος ἄξι', ὡς προσοικάσαι. *Vulg.* ἄξιος προσοικάσαι. In v. 290. of the same play, ἄνανδρος πολιὰ παρθενεύεται, the commentators have not perceived that πολιὰ is used adverbially. Soph. El. 962 Ἀλκτῆρα γηράσκουσαν, ἀνυμέναιά τε.

554. ἀλλ' ὑπερφέρεις Τόλμῃ τε τόλμαν, καὶ λόγῳ χρηστῷ λόγον. 'An legendum, αλλ' ὑπερφέρει Τόλμης τε τόλμα καὶ λόγου χρηστοῦ λόγος? Aesch. Prom. 921. Ὃς δὴ κεραυνοῦ κρείσσον' εὑρήσει φλόγα, Βροντῆς θ' ὑπερβάλλοντα καρτερὸν κτυπόν.' P. E. If we mistake not, ὑπερβάλλειν always governs an accusative

accusative case, as in Orest. 437. 1660. Aesch. Ag. 308. In v. 1321 of the Ion, for θριγκοῦ τοῦδ' ὑπερβάλλω ποδί, should unquestionably be read, for more reasons than one, θριγκοὺς τούσδ'. Secondly, ὑπερβάλλειν, without a case, signifies, *to be pre-eminent*, as in Arist. Plut. 109. Ἀτίχως ὑπερβάλλουσι τῇ μοχθηρίᾳ. With a case, it signifies, *to pass over*, as in the instances above specified; or *to exceed*, as in Xenoph. Hier. IV. 8. τὰ ὑπερβάλλοντα τὰ ἱκανα, πολλά ἐστι; but the genitive case is subjoined only to the middle voice; see Dawes M. C. p. 248. Herodot. I. 124. VI. 9. VII. 165. IX. 71. We therefore correct the verses of Aeschylus thus, Ὃς δὴ κεραυνοῦ κρείσσον' εὑρήσει φλόγα, Βροντάς θ' ὑπερβάλλοντα καρτερὸν κτυπόν, *excelling the thunderbolts.*

573. Χώρει, προσίπτουσ' ὕστατον πρόσφθιγμά μοι. — πρόσφθιγμα δὴ P. E. We suspect that Euripides wrote ὑστάτοις προσφθίγμασι. Unless we are deceived by Beck's admirable Index (to which we beg leave to express our obligations) πρόσφθιγμα is not elsewhere used by Euripides in the singular number. In v. 777. of the Troades Mr. Burges has restored τρόσπτυγμα.

593. Εἴη γε μέντοι μᾶλλον.— So 637. Ἥκω γε μέντοι χάρμα σοὶ φίλων μέγα. γε μέντοι is to be read for γε μὴν δὴ in Soph. Electr. 1243. Aesch. Suppl. 240. 272.

597. Ἀλλ' ὦ μέγιστον ἱκετεύουσ' εὐψυχίας — εὐψυχίᾳ Scaliger, which Mr. Elmsley confirms from Alc. 645. Suppl. 841. We add Aesch. Pers. 184. Κάλλει τε τῶν νῦν ἱκετευτιστέρα πολύ. But in v. 442. of the same play, the accusative is used, Τυχὴν τ' ἄριστοι καὶ γένεσιν ἱκετεῖς.

612. παρὰ δ' ἄλλον ἄλλα Μοῖρα διώκει. To the parallel instances, which Mr. Elmsley cites, may be added Solon. Eleg. V. 75. Ἄτη δ' ἐξ αὐτῶν ἀναφαίνεται, ἣν, ὁπόταν Ζεὺς Πίμπλῃ τισομένην, ἄλλοτέ κ' ἄλλος ἔχει. XIII. 4. Χρήματα δ' ἀνθρώποις ἄλλοτε ἄλλος ἔχει. Read, ἄλλοτέ κ' ἄλλος ἔχοι.

618. Ἀλλὰ σὺ μὴ προσπιτνῶν τὰ θεῶν ὕπερ. — προσπίτνων τὰ θεῶν φίρε. P.E.

634. Φροντίς τις ἦλθ' οἰκεῖος, ἢ ξυνισχόμην. — ξυνεισχόμην. P. E.

639. Ἄλλου πιστότης. The reader should be referred to Ruhnken's illustration of the word πιστότης in his notes on Timæus, p. 212.

644. In his note on this line, Mr. Elmsley notices a mistake of Ambrose Philips, who, in the Ode of Sappho to Venus, translates the words αἶψα δ' ἐξίκοντο, *The birds dismist, (while you remain,) Bore back their empty car again;* which interpretation, although completely opposite to the real meaning of the words, was suggested by Mlle. Le Fèvre, and commended by Addison as a pretty conceit. The same mistake had been made by M. Longuepierre, or, in classical Latin, Longopetraeus, who translates thus, *Vous étiez descendue à peine, et promptement Ils réprirent la route.*

646. Τί χρῆμ' ἀϋτῆς πᾶν τόδ' ἐπλήσθη στίγος; 'Nota interrogationis vel post τί χρῆμα, vel in fine versus collocari posse monet Reiskius, qui citat Cycl. 99. Τί χρῆμα; Βρομίου πόλιν ἴουγμοι εἰσβαλεῖν.' P. E. The exact state of the case is this; τί χρῆμα; with the mark of interrogation immediately following, signifies, *what is the matter? how now?* Hippol. 919. Ἔα, τί χρῆμα; σὴν δάμαρθ' ὁρῶ, πάτερ, Νεκρόν. Suppl. 103. Ἔα. Τί χρῆμα; καινὰς εἰσβολὰς ὁρῶ λόγων. Aesch. Prom. 298. Ἔα, τί χρῆμα; καὶ σὺ δὴ πόνων ἡμῶν Ἥκεις ἐπόπτης; Theocr. XXI. 25. Μὴ λαθόμαν; τί

τὰ

τὸ χρῆμα; The same sense is to be given to τί χρίος; v. 96. of this play, and Aesch. Ag. 85. Τί χρίος; τί νέον; But τί χρῆμα, when used as in the verse before us, according to its present punctuation, is for διὰ τί χρῆμα, as in v. 633. Τί χρῆμα κεῖσαι, καὶ κατηφὴς ὄμμ' ἔχεις; 709. Τί χρῆμα μέλλεις, τῆν φρενῶν οὐκ ἔνδον ὤν, Λείπειν μ' ἔρημον ξὺν τέκνοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς;

657. Σὲ, πρόσθε ναοῦ τοῦδ' ὅπως βαίης πύλας. i. e. Σὲ καλῶν. Some editions have Σὺ. Mr. Elmsley confirms the old reading from Helen. 353. Soph. Ant. 441. Σὲ δὴ, σὲ τὴν νεύουσαν εἰς πίδον κάρα, Φὴς, ἢ καταρνεῖ μὴ δεδρακέναι τόδε; where we would read Σέ τοι, σὲ τὴν ν. Oed. C. 1578. Σέ τοι κικλήσκω, τὸν αἰὲν ἄϋπνον. Aj. 1228. Σέ τῳ, τὸν ἐκ τῆς αἰχμαλωτίδος, λέγω. El. 1445. Σέ τοι, σὲ κρίνω, ναὶ σὲ. τὴν ἐν τῷ πάρος Χρόνῳ θρασεῖαν. Eurip. Ion. 219. Σέ τοι, τὸν παρὰ ναὸν, αὐδῶ.

961. Ἄταρ τί, χώρα τῇδε προσβαλὼν πόδα, Ποῦ νῦν ἄπιστι; τίς νιν εἶργε συμφορὰ Ξὺν σοὶ φανέντα δεῦρ' ἰμὴν τέρψαι φρένα; Mr. Elmsley conjectures, Παῖς νῦν ἄπιστι. We think the true reading to be Σοῦ νῦν ἄπιστι.

688. Ἀλλ' οὖν μαχοῦμ' ἀριθμὸν οὐκ ἐλάσσονι. — μαχοῦμαί γ' ἀριθμὸν P. E.

693. Ὡς μὴ μενοῦντα, ταλλά σοι λέγειν πάρα. Mr. Elmsley illustrates the construction ὡς μὴ μενοῦντα, and observes in the Addenda, that the tragedians never cut off ι in the dative singular. One instance he has overlooked, viz. Aesch. Pers. 852. Ὑπαντιάζειν παιδ' ἐμῷ πειράσομαι, where παιδ' is for παιδί. v. 836. Ὑπαντίαζε παιδί.

706. Χρὴ γνωσιμαχεῖν σὴν ἡλικίαν. — Χρῆν P. E. We prefer the present tense.

742. ξύμμαχος γένοιο μοι. Τοιοῦτος, οἷος ἂν τροπὴν Εὐρυσθέως Θείην. Mr. Elmsley explains the concluding words to mean, ὥσθ' ἱμὲ τροπὴν Εὐρυσθέως θεῖναι. We think that the true reading is θείης. For assuredly τοιοῦτος and οἷος must refer to the same object, as in that memorable declaration of Socrates, ὡς ἐγὼ οὐ μόνον νῦν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀεὶ τοιοῦτος, οἷος τῶν ἐμῶν οὐδένι ἄλλῳ πείθεσθαι, ἢ τῷ λόγῳ, ὃς ἂν μοι λογιζομένῳ βέλτιστος φαίνηται. Herod. l. 71. Ὦ βασιλεῦ, ἐπ' ἄνδρας τοιούτους στρατεύεσθαι παρασκευάζεαι, οἳ σκυτίνας μὲν ἀναξυρίδας — φορέουσι. Cf. Suppl. 746. Cresphont. *ap. Stob. p.* 381.

752. Ἰαχήσατε. — 'Dixi ad Soph. Oed. T. 1222. secundam in ἰαχὴ et ἰαχεῖν communem esse, neque quidquam caussæ esse cur scriberetur ἰαχχὴ et ἰαχχεῖν. Postea vero suspicio mihi oborta est, ἰαχὰ et ἰαχεῖν media correpta e Doricis ἀχὰ et ἀχεῖν, interdum etiam ex Atticis ἠχὴ et ἠχεῖν, librariorum errore nata.' P. E. Mr. Elmsley proceeds to correct those passages which seem to oppose his observation, in a very probable manner. For our parts, we still think that the verb should be written ἰαχχίω, where the second syllable is long. From ἴαχχος or ἰάχχη a religious exclamation, are formed ἰαχχίω and ἰαχχάζω, the latter of which verbs is used by Herodotus in the sense of *exclaiming*, and its compound ἐπεξιαχάζω by Aeschylus. We consider therefore ἰαχχίω to be quite distinct from ἰαχέω, the second syllable of which is always short in Homer. In Aristoph. Ran. 215. for Διόνυσον ἐν Λίμναισιν ἰαχήσαμεν. read Διόνυσον ἐν Λίμναις ἰαχχήσαμεν. In Iph. A. 1039. ἰαχχὰν, *a sacred song*, seems better than ἰαχάν. and in Herc. F. 349. ἰαχχεῖ rather than ἰαχεῖ. In v. 1502. of the Helen, for ἐκπέτομαι ἰαχεῖ, should probably be written ἐκπετομέναισιν ἀχεῖ. and in Troad. 515. εἰς Τροίαν ἀχήσω. Musgrave quotes a fragment of the Palamedes,

Palamedes, τυμπάνων ἰάχους. Aesch. Pers. 940. Πίμπλω πολύδακρυν ἰαχάν. Read ἴαχον. In v. 1150. of the Electra ἰάχησι is a *ditrochaeus*, the ἰοτα being made long by the argument, as in Troad. 328. Heracl. 844. Helen. 805. 1924.

753. Καὶ παρὰ θρόνον ἀρχέταν. This rare word ἀρχίτης, which occurs also in Electr. 1149. is to be restored to Aeschylus Pers. 1003. Βεβᾶσι γὰρ ἀρχέται ὅλματοῦ, which we conceive to be far better than ἀγρόται, the common reading, ἀκρόται that of Robortellus, or ἀγρίται, the conjecture of Toup.

779. Φθινὰς ἀμίρα. By these words Brodaeus understands the last day of the month, Musgrave the first; to whose opinion Mr. Elmsley accedes: 'Nullus enim dies majori jure φθινὰς ἡμέρα appellari potest, quam is, in quo sit solis et lunæ coitus (conjunctio).' This reason is not quite correct: for supposing the first day of the month to be really what its name imports, νουμηνία, since the time of a synodic revolution of the moon is only 29*d.* 12*h.* 44′. 2″, it is evident that the conjunction of the two luminaries would take place on the 30th day, or ἵνη καὶ νία, which name, as Plutarch tells us, was given it by Solon on this very account, because during part of that day the moon was old, and for the remaining part new. On no account therefore can φθινὰς ἀμέρα be referred to the first day of the month. It signifies, probably, either the last, or the 21st, on which day they began to reckon the days μηνὸς φθίνοντος.

778. 'Retinendum κεύθει, quod pro κεύθεται ponitur.' Musgrav. 'Κεύθεται non est Graecum. Hujus enim vocis sola activa forma usurpatur.' P. E. i. e. *apud Atticos.* Iliad Υ. 244. Θείομεν εἰς ὅ κεν αὐτὸς ἐγὼν ἀΐδῃ κεύθωμαι. Apollon. Rhod. IV. 535. Τούνεκεν εἰσέτι νῦν κείνη ὅδε κεύθεται αἴη.

782. Ὀλολύγματα πάννυχίοις ὑπὸ παρθένων ἰαχεῖ ποδῶν κρότοισι. 'Ordo est, ὀλολύγματα ἰαχεῖ ὑπὸ πανυχίοις κρότοισι παρθένων ποδῶν. Resonant ululatus ad nocturnos plausus virgineorum pedum.' P. E. The order is rather, ὀλολύγματα ὑπιαχεῖ παν. κ. π. π. or ὀλολύγματα ἰαχεῖ ὑπὸ παρθένων ποδῶν πανυχίοις κρότοισι. — for ὑπὸ, in the sense of *ad*, requires a genitive case; Bacch. 155. Μίλπετε τὸν Διόνυσον βαρυβρόμων ὑπὸ τυμπάνων. Soph. El. 710. Χαλκῆς ὑπαὶ σάλπιγγος ἦξαν. (Cf. v. 630.) Homer. Il. Σ. 492. Νύμφας δ' ἐκ θαλάμων δαΐδων ὕπο λαμπομενάων Ἡγίνεον ἄνα ἄστυ. Hesiod Scut. 280. Αἱ δ' ὑπὸ φορμίγγων ἄναγον χόρον ἱμερόεντα. Archilochus *ap. Schol. Aristoph. Ran.* 1426. ὑπ' αὐλητῆρος' ἀείδων. Pindar. Ol. IV. 4. ὑπὸ ποικιλοφθέγκτοις ἀοιδᾶς. Herodot. I. 17. ἐστρατεύετο δὲ ὑπὸ συρίγγων τε καὶ ψηκτίδων. (where see Wesseling.) VII. 21. ἄρυσσον ὑπὸ μαστίγων. *Sub* is used by Horace in the same sense, *Sub cantu querulae despice tibiae.*

784. Δίσποινα, μύθους σοί τε συντομωτάτους Κλύειν, ἐμοί τε τῷδε καλλίστους φέρω. — τοῦσδε καλλίστους. P. E. i. e. λέγειν.

793. Ὁ μὲν γέρων οὐκ ἔστιν Ἰολάος ὅδε; Mr. Elmsley's conjecture, Ὁ μὲν γέρων οὖν ἔστιν Ἰολάος ἔτι; gives better sense. We might read, Ὁ μὲν γέρων οὖν Ἰολάος, οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅδε; Orest. 1074. Σοὶ μὲν γάρ ἐστι πόλις, ἐμοὶ δ' οὐκ ἔστι δῆ. 1079. κἄδος δὲ τοὐμὸν καὶ σὸν οὐκ ἔτ' ἐστὶ δῆ.

801. Ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἀλλήλοισιν ἐπλίτην στρατὸν Κατὰ στόμ' ἐκτείνοντες ἀντιτάξαμεν — ἐκτείνοντας, P. E. The correction of Aesch. Pers. 831. pro-

posed by Mr. Elmsley in the Addenda, has been anticipated by the flower of critics, Mr. Schütz.

802. Ἐκβὰς—πώδα. Mr. Elmsley refers to Mr. Porson's excellent note on the Orestes, v. 1427. to whose instances of βαίνω, used transitively, we may add two; Helen. 35. τὰ δ' αὖ Διὸς Βουλεύματ' ἄλλα τοῖσδε συμβαίνει κακοῖς. Pancrates in Athenaeus, XI. p. 478. A. Αὐτὰς ὄγε σπείσας ἐκ κοινὸν ἀργυρέοιο Νίκητας, ἐπ' ἀλλοδαπὰν οἶμον ἔβαινε πώδα.

828. Ὁ δ' αὖ, τό τ' Ἄργος μὴ καταισχῦναι θέλων,
Καὶ τὰς Μυκήνας, ξυμμάχους ἐλίσσετο.—

θέλειν is an indubitable correction adopted by Mr. Elmsley, who justly observes, that the word ἐλίσσετο *supplicabat* is purposely used, to expresst he timidity of Eurystheus. It reminds us forcibly of the illustrious Transatlantic General Hopkins, who, when his army (which breathed nothing but vengeance against the Kickapoos) was disordered by a gust of wind, *requested* that he might be *allowed* to *dictate* the course to be pursued for one day: εἶτα, τοιοῦτος γεγὼς, Τοὺς Ἡρακλείους ἦλθε δουλώσων γόνους.

830. Ὀρθιον. *Magno sonitu.* P. E. The correct English is, *a rousing strain.* Homer Iliad. A. 11. Ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἤϋσε θεὰ μέγα τε δεινόν τε, Ὀρθὸν Ἀχαιοῖσιν. The ὄρθιος νόμος of the musicians was *an inspiring strain,* with which Timotheus * roused Alexander. See the notes on Proclus p. 436. ed. Gaisford. *Sopater Stobæi* XLIV. p. 311. τὸν ὄρθιον τῆς ἀριστῆς ᾠδῆς νόμον. Cf. Harpocrat. v. Ἀναρθίαζον.

836. πούς ἐπαλλαχθεὶς ποδί. The following words of Tyrtaeus are more in point than the passages adduced by Brodaeus. Καὶ πώδα πὰρ ποδὶ θεὶς, καὶ ἐπ' ἀσπίδος ἀσπίδ' ἐρείσας. (*ap. Stob.* I. *p.* 189.) And the following passage of Thucydides is more fully illustrative of the phrase ἐπαρτίᾳ μάχῃ, Mr. Elmsley's correction, than those in the note, τὸ δὲ ἄλλο στρατόπεδον παρτιρᾷ μάχῃ καὶ ὠθισμῷ ἀσπίδων συνεστήκει. IV. 96.

840. To Mr. Elmsley's instance of ἀρήγω in the sense of *repelling,* add Aesch. Theb. 121. ἄρηξον δαΐων ἄλωσιν.

845. ἵππιον δίφρον. 'Nostro loco non refragabor quo minus ἵππιον δίφρον legatur. Quamquam multo libentius retinerem ἵππιον δίφρον quam ἵππιον θεὸν, ἵππιον Ἄργος, ἵππιον Ποσειδᾶν, et similia.' P. E. Mr. Elmsley seems tacitly to allude to an opinion which we threw out in this Journal, Vol. VIII. p. 225. that the form ἵππιος is never used by the Tragedians, there being only one passage where the metre requires it, viz. Hippol. 1352. of which we proposed a simple correction. In the verse before us we conceive the true reading to be ἱππικὸν δίφρον. v. 854. Δίσσω γὰρ ἀστίᾳ' ἱππικοῖς ὑπὸ ζυγοῖς. Beck's Index will furnish six other instances in which ἱππικὸν is coupled with ἅρμα or similar words, and only one where ἵππιον is similarly circumstanced, viz. Helen. 1511. where, no doubt, should be read ἱππικὸν ἅρμα. In the same way we find πωλικῶν ζυγῶν, πωλικοὺς ὄχους, &c. βοϊκὰ ζεύγη, Pollux, X. 53. ζεύγη ὀνικὰ, καὶ ζεύγη ἡμιονικὰ, καὶ δὴ καὶ ἱππικά. It appears to us that ἱππικὸς means

* It is worth while to compare the description given by Dryden of the effects wrought by the music of Timotheus, with that of Himerius the Sophist in the Bibliotheca of Photius, p. 1028.

*equinus,*

equinus, and ἵππιος *ab equo dictus*, as ἵππιος Κόλωνος, ἵππιος Ποσειδῶν, and the like.

847. τἀπὸ τοῦδ' ἤδη κλέων Λέγοι μὲν ἄλλος. Λέγοιμ' ἂν ἄλλον, Valckenaer. as it is quoted by Mr. Porson. ad. Orest. 1679. Λέγοιμ' ἂν ἄλλων P. E. which we prefer. To Mr. Elmsley's instances add Med. 652. Εἶδμεν· οὐκ ἐξ ἑτέρων Μύθων ἴχομεν φράσασθαι.

849. Παλληνίδος. 'Quae in vico Atticae colitur, cui Pallene nomen.' Musgr. 'Nomen non Παλλήνη, sed Παλληνος fuisse suspicor, ex adverbio Παλλήναδε, cujus loco Βαλλήναδε per jocum dixit Aristoph. Ach. 234.' P. E.

893. εἰ λίγεια λώτου χάρις ἰνὶ δαιτί. We approve of Mr. Elmsley's conjecture, ἰωὶ δαιτί. Med. 195. Οἵτινες ὕμνους ἰωὶ μὲν θαλίαις, Ἐωὶ δ' ἐλατίναις καὶ παρὰ δείπνοις Εὕροντο. Helen. 175. ἰωὶ δάκρυσι, *inter lacrymas.*

899. τελεσσιδότειρα. 'Analogiae repugnare videtur haec vox per Ω scripta. ὀλβοδότειρα legitur in Bacch. 419. ὑπατόδοτειρα in Or. 175.' P.E. Add βαρυδότειρα, Aesch. Theb. 977.

900. Αἰών τι Κρόνου παῖς. We do not remember to met with this *Aeon* in any of the more ancient poets, and we cannot help suspecting that he was inserted here by some copyist versed in the writings of Proclus and the Platonists. The line of Pseudo-Orpheus, quoted by Musgrave, we conceive to be the offspring of some Gnostic Christian. We would write the concluding verses of the strophe and antistrophe as follows.

| Σ. | Α. |
|---|---|
| πολλὰ γὰρ τίκτει | θεὸς παραγγέλλει, |
| Μοῖρα τελεσσιδότειρ', | τῶν ἀδίκων γε παρας- |
| ἀεὶ ὧν τε Κρόνου παῖς. | χῶν φρονήματος ἀεί. |

Iliad. A. 209. θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες. Callim. Jov. 9. σὺ δ' οὐ θάνες, ἴσσι γὰρ αἰεί.'

926. ᾧ θυμὸς ἦν περὶ δίκας βίαιος. 'Hanc locutionem non alibi reperi. Passim occurrit πέρα δίκης.' P. E. We understand the words to mean. 'to whom the gratification of his anger was of more account than justice.' Plato Crit. 16. μήτε παῖδας περὶ πλείονος ποιοῦ, μήτε τὸ ζῆν, μήτε ἄλλο μηδὲν πρὸ τοῦ δικαίου.

961. Οὐκ ἔστ' ἀνυστὸν τόνδε σοι καταστανεῖν. Οὐκ ἔστιν ὁσιὸν is the excellent correction of Mr. Elmsley, who quotes Iph. T. 1044. It is strongly confirmed by v. 1011. Οὐχ ἁγνός εἰμὶ τῷ κτανόντι κατθανών.

968. 'Eo sensu quo nostro loco legitur ἀπιστῆσαι, utrumque ἀπιθῆσαι et ἀπειθῆσαι usurpant tragici. Soph. Phil. 1447. Οὐκ ἀπιθῆσω τοῖς σοῖς μύθοις. Eurip. Or. 31. Ὅμως δ' ἀφίκτειν', οὐκ ἀπειθήσας θεῷ.' P. E. We have little doubt but that in the second of these instances should be read ἀπιστήσας. Ion. 557. Τῷ θεῷ γὰρ (not γοῦν) οὐκ ἀπιστεῖν κἀκός. Aesch. Agam. 1059. Πείθου· ἀν, εἰ φιλεῖ θου, ἀπειθοίης δ' ἴσως, which verse, as it stands, is bad Greek, and of which we are unable to propose a plausible correction. We are of opinion that the Attic poets never used the word ἀπειθέω, because, if we mistake not, they had no such adjective as ἀπειθής, but formed compounds of this sort from the aorist ἔπιθον. The metre requires εὐπειθής, with the penultima short, in Aesch. Prometh. 333. Agam. 984. In Eurip. Androm. 819. for εὐπειθέστερος at the end of a senarius, nobody will hesitate to replace εὐπειθέστερος. Hesych. Ἀπειθής. ἀνυπότακτος.

ἀνυπόστακτος· Σοφοκλῆς Αἰχμαλωτίσιν. We do not consider this authority of any weight. Homer always uses ἀεικθιῦν with the second syllable short.

969. Χρῆν τόνδε μὴ ζῆν, μηδ' ὁρᾶν φάος τόδε. 'Φάος τόδε senarium claudunt in Hippol. 907. 993. Alc. 1142.' P. E. Alc. 80. Ὅστις ἂν ἐνίκων κότερον φθιμένην Τὴν βασίλειαν χρὴ κτενθεῖν, ἢ Ζῶσ' ἔτι λύσσει φῶς Πελίου παῖς. We read, κότερον φθιμένην Χρὴ βασίλειαν κτενθεῖν, ἢ ζῶσ' Ἔτι παῖς Πελιου λύσσει τόδε φῶς. Helen. 60. Ἕως μὲν οὖν φῶς ἡλίου τόδ' ἔβλεπε Πρωτεύς. 845. θανόντος σοῦ, τόδ' ἐκλείψειν φάος.

978. πρὸς ταῦτα, τὴν θρασεῖαν, ὅστις ἂν θέλοι, — Λίξει. ὅστις ἂν θέλῃ P. E. Where ὅστις has the force of *whosoever may*, it requires a subjunctive, as here and in Helen. 154. Κτείνει γὰρ Ἕλλην', ὅστιν' ἂν λάβῃ, ξένον. Where it is used for the relative ὃς, it requires either an indicative, as in Helen. 9. Θεοκλύμενον ἄρσεν', ὅστις εἰς θεοὺς σέβων Βίον διήνεγκ', or an optative with ἄν. as Alc. 80. Ἀλλ' οὐδὲ φίλων τις φίλας οὐδεὶς, Ὅστις ἂν ἐνίκων. Helen. 442. τίς ἂν σωλῆρὸς ἐκ δόμων μόλοι, Ὅστις διαγγείλειε τἄμ' εἴσω κακά. Read Ὅς ἂν διαγγείλειε. We are not satisfied with the future tense Λίξει after πρὸς ταῦτα, which words, when used as in this passage, are commonly followed by an imperative mood. Med. 1355. Πρὸς ταῦτα, καὶ λίαινον, εἰ βούλει, κάλει, Καὶ Σκύλλαν.

985. διελίαν ὄφλειν τινά.—ὀφλεῖν τινα is given by Mr. Elmsley, who observed in his valuable edition of the Acharneans of Aristophanes that ὄφλον is an aorist.

986. Ἐγὼ δὲ νεῖκος οὐχ ἑκὼν τόδ' ἠράμην
ἤδη γε σοὶ μὲν αὐτανέψιος γεγώς.
Οὐ δῆτα· σοὶ μὲν ἀ. γ. P. E. which is no doubt the genuine reading.

1002. πάντα κινῆσαι πέτρον. Diogenian. VII. 42. πάντα κινήσω πέτρον. Two accounts of the origin of this proverbial expression, *to leave not a stone unturned*, are given by Photius, of which Mr. Elmsley prefers the second, which says that it took its rise from those who hunted for crabs. We think it more likely to have been originally said of those, who carefully turned up the loose stones in the pavement of their houses, to see if any scorpions were concealed under them. A drinking song in Athenæus XV. p. 695. D. runs thus, Ὑπὸ παντὶ λίθῳ σκόρπιος, ὦ τᾶν, ἐπιδύεται. Φράζου μή σε βάλῃ, (*vulg.* ὦ ταῖς) which is clearly addressed to some person employed in turning up the stones to search for scorpions. Sophocles Αἰχμαλωτίσιν. — Ἐν παντὶ γάρ τοι σκόρπιος φρουρεῖ λίθῳ.

1014. Πρὸς ἀγ' εἶπας, ἀληκούσας — Προσεῖπας, αντήκουσας. P. E. We prefer Mr. Elmsley's second conjecture, Ἀγ' εἶπας ἀντήκουσας. Alc. 701. εἰ δ' ἠράσ κακῶς Ἔρωτι, ἀκούσει πολλὰ κοὐ ψευδῆ κακά. Homer Il. Υ. 250. Ὅσσοιον εἴπησθα ἔπος, τοῖόν κ' ἐπακούσαις. Hesiod. Op. Di. 719. Εἴ δὲ κακὸν εἴποις, τάχα κ' αὐτὸς μεῖζον ἀκούσαις. Alcæus (ap. *Procl. in Hesiod.* p. 153.) Εἶκ' εἴποις τὰ θέλεις, ἀκούσαις τά κ' οὐ θέλεις. Read, Αἶκ' εἴπῃς τὰ θέλεις, ἀκούσεις τά κ' οὐ θέλοις. Terent. Andr. V. iv. 17. *Si mi pergit quae volt dicere, ea quæ nonvolt audiet.*

1026. Κτενῶ, οὐ παραιτοῦμαί σε· τήνδε δὴ πόλιν—Χρησμῷ παλαιῷ Δοξίου Ἀρήσομαι — τήνδε δὴ πτόλιν. P. E. We apprehend that the true reading is, τὴν δὲ δὴ πόλιν. Orest. 52. Ἥκει γὰρ εἰς γῆν Μυσίας Τροίας ἄπο, δώμασι πλαγχθεὶς· τὴν δὲ δὴ πολύστονον Ἑλένην — σεσύμφυμεν.

1040. ἀλλὰ

1040. ἀλλὰ μήτι μοι χοὰς, Μήθ' αἷμ' ἰάσῃς εἰς ἐμὸν στάξαι τάφον. For τάφον Mr. Elmsley receives τάφου, the correction of Heath. Not one of the commentators has understood the passage. Eurystheus means to say, 'Do not suffer them (the Heraclidæ) to pour out libations (στάξαι χοάς) upon my tomb, nor let them avert the evils I threaten, by performing these offices of friendship to me;' (as Clytaemnestra strove to avert the anger of Agamemnon by sending libations to his tomb. Soph. Electr. 446.). This interpretation in some measure explains v. 1050. where Alcmena says, that after his death he may be given to the dogs for any thing she cares. We cannot imagine why Eurystheus should suppose that *blood* would be sprinkled on his tomb. The only libations to the dead mentioned by *Greek* authors, consisted of wine, milk, honey and water. See Iliad Ψ. 220. Aesch. Pers. 610. Soph. El. 434. 894. Eurip. Or. 114. Iph. T. 633. Alcæus in Brunck's Analecta I. p. 490. Antipater *ibid.* II. p. 26. except in the case of magical incantations, as in Heliodorus Aeth. VI. p. 301. ed. 1611. We think therefore that for μήθ' αἷμ' ἰάσῃς should be read μὴ ῥεῦμ' ἰάσῃς. In an Epigram of Hegemon are the words Σκάρτας χίλιοι ἄνδρες ἴσχυον αἷμα τὸ Πέρσῶν. Mr. Huschke judiciously restores ῥεῦμα τὸ Περσῶν. Then for ΤΟΠΟΝ we read ΠΟΤΟΝ. Posidippus in Athenæus I. p. 32. B. Διψηρὸς, ἄτοπος, ὁ μυρίνης, ὁ τίμιος, read, Διψηρὸς, ΑΠΟΤΟΣ. The whole verse we would read thus, Μὴ ῥεῦμ' ἰάσῃς εἰς ἐμὰ στάξαι ποτόν. Finally we observe, that vv. 1037. 8. 9. and part of 1040. should be included in a parenthesis.

1054. τὰ γὰρ ἐξ ἡμῶν. 'Sic τάπὸ σοῦ apud Soph. Oed. C. 1628. P.E. Soph. El. 1464. Καὶ δὴ τιλεῖται τάπ' ἐμοῦ. Eurip. Iph. A. 1214. νῦν δὲ, τάπ' ἐμοῦ σοφὰ, Δάκρυα παρείξω. Heracl. 23. ἀσθενῆ μὲν τάπ' ἐμοῦ διδαχότες. In v. 1272. for ἀλλὰ τάπὶ σοῦ σκόπει should be written ἀλλὰ τάπὸ σοῦ σκόπει.

In perusing the present volume we have observed the following typographical errors, besides those which are noticed in the *errata*. V. 782. ὕπο for ὑπὸ. 986. οὐκ ἐκὼν for οὐχ ἑκὼν. p. 56, l. Ἀθήνῃσι for Ἀθήνῃσι. l. 2. Ἀγόραιος for Ἀγοραῖος. p. 119, 18. Agam. 1468. for 1648.

The number of pages which we have devoted to the consideration of this small volume, will be sufficient to shew the estimation in which we hold Mr. Elmsley's critical labours. In fact we take some shame to ourselves, for not having assigned a portion of our former numbers to an analysis of his editions of the Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles and the Acharneans of Aristophanes. The appearance of a third portion of the Greek drama under the same auspices reminded us of our neglect, for which we have now endeavoured to make amends by giving a tolerably accurate account of the alterations which Mr. Elmsley has made in the received text of Euripides. We should, in all likelihood, have made our article more acceptable to our critical readers, had we quoted more of Mr. Elmsley's observations and fewer of our own. But we recommend

them to read his notes entire; and if they fail to derive from them a great deal of information which is both valuable and new, they will either be better scholars or greater dunces than we give them credit for being. An attentive perusal of Mr. Elmsley's publications has convinced us, that he has studied the remains of the Greek theatre with greater accuracy and attention than almost any scholar of his own or former times; and we cannot help expressing a wish, in which every lover of classical literature will join, that he may finish the web which he so ably began on a former occasion, and give to the world a correct and useful edition of the most dignified and polished of the Greek tragedians.

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ART. VII. 1. *Des Progrès de la Puissance Russe depuis son Origine jusqu'au Commencement du 19ème Siècle.* Par Mr. L——. Paris, 1812. 8vo. pp. 514.

2. *Seconde Guerre de Pologne, ou Considérations sur la Paix publique du Continent, et sur l'Indépendance Maritime de l'Europe.* Par M. M. de Montgalliard. Paris, 1812. 8vo. pp. 330.

'THE grand object in travelling,' said Dr. Johnson, 'is to see the coasts of the Mediterranean. On those shores were situated the four great empires of the world—the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman: all our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean.' There are few, we imagine, who have not felt the justice of this observation; and it may perhaps be considered as one of the many disadvantages attendant upon the evil days on which we are fallen, that all access to the most interesting parts of Europe has been for some time denied to our countrymen. But though the grand tour, that indispensable part of the education of the fashionable men of former days, be no longer practicable, a more anxious desire for that species of information, which is alone to be gained by foreign travel, has at no time prevailed than at present; and, as in the commercial world, we find, when one channel of communication is stopped, another is speedily opened, the spirit of inquiry has lately led our countrymen into regions which formerly were but rarely visited. The islands of Greece have been explored in every direction, and no traveller can now return home, with any degree of self-satisfaction, unless he have traversed the Krimea, peeped into the Grand Signior's harem, or selected some favored spot in the Archipelago, as a retreat from the tedium of his native country.

The events too of the last campaign, have rendered Russia more than ever an object of curiosity, and the great part which she has

has to perform in the present momentous struggle, for the freedom of Europe, has imparted new interest to every thing that bears relation to that gigantic power.

In modern France, and indeed throughout the greater part of the continent, the art of war is the only one that appears to flourish; and though we hear much of the ostentatious protection shewn by Buonaparte to men of science, and the encouragement afforded to their works, the productions of the French press too clearly evince that the minds of the writers on political subjects in France are as much enslaved by the jealousy of the tyrant, as their persons are by the code of conscription. The same tone which pervades the bulletins of the *Grand Army*, is discoverable in all their writings on public matters, and no one can doubt that the severe control which Buonaparte has exercised over the press, has been throughout of incalculable advantage to his cause. We require, indeed, no farther proof of the importance which he attaches to this powerful instrument, than the order which was issued by Davoust on regaining possession of Hamburg, by which the inhabitants were required to give up all the publications that had appeared against the French during the short lived freedom of that city.

Impressed as we are with this idea, our readers will believe that we did not enter on the perusal of the works before us with any sanguine expectation of meeting with much valuable or impartial information on the subject of Russia. She has proved herself lately the most formidable opponent that Buonaparte ever had to contend with on the continent; and, excepting in some instances, where she has been led into a mistaken policy by the folly of her rulers, or by the pressure of the times, she has always sided with England in her wars against France. The alliance between the two countries is one which mutual interest will naturally point out, and their relations of amity are not liable to be broken by too close proximity, or by too great an equality in point of naval or military force.

The anonymous publication which we have selected for our purpose, is pronounced by those who are enabled to judge from the appearance of the types, to be the production of the Imperial Press, and we believe that it has undergone the revision which all works are subject to published in a similar manner. The author does not profess to enter very deeply into the history or geography of the Russian empire, but to confine himself to a detail of the progress of its political power from its origin to the commencement of the 19th century, and with this view he appears to have consulted almost every modern work which has been published on the subject of Russia, or in any degree touched upon the

politics of the country, from the caustic accounts of Olearius down to the Edinburgh Review and the Travels of *Sir T. M'Gill.*

It was not to be expected that a French author, in preparing a compilation of this kind, should not turn with avidity to a work so congenial to his feelings, and so adapted to his purpose, as the first volume of Dr. Clarke's Travels in the North of Europe, and he accordingly has not neglected to quote from it, and to dwell, on every occasion, with peculiar delight, upon the exaggerated statements which it contains.

As we understand that the events of the last campaign in Russia have failed to produce that change in the Doctor's sentiments, which we are inclined to believe they have done in those of many who had been misled by him, we doubt not he will be much flattered by this notice of his book; but we must be allowed to express our regret that it should have furnished such ample materials for the work before us. We must do the French author the justice to state, that he fairly confesses his inability to give entire credit to all the extraordinary facts which Dr. Clarke and other English travellers have related to the disparagement of Russia, and that he seems as much surprized as we ourselves could be, that such exaggerated, and in many instances, unfounded, censures of the characters, manners, and institutions of the Russians should be to be found principally in the writings of a nation connected with them by every tie of interest and friendship. The author thus expresses himself on the subject.

'Nous nous sommes attachés à citer des auteurs dont le caractère, le rang, ou la connaissance qu'ils avaient du pays, rendent le temoignage plus respectable; et s'il en est qui paraissent *moins dignes de foi*, on sera surpris de les trouver chez une nation dont les Russes devaient attendre le plus de menagemens: nos lecteurs nous sauront peut-être gré d'être plus modérés envers nos ennemis actuels, que les Anglais ne le sont envers leurs plus intimes alliés.'

Our author informs us in his preface, that when he enters at all into detail on the nature of the country upon which he is writing, or on the manners of the inhabitants, he merely does so with the view of explaining the grand events in the political history of Russia, which have produced that progressive rise in her power and importance which it is his intention to describe. He has, in this respect, followed the example of many others who have written for political purposes, and we look in vain to the compilation before us for any fresh information on several most interesting subjects relative to the internal state of Russia.

As we shall touch upon the chief points which are worth adverting to, in our remarks upon M. Montgalliard, we shall only observe

observe that the anonymous work is interlarded with such reflections as the actual position of Russia would naturally suggest, and with the usual strain of abuse against this country; and we shall confine ourselves to a few remarks chiefly on the errors into which the author has fallen from a want of judgment in the selection of the authorities he has consulted.

He has been led astray, in some instances, by Dr. Clarke, though certainly not in the same degree that many others have been. That gentleman is kind enough to warn us against giving credit to Puffendorf, who observes, (for this is the passage, we presume, to which the Doctor alludes,)—'Qu'on se tromperoit beaucoup si, pour connoître les Russes d'aujourdhui, on s'arrêtoit aux portraits qui ont été faits de cette nation, avant le commencement de ce siècle.' We should be disposed to extend this caution to writings of a later period: had the author himself, for instance, attended to it, he might have escaped many inaccuracies. Thus, he estimates the population of the Krimea at nearly one half less than it was previously to the occupation of that peninsula by the Russians. We have always understood, on the contrary, and from authority which we are less inclined to dispute than that of Dr. Clarke, that the Tartars at first did emigrate by thousands, from apprehension of their new masters, but that on finding they were allowed to enjoy their former privileges and possessions, they almost all returned. The general air of comfort visible throughout that part of the Krimea which they inhabit, affords reason to believe that they by no means repent of having done so.

The filthy employment in which Dr. Clarke asserts, that 'beauteous princesses of Mosco' are occupied, as well as every other Russian, let his rank be what it may, is glanced at by the Frenchman as a proof of the indelicacy of the English taste, presuming somewhat unfairly from the particular to the general, that the Doctor would not have inserted such disgusting details unless agreeable to the bulk of his readers: and he amusingly enough attributes the exaggerations of which he conceives the Doctor is guilty in his accounts of the superstition of the Russian people, to his being a member of the reformed religion.

A long quotation is given by our author descriptive of the eternal flagellation which Dr. Clarke asserts is exercised in Russia, from one quarter of the empire to the other. Even in the time of Paul this was far from being a true statement. That Emperor's delight was rather to punish by some ridiculous device, than by any severity of discipline. Had cruelty been his characteristic, the Doctor himself might not, perhaps, have escaped a journey to Siberia; but even in this land of liberty we have been called a

'flogged

'flogged nation,' and we ought not therefore to be surprized that Russia has not escaped a similar imputation.

Tuberville, who was secretary of embassy in the reign of Ivan IV. amused the world by a poetical account of what he had seen in Russia, and our author observes as a *national trait*, that, after abusing the Russians in return for all the kindness he had experienced at their hands, to such a degree as to render him liable to the charge of ingratitude, he declares that he had suppressed much offensive matter from apprehension of endangering our commercial interests in that country. In those days we see that authors were sometimes induced by a sense of propriety to compress their observations, and we wish Dr. Clarke had profited by Tuberville's example.

We cannot give our readers a better specimen of the author's stile, and of his talents for accurate comparisons, than by calling their attention to the following passage, wherein he traces some points of resemblance between this country and Russia.

'Il y a encore entre l'Angleterre et la Russie des points de rapprochement que la disparité si apparente de leur constitution politique et morale ne peut empêcher d'apercevoir. La première tient assujettis sous son sceptre des peuples aussi opposés de mœurs, de religion, et même de langage, que ceux qui composent le vaste empire des Russies. Le fier montagnard Ecossais, le robuste Irlandais, l'Indien efféminé, ne sont pas plus façonnés au joug Britannique que l'habitant du Caucase, le brave Tartare ou le guerrier Polonais à l'oppression Moscovite. Le gouvernement Russe, tout despotique qu'il parait, doit peut être encore aujourdhui toute sa vigueur à l'esprit orgueilleux de ses anciens boyards, tour à tour les maîtres et les esclaves du trône; cet esprit se courbe et se relève comme par un ressort mystérieux dont le développement imprévu a souvent produit de soudaines et terribles catastrophes. On pourrait lui comparer l'oligarchie *ténébreuse* qui régit en secret les affaires de la Grande Bretagne. Que quelques lords s'assemblent à Londres dans une taverne, avec les chefs du parti populaire, le ministère tombe, et l'axe du monde politique est ébranlé: qu'une faction se forme au sein de la cour de Russie, qu'un Orloff soulève quelques compagnies des gardes, et l'empire change de maître. Il y a donc, dans deux gouvernements si différents par leur forme, un principe égal d'inquiétude, de discorde, et d'activité, qui les pousse incessamment à troubler l'harmonie du système général, et sur cette simple donnée, il serait encore possible de prouver que la Russie et l'Angleterre ont occasioné presque toutes les guerres du dernier siècle.'

The conclusion of this work, which affects the prophetic character, calls for no particular observation, except it be that we do not recollect a more decided instance of an unfortunate prediction than the following.

On ne verra plus les farouches enfans du nord menacer nos campagnes,

pagnes, nos cités et nos arts; déjà ils ont fui la terre fertile qu'ils avaient desolée. Bientot ils maudiront l'alliance d'Albion, elle n'empêchera point qu'ils ne reconnaissent enfin des barrières, que leur orgueil n'osera plus franchir.'

We now turn to M. Montgalliard. We scarcely expected that any French author would have been found hardy enough to touch upon so delicate a subject as the second Polish war, at a moment so replete with disaster to the French arms as the close of the year 1812; and we considered such a publication at such a time as an additional proof of French assurance; but as the work was written at the commencement of the war it should rather be called an exposé of the causes which produced the rupture between the two powers, or the prospectus of a campaign intended to be fought; for it is unnecessary for us to observe, that the triumphal result which was foretold as destined to attend the arms of Buonaparte has happily been only in anticipation.

It appears that the French army in taking the field last year was accompanied by the usual train of men of science in different departments, whose productions were intended to perpetuate the triumphs of their master; and M. Montgalliard, we suppose, was employed on this service. He was well known in this country some few years ago, and at that time was chiefly distinguished for the inveterate hatred which he expressed to the present ruler of the French government. He is now a count of the empire, and we do not recollect ever to have seen a more nauseous dose of flattery than he has administered to the author of his fortunes in the work before us. It is in fact only a more enlarged view of that position which we have seen laid down in every state-paper that has of late years proceeded from the pen of Buonaparte:—that Russia and England are the sole causes of the desolating war which has for so long a period extended its ravages to every quarter of the globe; and that nothing short of the total expulsion of the Russians from Europe, and the dismemberment of their overgrown empire can secure the civilized countries of the south from being a second time overrun by the barbarians of the north, or preserve the whole world from becoming subject to the tyranny which England has so long exercised over the seas.

The means which our author conceives adequate to avert these dreadful calamities are the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, and the restoration of the Ottoman empire to its pristine splendor; and these objects he considers as sufficient to justify 'cette foule de victoires que les armées Françaises sont maintenant obligées de remporter sur le Volga et sur le Neva:' and, though the Poles may be pardoned for doubting the propriety of the

the selection, the instrument to be employed in this great work is, as may naturally be expected, his patron Buonaparte.

Since the days of Sully no politician has been hardy enough to entertain so gigantic a project as M. Montgalliard has broached in what he call his 'grande verité politique; c'est que le salut de l'Europe veut que l'empire Russe soit relegué en Sibérie.' The French statesman, however, might be excused for proposing to compel the Grand Duke of Muscovy to retire into Asia, should he, after a formal invitation, refuse to enter into Henry's grand political scheme, for at that time the czar was rather considered as an eastern despot than a European potentate, and was a widely different person in political importance from the present Emperor of Russia. At all events, experience has proved that, in modern times, this project is easier in theory than in practice; and the rival of Hannibal, who took the field last year with the confident expectation of compelling the Russian court to retire to Tobolsky, is now obliged to confine his views to the driving back of these 'barbarian hordes' (as he affects to call them) to their 'frightful climate.' So much for the general scope of Montgalliard's book. He has divided it into three chapters, which are entitled Considerations on the following Subjects:

1st. The resources of Russia and her general system of politics.

2dly. On Poland and the intrigues of Russia in regard to that power, and

3dly. On Turkey, and the conduct of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg with respect to the Porte, and more especially to the Treaty of Tilsit which guaranteed its integrity.

We shall not adhere to this arrangement in the observations which we have to offer; and in fact the author might have spared himself the trouble of dividing his work into separate chapters which treat indiscriminately of all the subjects before him. Though sufficiently puffed up with national vanity, and jealous of the reputation of his countrymen, he is not disposed to allow to M. de Voltaire the rank which has generally been assigned to him in the scale of French writers. His eulogium on Peter the First, and his courtly panegyrics on the Empress Catherine offend the pure and uncontaminated ears of the historian who writes under the auspices of the Great Napoleon, in whose favour an advantageous comparison is drawn at the expense of the czar.

The early part of the Russian history, like the first annals of every other country, contains little that is interesting. The people seem to have been engaged in a constant state of warfare, either with the Poles on one frontier, or the Turks and Tartars on the other; and for near 200 years we find them subject to Genghis Khan

Khan and his descendants. The House of Ruric, however, in 1475 regained the ascendancy, and Russia owes her deliverance from the Tartar yoke to the bravery and skill of Ivan III. On the extinction of the dynasty of Ruric, the family of Romanof asceaded the throne, from which sprung Peter the First. The comprehensive and ambitious mind of this great prince appears early to have discovered the vast importance of obtaining an outlet for the commerce of his country on the Euxine as well as the Baltic Sea, and in consequence it became the object of his constant solicitude, whilst employed in establishing the seat of empire on the gulph of Finland, to secure at the same time a naval station towards Turkey which might open a way for his fleets to the Mediterranean.

The czar has been blamed for not carrying his arms in the first instance against the Turks, and his conduct in this point has been defended by Volney in his Considerations on the Turkish War of 1788. He there contends that Peter, by measuring his strength in the first instance with European powers, acquired an experience in the art of war which gave him great advantages afterwards against his southern neighbours; and he appears at one time to have been so bent upon confining his views of conquest to his western frontier, that the King of Prussia states in his memoirs, that the czar had it once in contemplation to allow the country to the south of the fertile districts around Mosco, to remain an uncultivated steppe as a natural barrier to the incursions of the restless Tartars.

The projects, however, of Peter were not crowned with uniform success. By the unfortunate reverse which his arms sustained on the Pruth, in 1711, he was compelled to restore to the Turks Asoph, and all the possessions which had been formally ceded to him by the peace of Carlowitz in 1699. The vast schemes which were originally planned by the founder of the Russian greatness, have been in some degree followed up by all his successors, but by no one with such signal success as by Catherine II. who at one time did not scruple to avow her sanguine expectation of establishing her grandson at Constantinople, on the ruins of the Turkish empire.

The peace of Kainardgi, in 1774, secured to Russia a passage through the Dardanelles for her merchant ships, and the free navigation of the Black Sea: the nominal independence which it provided for the Krimea, was soon after violated by a manifesto from the empress, which announced her intention of uniting it to her empire. By the Treaty of Jassy, in 1791, she was confirmed in the possession of all these valuable acquisitions, and the Turks were compelled to cede all the territory between the Bog and the Dniester, and to retire behind the latter river. Though the danger

to

to which the Turkish empire was at that time exposed by the success of the Russian arms in this direction did not pass unobserved by foreign powers, no effectual measures were taken to arrest their progress, and the determined resolution shewn by Catherine, not to give up Oczakow, though threatened with an armament from this country, sufficiently evinces the importance she attached to that commanding fortress.

It is curious to observe, that France, who was antiently the foremost in sending forth her chivalrous knights to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, should now proclaim herself as the only ally in whom the sultan can with propriety confide, and that the intrigues of her ambassadors, and the tardy arrival of the diplomatic agents from this country, at moments when their presence was most required, should appear to have persuaded the Turks of the truth of this assertion; and it is no less remarkable that an empire whose dissolution has been so long predicted, should have survived the downfal of its most formidable enemies—the knights of Malta, the Genoese and Venetians. So early as the days of Sully, the Turkish crescent was supposed to be in its wane; and he appears to have imagined that by the Franks, into whose power, according to received tradition, Constantinople was ultimately to fall, were exclusively designated his own countrymen, the French. But in spite of various predictions, and the popular belief among the Turks that their country is to be overrun by a red-haired people from the north, the Grand Signior has quietly continued to divide his time between the placid occupation of chewing opium, and the pleasures of his harem, and has seldom been awakened from the dull uniformity of Ottoman ceremony, excepting by the occasional conflagration of a part of his capital, an unequivocal symptom of discontent among the people.

The feeble condition of the Turkish empire did not escape the notice of Montesquieu, though with his usual acuteness he did not draw the same conclusions from its imbecility that others have already done. His words are worth insertion. 'L'empire des Turcs est à present dans le même degré de foiblesse où étoit autrefois celui des Grecs, mais il subsistera long temps; car, si quelque prince que ce fût, mettroit cet empire en péril, en poursuivant ses conquètes, les trois puissances commerçantes de l'Europe connoissent trop leurs affaires pour n'en pas prendre la défense sur le champ.'

To the clear and comprehensive writings of such an author as this, has succeeded a class of speculators on political subjects, who may with some degree of propriety be termed political empirics. Such men, having no fixed principles to direct their inquiries, are unequal to the task of pointing out the probable course of events by comparing

comparing them with what is past; and with an utter contempt of all interposing difficulties, we find them carried away by some darling project which they prescribe as a panacea to heal all the disorders that may afflict the commonwealth of Europe. Of this school is an author who is frequently quoted by M. Montgalliard under the name of Sir Williams Eton, or in other words, Mr. W. Eton, who, after having been employed for some years as a commercial agent at Constantinople, published, in 1798, a work upon Turkey, remarkable for nothing but the enthusiasm with which he maintains the necessity of carrying into effect his favourite project, the restoration of the Greeks, after proving that they are a people by no means deserving a state of more freedom than that which they possess; and for the extreme generosity with which he would give up Constantinople to the Russians, as a mode of preserving it from falling into worse hands. That it must become a prey to one of the great contending powers of the present day is his fixed opinion, and he therefore conceives it to be our interest to favour the designs of Russia in that quarter, as the least likely to be prejudicial to the welfare of this country, and most conducive to the accomplishment of his grand design, the re-establishment of the Grecian empire.

There is another work of a similar stamp which we are surprised to observe has escaped the notice of the French author before us; we allude to the political treatises of Mr. F. G. Leckie, to whom we are indebted for the first outline of a project which has since been enlarged upon by others, and which is that of maintaining an insular empire by taking possession of the islands around the coast of Europe. On the adoption of this measure, according to Mr. Leckie, the whole safety of the civilized world must depend; and the danger which he sees hanging over Turkey from the arms of Buonaparte affords him an additional reason for urging the necessity of it. Our first efforts, he conceives, ought to be directed against the islands in the Mediterranean and the Archipelago, and for the reasons which he details in the following passage.

'It may be shewn, that the fall of Constantinople will be a new epoch in naval history; in the hands of the French, the ancient Byzantium will become one of the most formidable arsenals in the world. The marine stores of Russia will descend from the Black Sea by the Borysthenes, the forests of Asia Minor, the iron of Caucasus, the copper of Chalcedon, the hemp of Sinope and Trebisond, celebrated for its long staple and strength, all will flow to Constantinople; the mariners of Greece, Ionia, and the islands will flock thither for employment; and the foundation of a naval power will be laid which our statesmen are determined not to foresee. France will not only then be enabled to build ships at a cheaper rate than elsewhere, from the abundance

dance of naval stores with which she will be furnished, but her fleets will always be able to force a passage into the Mediterranean after having acquired, in the Black Sea, in perfect security, a skill in manœuvring, and every other naval operation, which they cannot now arrive at whilst cooped up in the harbours of France.'

This is an alarming prospect, but fortunately later events have rendered such a state of things less than ever to be apprehended. It may be worth while, however, to examine cursorily what is the real political importance belonging to the Black Sea, and the resources of the countries which are situated on its shores; as it will enable us to form some judgment of the justice of M. Montgalliard's assertion, that Constantinople is the only bulwark against the designs of universal dominion which Russia has in view, and that a state of universal barbarism must ensue should she succeed in her designs upon Turkey.

From the account which is given by Herodotus, of the imprudent expedition undertaken by Darius against Scythia, we derive the earliest information respecting the tribes which occupied the country to the north and north-west of the Euxine. The Persian king is supposed not to have entered the Krimea, but to have advanced along the banks of the Palus Mæotis to the Volga, and thence to have made his way back to the Danube by a different route. The tribes through which he passed are described by the historian as having occasioned no small molestation to his army: they appear to have been very much the same people as are still to be found in that tract of country; and it is impossible not to be struck with the little change a lapse of 2000 years has effected in their habits and condition, on meeting with the wandering Nagais with their tents upon wheels, which so exactly answer to the Hamaxobii of Herodotus. The origin of the Cossacks is still a controverted point, or we should be inclined to look for their ancestors among those warlike tribes who made the most formidable resistance to the progress of Darius.

The Krimea is said to have been inhabited by a more savage race of people, to whose cruel treatment of shipwrecked mariners has been attributed the epithet of 'inhospitable,' by which the Black Sea was formerly distinguished; and Gibbon has observed how beautiful a use Euripides has made, in one of his most affecting tragedies, of the received opinion, that strangers were on this shore sacrificed to Diana by the natives. We hear little of the Taurica Chersonesus, (the ancient name by which this peninsula was known,) till the time of Mithridates. It formed in his reign a considerable part of the kingdom of Bosphorus, and it was to this quarter of his dominions that he fled, when pressed by the Roman armies in Pontus, and there ended his days by a voluntary death.

Until

Until about the 14th century the Krimea does not appear to have been much visited by foreigners for mercantile purposes: amidst the disorders which agitated the Greek empire at that period, the Genoese were fortunate enough to secure the important privilege of a free navigation on the Black Sea, to the exclusion of all competitors, and an unrestrained commerce with the ports of the Krimea. Their establishments on this coast were of a magnitude and importance unusual in those days, as the remains of their fortifications at Caffa and Sudak sufficiently prove; and they by degrees acquired such an ascendancy in the affairs of the peninsula, that the descendant of Genghis Khan in his palace at Bachtiserai was kept in complete subjection by these spirited adventurers; and by monopolizing the traffic of the interior, and exchanging the produce of the salt lakes for the corn and fish which were brought down the great rivers from the more northern parts of Russia, Constantinople itself became in some measure dependent upon supplies from this quarter for the subsistence of its immense population.

The Genoese, on the overthrow of the Greek empire, were at last expelled by the Turks, and the Krimea remained subject to the Ottoman power, till it was annexed by Catherine to her dominions in the way that we have stated. It cannot be doubted that this is the most important acquisition made by that great princess in prosecution of her designs upon Turkey; and though we are not disposed with Mr. Eton, to consider 'the mouth unholy that dares to arraign her right to this conquest,' its importance to her as securing the command of the Black Sea will not admit of any dispute.

Hitherto, however, Russia has reaped but little benefit from her new possession, and has neglected to avail herself of the numerous advantages which it holds out for naval as well as commercial purposes. Such is the genial nature of the climate, that there are few productions which might not be brought to perfection in the southern parts of the Krimea. In the delicious vallies found in the mountainous tract which extends along the coast, the vine is cultivated with considerable success; and Pallas conceives that the culture of the cotton plant, and the raising of the silkworm might be introduced there with equal advantage.

Though they were formerly well clothed with timber, few trees of any size are now to be met with on the mountains; which is chiefly to be attributed to the havoc incessantly made among the young plants for domestic purposes by the Tartar inhabitants. As the soil, however, is peculiarly favourable to the growth of wood, a valuable supply might no doubt in process of time be hence obtained, were proper measures taken to prevent its destruction; and it is of more importance that some attention should be paid to this subject than may be at first imagined; for though no country

possesses such natural facility for internal communication by water as Russia, she has not been enabled to provide her dock-yards on the Black Sea with timber in such abundance as to allow her to build ships of war there as cheaply as in her northern arsenals.

The Baltic and Caspian seas are connected by means of the Volga, and the communication between the Baltic and Black seas is only interrupted by the cataracts on the Dnieper; but the project of uniting the Don and the Volga, which was originally designed by Selim the Second, and afterwards taken up by Peter the Great, has never been carried into complete execution, on account of local difficulties; and therefore the timber of Woronetz, which is supposed to be the finest in Russia, cannot be transported to the sea of Asoph without considerable expense.

Those countries bordering on the Black sea which have not fallen under the dominion of Russia, are described as producing an abundance of timber well calculated for all the purposes of ship-building; and such is the profuse waste of this valuable article in the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, that much of the unhealthiness of Jassy and Bucharest is supposed to arise from the stagnant water collected under the planks with which the streets of these towns are laid.

The north coast of Anatolia is covered with wood, but Russia cannot of course depend upon a regular supply from that quarter, nor is she likely to be more successful than ourselves in her applications to the Porte on this subject. More than one attempt has been made by our ministers at Constantinople, to procure timber for the repairs of our fleet at Malta, by an arrangement with the Turkish government. Our object was to obtain it from the forest that covers the tract of country, between the Gulph of Ismikmid, and the river Sakaria, which possesses great facilities of water carriage: but the uniform answer to our proposals has been, that 'the Grand Signior does not condescend to traffic in any thing.'

The successors of Peter the Great are blamed by Mr. Eton (and in our opinion unjustly) for a degree of vacillation as to whether it was the true interest of Russia to become a maritime power in the northern or southern parts of Europe. It has certainly been their constant object to establish a marine in both quarters, and though some of the towns which were founded by Catherine in the southern parts of her dominions may appear to have been rather capriciously abandoned to make way for new favourites, this may be sufficiently accounted for, by the gradual manner in which she conducted her approaches against her neighbours the Turks, so that places which were originally of material importance ceased to continue so, when a more valuable possession was secured by the progress of her arms. Thus Oczakow, which was founded by the Turks

Turks to repress the incursions of the Cossacks, though most advantageously situated as the emporium for Russian produce in this quarter, has been abandoned for Odessa; and Sebastopol, it is probable, will in the same way become, in course of time, the chief naval arsenal in the Black Sea at the expense of Kherson and Nicolaief. The name of Sinus Portuosus, by which the bay on which it is situated was known, sufficiently points out what peculiar advantages for naval purposes the harbour of Aktiar or Sebastopol was supposed by the ancients to possess; like that of Malta, it abounds with small inlets which are admirably calculated for the careening and repairing of ships. The depth of water is such, that vessels of the largest burthen may lie with perfect safety quite close to the shore, and the whole navy of Russia might ride here sheltered from every wind that blows. A fleet stationed here in its progress to the southward is not exposed to those dangers to which ships on their departure from Kherson or Nicolaief are subject. The harbour too of Sebastopol is never blocked up by ice, and the water, being strongly impregnated with salt, is not so pernicious to shipping as that of the Dnieper.

Nothing but the certain prospect of the immense advantages to be derived from the corn trade with Poland could have led to the foundation of a city, in a spot exposed to so many serious inconveniences as Odessa. The country around is a dreary steppe, without a tree in any direction to diversify the scene. The water with which the town is supplied, is of the worst description; and as the original plan for the harbour has never been carried into execution, the greater part of the vessels which frequent this port must lie in a very exposed roadstead. Yet, as the emporium of the valuable productions of Poland, Odessa will, no doubt, in spite of these disadvantages, rise to considerable importance, and Taganrog, from a similar cause, being the entrepot of all the Siberian commodities, will probably prove its most successful rival, though the difficulties of the navigation in that quarter are daily increasing from the rapid diminution of water in the sea of Asoph.

With all these advantages, however, it does not appear that there is much cause for apprehension or jealousy at the growth of the Russian naval power in the Black sea. It will be some time before her fleet in that quarter can assume a formidable shape, unless her progress in naval science and skill should be far more rapid than it has been hitherto. At such a distance from the seat of government, it is not surprising that there should be much mismanagement and neglect in the proper administration of the naval concerns. We doubt too the durability of the vessels there constructed, for it is notorious that, of the fleet under Admiral Siniavin,

which originally sailed from Sebastopol, and which was surrendered to us at Lisbon, only two ships have been found capable of proceeding again to sea, and that after considerable repair. Though great attention has been paid of late to obtaining correct surveys of the Caspian and Black seas, the charts of both are still extremely defective.* The Russian ships of war are so seldom exercised in the requisite manœuvres, that it would be matter of wonder, if they had obtained more nautical skill than they are known to possess.

We have heard much of the dangers of the Euxine, and of the difficulties attending the entrance of the Bosphorus, but we are rather disposed to attribute the bad name which this sea has acquired to the ignorance and want of seamanship of the mariners who frequent it. A stronger proof cannot be given of this deficiency than a fact which we know to be true; it is, that during the late war against the Turks, when an expedition against Trebisond was in agitation, the only person that could be found capable of piloting the Russian ships of war into that harbour, was an English merchant resident at Caffa; and he actually did lead the fleet into the bay of Trebisond, and conducted the operations till the design was abandoned. We mention these circumstances with the persuasion, that a more vigilant attention to the concerns of her navy in this quarter will enable Russia to correct the abuses which have crept into her service, and to improve the discipline and skill of her seamen.

The cry of danger to be apprehended from the introduction of a new naval power in the Mediterranean, has always proceeded from the French; and Volney is the only author of that nation who has ventured to assert his opinion that the destruction of the Turkish empire would not prove prejudicial to France, and that Russia ought to be considered as a more valuable ally than the Sultan and his janissaries.

We confess, for our parts, that we are not disposed to preach with him and Mr. Eton a crusade against the Turks, and to insist upon the necessity of expelling them from Europe. The Dardanelles cannot perhaps be in safer hands, though unfortunately the ascendancy which France has at all times maintained in the Divan has been, in more than one instance, extremely prejudicial to this country. Still less can we bring ourselves to view with that apprehension which has been expressed by more sensible

* We hope the example lately shewn by this country in dispatching an intelligent naval officer to complete a survey of the south coast of Asia Minor, which we doubt not will afford much useful information, will stimulate our allies to acquire more accurate information of the state of their own shores.

writers

writers than those we have already quoted, the rise of a rival navy in the Mediterranean, whose fleets would be manned with seamen from the coasts of Albania and Greece. The degraded state to which the greater part of the continent has for many years been reduced, has led us, and not unnaturally, to trust almost entirely to our own resources for the accomplishment of any object that we may happen to have in view; but it is vain and presumptuous to suppose that all our plans can be carried into execution by ourselves alone, and the economising system of wrapping ourselves up in our nut-shell, and leaving the continent to take care of itself, is daily losing many of its advocates.

We have always considered the jealousy shewn by this country of any improvement in the navy of those states which are our natural allies, as a mean and selfish feeling, unworthy of the spirit of ancient times; and we are not surprised that it should have given some colour to the accusation so often brought against us by France, as it is in the work before us, of aiming at the exclusive dominion of the seas, as well as the whole commerce of the world. This system, if carried beyond its due length, must, we conceive, prove extremely prejudicial to ourselves. If never brought into action, our fleets will lose much of their skill in manœuvring, as well as our sailors their knowledge in the use of the guns. They were never more formidable than when constantly engaged with a skilful and intrepid enemy, as in the wars with the Dutch; and the want of opportunities of distinction, which has, until of late years, operated against our army, would undoubtedly have its effect upon our fleet.

England, according to our idea, should encourage, as far as she can, the growth of a naval power in the Mediterranean, who may one day be able to cope with the fleets of France in that sea. We therefore deprecate all jealousy of the Russian progress in the attainment of naval knowledge, and we rejoice to find that the part of the Russian fleet which is now under the orders of one of our most intelligent officers, is as anxious to improve in naval tactics as we, on our parts, are willing to communicate the skill which we possess. It may perhaps startle some of our readers, but we confess that it would give us much satisfaction to see a Russian fleet in the Adriatic, and their troops in possession of some of those points on the coast which it has so long been their object to obatin. We allude to Corfu, or Cattaro, where the Montenegrin inhabitants, who are known to be inclined to Russia, might at all times be employed as a most formidable diversion in any operation against France. Had we possessed allies in that quarter at the commencement of the last campaign, it is easy to perceive of what incalculable advantage they might have proved to the common

cause at so important a moment. Whilst the French armies were occupied in the north of Europe, had a combined force of 20 or 30,000 men been transported across the Adriatic to the coasts of Italy, the whole country would have been in arms; and with the support which we could have afforded from Sicily, the French corps in the Tyrol which was employed to watch Austria, and which has formed the ground-work of Buonaparte's present army, might have been overpowered, and as signal a blow given to the French influence in the south of Europe, as it has suffered by the disastrous result of the campaign in the north.

Italy, though she has been long silent under the severe and grinding oppression of the French, is not destitute of true patriots, who are prepared to sacrifice every thing for the welfare of their country, but who are wise enough to perceive that no permanent advantages can be gained except by a strict union of states which are now under different governors; and they have therefore prudently abstained from premature efforts which might have been crushed, before England (the only power in whom they are inclined to confide) could come to their assistance.

Such are a few of the ideas which we would suggest as calculated to quiet the alarms of those who dread the appearance of a power in the Mediterranean to whom nature seems to have denied all access to its shores: it may, perhaps, also have its use to notice the different reasons assigned by some of the writers we have already alluded to, for carrying into effect their schemes upon the Greek islands. 'What!' says Mr. Leckie, 'shall we allow Russia to acquire the means of attacking us on our own element by neglecting to secure possession of the valuable islands of Greece?' Whilst Mr. Eton, on the other hand, appears to consider it advantageous that Russia should appropriate them to herself, as the more her fleets shall be brought in contact with our own, the more completely, in his opinion, will they be at our mercy.

We have not time to follow Mr. Leckie through all the details of his scheme of insular empire, though, as the scene is principally laid in the Mediterranean, it is very much to our present purpose. It is sufficient perhaps to observe, that as the islands which he proposes to occupy, could not be maintained on the establishment of a third rate man of war, (like the rock of Anholt,) and as troops therefore must be forthcoming to garrison these new acquisitions at a time when every disposable man is employed on services of greater moment elsewhere; we may well rest contented, for the present at least, with that undisputed superiority in the Mediterranean which is enjoyed by our fleets; and which they will long continue to enjoy, if perseverance, enterprize, and unwearied exertion can secure it. We return to the affairs of Russia.

The

The epithet 'extreme' has been applied by Horace to the Tanais, (the Don.) It may be doubted whether the Russian sovereigns have been prudent in extending the boundary of their empire beyond the Don. The possession of Astrahkan, it is true, secures the command of the Caspian, and the commerce of that sea, but the projects against India, which have at various times been entertained by Russia, are chimerical; and though the Czar Peter retained possession for some years of the valuable provinces of Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Astrabat, he was at last, though unwillingly, compelled to give them up. So valuable and compact a possession as the Krimea being once added to the empire, any extension of the Russian frontier to the southward on either side of the Black sea can only serve to divert a part of the disposable force of the country from the quarter where a powerful army is most required, and cannot in any way materially contribute to augment her resources.

Every war in which Russia has been engaged has only served to prove her utter inability to maintain a sufficient military force upon more than one frontier at the same time. It has accordingly been the constant policy of France to preserve a close alliance with Turkey and Sweden, which might enable her, when engaged in hostilities with Russia, to menace at the same moment, by means of these allies, both the northern and southern frontiers of that power. She has in all former wars carried this design into execution with more or less effect; and it is quite clear, that if Buonaparte had succeeded in his attempts to create a diversion in his favour on the part of Sweden, and at the same time been able to dissuade the Turks from making peace, the Emperor Alexander would have found it impossible to bring an army into the field in the last campaign equal to cope with the invader. Those who find fault therefore with the treaty lately concluded between this country and Sweden, should recollect this insufficiency of the resources of Russia, this inadequacy to repel the attacks prepared for her from all quarters. This it was which made it an object of the greatest importance to the cause to secure, at whatever price, the alliance of Sweden.

M. Montgalliard has devoted a whole chapter to the politics of Russia in regard to Turkey, and more especially to the alleged infraction on her part of the treaty of Tilsit, which guaranteed the integrity of that empire.

'Le cabinet de St. Petersbourg,' says he, 'a fait tous ses efforts pour démembrer les provinces Ottomanes, et s'emparer de Constantinople. Ce cabinet a les yeux fixés sur cette capitale, comme le Mammon du Paradis Perdu sur le parvis des demeures célestes; et c'est par la conquête de la Pologne qu'il s'est flatté de consommer la destruction

de l'empire Ottoman, et qu'il à marché à ambition decouverte sur Constantinople.'—p. 249.

When we reflect that without the possession of the Dardanelles, all attempts on the part of Russia to become a naval power beyond the limits of the Black sea, must be attended with considerable difficulty, and that she must, at all times, be in some degree dependant on a nation that despises all mercantile adventure, for whatever commerce she may acquire in that quarter, we cannot be surprised that Constantinople should always have been the chief point to which the projects of the greatest of the Russian sovereigns have been directed; nor can we wonder at the tender solicitude for the safety of that capital which is testified by the author before us. We have already noticed the anxiety of Catherine, and the gigantic schemes of conquest which she was inclined to entertain. If we may believe the Prince de Ligne, they were not at all to the taste of that coadjutor in most of her plans, the Emperor Joseph; for her eloquent discourses on the prospect of the revival of the arts and sciences in Greece, with the restoration of freedom in that country, seem only to have produced the pettish observation—' Eh, que diable faire de Constantinople?'

The provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia being situated, like the Netherlands, between two powerful states, have always, like them, been the seat of war. The Turks, by the last treaty, were induced to cede Bessarabia to Russia, but they will naturally look with considerable jealousy to the approaches of their neighbours in the direction of these provinces. On the other hand, we cannot wonder that Russia should have been anxious to secure herself from insult on this frontier, when we recollect a note given to the divan by the French ambassador Sebastiani, in the year 1806, in which he broadly states, that the Turks cannot be permitted to allow Russian ships of war to pass the Bosphorus, ' sans donner à S. M. Napoleon le Grand le droit de traverser les états de l'empire Ottoman pour aller sur le Dniestre combattre l'armée Russe.'

After all, however it may suit the purposes of M. Montgalliard and his countrymen to testify an excess of sensibility for the fate of Turkey, it does not appear that there is any just cause for apprehension that Russia will make too rapid advances in this direction. The Balkan mountains (the ancient Hæmus) offer a most formidable barrier to an invading army, and the possession of the passes in this range must create an almost insurmountable obstacle. The Turkish armies, it is true, are no longer composed of the same troops, or led by the same generals that once spread terror and dismay to the gates of Vienna, but they are still able to make a formidable opposition to the progress of the Russian arms; and we must recollect, in estimating their power, that in the war of 1788,

1788, they withstood, for four successive campaigns, the united force of Austria and Russia.*

We now come to a subject which we should willingly refrain from touching—we mean the conduct of Russia in regard to the partition of Poland. It is amusing enough to read the abuse lavished upon the Empress Catherine on this occasion, and we should be almost led to imagine that our author, at the time he was writing, had forgotten the system of *arrondissements*, which has been so universally adopted by the hero he celebrates, or that he conceives us to be ignorant of the well known facts, that at the conferences with D'Oubril, the Emperor of Russia was informed by the French negociator that he was at liberty to extend his frontier towards Poland as far as he wished, and that at Tilsit the Vistula was pointed out to him as the natural boundary of his empire.

A certain class of politicians in this country, however they may be disposed to coincide with the author before us in the view which he has taken of the Russian government and people, will not, we imagine, be equally inclined to subscribe to his opinion of the talents of their great leader Mr. Fox; nor (we think it right to premise) do we go along with him in all he has advanced on this subject, though he may be correct as to certain points.

'Lorsque Mr. Fox,' says he, 'sanctionnait le démembrement de ce royaume, demandait une entière adhésion à toutes les vues de la cour de St. Petersbourg, et autorisait d'avance le partage de la Turquie, lorsqu'entraîné par sa haine contre la France, ou peut être corrompu par les largesses de Catherine II. ce membre du parlement approuvait avec une sorte de fureur le traité de 1795 conclu entre l'Angleterre et la Russie, traité par lequel tous les démembremens qu'il plairait à la dernière de ces puissances d'effectuer à l'avenir étaient tacitement reconnus par la première, Mr. Fox donnait la mesure de son caractère moral, et celle de ses talens politiques.'—p. 68.

Until the last campaign we have been in the constant habit of hearing from one quarter in this country, that the disgust excited in Russia at the expedition sent by England against Copenhagen, was the chief cause of the war between the two countries. This assertion, it is true, has since been satisfactorily disproved, but it is curious to observe that our ally is now accused of having connived at the measure, and that it is coupled with other charges of grave accusation, such as the occupation of that part of Finland which belonged to Sweden, the ally of France; and the free commercial intercourse which subsisted between the English and Russian ports, though the countries were in a state of nominal war.

* 'Pouvoit on croire,' says the Prince de Ligne, 'que cet empire Musulman delabré eut pu mettre l'armée Russe dans le plus triste état?'

We

We have always considered the forbearance shewn by this country towards Russia at that period as highly praiseworthy; and nothing could more effectually counteract the object which Buonaparte had in view, when the Berlin and Milan decrees were carried into execution elsewhere, than the refusal of Russia to enforce them in her sea-ports.

'Le cabinet de France a desiré, il a constamment voulu la prosperité de l'empire Ottoman.' Every project, on the contrary, which Russia undertakes, we are told, has ultimately its destruction in view, and that England is content to connive at the usurpation of her ally from the understanding that she is to obtain as an equivalent certain commercial advantages.

There is no subject upon which foreigners appear at all times to entertain more mistaken notions, than with regard to the commercial interests of this country: it is not wonderful therefore that a Frenchman of the present day should not be better informed in this particular than his countrymen in general. England, according to our author, reaps all the benefit of the trade which is carried on between this country and Russia, and our manufacturers are said to be enriched by the importation of raw materials which the Russians are obliged to take back, when made up, at exorbitant prices, being unable to make the most of the valuable commodities which their country affords. Now what M. Montgalliard affects to consider as a peculiar hardship under which the Russians labour, takes place in all species of traffic. The raw material is sent to that country which has hands and machinery to apply it to advantage, and manufactured goods are taken in exchange. It is also to be observed, that, in our commercial intercourse with Russia, the balance of trade is very much against us, and that Russia, as we have understood, owes the greater part of the internal commerce which was last year carried on by the Austrian frontier at Brody, to her refusal to exclude English goods from her ports.

We do not deny the importance to this country of maintaining such an intercourse with the north of Europe, as may enable her to procure a large supply of naval stores from the Baltic, but we have found by experience that they may be obtained from other quarters; and we are inclined to believe that the Russian landholder would suffer more from having the produce of his estate thrown upon his hands by the interruption of all trade between the two countries, than our merchants, by being obliged to seek another field for their speculations.

We are accused by M. Montgalliard of a desire to engross all the commerce of the world; and the circumstances of the times certainly give a colour to such an accusation. We are compelled to assert our maritime rights with a high hand, in order to preserve our national

national independence; though we should condemn as impolitic and unjust that monopolizing spirit which would exclude every country but our own from a fair share of the benefits of commerce. It is absurd to flatter ourselves, that the English nation, though it may be admired and dreaded, is not looked upon with eyes of jealousy by the continent in general, and in no other manner can we so powerfully attach allies to our cause as by allowing them to participate in those commercial advantages which we exclusively possess.

The Berlin and Milan decrees are considered by M. Montgalliard as striking monuments of the political sagacity of Buonaparte, and the ministers of the Regent are told, that 'nothing but a pacific system of policy can avert all the evils which must follow from these formidable measures.' The confident tone in which the effects to be expected from the operation of the continental system is announced, will be amusing enough to those who have witnessed its total failure.

'Heureusement pour l'Europe, l'Empéreur Napoléon tient entre ses mains le sort de l'Angleterre, la liberté des mers, l'independance du commerce des deux hemisphères, la paix du monde; le maintien du decret qui declare les Isles Britanniques en état de blocus, et l'affaiblissement de la puissance Russe, *assurent* ces grands et heureux resultats.'

Though it was from the beginning quite apparent that the late unprovoked attack by Buonaparte upon Russia, was chiefly to be attributed to the mortal hatred which he bears to this country, and to the injury which he trusted would result to us from the subjugation of our ally, we have never seen this fact so explicitly avowed as in the work before us.

'Ce sont les continuelles hostilités de l'Angleterre qui forcent l'Empéreur Napoléon de porter ses armées aujourdhui jusque dans le centre de la Moscovie.'—p. 229.

We are not surprized at the spleen which is throughout betrayed by our author at the intimate union which now happily subsists between the two powers; we trust the insidious attempts of France to sow divisions between Great Britain and her allies will all meet with as little success as those of the work before us, and we earnestly pray that two powers, which for the good of the civilized world ought to be united, may cordially continue so for the sake of their own prosperity and renown.

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ART.

ART. VIII. *Memoirs of William Paley, D. D.* By George Wilson Meadley. Second Edition, with an Appendix. Edinburgh, Constable, and Co. London, Cradock and Joy. 1810. 8vo. pp. 404.

'SEPULCHRUM haud pulchrum pulchrai feminai' is an incongruity not peculiar to Gruter. But departed genius, as well as departed beauty, claims a master's hand; the one in the sculptor, the other in the biographer. Yet it has too often been the misfortune of both to have their memories consigned to humble friends and unskilful, though flattering, artists.

Paley was among the few gifted men of the present age who have merited an union of talent and affection in the man that should undertake to deliver their lives and characters to posterity. Such, moreover, and so intimate had long been his connexion with one family eminently qualified for the purpose, that, after his decease, the public naturally looked with some degree of hope and expectation to that quarter. But the reserve of high rank, and the engagements of a laborious profession may be supposed to have prevented the exertions of one individual, while another and an earlier friend, broken down by bad health, and expecting soon to follow the subject of this memoir, could only cultivate in private conversation, or in secret recollection, the memory of him whom he most loved while living, and most venerated when dead.

Dr. John Law was one of those accomplished Englishmen who have been transplanted from subordinate stations of competence and usefulness in England,

'To waste their sweetness on the desert air;'

to spend their remaining days in the tumult of Hibernian politics; and, in the midst of bigotry and hatred, to exercise spiritual jurisdiction over a clergy without congregations. Such has been the lot, such indeed the reward of ill-judging ambition in more tranquil times: but this unfortunate prelate fell upon evil days as well as evil tongues; and situated as he found himself, at its eruption, in the very focus of the Irish rebellion, by an unhappy determination not to quit a post in which his presence could have little effect, anxiety and alarm laid the foundation of those complicated diseases which hurried him to the grave.

This event, and those which led to it, the public have to deplore on their own account as well as his; since the leisure and tranquillity of Carlisle, from which he was transplanted, would probably not only have prolonged his days, but produced that tribute to the memory of his friend, which (without meaning any disrespect to the present biographer) must be allowed to have fallen into very

very different hands: for, in addition to a manly and penetrating understanding, a severe integrity, and an erudition able not only to comprehend the attainments of his friend, but to assist and promote his inquiries, there was in the temper and manner of Dr. John Law, though the younger man of the two, something which, without either effort or intention, in the earlier days of their friendship, acquired and long maintained an high ascendant over the mind of Paley. Of the other able and intimate companions of his youth, some were gone before, and the rest did not long survive him: so that the memory of Paley might, in the course of a few years, have been preserved only in his works, had not the diligence and zeal of his present biographer exerted themselves, before it was too late, to collect many scattered anecdotes which, with their present depositaries, would quickly have been no more, and out of these, assisted by his own recollections, to embody such a resemblance, as his skill would permit, of this extraordinary man.

To Mr. Meadley, therefore, we feel and acknowledge some obligation; for, though we could antecedently have wished the task in other hands, yet before he seized it the undertaking appeared to have become a derelict, and it is no longer matter of censure, or even of surprize, that he undertook it; for it ought to be a rule of criticism, as it is of law, in every case to accept the best evidence which can be procured.

To this second edition of the work before us, (which, on account of the 'enlargement' it has received, gives us an opportunity of completing the sketch which we laid before the reader in a former No.*) we have, as a whole, no very material objections: the style is not exceptionable; the facts and dates are accurate; the writer's apprehension of the character which he has undertaken to delineate, though somewhat faint, is usually right: while, with a becoming interest in the subject, his admiration is never excessive, his panegyric never disgusting. With all these merits, this Life of Paley as a man of genius and originality not surpassed in our days, has one radical deficiency, which the writer could not help—an absence of those magic touches of art which constitute the difference between a dead and living resemblance, between the tame though faithful strokes of a moderate artist and the magic touches of a Reynolds, which are able to draw intellect and passion out of canvass, and appear almost to reanimate the dead. The political party, indeed, to which this writer belongs, have never been celebrated for such powers: the faculty, however, of distorting and misrepresenting, of seeing every object through their own coloured medium, of depreciating the most generous acts and darkening the

* No. III, Art. IV.

brightest

brightest characters, they have abundantly imparted to their pupil Mr. Meadley. But more of this hereafter.

William Paley, though not actually born in the district of Yorkshire called Craven, was descended of Craven parents, and transplanted thither in his infancy. The inhabitants of this rugged and remote tract have, like other mountaineers, a character more strongly marked than their lowland neighbours, from which Paley derived an early tincture, which no intercourse with the world ever wore off, or produced an inclination to wear off. With clear and shrewd understandings, great humour and naivetè in their conversation, fondness for old stories, rusticity often affected, and a dialect which heightens and sets off every other peculiarity, that country has produced many archetypes of this extraordinary man, though none perhaps with equal powers of reasoning, or even invention.

In this congenial soil and climate, therefore, he appeared less original, less of a phenomenon than any where else. But here too the unworn asperities of his manner, by exciting the least surprise, gave the least offence, and here perhaps to the last day of his life he most willingly reposed, and found himself most at home. The highest advancement in the church would, in this respect, have had no effect upon him. He was, and ever would have been, what Lipsius called Vespasian,—homo subrusticus et vere Sabinus.

In his education every thing seemed prepared and disposed in order to demonstrate what some minds can do for themselves. From the school of his own obscure village, where little was taught, and that little far from well, he was sent to Cambridge to contend with the polished sons of Eton and Westminster, and the result was that he bore away one of the most honourable prizes from them all. Here two of the three years allotted to a severe course of academical study were loitered away by Paley in unconnected and desultory reading. A third year of severe application placed him above his competitors.

The Cambridge system of study is a *forcing* system, which, applying itself almost wholly to one subject, and being adapted to minds of a single cast, frequently debilitates the understanding through life, by the effort to produce a single fruitage. Paley was none of these sickly productions of toil and art: his powers once roused became spontaneously and abundantly prolific, and the native fertility of his mind, instead of being exhausted or impaired by a single push, appeared to be invigorated by severe exertion.

We are next to contemplate him as a teacher and a guide, as fellow and tutor of his college. Here he had the fortune to be associated with an admirable coadjutor, Mr. John Law, in concert with whom he planned and executed a laborious and comprehen-

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sive system of institution, supported by a vigorous and spirited discipline. This deserves to be remembered as one of the last attempts in that, and perhaps either University, to sustain or to revive the ancient tone of authority, which was at once rough and affectionate, peremptory and parental. 'You do not treat me like a gentleman,' said a young man to one of these faithful reprovers, in the new spirit which was just beginning to appear, 'You do not treat me like a gentleman.' 'I never meant to do so,' was the answer, 'but as a boy under discipline.' We record this as a specimen of the true temper of an old tutor in an English university before the spirit of gentlemanship had eaten out both authority and attachment, which are now succeeded by an intercourse between the governors and the governed, the teachers and the taught, so perfectly elegant and well-bred, and at the same time so cool and mutually indifferent, that it might seem as if the only object in view was for the one party to maintain his popularity, and the other his independence. How far the Universities have given way to the general spirit of the times, or how far, by concession to youthful encroachment, they have contributed to the lamentable diffusion of that spirit through the kingdom, we shall not at present inquire. Thus much, however, is certain, that its effects have been equally pernicious in public and domestic life; and even in the Universities themselves what has been gained (or rather what has not been lost) by the exchange? The tutor was more loved when he was more feared, and the pupil, instead of the liberty which he claims, has, at the most dangerous period of life, become the slave of his own will and passions.

'Di majorum animis tenuem et sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque rosas et in urnâ perpetuum ver,
Qui præceptorem sancto voluere parentis
Esse loco!'

The following anecdote, which reflects the highest honour on these two virtuous and independent young men, shall be told, after a short preface, in Mr. Meadley's words. About the time of a great contest for the High Stewardship of the University, which is in the recollection of many persons yet alive, the members of the Senate had ranged themselves under two noblemen of very opposite characters, though both of great abilities. The partizans very naturally resembled their respective patrons. The leaders of the former party shall be nameless; of the latter, we mention with honour that intrepid spirit the present Bishop of Landaff.

'When,' says our biographer, 'the hall of Christ's College, which had been promised through the interest of Dr. Shepherd, was fitting up for a benefit concert for Ximines, a Spanish musician, warmly patronised by Lord Sandwich, Mr. Paley and Mr. Law peremptorily insisted that

that the promise should be recalled, unless satisfactory assurance was given that a lady then living with his lordship, and who had been openly distributing tickets, should not be permitted to attend. At first the senior tutor, who was in habits of intimacy with Lord Sandwich,' (a very reputable connexion for a divine and an institutor of youth,) 'objected to the idea of excluding any lady from a public concert: but afterwards when they urged that standing in a public situation as the instructors of youth, it was their duty to discountenance every sort of immorality, and threatened to appeal to the Society in case of his refusal, the assurance was given, and the *arrangement* suffered to proceed.'

Be it remembered, that of these two champions of morality and decorum, the older was then no more than twenty-eight!

It was about the same time, and by means of the same early connexion, that Mr. Paley was introduced as chaplain into the family of Dr. Law, then newly appointed to the bishopric of Carlisle, who like other scholarlike men elevated to these high situations in the decline of life, wanted an active and skilful coadjutor. Neither party had reason to repent of this connexion. The chaplain lived in his patron's family as an equal; their confidence was reciprocal; his services merited all which a see richer in patronage than that of Carlisle could bestow, and they received from the limited resources which it did afford more than his disinterested and unambitious temper aspired to. Beside a series of parochial preferment of no great value, he became successively Prebendary of the Cathedral, and Archdeacon and Chancellor of the diocese.

We stop the progress of the narrative for a moment, in order to notice, before they are left too far behind, some particulars in the early character of Paley as a scholar and a writer. It is not a little diverting that the first known composition of a man who never afterwards discovered a glimpse of poetical taste or imagination, should have been *A Poem in the manner of Ossian.* Had we been assured that the first work of Mr. Gray had been a solution of some mathematical problem in the Lady's Diary, we should scarcely have been more astonished. His next performance, of which more than one copy appears to be extant, is his Prize dissertation, written when senior Bachelor of Arts, where, in a style somewhat uncouth and rugged but with great vigour of thought, and a promise of all his future excellence as a reasoner, he supports the cause of the Epicurean philosophy, disencumbered by him with great skill from the load of calumny with which it had been oppressed by its enemies, against the impracticable and unnatural dogmata of Zeno. Of this original performance Mr. Meadley has given a short specimen from the conclusion, to which we shall subjoin the exordium.

'Cum e Græcia jamdudum cesserit philosophia atque serò admodum apud

apud nostros expetita lacertos tandem porrexisse videatur, utile profecto erit atque huic certè loco accommodatum, disjecta philosophorum monumenta respicere eorumque ita conferre utilitates, ut habeamus aliquando quo lare et nos tutemur et civitatem. Quæ quidem utilitatum comparatio et quasi contentio cum ipsa per se sit fructuosa et frugifera, tum maximè nostris eò studiis commendatur quod materiam hancce veteres integram omninò intactamque reliquere. Quamdiu enim viguit Athenis philosophia, quisque suæ sunt astricti disciplinæ, eamque ad augendam totos sese penitusque tradidere; inde propriis delectati studiis, aliena aut omninò contempserè aut parum studiose prosecuti sunt. Affectibus planè præpediti ad dogmata *diversarum* scholarum excutienda accessere, magistros interea suos superstitiose vènerantes.'

This composition, in the midst of the drudgery of a school, to which the talents of Paley had then been condemned, is said to have been the work of a fortnight; but the materials, of which there is a copious suppellex in the notes, must have been the result of long and previous research. Paley had not yet begun to disdain a parade of ancient authorities; but from this time, he employed himself much better in drawing from the stores of his own mind than in borrowing the best sense of antiquity on moral subjects, far inferior for the most part to his own.

'In the pulpit,' says his biographer of him, at the same period, 'he was less admired, his early discourses being verbose and florid, a fault by no means rare in men of genius, before they have acquired a purer and more simple style.' And again—'It was probably his present experience which led him afterwards to remark, in reference to those who had two sermons to preach every week, that they had better steal one of them; for though a sermon occupied the preacher only about twenty minutes in the delivery, it took, or ought to take him, more than half a week in the composition. And yet few men could compose more rapidly than himself. He seems to have entertained a very low opinion of that kind of vapid declamation which imposes so much upon the multitude.' And truly so does every man, even of ordinary taste or understanding. But, if Mr. Meadley wishes it to be understood that the earlier discourses of Paley partook of that 'vapid declamation' which his better taste condemned, we must be allowed to differ from him. Several of these discourses are known to be extant; and more perhaps are remembered as delivered from the pulpit. They were indeed declamatory: they certainly wanted the closeness and cogency of his later compositions; but they were neither verbose, nor florid, nor vapid: they were the forcible and animated effusions of a young orator, who by a due severity to his own luxuriances was shortly to attain to excellence.

It is only minds of great elasticity and vigor, conscious of their

ability to enlighten mankind, and aware of the responsibility attached to great talents, which, after having quitted the great scenes of learning, continue to pursue their studies for the purpose of systematic instruction in the country—Paley was one of these: wherever settled or however employed, it was impossible for him not to observe or reflect; with such internal resources he wanted no library; and, with him, to compose was as easy as to converse. The series of works which a retirement of about twenty years produced is happily well known to the public; with them we have no immediate concern, and Mr. Meadley might have spared himself the trouble of analyzing their contents: but some invidious remarks on those splendid rewards which his author merited for his services in the cause of religion, and the spirit of rancour displayed by him towards the memory of Mr. Pitt, whose disposition towards Dr. Paley he has either misrepresented, or not understood, call for correction and reprehension—And first, with respect to his refusal of the mastership of Jesus College—'The whole of his motives for this refusal have never yet been clearly ascertained; nor perhaps were they fully communicated even to his most intimate friends' (here we agree with the biographer)—'to one gentleman indeed, he stated a conviction that he should be scarcely able to remain a single month in office' (meaning probably the vice-chancellorship, which would have followed the other) 'without quarrelling with Mr. Pitt—Mr. Paley, who was no timeserver, seems to have been unwilling to place himself in a situation in which unworthy compliances might be either expected or required.'—This is a foul libel on the dead and the living—on the minister and on the heads of houses—the first as an haughty tyrant; the second as a set of unprincipled and self-interested slaves. It is neither a duty incumbent on ministers nor men to heap rewards on those who thwart and oppose their measures; but independence and hostility are not convertible terms, and in that station we undertake to say, that a man like Paley, with all his independence of spirit, would have held no such course, as to debar him from preferment. Besides, the surmise is negatived by facts; as it is well known that, about the same time, a man of far less merit, and by principle as well as connexion actively hostile to the court, was promoted by the crown to the mastership of another college, with an express reservation of his party and his principles: and the biographers might have known, that when Paley's first and best friend heard of the refusal, his observation was, that he had 'missed a mitre.'

Dull and shallow men are not always fit to be trusted with the loose talk of their betters; and these words, if ever uttered at all, were probably spoken in that careless and jocular manner so peculiar

liar to the speaker, and which was sometimes turned to his disadvantage.

Again—'It had long been a reproach to the chief dispensers of ecclesiastical patronage, though certainly with some honourable exceptions, that so comparatively small a portion of preferment in a very opulent establishment had been bestowed on so deserving a divine. The ministers of the crown had neglected the instructive moralist, and the bench of bishops seemed almost equally inattentive to the theologian who had supplied so new and satisfactory a demonstration of the authenticity of the Epistles of St. Paul. After the publication of the Evidences of Christianity, however, any farther forbearance on the part of the great episcopal patrons was scarcely possible. Whatever subordinate difference of opinion might be supposed to distinguish the creed of Dr. Paley from that of some of his more dignified brethren, his merit as a defender of the Christian Revelation was indisputable and too prominent to be neglected at *so critical a time.*'

That exalted order are too much accustomed to obloquy to suffer themselves to be scared into acts of bounty; they are not, and they ought not to be, the slaves of popular opinion: but differing as they all did, from some subordinate tenets which Dr. Paley was known or suspected to hold, they maintained a dignified reserve towards him till his general services to the cause of Revelation had overborne every subordinate scruple, and awed even bigotry into silence. Four of the most illustrious prelates of the English church, to one alone of whom perhaps he was personally known, then spontaneously interposed to gild the later days of such a man with the sunshine of their favour, and to enable him to close an active and useful life in ease and opulence.

And this is the reward to which Mr. Meadley thinks the benefactors of his friend entitled! their bounty, as he would have it believed, was drawn forth by a feeling of self-reproach and a consciousness of having neglected transcendent merit: the time was critical, and any farther inattention to the merits of Paley might have endangered the establishment.—It were better even that a man like Paley were neglected, than that 'the chief dispensers of ecclesiastical patronage' should once give way to such a spirit: let the principle of concession to popular opinion but be carried a little farther, and their studies would be filled with libels in the shape of petitions; their houses would be surrounded by mobs clamouring for factious declaimers, and they would be no longer masters of their patronage or themselves. If judgment in selecting be the first qualification of a great patron, fortitude in refusing is the second. Had Dr. Paley thought on these occasions with his biographer, he would have received the bounty of his patrons in sullen silence: nay perhaps have told them that he owed it not to

them but to himself, or at least to the general sense of the nation on his behalf. On the contrary, his expressions of gratitude were public, affectionate and sincere.

These testimonies, however, flattering and valuable as they were, came late: but they contributed to sooth the painful decline of an useful life now drawing rapidly to its termination. That final scene Dr. Paley contemplated with cheerful anticipation, and endured with unaffected composure: the period of self-enjoyment on earth he felt was at an end, he had lived to accomplish a great and beneficial system of instruction for mankind, and he saw nothing in the prospect before him to dismay—nothing indeed which did not animate and cheer him under his temporary sufferings. Thus disposed and prepared, died this great and excellent man, May 25, 1805.

His mind was of a very original cast, and of that universal comprehension which is able to adapt itself to every subject. To a consummate knowledge of his own faculty together with its kindred sciences of morality and rational metaphysics, he added two accomplishments never perhaps united before, (certainly not with the third,) physiology and the law of England. It seemed indifferent to what profession he should originally have applied himself. He would have raised himself to the summit of any one. Yet, though indefatigably industrious, he was not a learned man. He disdained the pedantry of quotation, and never wasted on tedious research into antiquity those precious moments which were better occupied in original observation and reflection. Accordingly no English divine or philosopher has ever attained to the same or to any considerable degree of eminence with so small a portion of what may be called erudition. In this respect he most resembled his master, Locke. His classical learning was that of a school-boy just discharged from a country seminary: of the oriental languages he appears to have known nothing. His citations from the Fathers were made to his hand, but it has never been discovered that in applying and reasoning upon them he mistook their meaning. His biographer admits perhaps too readily and too universally that he had no taste—for poetry indeed he had none. Imagination was not his province, and argument and induction he well knew could best be managed in prose. For the supposed inelegance of his style we are not disposed to admit the apologies of his injudicious friends. The imputation ought to have been denied. It was not inelegant. Traces indeed of his provincial dialect may now and then be detected when he did not intend it; but he frequently used a strong and coarse expression purposely and for the sake of impression. In fact his style was formed on the manner of Johnson, with many of his hard words, but with sentences less involved.

Perspicuity

Perspicuity and force were its leading characters. Perhaps he was the clearest writer in the English language. His luminous conceptions were never encumbered by verbosity, never clouded by ill-chosen and unexpressive phrases. In the construction of periods his ear was good; he sometimes rose with his subject into great majesty of expression, though his ordinary tone was easy and graceful familiarity. With these excellencies it stirs our indignation to hear such apologies as this, in the mawkish and sickening language which the condescending and benevolent apologist, as we suppose, mistook for that elegance denied to Paley.

'To those, indeed, who love the exuberance of native character, there is in the writings of Paley, as connected with his personal naiveté, every thing to interest and to gratify. And for those, if such there be, who desiderate in him a higher temperament of sensibility or a finer delicacy of expression, let them learn to take substantial excellence wherever they are happy enough to find it, though it be not quite rectified up to their own exquisite standard of taste.'

With so much originality in himself, it is remarkable that in the first conception of his works Paley was not strictly original; nor were even the materials laid in by himself. There are some writers of great but disorderly understandings, unable to arrange, to amplify, or to illustrate their own conceptions. Such was Abraham Tucker, the heavy and desultory author of a book, the principles of which, whether true or false, by his own singular powers of style and illustration, Paley has wrought up into his masterly and inimitable work on Moral and Political Philosophy. The hint of the Horæ Paulinæ, perhaps the most cogent and convincing specimen of moral argumentation in the world, was, we believe, first suggested by Doddridge; the Evidences of Christianity are professedly a compilation, but so condensed and compacted, so illuminated and enforced, that it is impossible not to admire the matchless powers of the compiler's genius in turning the patient drudgery of Lardner to such account.—Let not, however, these humble labourers in the cause of literature be despised; every man has his gift, and if the hands destined to carve the enrichments of a temple or to adjust its symmetries, had been previously condemned to dig the marble from the quarry, the Parthenon and the Pantheon would probably never have existed. The same character belongs to his last and perhaps his most elaborate work, the Natural Theology. Here too Paley had his pioneers, as well as his forerunners; but his inimitable skill in arranging and condensing his matter, his peculiar turn for what may be termed 'animal mechanics,' the aptness and the wit of his illustrations, and occasionally the warmth and the solemnity of his devotion, which, by an happy and becoming process, became more animated as he

drew nearer to the close of life, stamp on this work a character more valuable than originality itself.

In common life Dr. Paley was probably the most acute observer since Swift, but without a tincture of his malevolence. He was constitutionally and incurably cheerful; for pain itself, of which in his later years he was exercised with an abundant portion, could not shake his persuasion of the truth of his own maxim, that 'the present is an happy life.' He delighted in conversation, but in conversation without effort and without display. No man better knew how to expose what is called fine talking, or to laugh out of countenance a kind of semi-nonsense which shallow understandings, gorged with more knowledge than they can digest, are very apt to produce. If he suspected that a plan was laid to exhibit him, he delighted to disappoint it. Though accustomed from his early years to converse much with his superiors of the highest rank in the church, he never thought it worth while to dissemble or to controul his native humour any more than to correct his native dialect in their presence. Though modest and unambitious, he was perfectly independent. He had no art of rising but that of deserving to rise. All his preferments came unsought. He was 'an economist upon principle,' and could therefore always afford to live without asking. The foundations of his great work on morality were laid in the rectitude of his own heart, as well as the clearness of his own head; for besides the most penetrating intuition into cases of conscience, his moral sense was in the highest degree lively and apprehensive.

> 'Compositum jus fasque animo sanctosque recessus
> Mentis et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.'

This last feeling, never bestowed on ordinary men, sometimes occasioned a certain degree of irritation from which minds and tempers of a coarser texture are exempt, and sometimes exposed him to the imputation of heat and violence, particularly in his opposition to the encroachments of a well known peer, and in his occasional rebukes of petty knavery or even stupidity which exercised him as a magistrate.

It is somewhat amusing to observe the embarrassment of modern reformers, and of Mr. Meadley among the rest, in their anxiety to press the name of Paley into their service. Too sagacious not to discover with them the manifold imperfections which adhere to every mode of human society, and too frank and open not to declare them, he had withall a faculty, which they do not possess, that of counting the cost of change. It was not a view to his own interests, but to those of his country, which taught him caution. He was never *practically* theirs; and at the tremendous crisis of the

the French revolution, his powerful and popular pen was employed in persuading his countrymen, then on the point of a similar explosion, to understand and value the blessings which they already enjoyed.

Still a cloud of suspicion long hung over him, and the prejudices of a great ecclesiastic in particular, are supposed to have obstructed his advancement; but it appears to be unknown to the biographer, (for we do not believe the fact to be injuriously concealed,) that at a later period Dr. Paley was actually proposed for an high station in the church by that great minister who, in this work, has been treated with so much injustice; and that the disappointment proceeded from an higher quarter than before. Homely truths about rulers, uttered in blunt and uncourtly language, are not always, we believe, the first recommendations to high preferment: the peculiarities also of a man of genius render him less *producible*, and the jealousy entertained of overbearing talents, when they have taken a political direction, leaves the way more open to those against whom nothing can be objected, than those for whom much may be urged.

Thus unrewarded by public patronage was the most useful writer of his age. 'Useful,' indeed, in the highest sense is the epithet to be annexed to the name of Paley: for such was his happiness in the choice of subjects, so carefully did he avoid all matters of doubtful disputation, that, with very few exceptions, his works may be read with equal gratification by Christians of all denominations, and with equal advantage by unbelievers of every description.

As a philosopher and a friend (we mean not to exalt his character by the comparison) he had many points of resemblance to Socrates: for, setting aside his physiological knowledge, which the Grecian sage contemned, and the unspeakable advantages of Revelation, of which, in its lowest degree, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that *he* partook, ironical humour, a disposition to instruct by asking questions, a fondness for colloquial pleasures in preference to those of taste, and a keen intuition into common life, equally characterised the English and the Attic moralist. The philosophy of both was common sense, and their study human nature.

In point of utility, however, as living teachers, their spheres of influence were not to be named together;—for who was benefited by the one?—Crito, Simmias, Cebes, and a few other virtuous and sensible men with whom their master's wisdom and his lessons stopped. The mass of the people at least received neither warning nor information. How different from the character of the man who instructed the future instructors of an whole people, and those too both numerous and in succession! Nor, when they are considered as deceased teachers of mankind, can the charms in which the

delightful language of Plato or Xenophon has invested the discourses of Socrates ever conceal the absence of that perfection of good sense, that irresistible cogency of reason, which belongs to the best moderns, and among *them* superlatively to Paley. In one word, whatever may be thought of this comparison by the idolaters of antiquity, and how coldly soever it may be received by strangers or by rivals, the members of his own university, and more especially his surviving friends, will see nothing in it to which their own bosoms do not reverberate—nothing which they will not recognize as a faithful memorial—*ανδρος, ως ημεις φαιμεν αν, των τοτε ων επειραθημεν αριστου και αλλως φρονιμωτατου και δικαιοτατου.*

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ART. IX. *Tracts on Mathematical and Philosophical Subjects; comprising, among numerous important Articles, the Theory of Bridges, with several Plans of recent Improvement. Also, the Result of numerous Experiments on the Force of Gunpowder, with Applications to the modern Practice of Artillery.* By Charles Hutton, LL. D. and F. R. S. &c. late Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. xii. 1254. Lond. Rivingtons, &c. 1812.

DR. Hutton has been long known to the public as a most active and useful writer on mathematical and philosophical topics. He now comes forward at the advanced age of 75, and, by the revision of what he considers as the most valuable of his original pieces, and the addition of some new ones, has formed the present collection, which he seems to regard (though in this we sincerely hope he will be mistaken) as his last legacy to the public.

'It is,' he says, with his characteristic simplicity, 'in all probability, the last original work that I may ever be able to offer to the notice of the public, and I am, therefore, the more anxious that it should be found worthy of their acceptance and regard. To their kind indulgence, indeed, is due whatever success I may have experienced, both as an author and teacher, for more than half a century: and it is no small satisfaction to reflect, that my humble endeavours, during that period, have not been wholly unsuccessful in the diffusion of useful knowledge.

'To the same liberal encouragement of the public must likewise be ascribed, in a great measure, the means of the comfortable retirement which I now enjoy, towards the close of a long and laborious life; and for which I have every reason to be truly thankful.'

The tracts before us relate to a great variety of subjects. Some of them have already appeared in the Philosophical Transactions, or in detached works, but are now greatly modified and improved: and the volumes contain so much that is valuable, and indeed so much

much that is new, that we are inclined to enter somewhat at large into an analysis of their contents.

The first six tracts relate to the theory of arches and piers, and the construction of bridges. Of these, the first is a treatise which made its appearance at Newcastle, in 1772, and was again published in 1801, on occasion of the project of an iron bridge over the Thames. It is now considerably improved. The theory is extended; the practical maxims enlarged; with the addition of the principles of dome-vaulting: so that, altogether, though we are persuaded that much yet remains to be done, we have no hesitation in terming it far the most complete and useful view of the subject which has yet been exhibited in any language. The three next in succession relate to London bridge, and the 5th contains 'Answers to Questions proposed by the Select Committee of Parliament, relative to a proposal for erecting a new Iron Bridge, of a single arch, over the Thames, at London,' 1801. This is followed by a very amusing and instructive history of iron bridges; with neat wood engravings of those at Colebrook Dale, Buildwas, and Bristol, &c. and interspersed with several valuable remarks on the relative advantages and disadvantages of iron and stone bridges.

The 7th, 8th, and 9th Tracts, are on the subject of infinite series. The first of these is principally explanatory, pointing out the different characters of converging, diverging, and neutral series, and showing what may be indicated by the word *sum* of a series, so that the definition shall be free from the difficulties with which it has usually been encumbered.

The second of these exhibits a new and very ingenious method for the valuation of such numeral infinite series as have their terms alternately plus and minus, by taking continual arithmetical means between the successive terms, and again between those means, and so on. This method is applied to the summation of some very slowly converging series, such as $1-\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{3}-\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{5}-$, &c. . . . . $\frac{3}{1}-\frac{4}{2}+\frac{5}{3}-\frac{6}{4}+\frac{7}{5}-$, &c. to the values of which it approximates with comparative expedition.

The third developes a method of summing the series $a+bx+cx^2+dx^3+ex^4+$, &c. when it converges very slowly, which it will do whenever $x$ is nearly equal to 1, and the coefficients $a$, $b$, $c$, &c. decrease very slowly. The method is this. Assume $\frac{a^2}{D}$ = the given series $a+bx+cx^2+dx^3+$, &c. then shall $D=\frac{a^2}{a+bx+cx^2+,\text{ &c.}}$; which, by actual division is, $=a-bx-\left(c-\frac{b^2}{a}\right)x^2-\left(d-\frac{2bc}{a}+\frac{b^3}{a^2}\right)x^3-\left(e-\frac{2bd+c^2}{a}+\frac{3b^2c}{a^2}\right.$

$-\frac{b^4}{a^3}\Big)x^4 -$, &c. Consequently $a^2$ divided by this series will be equal to the series proposed: and this new series will, as Dr. Hutton remarks, be very easily summed in comparison with the original one, because all the coefficients after the second term are evidently very small. The operation may obviously be repeated till the required degree of accuracy is obtained. The method is exemplified by summing the series $x + \frac{1}{2}x^2 + \frac{1}{3}x^3 +$, &c. when $x = \frac{9}{10}$, that is, by finding the hyperbolic logarithm of $\frac{1}{1-x}$.

Tract 10 contains the investigation of some easy and general rules for extracting any root of a given number. Let N denote the given number whose root is sought, $n$ the index of that root, $a$ its nearest rational root, or $a^n$ the nearest rational power to N, whether greater or less, then, according to the most accurate and commodious of these theorems, $N^{\frac{1}{n}} = \frac{(n+1)N + (n-1)a^n}{(n-1)N + (n+1)a^n}\,a$, which includes *all* the rational formulas investigated separately by Halley and Delagny. This is now a well known form, of easy recollection, and furnishing a most simple and convenient rule for the extraction of roots of any power, and especially of cubes. The only rule which has ever been put in competition with this is that of M. *Haros*, which is $\sqrt[n]{a^n \pm d} = a \pm \frac{2ad}{2na^n \pm (n-1)d}$, where $N = a^n \pm d$, or $d =$ the difference between the assumed power and the given number. It is not a little extraordinary that the English admirers of M. Haros' formula should not have discovered that it is no other than the rational formula of Halley published in 1694.

The succeeding tract contains a new method of finding in finite and general terms near values of the roots of equations, such as $x^n - px^{n-1} + qx^{n-2} -$, &c. $= 0$, where the terms are alternately plus and minus. In this method an assumed root being taken $x = a$, we have $x - a = 0$, which being raised to the power whose exponent is $n$, will give an equation analogous to the one proposed. Then by supposing any two corresponding terms of these equations equal, as the two *second* terms, or the two *third* terms, &c. the sum of the remaining terms of the two equations will be equal; whence by the usual reduction of equations, approximate values of $x$ are obtained. By such means our author deduces some very neat formulæ for the solution of cubics and biquadratics. He also shews, that for an equation of the fifth power, we might compare it either with $(x-a)^4 \times (x-b)$, or with $(x-a)^3 \times (x-b)^2$, or with $(x-a)^3 \times (x-b) \times (x-c)$, or with $(x-a)^2 \times (x-b)^2 \times (x-c)$, &c. and so on for higher powers.

Tract

Tract 12 contains a very complete and satisfactory demonstration of the binomial theorem in the case of fractional exponents. Dr. Hutton undertook it in 1785, at the request of Baron Maseres, who proposed that the doctor should, in his investigation, assume, if he pleased, the truth of the binomial and multinomial theorems for integral powers, as truths which had been previously and perfectly proved. This was by far the most perspicuous and decisive which had hitherto appeared:—

'It is of this nature, that it proves the law of the whole series in a formula of one single term only: thus P, Q, R, denoting any three successive terms of the series, expanded from the given binomial $(1+x)^{\frac{1}{n}}$, and if $\frac{g}{h}\,P = Q$, then is $\frac{g-n}{h+n}\,Q = R$, which denotes the general law of the series, being a new mode of proving the law of the coefficients of this celebrated theorem. But, besides this law of the coefficients, the very form of the series is, for the first time, here demonstrated, viz. that the form of the series for the developement of the binomial $(1+x)^{\frac{1}{n}}$, with respect to the exponents, will be $1 + ax + bx^2 + cx^3 + dx^4 +$, &c. a form which had heretofore been assumed without proof.'

We have next a tract on the geometrical division of circles and ellipses into any number of parts and in any proposed ratios. The occasion of this paper we shall give in the author's own words, as it furnishes a pleasing specimen of the manner in which he often slides into an eulogium.

'In the year 1774 was published a pamphlet in octavo, with the title, *A Dissertation on the Geometrical Analysis of the Antients. With a Collection of Theorems and Problems, without Solutions, for the Exercise of Young Students.* This pamphlet was anonymous; it was however well known to myself, and to several other persons, that the author of it was the late Mr. *John Lawson*, B. D. Rector of Swanscombe in Kent, an ingenious and learned geometrician, and, what is still more estimable, a most worthy and good man; one in whose heart was found no guile, and whose pure integrity, joined to the most amiable simplicity of manners and sweetness of temper, gained him the affection and respect of all who had the happiness to be acquainted with him. His collection of problems in that pamphlet concluded with this singular one, "To divide a circle into any number of parts, which shall be as well equal in area as in circumference. N. B. *This may seem a paradox, however it may be effected in a manner strictly geometrical.*" The solution of this seeming paradox he reserved to himself, as far as I know; but I fell upon the discovery of it soon after; and my solution was published in an account which I gave of the pamphlet in the Critical Review for 1775, vol. xl. and which the author afterwards informed me was on the same principle as his own.'

To illustrate the general method explained in this tract, suppose it

it were required to divide a circle into *four* parts, which shall be respectively equal in area and in circumference. Divide the diameter A B into four equal parts, which let be A C, C D, D E, E B (the diagram may easily be conceived, or drawn): above the diameter describe semicircles whose diameters shall be A C, A D, A E, their peripheries being all in contact at the point A; and below the same diameter A B, describe semicircles, whose diameters shall be B E, B D, B C, respectively, all in contact by their peripheries at B: then the semicircle on the diameter A C, will join that on the diameter B C, so as to make a waving boundary; in like manner the semicircles on diameters A D, B D, will join; as well as those on A E, B E: and by drawing the figure it will at once be seen that the original circle will thus be divided into four parts equal in area, as well as isoperimetrical; for the areas of the several parts will be as $1+7$, $3+5$, $5+3$, and $7+1$, that is, in a ratio of equality; and the perimeters will each be equal to the circumference of the whole circle.

A similar method is applied by our author to the division of ellipses.

The last problem in Tract 38 may here be mentioned, being 'allied to this as well in its nature as in its fate and consequences.' It is to divide a given circle into any proposed number of equal parts by means of other circles concentric with the given one. The construction, which is very simple and elegant, is by means of one additional circle; while Hawney, in his construction, required a fresh circle for each division. Dr. Hutton gives us an amusing account of the way in which his attention was drawn to this problem by Ferguson, and the delight experienced by that ingenious man (who was no geometer) on proving, by means of a very large figure on pasteboard, the truth of the doctor's construction.

The 15th tract contains an investigation of an approximate geometrical division of the circle. The problem is, 'To find whether there is any such fixed point E, in the radius B D produced, bisecting the semicircle A B C, so that any line F F G, being drawn from it, this line shall always cut the perpendicular radius A D, and the quadrantal arc A B, proportionally in the two points F and G; viz. so that D F shall be to B G in a constant ratio.' If this could be effected, the inscription of regular polygons in a given circle would be a matter of great simplicity. Dr. Hutton, however, shows that there is no such fixed point E, as that required by the problem: yet he gives an approximation from which he deduces $\frac{4}{7}$ B D, as a convenient medium value of D E. But this, we think it right to remark, is, in all cases, too large: the *true* value of D E, would be, for the trigon 1·73205, for the pentagon 1·74478, hexagon 1·73205, heptagon 1·71903, octagon 1·70711, nonagon 1·69654,

1·69654, decagon 1·68728, undecagon 1·67916, duodecagon 1·67202. We have not room to explain the mode of computing these numbers; but our mathematical readers may easily verify them by a recurrence to first principles.

Tract 17 is on Machin's quadrature of the circle, published long since in Dr. Hutton's Mensuration. Let $x$ denote any arc, then we have for a well known formula $x = \text{tan.}\, x - \frac{1}{3}\,\text{tan.}^3 x + \frac{1}{5}\,\text{tan.}^5 x - \frac{1}{7}\,\text{tan.}^7 x +$, &c. Let also an arc of a circle whose radius is 1 and tangent $\frac{1}{5}$ be $a$; then, by trigonometry, we have tan. $2a = \frac{2\,\text{tan.}\, a}{1 - \text{tan.}^2 a} = \frac{5}{12}$, and, by a like process, tan. $4a = \frac{120}{119}$. Let B denote this latter arc, or tan. B $= \frac{120}{119}$; then will B evidently be greater than 45°, whose tangent is $= 1$; and we shall have for the difference of these arcs,

$$\text{tan.}\,(B - 45^\circ) = \frac{\text{tan.}\, B - 1}{1 + \text{tan.}\, B} = \frac{1}{239} = \text{tan.}\, A.$$

The arc 45°, or $\frac{1}{4}\pi$, may therefore be regarded as the difference of two arcs B and A, whose tangents are $\frac{120}{119}$ and $\frac{1}{239}$. If we substitute, alternately, $\frac{1}{5}$ and $\frac{1}{239}$ for tan. $x$, in the series above, and quadruple the first result, we shall have the lengths of the arcs B $= 4a$ and A, and consequently their difference, or $\frac{1}{4}\pi$: and thus was obtained Machin's series for the circumference of the circle, viz.

$$\left.\begin{aligned} \pi = 16\,(&\tfrac{1}{5} - \frac{1}{3.5^3} + \frac{1}{5.5^5} - \frac{1}{7.5^7} +, \text{\&c.}) \\ - 4\,(&\frac{1}{239} - \frac{1}{3.239^3} + \frac{1}{5.239^5} - \text{\&c.}) \end{aligned}\right\}$$

In this tract, the doctor points out analogous means of striking out still better series; and in the next tract he gives 'a new and general method of finding simple and quickly converging series; by which the proportion of the diameter of a circle to its circumference may easily be computed to a great many places of figures.' Much, it is evident, from the preceding sketch of Machin's method, depends upon the happy assumption of the numbers which measure the tangents. Dr. Halley employed the arc of 30°, of which the tangent is $\sqrt{\frac{1}{3}}$; and by substituting this in the preceding series for the arc in terms of the tangent, got this series for the semicircumference, viz. $6\sqrt{\frac{1}{3}} \times (1 - \frac{1}{3.3} + \frac{1}{5.3^2} - \frac{1}{7.3^3} + \frac{1}{9.3^4} -$, &c.): by means of which Mr. Abraham Sharp computed the circumference to 72 places, Machin to 100, and Delagny to 128 places. Euler again, in his 'Introductio in Analysin Infinitorum,' finding that $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$ are the tangents of two arcs whose sum is just 45°, obtained from thence two very convenient series for the determination of the circumference. Other useful series by Dr. R. Simson may be seen in the appendix to the memoirs of his life and writings, lately published

published by Dr. Trail; others by Mr. Hellins in his essays; and by Mr. Wallace, in a late volume of the Edinburgh Transactions. Dr. Hutton's, however, is a *general* method, which, while it is more universal than those of Machin, Euler, and Simson, includes their series, and at the same time furnishes a great variety of other series of rapid convergency.

'The method consists in finding out such small arcs as have for tangents some small and simple vulgar fractions, the radius being denoted by 1, and such also that some multiple of those arcs shall differ from an arc of 45°, the tangent of which is equal to the radius, by other small arcs, which also shall have tangents denoted by other such small and simple vulgar fractions. For it is evident, that if such a small arc can be found, some multiple of which has such a proposed difference from an arc of 45°, then the length of these two small arcs will be easily computed from the general series, because of the smallness and simplicity of their tangents; after which, if the proper multiple of the first arc be increased or diminished by the other arc, the result will be the length of an arc of 45°, or one-eighth of the circumference. And the manner in which I discover such arcs is this:

'Let T, $t$, denote any two arcs, of which T is the greater, and $t$ the less: then it is known that the tangent of the difference of the corresponding arcs is equal to $\frac{T-t}{1+Tt}$. Hence, if $t$, the tangent of the smaller arc, be successively denoted by each of the simple fractions, $\frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{5}$, &c. the general expression for the tangent of the difference between the arcs will become respectively $\frac{2T-1}{2+T}$, $\frac{3T-1}{3+T}$, $\frac{4T-1}{4+T}$, $\frac{5T-1}{5+T}$, &c.; so that if T be expounded by any given number, then these expressions will give the tangent of the difference of the arcs in known numbers, according to the values of $t$, severally assumed respectively. And if, in the first place, T be equal to 1, the tangent of 45°, the foregoing expressions will give the tangent of an arc, which is equal to the difference between that of 45° and the first arc; or that of which the tangent is one of the numbers $\frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{5}$, &c. Then, if the tangent of this difference, just now found, be taken for T, the same expressions will give the tangent of an arc, equal to the difference between that of 45° and the triple of the first arc. And again, taking this last found tangent for T, the same theorem will produce the tangent of an arc equal to the difference between that of 45° and the quadruple of the first arc; and so on, always taking for T the tangent last found, the same expressions will give the tangent of the difference between the arc of 45° and the next greater multiple of the first arc; or that of which the tangent was at first assumed equal to one of the small numbers $\frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{5}$, &c. This operation, being continued till some of the expressions give such a fit, small, and simple fraction as is required, is then at an end; for we have then found two such small tangents as were required, viz. the tangent last found, and the tangent first assumed.'

The

The Doctor then proceeds to exemplify this method by a variety of substitutions, and thus obtains a collection of very valuable series, of which, however, we can only extract one or two. Thus, in the case of $t=\frac{1}{2}$, the expression $\frac{4T-1}{4+T}$ gives for the successive tangents $\frac{1}{5}$, $\frac{7}{23}$, $\frac{5}{99}$, $-\frac{70}{101}$, &c. of which the third is a convenient number, and gives for A the arc of 45°,

$$A = \begin{cases} \frac{2}{4} \times (1 - \frac{1}{3.16} + \frac{1}{5.16^2} - \frac{1}{7.16^3} +, \&c.) \\ + \frac{5}{99} \times (1 - \frac{5^2}{3.99^2} + \frac{5^4}{5.99^4} - \frac{5^6}{7.99^6} +, \&c.) \end{cases}$$

This is obviously a very compendious series for operation, since 99 is resolvable into the two simple factors 9 and 11.

Another excellent series is the following:

$$A = \begin{cases} \frac{1}{3} \times (1 + \frac{4}{3.10} + \frac{8\alpha}{5.10} + \frac{12\beta}{7.10} +, \&c.) \\ - \frac{7}{37} \times (1 + \frac{4}{3.100} + \frac{8\alpha}{5.100} + \frac{12\beta}{7.100} +, \&c. \end{cases}$$

Where $\alpha$, $\beta$, $\gamma$, $\delta$, &c. denote always the preceding terms in each series. For other series we refer to the paper itself; which is highly ingenious.

Volume the second contains nine tracts, of which the first, the twenty-sixth in the series, is 'An Account of the Calculations made from the Survey and Measures taken at Mount Shichallin, in order to ascertain the mean Density of the Earth: improved from the Philosophical Transactions, vol. 68, for the year 1778.' This is a truly excellent paper, and the calculations, of which it exhibits the results, were more laborious, and, at the same time, called for more ingenuity than has, we believe, been brought into action in any computation undertaken by a single person since the preparation of logarithmic tables. The survey, and the astronomical observations upon which these calculations were founded, were made partly by the direction and partly under the inspection of Dr. Maskelyne, who explained them pretty fully in the Philosophical Transactions for 1775. In that paper, he adverted to some of the advantages which might accrue from these observations; yet, notwithstanding his well known zeal, diligence, and scientific acquirements, he declined the computations as too laborious. Dr. Hutton, on the solicitation of the council of the Royal Society, undertook the task; and, after the constant labour of nearly a year, laid the results before the society in this paper. It will not be expected that we should enter into a detailed account of his processes; yet, that our readers may form some idea of what he effected, we subjoin a sketch.

In

In the first place, the trigonometrical computations, by which he found the relative altitudes of all the points of the hill, with respect to the assumed stations of the observatories, amounted to several thousands. Then, in order to the determination of the effect of the hill's attraction in the direction of the meridian, the doctor divided the plan, or horizontal section, into a great number of small parts, which he considered as the bases of so many vertical columns, or pillars of matter, as it were basaltine pillars; the attractions of these were computed separately, and the aggregate of the effects taken for the whole attraction of the matter in the hill. In order to simplify the computation, he divided the plan into twenty rings by equidistant concentric circles, described about each observatory as a center; each quadrant was divided into twelve parts, or sectors, by lines forming with the meridian angles whose sines were in arithmetical progression: thus the space in each quadrant was divided into 240 small parts, making 1920 such parts referred to both observatories, that is, 960 to the observatory on each side of the hill. These small parts were quadrilateral figures, of which two sides were similar arcs of concentric circles, and the other two sides right lines converging towards the common center of those circles. The doctor investigated a very simple rule for determining the attraction of each of the pillars that stand upon these quadrilateral bases; and thus, after striking out a variety of ingenious devices, by which columns of the same altitude might be connected, computations might be facilitated by a peculiar kind of sliding rule, results tabulated, &c. he at length arrived at the wished for conclusion. He found that $8811\frac{2}{3}$ is the sum of the opposite attractions of the hill at the two observatories; he also showed that the attraction of a sphere will be expressed by $\frac{2}{3}$ of its circumference, that is, in the case of the earth, by 87522720 or $\frac{2}{3}$ of 131284080 feet.

'Consequently (says our investigator) the whole attraction of the earth, is to the sum of the two contrary attractions of the hill, as the number 87522720 to $8811\frac{2}{3}$, that is, as 9933 to 1, very nearly, on supposition that the density of the matter in the hill, is equal to the mean density of that in the whole earth.

'But the astronomer royal found, by his observations, that the sum of the deviations of the plumb line, produced by the two contrary attractions, was 11·6 seconds. Hence then, it is to be inferred, that the attraction of the earth is actually to the sum of the attractions of the hill, nearly as radius to the tangent of 11·6 seconds, that is, as 1 to ·000056239, or as 17781 to 1; or as 17804 to 1 nearly, after allowing for the centrifugal force arising from the rotation of the earth about its axis.

'Having now obtained the two results, namely, that which arises from the actual observations, and that belonging to the computation on the

the supposition of an equal density in the two bodies, the two proportions compared must give the ratio of their densities, which accordingly is that of 17804 to 9933, or 1434 to 800 nearly, or almost as 9 to 5. And so much does the mean density of the earth exceed that of the hill.'

Hence it appears that the real mean density of the earth will become known as soon as that of the hill has been ascertained. In Dr. Hutton's original papers, the assumed density of the hill appears to have been too low, and he thence deduced $4\frac{1}{2}$ for the mean density of the earth, that of water being unity. Professor Playfair, however, furnished him with more correct data as to the nature of the matter of which Shichallin was composed: from these he inferred that the mean density of the hill was about $2\frac{1}{2}$, which multiplied into $\frac{9}{5}$, gives $\frac{22}{5}$ or almost 5 for the mean density of the earth. This result Dr. Hutton published in the New Abridgement of the Philosophical Transactions in 1808, and it has been completely confirmed by Professor Playfair, in an independent investigation given in the Philosophical Transactions for 1811.

The 28th is a very comprehensive and useful tract on cubic equations and infinite series, first published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1780. In this the author enters fully into the nature and solution of this class of equations, and shews that when the second term of a cubic is taken away, and it is reduced to the form $x^3 \pm px = \mp q$, the sign of $p$ determines the nature of the roots as to real and imaginary, while the sign of $q$ determines the affections of the roots as to positive and negative: he shows farther that Cardan's rule does not always give the *greatest* root, as has been commonly supposed; and he explains in a very satisfactory manner why it should always exhibit the root of a cubic under the form of an imaginary quantity, where it has *no* imaginary roots, and in no other case. In the second section he developes several methods of assigning the roots of cubic equations by means of series, and thence proceeds to show how the sums of a great variety of curious and useful infinite series may be ascertained by means of their dependance upon certain cubic equations. This paper contains a rich fund of information for all who are interested in this intricate department of algebra.

Of the four succeeding tracts, one contains a project for a new division of the quadrant, adapting the tables of sines, tangents, secants, &c. to equal parts of the radius, instead of to equal parts of the quadrantal arc; and exhibits several useful formulæ to facilitate the computations: the second, on the sections of spheroids and conoids, demonstrates in a much simpler manner than had been previously done by Herman and Pitot, that 'if any solid formed by the rotation of a conic section about its axis, i. e. a spheroid, paraboloid,

paraboloid, or hyperboloid, be cut by a plane in any position, the section will be some conic section, and all the parallel sections will be similar figures of the same name:' the third contains some elegant theorems on the comparison of curves; and the fourth exhibits a simple theorem for the cube root of a binomial.

The 33d tract comprizes 'a History of Algebra' much enlarged and improved from the article ALGEBRA in the author's Mathematical Dictionary. The additions relate principally to the algebra of India and Arabia, and to that of the Italians before Lucas de Burgo. In treating of the Indian algebra, our author gives an abridged account of two works called the 'Beej Gunnit' and the 'Leelawuttee' or 'Lilawati,' both written, as it would seem, in the 12th century; and clearly proving that the Indians, from very ancient times, possessed all the knowledge in algebra to be found not only in Diophantus, but in the works of the Italians, &c. previously to the improvements made in the time of Tartalia and Cardan, and that even in a more scientific form. They had also a considerable acquaintance with the theory of series and figurate numbers, a circumstance which is the more remarkable, since it does not appear that the Europeans had made the simplest advances in this branch of analytics before the time of Dr. Wallis, who thought the conversion of the fraction $\frac{1}{1-R}$ into a series by division, sufficient to give honour to the day on which it was effected. Some of the ancients, it is true, as Archimedes* in his treatises on spheroids and conoids, and in that on the parabola, and Pappus in the fourth book of his Mathematical Collections, investigated many curious theorems respecting series of magnitudes varying by an assigned law; but it is next to impossible that their works should have been known to the Indians; and, indeed, the theorems extracted by Dr. Hutton from the Lilawati bear no resemblance to those of the ancient geometers.

In the Beej Gunnit are many ingenious rules for quadratic equations:

'One of the cases is for the equation $ax^2 + bx = c$, and the method given is this: multiply all by $4a$, this gives $4a^2x^2 + 4abx = 4ac$; next add the square of $b$, this gives $4a^2x^2 + 4abx + b^2 = b^2 + 4ac$; the roots give $2ax + b = \sqrt{(b^2 + 4ac)}$; then $x = \frac{\sqrt{(b^2 + 4ac)} - b}{2a}$, which process, by avoiding fractions, is much easier than our own method in such cases of quadratics.'

The same work also contains observations respecting the double roots in quadratics.

* See pp. 97, 100, of our 3d volume, where an account of Peyrard's Archimedes is given.

'The

'The unknown quantities are represented and called by so many different characters and names, as is our practice also. We denote them usually by the letters $x$, $y$, $z$, &c. the Hindoos by different *colours*, or letters, or other marks also. Thus,' says our author, 'suppose the first unknown, and the second black, and the third blue, and the fourth yellow, and the fifth red, and the sixth green, and the seventh parti-coloured, and so on, giving whatever names you please to the unknown quantities which you wish to discover; and if, instead of these colours other names are supposed, such as letters and the like, it may be done. For what is required, is to find out the unknown quantities, and the object in giving names is that you may distinguish the things required.'

Several of the processes here given for solving Diophantine problems are very ingenious. The 18th question of Diophantus's 6th book is: Having two numbers given, if one of these drawn into a certain square, and the other subtracted from the product, make a square, it is required to find another square greater than the former which shall do the same.

'In the Beej Gunnit (says Dr. Hutton) this problem is solved very generally and scientifically, by the assistance of another, which was unknown in Europe till the middle of the 17th century, and first applied to questions of this nature by Euler in the middle of the 18th century. With the affirmative sign, the Beej Gunnit rule for finding new values of $ax^2 + b = y^2$, is this: suppose $ag^2 + b = k^2$, a particular case: find $m$ and $n$ such that $an^2 + 1 = m^2$; then is $x = mg + nk$, and $y = mk + anq$.'

In imitation of the method of completing the square in quadratics where the power has a coefficient, they have one of completing the powers in some peculiar cases of cubics and biquadratics.

'Thus, having the cubic equation $x^3 + 12x = 6x^2 + 35$; first, subtracting $6x^2$, gives $x^3 - 6x^2 + 12x = 35$; next, subtracting 8, gives $x^3 - 6x^2 + 12x - 8 = 27$, which completes the binomial cubic, and the roots are $x - 2 = 3$, or $x = 5$. Again, having given the imperfect biquadratic $x^4 - 400x - 2x^2 = 9999$, a case which it is not very obvious how to bring it to a complete power, but which is managed with much address, in this manner. First add $400x + 1$ to both sides, this gives $x^4 - 2x^2 + 1 = 10000 + 400x$, where the first side is a complete square, and the roots are $x^2 - 1 = \sqrt{(10000 + 400x)}$; but as the latter side is not a complete square, the author goes back again, and tries another course; thus, to the original equation he adds $4x^2 + 400x + 1$, which gives $x^4 + 2x^2 + 1 = 4x^2 + 400x + 10000$, two complete squares, the roots of which are $x^2 + 1 = 2x + 100$: again subtract $2x$ and it becomes $x^2 - 2x + 1 = 100$, which are again two complete squares, the roots of which are $x - 1 = 10$, and hence $x = 11$. And this process has some resemblance to that which was afterwards practised, if not imitated, by Lewis Ferrari. It appears, however, that

the Indians had no general method for all equations of these two powers, but only depended on their own ingenuity for artfully managing some particular cases of them; for at the conclusion of the above process the author emphatically adds, "the solution of such questions as these depends on correct judgment, together with the assistance of God."

The Beej Gunnit contains several curious specimens of problems in the application of algebra to geometry, from the solutions to which it is evident that the Indians were well acquainted with the chief properties relating to plane geometry in Euclid's Elements. The 47th problem of the first book is cited under the designation of '*the figure of the bride's chair*,' in reference to the similarity of the diagram employed in the Indian mode of demonstration to a palanquin; and in one of the solutions the author of the Beej Gunnit observes, that 'the sum of the sides is always greater than the hypothenuse, *by the ass's proposition*,' from which it would seem, that the Indians as well as the Europeans have their *pons asinorum*.

This interesting account of the Indian algebra is followed by a description of the Arabian algebra, abridged principally from Mr. Davis's account of the 'Khulasat-ul-Hisab, written by Baha-ul-din, who died at Isfahan in the year 1653. We have here some curious particulars respecting the Arabian notation, for which, however, we must refer to the work before us. It is obvious from the whole, that the knowledge of mathematics, and of algebra especially, among the Arabians, was much inferior to that possessed by the Indians: they had no algebraic notation, no abbreviating symbols, no acquaintance with the indeterminate or Diophantine analysis, nor with any thing more than the easiest and elementary parts of the science.

Dr. Hutton next traces the history of algebra among the Italians, beginning with Leonard Bonacci, of Pisa, who about 1223 solved quadratics by completing the square, deriving his rules, and even the *double values* in the possible case of the equation $x^2 + n = ax$, from geometrical considerations. The history is carried on with great research, and so as to furnish an excellent treatise on the science, to the end of the 17th century. As far as it goes it may be characterised as elaborate and satisfactory, and we have only to hope that the same masterly hand will, by selecting and classifying the additions and improvements made by Clairaut, Euler, Landen, Bezout, Waring, Lagrange, Lacroix, &c. bring it down to the termination of the 18th century.

We have now arrived at those tracts which, however interesting and important many of the preceding papers may be, will tend principally to stamp upon this work, in the estimation of the scientific world, its peculiar character of value and excellence; namely, those which relate to the theory and practice of gunnery and

and the resistance of fluids. They occupy about 400 pages in the 2d and 3d volumes, and have in part appeared before in the Philosophical Transactions, and in the Doctor's quarto tracts, though the greater portion is original. Such of our readers as are at all conversant with the history of mixed mathematics, and especially that branch of it which relates to projectiles, know that the parabolic theory is of no farther use than as it furnishes a set of very elegant constructions and examples for young geometricians; and that, before the time of Robins, *no* progress, in effect, had been made in the true theory of military projectiles. And even after his valuable work, 'The New Principles of Gunnery,' had been published, and translated with the addition of a profound and elaborate commentary, by Euler, there still remained much to do in order to bring us acquainted with the real nature of the expansive force of gunpowder, the actual velocities of shot at the commencement of their motion or in different points of their path, the laws of the resistance experienced by balls and shells in their motion, and the true nature of the curve they describe. Borda and others had greatly extended the theory, but principally by means of gratuitous, and as is now known, inaccurate assumptions respecting the resistance of the air. In order, therefore, that this important and intricate department of philosophy might receive some essential improvement, it became desirable that a person possessing an active and ardent mind, with habits of regularity and perseverance, should be so circumstanced as to have both the inclination to enter upon this peculiar investigation, and the means of pursuing it: and this, by a happy coincidence, occurred by the late Duke of Richmond (a man of science and of great public spirit) being master-general of the ordnance just at the period when Dr. Hutton was, with all the zeal and activity of the meridian of life, discharging the duties of the mathematical professorship at the Royal Military Academy.

The mathematical sciences are taught at this institution with a view to their application to military purposes, and particularly to the practice of artillery: and Dr. Hutton was not likely to rest satisfied with affecting to teach, what, in truth, there were no data for teaching properly. He knew that if the doctrine of projectiles were ever to be so exalted as to become an integral part of mathematical science, it must rest upon the basis of well conducted experiment. He therefore began a series so early as the year 1775; and afterward carried on a far more extensive one, under the auspices of the Duke of Richmond (and officially under the direction of General Sir Thomas Blomfield) during the summers of 1783 and of many succeeding years.

The 34th tract contains a minute account of the experiments of every day, with a register of the weather, wind, thermometer, &c. For this we must refer to the tract itself, as well as for a description of the ballistic pendulum and other machinery employed in these experiments. Our limits will barely allow us to quote a few of the most important deductions.

'And first, it is made evident by the experiments in 1775, that powder fires almost *instantaneously*, seeing that nearly the whole of the charge fires, though the time be much diminished.

'(2.) The velocities communicated to shot of the same weight, with different quantities of powder, are nearly in the subduplicate ratio of those quantities. A very small variation, in defect, taking place when the quantities of powder become great.

'(3.) And when shot of different weights are fired with the same quantity of powder, the velocities communicated to them, are nearly in the reciprocal subduplicate ratio of their weights.

'(4.) So that, universally, shot which are of different weights, and impelled by the firing of different quantities of powder, acquire velocities which are directly as the square roots of the quantities of powder, and inversely as the square roots of the weights of the shot, nearly.

'(5.) It would therefore be a great improvement in artillery, to make use of shot of a long form, or of heavier matter; for thus the momentum of a shot, when fired with the same weight of powder, would be increased in the ratio of the square root of the weight of the shot.

'(6.) It would also be an improvement, to diminish the windage: for, by so doing, one third or more of the quantity of powder might be saved.

'(7.) When the improvements mentioned in the last two articles are considered as both taking place, it is evident that about half the quantity of powder might be saved, which is a very considerable object. But, important as this saving may be, it seems to be still exceeded by that of the guns: for thus a small gun may be made to have the effect and execution of one of two or three times the weight of its natural ball, or round shot: and thus a small ship might discharge shot as heavy as those of the greatest now made use of.'

Such were the information, and the probable advantages, derivable from the experiments in 1775: they led to the invention of carronades, a species of ordnance which, by means of large balls, and very small windage, produce considerable effects with small charges of powder.

In the description of his second course of experiments, which is carried on after the manner of a journal, occurs one of those touches of goodness and simplicity which we have had frequent occasions to admire in the course of our proceeding.

'August 31, 1785. I took out with me, and employed the first class of gentlemen cadets belonging to the Royal Military Academy, namely,

namely, Messrs. Bartlett, Rowley, De Butts, Bryce, W. Fenwick, Pilkington, Edridge, and Watkins, who have gone through the science of fluxions, and have applied it to several important considerations in natural philosophy. Those gentlemen I have voluntarily offered and undertaken to introduce to the practice of these experiments, with the application of the theory of them, which they have before studied under my care. For, though it be not my academy duty, I am desirous of doing this for their benefit, and as much as possible to assist the eager and diligent studies of so learned and amiable a class of young gentlemen; who, as well as the whole body of students now in the upper academy, form the best set of young men I ever knew in my life; nay, I did not think it even possible, in our state of society in this country, for such a number of gentlemen to exist together in the constant daily habits of so much regularity and good manners; their behaviour being indeed perfectly exemplary, such as would do honour to the purest and most perfect state of society that ever existed in the world: and I have no hesitation in predicting the great honour and future services, which will doubtless be rendered to the state by such eminent instances of virtue and abilities.'

Many of the results of this extensive series of experiments, are extremely important: but we must content ourselves with a very concise summary. After observing that they confirm the deductions from the former course, Dr. Hutton proceeds—

'It farther appears also, that the velocity of the ball increases with the increase of charge only to a certain point, which is peculiar to each gun, where it is greatest; and that by farther increasing the charge, the velocity gradually *diminishes*, till the bore is quite full of powder. That this charge for the greatest velocity is greater as the gun is longer, but yet not greater in so high a proportion as the length of the gun is; so that the part of the bore filled with powder, bears a less proportion to the whole bore in the long guns, than it does in the shorter ones; the part which is filled being indeed nearly in the inverse ratio of the square root of the empty part.

'It appears too, that the velocity, with equal charges, always increases as the gun is longer; though the increase in velocity is but very small in comparison with the increase in length; the velocities being in a ratio somewhat less than that of the square roots of the length of the bore, but greater than that of the cube roots of the same, and is indeed nearly in the middle ratio between the two.

'It appears, again, from the table of ranges, that the range increases in a much lower ratio than the velocity, the gun and elevation being the same. And when this is compared with the proportion of the velocity and length of the gun in the last paragraph, it is evident that we gain *extremely little* in the range by a *great* increase in the length of the gun, with the same charge of powder. In fact, the range is nearly as the 5th root of the length of the bore; which is so small an increase, as to amount only to about a 7th part more range for a double length of

gun. From the same table it also appears, that the time of the ball's flight is nearly as the range; the gun and elevation being the same.

'It has been found, by these experiments, that no difference is caused in the velocity, or the range, by varying the weight of the gun, nor by the use of wads, nor by different degrees of ramming, nor by firing the charge of powder in different parts of it. But that a very great difference in the velocity arises from a small degree in the windage: indeed with the usual established windage only, viz. about $\frac{1}{20}$th of the calibre, no less than between $\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ of the powder escapes and is lost: and as the balls are often smaller than the regulated size, it frequently happens that *half* the powder is lost by unnecessary windage.

'It appears too, that the resisting force of wood, to balls fired into it, is not constant: and that the depths penetrated by balls, with different velocities or charges, are nearly as the *logarithms* of the charges, instead of being as the charges themselves, or, which is the same thing, as the square of the velocity.—Lastly, these and most other experiments, show, that balls are greatly deflected from the direction in which they are projected: and that frequently as much as 300 or 400 yards in a range of a mile, or almost $\frac{1}{4}$th of the range.'

Tract 36th describes a series of extensive and well-conducted experiments upon Robins's whirling machine, to determine the resistance of the air. These, together with those made by firing balls from artillery, constitute a complete and connected series of resistances to balls, from the slow velocities of 5 or 10 feet per second, to the rapid velocities of 1900 and 2000 feet. It appears from an examination of the results, that though the resistances are nearly as the squares of the velocities in very slow motions, they are never exactly so. The exponent of the velocity indicating the resistance *always* exceeds 2. At 200 feet per second that exponent is 2·028: at 500 feet it is 2·042: at 1000 feet it is 2·115: from thence it keeps gradually increasing up to the velocity of 1500 or 1600 feet per second, where the exponent is 2·153: and from this velocity the exponent gradually diminishes, being 2·136 at the velocity of 2000 feet, the limit of the experiments.

That the resistance should not be accurately as the square of the velocity, must be evident to every one who attentively reflects upon the subject. But Dr. Hutton has gone farther, and at pp. 221, 222 of the third volume, has very satisfactorily developed the causes of the variable exponent in the ratio of the resistance. He has also investigated three or four theorems for the resistance of balls; of which the following appears to be both accurate and convenient in use. Let $v$ be the velocity in feet with which a ball, whose diameter is $d$ feet, moves in air near the earth's surface, then will the resistance in avoirdupois pounds be expressed by the formula $(\cdot 00000756 5\, v^2 - \cdot 00175\, v)\, d^2$.

Dr.

Dr. Hutton, having deduced the law of resistances to spherical bodies moving in the air, proceeds in a series of important problems in Tract 37 to apply it to the determination of the most essential particulars in the motion of military projectiles. Here many of the solutions are both elegant and satisfactory. But the grand problem by which the actual trajectory of the projectile may be determined still remains unsolved, and must do until some philosopher possessing an adequate portion of Dr. Hutton's science and zeal, shall be so favourably circumstanced as to carry through another set of experiments with a special regard to that object. We shall terminate our quotations, by transcribing our author's new approximate rule to find the elevation of a gun to hit an object at a given distance.

'Let D denote the given distance of the object in feet; $d$ the diameter of the ball in inches, obtained from the table of weights and diameters in problem 10; $b$ the weight of the ball, and $c$ that of the charge of powder, both in pounds; $V=1600\sqrt{\frac{2c}{b}}$ the projectile velocity, as given in problem 13; $v$, the last velocity with which the ball strikes the object; and $t$ the time of the ball's flight. Then

'Divide D by 1338 $d$, considering the quotient $\frac{D}{1338d}$ as a log.

'Take N = the natural number of the log. $\frac{D}{1338d}$.

'Take $v=\frac{V-q}{N}+q$ the final velocity: $q$ being = 231.

'And $t=\frac{1338d}{q}+$ log. of $\left(\frac{V-q}{v-q}\cdot\frac{v}{V}\right)$ by problem 11.

'Or $t=\frac{2D}{V+v}$, an approximation near enough.

'Then, $16t^2=\frac{64D^2}{(V+v)^2}$ is the height above the object to be pointed.

'Or $\frac{16t^2}{D}=\frac{64D}{(V+v)^2}$, is the tangent of the angle of elevation.

'So that, the height of the mark to be pointed at, above the object, is nearly as the square of the distance, and the angle of elevation simply as the distance, the projectile velocity being the same. But, in the case of different velocities, the height and the angle will be reciprocally as the square of the velocity nearly.'

It will be recollected that our author gives the above merely as an approximation. We have been at the pains to apply it to the results of a great many accurate experiments by Dr. Hutton and others; and find that if the angle of elevation obtained by these theorems be diminished by its *fifteenth* part, it will then agree very nearly with the actual practice of artillery.

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The 38th and last tract in this collection contains 34 miscellaneous practical problems, illustrating many of the principles in the preceding part of the work. But of these we dare not, after looking back on what we have written, say more than that the solutions are ingenious and accurate; with the exception of the second, which relates to the effects of pile engines, and appears to need revision.

Dr. Hutton has long been the most popular of all our mathematical writers, and the perusal of these volumes has convinced us, that there are obvious reasons for this popularity, which promises to be as permanent as it is extensive. He seems to have a constitutional, if not a conscientious, aversion from the pedantry and parade of science. He never, by affecting to be abstruse, becomes obscure: nor does he ever slide into digressions, for the purpose of shewing how much he knows of other things besides the topic of discussion. Hence he is at once concise and perspicuous. He manifestly rather writes to be useful than to obtain celebrity. He is also perpetually aiming at improvements in every thing which he has undertaken. Whoever has occasion to compare the successive editions of his 'Course of Mathematics,' will find that the work was not abandoned to its fate as soon as its fame was established; but that it has been constantly modified wherever it was susceptible of improvement. Nor was this merely a habit of the prime of life: for, on comparing the solutions now given to some problems on his favourite subject of projectiles, with those which had previously been inserted in the third volume of the Course composed by Dr. Hutton in conjunction with Dr. Gregory, it will be seen that his mind has, in this respect, lost nothing of its vigilance, energy, and perspicacity.

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ART. X. *The Life of John Knox, containing Illustrations of the History of the Reformation in Scotland, with Biographical Notices of the principal Reformers, and Sketches of the Progress of Literature in Scotland, during a great Part of the Sixteenth Century.* By Thomas M'Crie, Minister of the Gospel. Edinburgh.

KNOX was one of those characters, who from their spirit and genius, the impetuosity of their tempers, and the eventful times in which they lived, are rarely spoken of, even at a distant period, without extravagant panegyric or unqualified obloquy. This is peculiarly the lot of those who have signalized themselves as the leaders in religious commotions. The object is momentous, and

and the passions are agitated in proportion. On one side are arranged self-interest, ancient prejudice, possession, prescription, authority; on the other the most animated and animating of human principles, conscience newly awakened, a sense of usurpation newly acquired, disdain of fetters which are beginning to fall off, and the pleasure of defying those whom men have been accustomed to reverence. Hence in every cause and on every scale, from the petty but cannibal feuds of Egyptian fanatics to the mighty contests of the League and of the Crusaders, religious warfare has been conducted with a rancour peculiar to itself. But, as the weapons of this warfare are the tongue and the pen, as well as the sword, as the passions are thoroughly inflamed, and possessed of all the powers of giving vent to them which exasperated eloquence bestows, who can wonder that, during the heat of the contest, and even after it has ceased to be felt, otherwise than in its effects, the characters of the great leaders of either party continue to be distorted by panegyric and detraction;—who can wonder that the cool impartiality of later historians finds no small occupation in removing the varnish or washing away the stains, or that acuteness the most penetrating and inquiry the most impartial sometimes fail in detecting so many misrepresentations? It is strange, however, that, at the distance of no more than two centuries and a half, with abundant materials, and after the elaborate investigations of many ingenious men, it should still be controverted whether the Regent Murray were a tyrant or a patriot, an hypocrite or a saint, or even whether Knox himself were a furious and ambitious demagogue, the enemy of every thing elegant and sacred, or an intrepid and disinterested champion of truth and liberty.

To determine points of so much importance to the church of which Knox was the founder and Murray the 'nursing father,' the present biographer has applied himself with a zeal and devotion, which, if they do not always serve the cause of truth, give a glow and an interest to the whole work, rarely communicated to biography, when it did not breathe the spirit of personal friendship or domestic affection. But in treating this subject, a fatality seems to hang over its Scotish and even its English advocates. Passion and prejudice when applied to the History of the Reformation in Scotland, seem to be immortal, and the respective partizans enter upon their task with all the interest of agents, indeed of principals, in the story which they discuss. Some, and those in other respects of good understandings, seem to have been perfectly *dementated*: all power of examining or comprehending evidence appears to have fled before the vehemence of their feelings, and the little argument which they have been able to produce is suffocated beneath a load of passionate declamation and personal abuse.

The

The feelings and the prejudices of Dr. M'Crie are more chastized, and always under the command of a clear and strong understanding. A thorough Presbyterian in his religious principles, and a determined Whig in his politics, the colouring of his picture is always aggravated; the lights are heightened and the shades darkened by the prepossessions of his church and of his country: the outline, however, is not distorted. He is a warm, but an honest man. He is a Scotchman, but a friend of truth. With great powers of expression, as well as considerable heat of temper, he never descends to railing. He detests the church of Rome; he loves not the church of England; but he exposes the enormities of the former with fidelity and force, though not with malignity, and he censures what he conceives to be imperfect in the reformation of the latter, with an effect which would have been lessened by indecent invective. A vein of sarcastic wit alone now and then betrays him, as it did his master, into undue asperity as well as levity of expression.

These offences, however prompted by national prepossessions, however restrained by decorum, we scruple not to confess, would have been visited on the head of a dull or a shallow man with greater severity: for we too have our attachments, and even our prejudices; we love the constitution, we love the order and decency of the church of England: we prefer the beauties of our own liturgy to the best extemporaneous effusions of the wisest of the Scotish doctors: we see no connection between sordidness and devotion, nor should we have expected from a man of Dr. M'Crie's enlarged understanding so much of the spirit of old 'Mass John,' such indignation against a surplice or a rochet, things which, with our countrymen, not only have ceased to give offence, but have the great body of popular opinion in their favour. Still, however, to talents like his much will always be forgiven; and such are the merits of the work almost in every other particular, that we feel ourselves disposed, as far as justice will permit, to be blind or dumb to a single fault.

Dr. M'Crie is really a great biographer, such as it has not been the lot of Knox's equals, or even his superiors, always to attain: for, however ably the characters of Luther and Calvin have been treated in the general histories of their times, where has either of them found a biographer like the present? The Life of Erasmus, an animating subject and worthy of a man of genius, if any such there be within the compass of modern literature, has been frigidly written by Knight, and confusedly by Jortin; nay even in our present Number we have an instance of a most original and strongly marked contemporary and countryman of our own, consigned to

prejudices

prejudices greater than those of Dr. M'Crie, prejudices chilled by mediocrity to which he is a stranger, while they are not redeemed by one of his excellences.

Compact and vigorous, often coarse but never affected, without tumour and without verbosity, we can scarcely forbear to wonder by what effort of taste and discrimination the style of Dr. M'Crie has been preserved so nearly unpolluted by the disgusting and circumlocutory nonsense of his contemporaries. Here is no puling about the 'interesting sufferer,' 'the patient saint,' 'the angelic preacher.' Knox is plain Knox, in acting and in suffering always an hero, and his story is told as an hero would wish that it should be told, with simplicity, precision, and force. Dr. M'Crie's materials are both ample and original: since beside an intimate acquaintance with the best authors who were contemporary with his subject, and the MS. authorities which the records of the church of Scotland afford, he has fortunately possessed himself of an early transcript of the reformer's letters, glowing throughout with the same ardent feeling of devotion, and the same unconquerable spirit of liberty, which animated his discourses from the pulpit. To these materials the author has brought a power of combining and enlivening them peculiar to himself. He has many points of resemblance to his subject: a fortitude of mind which on subjects exploded and derided dares to look modern prejudices in the face; a natural and happy eloquence, with a power of discussion on subjects of casuistry and of politics not inferior to that of the great leader in the reformation of Scotland, though restrained by a decorum of expression to which the reformer's age, as well as himself, were strangers. To these qualifications are to be added the same stern renunciation of all taste and elegant feeling, where they appear to stand in the way of duty, and the same tendency to coarse (or what would now be called illiberal) humour on subjects where it is not altogether becoming. Like Knox himself he has neither a tear nor a sigh for Mary, and we doubt not that like him he would have voted to bring the royal adulteress and murderer, for such they both esteem her, to the block. In Dr. M'Crie the brutal merriment displayed by Knox on the assassination of Beatoun excites no indignation, and the old definition of such sanctified and systematic murders, 'the execution of righteous judgment by private hands,' would probably be accepted without reluctance.

In a work so pregnant with original argument and reflection almost every page affords matter for animadversion: but we shall content ourselves with detaching from the text a few of the most prominent passages, and commenting upon them *en passant*.

'Writers unfriendly to our reformer have endeavoured to fix an accusation

accusation upon him respecting the assassination of Cardinal Beatoun. Some have ignorantly asserted that he was one of the conspirators, others better informed have argued that he made himself accessory to their crime by taking shelter among them. With more plausibility others have appealed to his writings as a proof that he vindicated the deed of the conspirators as laudable, or at least innocent. I know that some of Knox's vindicators have denied this charge, and maintained that he justified it only in as far as it was the work of God, or a just retribution in Providence for the crimes of which the Cardinal had been guilty, without approving the conduct of those who were the instruments of punishing him. The just judgment of Heaven is, I confess, the chief thing to which he directs the attention of his reader; at the same time I think no one, who carefully reads what he has written on this subject, can doubt that he justified the action of the conspirators. The truth is, he held the opinion that persons, who by the commission of flagrant crimes had forfeited their lives according to the law of God and the just laws of society, such as notorious tyrants and murderers, might warrantably be put to death by private individuals, provided all redress in the ordinary course of justice was rendered impossible in consequence of the offenders having usurped the executive authority, or being systematically protected by oppressive rulers. This was an opinion of the same kind with that of tyrannicide held by so many of the ancients and defended by Buchanan in his dialogue *De jure regni apud Scotos.* It is a principle, I confess, dangerous in its application, extremely liable to be abused by factious, fanatical, and desperate men, as a pretext for perpetrating the most nefarious deeds. It would be unjust, however, on this account to confound it with the principle, which, by giving to individuals a liberty to revenge their own quarrels, legitimates assassination, a practice too common in that age. I may add, that there have been instances of persons, not invested with public authority, executing punishment upon flagitious offenders, as to which we may scruple to load the memory of the actors with an aggravated charge of murder, though we cannot approve of their conduct.'

Every thing in this passage is according to the ancient spirit of our author's country, as it existed under an ill-regulated and unsettled state of society, when the sovereign scrupled not to remove an obnoxious subject without law, and the subject, with as little formality, retorted the same unlicensed and pernicious vengeance on his sovereign. 'But whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' is a dictum of the Great Legislator to which Knox and his biographer bowed and bow with equal reverence, and the application of it has in ordinary cases been confined by all but an inconsiderable and fanatical sect of christians, who have narrowed the restriction still more, to the shedding of blood in defensive war, and to the right of the magistrate to use that sword, which we are assured he beareth not in vain, for the extermination

extermination of incorrigible offenders. We say *in ordinary cases*—for here we willingly lay out of the account, the right in mixed and well balanced governments which resides in one or more branches of the legislature to control, even by force, the enormities and usurpation of the rest. But the question is now, how far private individuals have a right, in any case of injustice or oppression, to inflict upon delinquent and tyrannical governors that vengeance which, from the very nature of the case, is unattainable by course of law. And here, for the good of society, we are compelled to affirm, that the whole argument upon which this supposed right is constructed, vacillates on every side.

With respect to tyrannicide:—not to remark on the indecent and inconsistent eagerness with which Knox and Buchanan could set up the examples of heathen antiquity against the Christian Scriptures, when the former made for their favourite doctrine, and the latter were either silent or prohibitory; the two cases have no analogy to each other. The instance directly in question is the assassination of Beatoun. The tyrants of Greece were bold, bad men, who had subverted the ancient legitimate governments of their respective cities, and in maintenance of their usurped power shed the blood of their fellow-citizens, not only without but against all lawful authority. Beatoun was indeed a profligate and a brutal man, but it would be hard to prove him a murderer even of Wishart, unless every judge who executes the laws with unrelenting rigour be entitled to that denomination. Let it be remembered that he was an ecclesiastical magistrate, regularly empowered to administer a system of jurisprudence, (a bad and cruel system we admit, but still a system,) by which heretics were consigned to a most painful death. As the law then stood, Wishart came fairly within that definition. He had publicly arraigned the doctrines of the established church, broken her order, despised her discipline, preached in private houses, and administered the communion without authority in places unconsecrated, and after a form of his own. For these offences, the primate of the kingdom apprehended, tried, and burnt him. Now here, if there were any murder, the law was the murderer and not the judge. Beatoun, infamous as he was, did what, according to the principles of the age, a good man might have esteemed it his duty to do. Nor does this in any degree lessen the merit of Wishart. He appears to have devoted himself cheerfully to the cause of truth, and he probably had the sagacity to foresee the blessed consequences of so magnanimous a conduct. But admitting the criminality of Beatoun, and at the same time allowing his situation to have been inaccessible to the ordinary forms of justice, even on the lax principle of expediency itself,

itself, were it not better for society, that an illustrious and overgrown offender should escape with impunity, than that private individuals, even if not parties, should be permitted to assume to themselves the summary execution of whatever they may please to call justice? For if this principle were once admitted as an exception to the ordinary administration of the law, what judge would be found to execute the office entrusted to him with vigour and decision, when, after carrying into effect a sentence of death pronounced by him, the friends of the deceased would have but to pronounce the execution a murder and the judge a tyrant, after which he would become of course an object of legitimate revenge?

Dr. M'Crie is extremely anxious, though he does not wholly approve the conduct of Beatoun's murderers, to discriminate between such cases and private assassination.* 'It would,' says he, 'be unjust on this account, to confound it with the principle, which, by giving to individuals a liberty to revenge their own quarrels, legitimates assassination.' Were then these men, one of whom Knox indeed calls a man of 'nature most gentle and modest,' actuated by pure and disinterested love of religion, liberty, and justice? Were they or were they not the personal friends of Wishart: and had that martyr been less amiable, had his sufferings left a regret less pungent in the hearts of these very men, would the general 'principle' have operated with such instant and decisive effect to the destruction of his destroyer? Is a man then a cooler and more competent judge of the wrongs inflicted on a beloved friend, recently deprived of life by an iniquitous sentence, than of his own? For the honour of human nature, we think otherwise—but for this very reason, he is no more to be entrusted with the execution of vengeance in the one case than in the other. Strange indeed it is that these men who, on every other occasion, had the bible in their hands and its precepts in their mouths, should have forgotten this one confounding text—'Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves!'

But in the next place, admitting what cannot be denied, that the death of Beatoun was a benefit to his country—that it prevented, in all probability, a long course of bloodshed and cruelty, and that by one decisive stroke, it removed the great impediment to reformation—what was the commission these men had to shew for undertaking the work?—their own *opinion*, on this hypothesis, as their

* In a note he glances obliquely at the murder of Sharp, as a case admitting of considerable palliation. He probably classes it with that of Beatoun—and so do we: though we think very differently from our author as to the nature of both cases. But Sharp was an apostate as well as a persecutor, while Beatoun, though more atrocious, was more consistent in his cruelties.

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own *passions* on the other. They were no branch of the legislature—they were not soldiers authorized in open war to kill and slay—they were not magistrates empowered to bring offenders to justice; and had they been the last, which for them perhaps is the most favourable supposition, where was the arraignment, the proof, the defence, the sentence? all transacted in a few minutes, with drawn swords, in the chamber of a trembling victim. In short, the only plea was that which is expressly condemned by their own scriptures, 'that of doing evil that good may come.'

The concluding sentence of this paragraph is equally exceptionable with the rest—'There have been instances of persons not invested with public authority executing punishment upon flagitious offenders, as to which we may scruple to load the memory of the actors with an aggravated charge of murder, although we cannot approve of their conduct.' Dr. M'Crie's conception of this case is in the highest degree inaccurate and perplexed. For the fact being supposed, and also that it was committed with deliberation, the question is no longer, whether it be murder, manslaughter, or justifiable homicide, but whether it be murder or a meritorious act of justice. In other words, the 'actors must either be loaded with the aggravated charge of murder,' of their conduct must be wholly approved. There is no medium. In short, through the whole of this most obnoxious paragraph, there is a tendency, unperceived, we sincerely believe, by the author himself, and to which he has been betrayed by his absurd partiality for the hero of the cause of reformation in his country, to invert the charge of murder, by transferring it from the voluntary and unauthorized avengers of their slaughtered friends, to the judge who, with whatever circumstances of cruelty, acted under the authority of existing laws which he was regularly commissioned to execute.

The circumstances of the times, and an alarming symptom of depravation which has lately taken place in the English character, have compelled us to take up this subject with more than ordinary seriousness. Assassination has become dreadfully frequent among us: the diffusion of unprincipled publications among the lower ranks has also produced a generation of shallow and pernicious reasoners, who, either before or after the commission of such atrocious acts, may be served at a very cheap rate with drugs to lull their consciences asleep, by putting 'bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter.' The atrocious assassin of Mr. Percival was a reasoner upon these principles. Far be it from us to impute to a man like Dr. M'Crie any purpose of fostering principles so detestable; but as he seems not to have been aware of the tendency

of his own positions, it became our duty to the public to point them out.

One word more on this subject and we have done. What Knox thought of Beatoun's death, his own indecent and brutal narrative of the manner of it too clearly proves. We would now ask Dr. M'Crie whether his own ideas of a faithful minister allow him to justify the conduct of his hero on this occasion? If they do not, he was in duty bound to express himself with his usual clearness and decision on a point of such importance.

Knox entered the castle of St. Andrews soon after the assassination, and was called to the office of preacher. What then, we ask, was the condition of that company of whose consciences he had taken the direction? 'They had killed and also taken possession.' Their course began in bloodshed, continued in robbery, and ended in rebellion. Not content with dispatching the object of their hatred, they had displaced his servants, seized his goods, devoured his provisions, and turned his artillery against a force lawfully commissioned to reduce them. Under these circumstances, to what subjects did the young and zealous preacher betake himself, and on what topics did he principally insist—on the four kingdoms of Daniel, and the antichristian character of the Pope! Had Knox then not acquired the honesty or the boldness for which he became afterwards so famous? The preacher who so liberally applied the character of Jezebel to that of Mary, could he find no resemblance of Ahab in his own friends and companions? But he approved the slaughter. So it appears, and so much the worse for him. On what principles, however, of morality could he approve what followed—Necessity—that is, a necessity created by guilt? On the whole, we should have honoured the fairness of Dr. M'Crie as a biographer quite as much, if, in the midst of his declamations against the Catholics at this time, he had for once done them the justice to acknowledge their lenity to those conspirators in granting them the terms they did; in not insisting that the actual perpetrators of Beatoun's murder at least should be given up to public justice, that they might be consigned to the gibbet instead of the gallies. This is a tone and language which, in speaking of such a work, we should not have wished to assume; but the author and the times compel us to adopt it.

Such then were the instruments, very exceptionable, it ought to have been acknowledged, in themselves, which were nevertheless permitted by Providence to give the first blow in Scotland to a superstition at once the most cruel and degrading, which, under the name or semblance of Christianity, had ever darkened the understandings or enslaved the consciences of men.

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The next step in this great work we can contemplate with approbation. The aristocracy of that country, consisting of the nobility and lesser barons, had so long been accustomed to controul by force the enormities of their sovereigns, that their interference on great occasions may be regarded as constitutional. Accordingly, when a great and respectable portion (perhaps the majority) of this powerful body modestly demanded for themselves liberty of conscience and worship, and were refused; when for the same end alone, they next took arms, resolving to act upon the defensive; when they endeavoured by successive treaties to secure to themselves these great and inalienable rights; and when, upon disarming again, they found every engagement violated and every concession revoked, they had recourse to a step less violent than had often been practised towards their sovereigns in person, we mean the suspension of the queen regent; and by degrees, with the voice of the nation on their side, in a peaceable and legislative manner, laid the foundation of that useful, moderate, and respectable establishment, which exists among their posterity to this day. This, if any could be, was justifiable resistance; resistance without rebellion—an interference not of a few fanatical individuals, to revenge themselves on an obnoxious judge, but of a great order in the state, embodied and armed for the purposes of securing to their country what no laws or institutions can justly take away, the rights of conscience.

In relating the triumphant progress of this revolution, we are far from being offended by the exulting tone which our biographer assumes: all that is dear to him in civil or religious polity was at stake; it was moreover the most illustrious period of his hero's life, and greater surely can no private man appear, than when by his talents, his spirit, and his eloquence, he is wielding, as inferior instruments, half the rank and power of his country in order to subvert an ancient and mischievous superstition, and to build on its basis a noble temple of truth and liberty.

But of the literal subversion of many noble buildings, which, perhaps unavoidably, took place in the course of this great revolution, Dr. M'Crie permits himself to speak with a savage and sarcastic triumph, which evinces how zealous and practical an helper he would himself have proved in the work of destruction, had he been born in the 16th century. Less, we are persuaded, would then have been heard of Rowe or Willock as auxiliaries of Knox, than of M'Crie. On the wailings of modern taste, when directed to this fashionable topic of invective, he has no compassion: nay, he most provokingly taunts the poor antiquaries with their obligations to Knox for having produced so many fine sub-

jects for the pencil and the graver. This is really more than can be borne: we must interpose to rescue from such ruffian hands an innocent and persecuted fraternity; and lest some poor artist, with pallet and pencil, should undertake a pilgrimage, in consequence of this ironical encouragement, to Perth and Scoon, the first scene of these outrages, or to St. Andrews, which was the second, we are in duty bound to inform him, that instead of picturesque and beautiful remains he will not find a vestige of those magnificent edifices which once adorned the former, and at the latter, one vast fragment alone will instruct him not what but where was once the metropolitan church of Scotland. It was to the subsequent dereliction of the edifices which Knox had spared, that almost every object of the pencil in that country is owing.

We are next to contemplate Knox actively employed in settling the infant church, a work in which he met with no small obstruction, in consequence of the arrival of the young queen, filled with all the prejudices of popery, and educated in all the licence of a voluptuous court. The poverty of the country which she came to govern; the intractable spirit of the people, the sour and inflexible humour of the reformers, all conspired to fill her with disgust against a situation and a religion so little resembling those which she had left behind. In his conversations with this princess, Knox seems to have copied the tone of the Jewish prophets, when reprehending by divine commission their idolatrous sovereigns. Nor was he much less formidable: for though unable like them to command the elements and to call down vengeance from above, he had at his command an exasperated people, to whom he was not backward in appealing against the mandates of his sovereign. The precipitancy, the profligacy, and we fear too, the unnatural cruelty of Mary herself, afforded to the cause of Reformation advantages which its best friends could neither have foreseen nor hoped, and by one of those astonishing interpositions which baffle all human calculation, the great and devoted patroness of the old religion became one of the most powerful means of establishing the new one.

Presbytery being now established in Scotland, we must be indulged (we are led to it by some curious and original information of our author) in some reflexions on the peculiar fitness of such an establishment for that country, and on the characters of its first champions compared with those who followed them, in another great national struggle, about a century later.

Presbytery, which, like a certain language,

> ——————————— 'is found
> 'To flourish most in barren ground,'

first

first sprung up among the rocks of Switzerland, and quickly found a congenial soil and climate when transplanted to the banks of the Tay and the Forth. Naturally allied to a republic, its maxims are in perpetual hostility with monarchic government. Its pretensions are higher than those of the primitive church under the first Christian emperors: it admits of no interference of civil authority with its own discipline; it claims, on the contrary, an unlimited right of discussing the conduct of civil governors in the pulpit. These principles, together with the vacillating politics of James the Sixth, and the unskilfully rigid attachment of his son to episcopacy, sufficiently account for all the contests between the kirk and the crown from the days of Knox to those of the covenant. But, during this interval, though principles remained the same, a new and far inferior race of men had sprung up to support them. Till very lately we have been accustomed to consider the first instruments of the reformation in Scotland as semibarbarians, men of strong minds indeed, great warmth and honesty, and of a powerful and awakening eloquence. The latter qualities, it is true, they enjoyed in perfection; but it is proved by Dr. M'Crie that they were also accomplished and elegant scholars. It has been elsewhere observed that nations sometimes attain to great perfection in the ornamental arts before they have learned those which minister to common convenience; and thus, at a period when the common people of Scotland were a barefooted rabble, with scarcely a chimney to their houses, robbing, plundering, and destroying each other with little restraint from law, and almost universal protection from their chiefs; there arose a race of scholars, who, in the midst of filth and smoke and poverty and an unsettled government, resolutely sacrificed to the Muses and the Graces of antiquity, till they had learned to compose in the Latin language with an ease and elegance unknown since the days of Augustus. To prove this singular fact we have only to quote Dr. M'Crie's well attested account of the family of John Rowe.

'The Grammar school of Perth was the most celebrated in the kingdom, and the noblemen and gentlemen were accustomed to send their children there (thither) for their education. Many of these were boarded with Mr. Rowe, who instructed them in Greek and Hebrew. As nothing but Latin was spoken by the boys in the school and in the fields, so nothing was spoken in Mr. Rowe's house, but French. The passages of Scripture read in the family before and after meals, if in the Old Testament, were read in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and English. If in the New Testament, they were read in Greek. His son John, when he was between four and five years old, was taught the Hebrew characters, and at night he read the Hebrew chapter in the family.'

All this however might have been done, and many learned men

might have issued from this excellent seminary without a tincture of those classical graces which really adorned them, had not nature led the way by instilling into their minds unusual portions of taste and genius. At the period of the covenant, whatever remained of these qualities, whether natural or acquired, in Scotland, had gone over to the episcopal clergy. In fact, it was these qualities which upheld episcopacy for a season against prejudices which would otherwise have been invincible.

But to return—the eloquence of Knox and his associates, which wrought such wonders in its day, was of a very singular composition. The matter of it came warm from the heart, in a cause which absorbed every faculty of the speaker; but the manner was caught partly from the solemn denunciations of the ancient prophets, and partly from the energetic and animating tone of the free orators of antiquity. Of the meek spirit of the Gospel it certainly partook in a very slender degree. That temper was ill suited to the work in hand. But of the eloquence of this period it must at least be acknowledged, that it was natural and manly, without cant and without fanaticism; formed by men of vigour and good taste, upon excellent models, and calculated alike (which is the highest character of eloquence) for the few and the many.—In less than a century this spirit was fled from the kirk of Scotland; and Henderson, Gillespie, and their brethren of the covenant, bore no more resemblance to Knox, Willock, and Rowe, than, at this day, do the cold and feeble successors of Watts and Doddridge, to those animated and excellent preachers. In fact these men were at once without spirit and without sobriety, meddling and hot-headed, fanatical and dull. This lamentable declension, besides a great prostration of native genius, is to be accounted for from the poverty and meanness of their education. They knew little of antiquity—they were not learned in the original languages of scripture; but they had drawn their information, such as it was, from narrow Calvinistic systems of theology, which had by that time begun to swarm upon the continent, and which, as they fostered their native bigotry and bitterness, damped every warm feeling of genius, and crippled every movement of free and excursive intellect. Yet, strange to say, these men wielded the great machine of popular opinion with no less power than Knox: for the truth was, that the taste of preachers and of people was then become equally depraved—the nonsense of the one suited the nonsense of the other—they had an appetite for cant, and they were fed with it to the full.

Classical taste meanwhile sought refuge in another quarter and another cause, until Pitcairn, the last Latin poet in Scotland, bewailed in strains not unworthy of Buchanan the lost fortunes of the House

House of Stuart. A late attempt to restore this faculty, has but contributed to revive and perpetuate the national disgrace. The Muses of Greece and Rome have fled, as it would seem, before the predominating genius of physiology and political œconomy.

By the enthusiasm of his admirers Knox has been seriously invested with prophetical powers. On this delicate subject, equally afraid to deny and unwilling to concede, his biographer speaks in the following cautious and discriminating language.

'There are, however, several of his sayings, which cannot be vindicated upon these principles,' (general probabilities and the warnings of Scripture,) 'and which he himself rested upon different grounds. Of this kind were, the assurance, which he expressed from the beginning of the Scottish troubles, that the cause of the congregation would ultimately prevail,' (in which, after all, native sagacity and a sanguine temper might have a great share,) 'his confident hope of again preaching in his native country and at St. Andrews, avowed by him during his imprisonment on board the French gallies, and frequently repeated during his exile, with the intimations which he gave respecting the death of Thomas Maitland and Kirkcaldy of Grange. It cannot be denied, that his contemporaries considered these as proceeding from a prophetic spirit, and have attested that they received an exact accomplishment. The most *easy* way of getting rid of this delicate question is, by dismissing it at once, and summarily pronouncing that all pretensions to extraordinary premonition, ought without examination to be discarded as fanciful and visionary. But I doubt much, if this method of determining the question would be doing justice to the subject. Est periculum (ne) aut neglectis his, impiâ fraude, aut susceptis, anili superstitione, obligemur. On the one hand, the disposition which mankind discover to pry into the secrets of futurity, has always been accompanied with much credulity and superstition; and it cannot be denied that the age in which our reformer lived, was prone to credit the marvellous, especially as to the infliction of divine judgments upon individuals. On the other hand, there is great danger of running into scepticism, and of laying down general principles which may lead us ultimately to contest the truth of the best authenticated facts. This is an extreme to which the present age inclines. That there have been instances of persons having presentiments and premonitions as to events which happened (should happen) to themselves and others, there is, I think, the best reason to believe. The canon of our faith is contained in the scriptures of the Old and New Testament; we must not look to impressions, or new revelations, as the rule of our duty; but that God may, on particular occasions, forewarn persons of some things which shall happen, to testify his approbation of them, to encourage them to confide in him in particular circumstances, is not, I think, inconsistent with the principles of either natural or revealed religion. Some of the reformers were men of singular piety; they were exposed to uncommon opposition, and had uncommon services to perform; they were endued with extraordinary gifts; and *I am inclined to believe* were occasionally favoured with premonitions

with respect to events which concerned themselves, other individuals, or the church in general.'

Whatever may be thought of a fact so controverted even among wise and good men, it is impossible not to honour the fortitude of one who, in spite of the intolerant and persecuting spirit of incredulity which prevails at present, dares to avow the probability of it and to support it by an argument at once so rational and so unfashionable. With regard to the argument itself, though it may be easy to deride, it is impossible to confute it: for if 'no one can refute a sneer,' it must also be remembered, that a sneer can refute nothing.

The History of the Reformation in Scotland, with the exception of one book, has been irrefragably proved by our author to be the work of Knox: an undertaking in which Dr. M'Crie seems to have been aware that truth alone was indebted to him; for he speaks with no disrelish of the broad and coarse buffoonery with which it requires no fastidiousness of taste to be disgusted, and which can now no longer be imputed to some unknown and impertinent interpolator.

Many of Dr. M'Crie's readers have probably conceived of this 'son of thunder' as of a large athletic man, able in that age of 'apostolic blows and knocks' to have proved the orthodoxy of his doctrine by the sword as well as 'by tongue and lively voice.' On the contrary, he was a man of slender frame and feeble constitution, (Beza says corpore pusillo,) literally worn out by labours at one period of his life, and by sufferings at another. But cujusque mens, is est quisque, and Knox might be said to be all soul and spirit. He was one of those rare and gifted men upon whom the moral and religious destinies of nations are made to depend, and like the two other heroes of the Reformation, Calvin and Luther, was sent into the world with energies, which, in ordinary times, and when mighty energies were not wanted to subvert mighty abuses, would have been mischievous in their strength. In Knox and Calvin there seems to have been a perfect harmony of principles and temper. Luther, besides the strange erratic course which he held on the subject of concomitancy in the sacrament, had a tincture of enthusiasm from which both the others were exempt. All agreed in the predestinarian doctrine, and in that of justification by faith; but more strikingly in an indignant spirit of opposition to existing abuses, in a disregard of worldly rank and power, in a constitutional intrepidity not to be awed, and a pertinacity never to be wearied. Yet what topics are so fashionable, with those who have no other scale of character than the tame mediocrity of settled times, as the rigour and obstinacy of these great reformers? And yet what is plainer than that the workmen were merely suited to their work? Popery

was

was not a pile to be battered down by popguns. Its foundations were deeply laid in ancient power, in terrible cruelty, in universal ignorance. From the want of such powerful engines, how many pious spirits had long deplored its corruptions, and wounded their own consciences by partaking of its plagues! How many penetrating understandings had long seen and derided the great imposture, yet seen and derided in secret; either awed by its terrors or bribed by its emoluments! Courage therefore not to be appalled, and integrity not to be corrupted, must be combined with piety and acuteness to constitute a first reformer; and all these qualifications met in this incomparable triumvirate, and, in their perfection, in them alone.

Thus much then for the *subject* of this vigorous and original work. With respect to the style, it is natural and forcible, free from all modern affectation, excepting the abominable verb 'narrate', which must absolutely be proscribed in all good writing. It abounds indeed with Scotticisms, for which we like it the better. They are the επιχωριον τι of a work so thoroughly national. For, why should a Scotsman, who is ashamed of nothing else belonging to his country, be ashamed of its dialect? It is to English what the Doric was to pure Greek, adorned with many rustic graces which have long been felt and acknowledged in the poetry of that country. Why then should it not be tolerated in history, especially since experience has shewn that no efforts of their best writers have been able wholly to avoid it? With respect to the typography of the quotations, we were disposed to invoke the shade of William Bowyer: they have been committed to an illiterate compositor, and never, as appears, revised by the learned author. The Latin is almost unintelligible, and in a Greek epigram of four lines, there are three errata. This mechanical defect we should not have mentioned had such a work been likely to rest in a first or second edition.

We now take leave of Dr. M'Crie with sincere esteem and goodwill, notwithstanding some important points of difference which a little more candour and courtesy to a sister church, not deficient in those regards to his own establishment, might have prevented.

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ART. XI. *Voyages and Travels in various Parts of the World, during the Years* 1803, 4, 5, 6 *and* 7. By G. H. Von Langsdorff, Aulic Counsellor to His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, &c. London. 1813.

HOWEVER gratifying to us it might be to know that our critical labours make their way to the most distant corners of the globe, the pleasure derived from that circumstance would be considerably

considerably abated by any well grounded complaint of severe or unmerited censure. We are not indeed now to learn how difficult it is for the best natured critic to satisfy the expectations of the least aspiring author; but we confess ourselves not to have been quite prepared for the serious remonstrance which Captain (now Admiral) Krusenstern has transmitted from St. Petersburgh. This officer, it seems, has taken offence at our remarks on the two volumes of his voyage round the world, printed at Berlin, and a copy of which we took some pains to procure. In his letter, he expresses 'much surprize at the spirit of animosity against Russia which pervades the whole of the Review.' This at once astonishes and mortifies us; for to what does it amount? Merely to an observation, which every one knows to be true, that the reign of Catharine was a reign of projects; and that the Japanese embassy sent by Alexander was only following up the views of his august predecessor. Whether this embassy was grafted on the original plan of the voyage, or the voyage was undertaken to carry out the ambassador, is, in our estimation, a matter of very small importance;* in neither case do we see, any more than the author, 'that Russia had made herself ridiculous.' If Admiral Krusenstern will give himself the trouble to read over the 3d Article of our 9th Number, written when at war with Russia, and the 11th Article of the 16th Number, drawn up since the return of friendly relations, he will see in both a consistency of opinion, and a spirit which breathes any thing but 'animosity against Russia.'

But a charge of a more serious nature is brought against us—that of attacking 'in one instance, at least, his moral character.' The instance, it seems, is this. Lieutenant Chwostoff, who visited the coast of Jesso subsequent to the departure of Captain Krusenstern, was told by the Japanese that a revolution actually took place in Jeddo on account of the dismissal of the Russian embassy. Our observation on this passage was, that 'we did not expect the sober good sense of Captain Krusenstern would have led him to give publicity to so idle a tale;' and we added, 'the idea is too absurd to deserve a moment's attention; unless indeed it was intended to flatter Count Romanzoff.' That the Count, like other courtiers, is open to this mode of address, is by no means improbable; nor is there any thing very extravagant in the supposition that the narrative of a voyage should be made as palatable to him that planned it, as truth would allow; we must therefore repeat our surprize that Captain Krusenstern does

* Admiral Krusenstern says in his letter, 'The embassy to Japan was engrafted upon the original plan of the voyage.' We said, 'The project of a new embassy was easily grafted on the present voyage.' Where do we differ? yet this passage has given offence.

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not see the absurdity of this story. He would be the first to smile, at being told that the governor of the Crimea, in sending away a Turkish minister, by order of his court, had occasioned a rebellion in Petersburgh, and a revolution in the whole government of Russia. Most willingly would we gratify this gentleman—but, on re-perusing our former Article, we can honestly and conscientiously assure him that we find nothing to alter, and that we are at a loss for terms to 'introduce him more fairly to the English public' than we have already done in our concluding sentence, which, to please him, we shall repeat—'We cannot take leave of Captain Krusenstern without expressing the satisfaction which we have derived from the perusal of his very clear and intelligent account of a Voyage round the World, conducted apparently with great good temper, discretion and judgment, and related in a style of modesty and candour which cannot fail to secure the approbation of the most fastidious.' But the English reader has now obtained the fullest and fairest introduction to his acquaintance through the medium of a translation, which, we have little doubt, will find a place among every collection of voyages and travels, and afford in the perusal both amusement and information.

We now turn to the account of the same voyage written by a fellow traveller, who accompanied the ambassador in the capacity of naturalist. This work may be considered to bear pretty nearly the same relation to the authentic and original account of the voyage, that Forster's did to that of Captain Cook. To the general reader it will probably be more amusing than Captain Krusenstern's, because it is less grave, and, with the exception of a storm or two, without which a voyage would be nothing, divested of all nautical matters. Doctor Langsdorff is a German of a far more lively cast than most of his philosophic countrymen, whose ponderous labours we are occasionally doomed to encounter; he even attempts to be witty, and occasionally manifests a disposition to be waggish. At St. Catharine's, he slily insinuates, when in the act of being rubbed down by a negro slave, that 'if he could but have prevailed on the fair daughter of his host to press the muscles with her delicate hands,' the pleasure would have been equal to that of animal magnetism—a pleasure which, not having ourselves experienced it, we pretend not to estimate. His colouring too of the naked beauties of Nukahiwa is far more warm and glowing than we had expected to encounter from the pencil of a phlegmatic German. Their 'comic effusions' and 'pantomimic gestures,' too expressive to be mistaken, while swimming and playing about the ship 'like a troop of Tritons,' he found to be utterly 'indescribable,' but they were such as to make 'a novel impression' on the doctor's feelings.

feelings. These damsels, it seems, who were so frolicsome in the water, affected considerable distress at appearing on the ship's deck in a state of primitive simplicity; and 'they crept about,' says the doctor, 'with their hands in the position of the Medicean Venus, in attitudes which presented a beautiful spectacle to the philosophic observer.' Unfortunately, however, this 'beautiful spectacle' was evanescent; and the doctor very feelingly laments that he was not allowed 'a sufficient time for making philosophical observations on the new Venusses,' who suddenly disappeared with the sailors, hand in hand, into the interior of the ship. They were equally provoking the following morning; for they no sooner peeped upon deck than they plunged into the sea, to the visible mortification of Doctor Langsdorff.

These 'Venusses,' however, by no means answered the expectations which he had formed of them from the descriptions of former voyagers; and he even thinks that Captain Krusenstern has greatly overrated their beauty. 'I must confess,' he observes, 'that in my opinion, both the form and countenance of a well made negress are more pleasing and interesting than those of the women of these islands. We certainly found in Nukahiwa an Apollo of Belvidere; but it may be as certainly made a question whether a nice observer would not sooner find the original of the Medicean Venus upon the coast of Africa than in the South Sea.'

Without detaining our readers with even a sketch of the manners, laws, &c. of these islanders, from Doctor Langsdorff's book, which have again and again been described by former visitors, and which wear but a thin shade of difference from those of other savage nations, we shall content ourselves with the notice of one custom, which, to us at least, is perfectly novel—that of joining noses by way of salutation. 'When two friends meet,' says the doctor, 'they press the points of their noses together; this stands with them in the place of a kiss, to the sweet sensation of which they seem entire strangers.' Perhaps also their dexterity in catching rats by the hand, and 'feeding their swine with them,' may be something new; but we really cannot discover the force of the doctor's logical conjecture that, because there are plenty of rats and no tame cats to eat them, there must be wild cats in the woods: there may be no necessity for cats either wild or tame, where pigs are so ready to perform their functions.

We cannot in decency entirely pass over the chapter in which the doctor exhibits many profound and 'philosophical speculations on anthropophagism.' Happy for 'pauvre Jean Jacques' that *he* did not live to peruse these unholy 'speculations' on the deep depravity of the 'simple children of nature!' How rude a shock must his morbid sensibility have sustained on hearing that,

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in savage life, there is no such thing as love between the sexes, affection between parents and children, or attachment between friends; that man is the most selfish of all animals, and the more so, the farther he is removed from a state of civilization; that, in short, his appetites are so depraved, that it is an incontrovertible truth, that all nations of the world have, at one period or other, been in the habit of eating one another! As the doctor considers this to be a 'matter of sufficient importance to be investigated somewhat minutely,' he summons to his aid a manuscript of Père Loureiro, (the author of the Flora Cochinchinensis,) and a treatise written by the 'ingenious Professor Meiners of Gottingen, *De Anthropophagia et diversis ejus Causis.*'

Our notice of the speculations of this learned triumvirate must be brief. They assign four causes for indulging the appetite which men feel for eating one another. The first is a tolerably substantial one—the want of other food. There happened, it seems, at some time or other, a great scarcity in India, so great indeed, that some hundred thousands of persons died of hunger. The survivors, not being of sufficient numbers or strength to bury their deceased friends, came to the resolution of eating them: but mark what followed! they continued to feast so long on their friends that they acquired a taste for human food, and ever after used to way-lay one another for the sake of enjoying so delicious a treat. 'Among others, a person who lived in a forest, upon the side of a mountain, contrived a sling which he threw round the necks of passengers and drew them into the forest, where he satiated his appetite upon them.' Nay, an old woman acquired such an unconquerable taste for young children, that none of the brats in the neighbourhood were safe out of their houses;—'what she could not eat fresh, she salted and kept for future eating.' It is added, that 'the flesh of young women and girls, and particularly of new born ones, far exceeds in delicacy that of the finest youths or grown men;' that the inside of the hand and the sole of the foot are real titbits; and, what alarms us not a little, that Englishmen are higher flavoured than Frenchmen. The doctor concludes this part of his interesting subject with a grave and suitable admonition against the immorality of indulging an appetite 'of even eating a corpse in times of the greatest scarcity,' lest we should acquire a taste, like the Nukahiwas, 'for killing and eating our wives and children.'

'The second motive,' says the doctor, 'for anthropophagism is the unruly and inordinate desires to which man is too prone to give way.' Under this head we have examples of the Mexicans and Tahuyas, of the Jaygas and Anzigos, 'of the Hibernians, whom we commonly call Irishmen,' and, as related by 'Cælius Rhodiginus,

ginus, of their neighbours the Scotch;'—in fine, 'of all our forefathers' being anthropophagists; many of whom, it seems, not content with feasting on their enemies, 'killed and eat their own countrymen, first feeding them well, and even giving them dainties, that their flesh might be the more delicate and finely flavoured; it was then publicly sold in the market.' We were not aware that our savage forefathers were such epicures.

The third motive assigned by the Doctor, and which we agree with him is a 'most extraordinary one,' is the pretence of humanity! This profound proposition is illustrated by examples drawn from the Massagetæ, Essidonians, and many others of whom our readers may not be very anxious to know the names, who all ate their relations out of pure kindness, and then boasted that they had buried them in their own entrails. 'It may be made a question,' says the Doctor, 'whether our German saying of *eating any body through love* may not have arisen from a tradition referring to those antient times, since it is certain that our forefathers, equally with the above-mentioned tribes, followed this custom.'

The fourth and last reason for anthropophagism is 'hatred, contempt, and a thirst of revenge.' Thus, the loyal subjects of the king of Cochinchina ate their rebel brethren, whose flesh, however, they found some difficulty in swallowing, unless when seasoned with lemon sauce. 'Our German expression,' says the Doctor, '*to be blood-thirsty*, comes perhaps from the time when our forefathers, out of revenge, literally assuaged their thirst with the blood of their enemies instead of grapes.'—But more than enough of the 'philosophical speculations' of the Portuguese Jesuit, the Gottingen professor, and the Russian aulic counsellor. We shall merely observe that the Tauas, or priests, of Nukahiwa, when wishing to regale themselves with human flesh, have an aukward custom of *dreaming* that they should like to taste of such a man, or such a woman, when search is immediately made, and the first person that comes in the way, answering the description, is killed and eaten.

Happily for the doctor and his companions these Tauas were kind enough not to dream of a Russian relish, by way of variety; they therefore arrived safely at Owhyhee, whose natives had passed that stage of human civilization in which men delight in feasting on one another. But as they neither liked the appearance of the people, nor the high prices demanded for the refreshments of which they had to dispose, they resolved to proceed on their voyage, and made sail without holding much communication with them. The inhabitants of the Sandwich islands are, in fact, as the doctor afterwards discovered, advancing with rapid

rapid strides from barbarism to civilization. They enjoy a fine climate, and a soil of tolerable fertility; they are conveniently situated for ships bound to the north-west coast of America, the Aleutian islands, and Kamschatka; they have many secure bays and harbours; plenty of wood and water, and refreshments of all kinds in abundance. Most of the American ships, whether in their voyage round Cape Horn to the north-west coast of America, to collect furs for the China market, or from the South Sea whale fishery, touch at the Sandwich islands. This frequent intercourse has furnished the means of instruction to the natives in the knowledge of many of the comforts and advantages of a civilized state of society: it has taught them the value of property, and the convenience of money as the representative of property. Many of the American seamen have settled on these islands, and connected themselves with the native females. Under their instruction, the people have been taught to build ships, and to become good seamen. In the year 1806, Doctor Langsdorff tells us that the chief, Tomoomah, had a fleet of no less than fifteen ships, composed of three masted vessels, brigs, and cutters.* He agreed with the Russian American Company to send a ship every year with hogs, salt, batatas, and other provisions for the use of their settlement, and to take in return sea-otter skins, which he meant to send to China on speculation, an intercourse which the doctor says he has since learned has actually commenced, and that the Russian Company had even purchased a cutter from him. The king himself is said to be an excellent shipbuilder, and to pay unremitting attention to that art. Having merely to imitate, the natives of this little group of islands may, under a succession of chiefs possessing ability and energy equal to those of Tomoomah, constitute a happy and polished society long before the expiration of the present century: 'they have taken a leap,' as Turnbull observed in 1802, 'into civilization.'

The silence of Captain Krusenstern respecting the objects of the embassy, and the nature of the negociations carried on at Nangasaki between the ambassador and the Japanese *interpreters*, (for they seem to have had but little intercourse with persons of a higher description,) is, in some measure, compensated by the communicativeness of Doctor Langsdorff. We observe, indeed, in the letter of Captain Krusenstern, to which we have alluded, an expression which will account for his silence. 'If,' says he, 'the political conduct of the ambassador had been more circumspect, the result

* Turnbull says, that in 1802 he had upwards of twenty vessels of different sizes, from twenty-five to seventy tons; some of them copper-bottomed. It was Captain Vancouvre who laid the keel of Tamahama's first vessel in 1794.

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of the embassy would, in all probability, have been of a more pleasing nature.' It now appears, that instead of resisting the unreasonable and humiliating requisitions of the Japanese, he was at first all compliance, and then all complaint. On the first visit of some inferior officers of the governor of Nangasaki, they refused to go on board the Russian ship, 'till the ambassador, the captain and some of the officers, came out to welcome them.' Mr. Resanoff did indeed resist a demand so insolent and derogatory to his character, but offered to send 'some of his cavaliers;' this however being rejected by the 'great men' of Japan, he condescended to meet them himself on the forecastle. He moreover put them in possession of his instructions, and gave them a copy of the letter from the Emperor Alexander to the Emperor of Japan. He consented to have the guns, ammunition, muskets, and arms of every kind taken out of the ship. He acquiesced in the Nadeshda being surrounded by guard boats; he submitted to be kept on board, a prisoner in his own ship, for several months, and suffered himself to be cajoled from day to day by the most frivolous and childish excuses. When a request was made to take the ship into the inner harbour, he was told that a ship bearing a great personage like him, could not possibly be permitted to mix with Dutch trading vessels; and he was satisfied with their explanation that so great a man as himself must be received with preparations suitable to his rank and dignity; and when at length he ventured to send a message to the governor to say that 'his patience and forbearance had reached their height, and that he insisted on knowing why he had been kept waiting so long, and put off from month to month with empty promises,' he was pacified by being told, as a profound secret, that a council had been assembled at Jeddo to consult on the expediency of establishing a commercial intercourse with Russia, and that this was the sole cause of the delay;—two days after this, the very same man had the impudence to invent a totally different excuse for it.

It is quite amusing to read the manner in which the Japanese interpreters managed their masters' business, and to learn with what barefaced impudence they contrived and succeeded in administering consolation to their prisoner. One of these fellows, who united all the qualifications of the three comforters of Job in his own person, very gravely assured him that they felt how unbecoming the treatment was which he had met with from the great men of Japan; but added that it was their custom, and that 'a reasonable man must know how to accommodate himself to all situations and circumstances, like water which takes the form and figure of every vessel into which it is poured.' Another, when he

he uttered his complaints, and talked of demanding his dismissal, said that they (the interpreters) comprehended these things perfectly, but that patience was a great virtue. 'It is laughable,' said he, 'that Japan, this little country, this little island, makes so much ceremony, and contrives so many difficulties; that in all her manners, even in her ways of thinking, she is little: while Russia, which is a very extensive country, is, in all her ways and manners, in all her thoughts and actions, great and noble.'

This civil piece of irony was, in fact, prompted by the ambassador, who, in exhibiting his maps and charts of the world, took great pains to impress on the Japanese, the magnitude of the Russian territory compared with that of Japan, all which had been faithfully reported at Nangasaki, and treasured up at Jeddo to be made use of at a proper occasion. The second audience furnished that occasion. One of the points mentioned in the Emperor of Russia's letter, was the desire he felt of establishing an intercourse of friendship and commerce with the Emperor of Japan; on which it was observed to the ambassador that 'friendship is like a chain which, when destined to some particular end, must consist of a determined number of links. If one member, however, be particularly strong, and the others disproportionably weak, the latter must, of necessity, be soon broken. The chain of friendship can never, therefore, be otherwise than disadvantageous to the weak members included in it.' In the same strain the interpreter proceeded to state with great solemnity that the mighty monarch of Russia had sent an ambassador with a number of costly presents. 'If they are accepted, the Emperor of Japan must, according to the custom of the country, send an ambassador with presents of equal value to the Emperor of Russia. But as there is strict prohibition against either the inhabitants or the ships quitting the country, and Japan is besides so poor, that it is impossible to return presents to any thing like an equivalent, it is wholly out of the Emperor's power to receive either the ambassador or the presents.'

It seems to be the policy of this wary government to humiliate and mortify, for the purpose of wearing out the patience, and thus more easily getting rid, of strangers. One of the first operations of this kind, by way of giving the Russians a taste of the mode in which Europeans are treated, was to bring the gentlemen of the Dutch factory along side the Nadeshda, and, after letting them wait a couple of hours in the boat, to ask permission for them to come on board. As Mynheer Doeff, the chief of the factory, was advancing to pay his respects to the ambassador, one of the interpreters caught him by the arm, and reminded him that he must first

make his compliment to the *great men*; on which Mynheer Doeff immediately bent his body into a right angle, and with his arms dangling to the ground, remained in that posture a considerable length of time, when turning himself half round, he whispered to the interpreter, *Kan ik wederom opstaan?* May I now stand upright? The same compliment was again required on their departure, when a Baron Pabst, who had visited Japan out of curiosity, disgusted with such humiliating conduct, stole out of the cabin; one of the vigilant interpreters, however, perceiving it, called after him, 'Aha, Mynheer Pabst, you must not go away until you have paid your compliments to the *great men!*'

The Russians were not allowed to purchase the minutest trifle, not even provisions, which the Japanese supplied them with in daily rations. One day, however, they were left without their allowance, and on complaining of this neglect, the interpreter very coolly told them that 'Prince Tchingodsi had arrived in the morning, and it was necessary to prepare for his reception:'—but even this excuse, insulting as it was, turned out to be a falsehood. In short, their whole conduct is so precisely formed on that of their prototype the Chinese, that we deem it unnecessary to follow Doctor Langsdorff through his details of the grievances of which he justly complains.

The ambassador did indeed resist the demand made upon him to kneel to the governor and the *great man* dispatched from Jeddo, but as they would neither suffer him to sit on a chair nor stand upright, 'he consented to lie down with his feet stretched out sideways.' The most remarkable thing was, that the fronts of all the houses, in all the streets through which they passed, were covered with hangings of cloth or straw mats, 'so that,' says the doctor, 'we could see nothing of the houses or the people, nor could they see any thing of us: here and there only we saw a head, urged by irresistible curiosity, peeping from behind the hangings;' and the reason assigned was, 'that the common people might be kept off, since they were not worthy to see so *great a man* as the Russian ambassador face to face.'

In their voyage to the northward, along the coast of Saghalien or Tchoka, we have nothing in the doctor's account of it that can interest or instruct. His volume terminates with their arrival at Kamtschatka, whence he proceeded over land to St. Petersburgh. The picture drawn by Captain Krusenstern of this distant Russian settlement is a very gloomy one. All its bays are forlorn and forsaken; the shores strewed with stinking fish, cast up by the sea, and the only inhabitants, troops of half starved dogs wallowing among them and fighting for the unsavoury morsel. Even

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the beautiful harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul is unenlivened by a single boat.

'It is in vain that you look round, on landing, for even one well built house: in vain does the eye seek a road, or even a beaten path, along which a person may walk in safety to the town: no garden, no plantation, no inclosure of any kind, indicative of the least cultivation. A few huts, mostly in a decayed state; five or six cows feeding in the vicinity of the houses, and innumerable dogs lying about in holes which they dig as a shelter against the flies, rendering it, if not impossible, at least extremely dangerous, to walk after dark, are the only objects at St. Peter and St. Paul.'

Such is the miserable condition of the principal seat of a settlement formed more than a hundred years ago. But the government has been more in fault than the climate or the soil. A journey to Kamtschatka was a sort of punishment for military officers whose conduct had not been strictly correct. This marked degradation had rarely the effect of amending the conduct of those who were condemned to suffer it. Separated from his friends and from civilized society, with very little hope of returning to either—disgusted with the world, and dissatisfied with himself—now become the petty tyrant of a country of savages—he descended, by no imperceptible steps, to the condition nearly of those over whom he was placed. The usual resource of a person thus circumstanced, whose mind was, perhaps, originally not too well stored with knowledge, was that of drinking spirituous liquors; and it is a fact mentioned by Krusenstern, that almost the only cargoes for which merchants have met with a ready and certain market, are those of this destructive beverage. That wretched system is, however, now changed, and instead of men being driven by disgrace and despair to become savages, they are encouraged to make savages become men.—The progress, however, is likely to be slow; and the absence of any rival power in the neighbourhood is not calculated to quicken it. Russia, indeed, has so many more alluring objects to attract her attention, that the dreary and distant regions of Siberia and Kamtschatka can only hope to excite a very small portion of interest. But if any fortunate turn of affairs should give a stimulus to investigation and settlement in those quarters, we have little doubt that the Japanese themselves will ultimately fall under the sceptre of the Tzars; and, rising from their present state of political debasement, become, in some measure, to the eastern continent of Asia what the British islands are to Europe.

ART. XII. *Istorie Fiorentine di Giovanni Villani, Cittadino Fiorentino. The Florentine Histories of Giovanni Villani, a Citizen of Florence, to the year* 1348. Milan, 1802. 8 toms.

IT is not long since the perusal of a very able work of M. Sismondi, on the Italian Republics of the middle ages, induced us to express a wish that it might be the means of bringing us better acquainted with the early historians of the Italian nation than we have hitherto been. So full of interest and variety is the subject of their narratives, and so estimable, for the most part, are the authors themselves for all the more eminent qualities of historical excellence, and for the attainment of political and philosophical science, far beyond the level of their contemporaries in the other countries of Europe, that we could not, indeed, avoid feeling some surprise at the obscurity in which both the writers and their works are involved, and the ignorance which appears to prevail even among well informed persons respecting them. Perhaps, however, this feeling was a little unreasonable. The transactions of their own ancestors must be allowed to be more laudable objects of interest, to Englishmen, than those of any foreign nations: yet, before the translation of his chronicle by Mr. Johnes, Froissart, that most amusing recorder of the proudest portion of our annals, was known to hardly any but the few fortunate possessors of a Pynson's or Myddleton's Lord Berners. The resurrection of Hall and Holinshed from the entombment of a public library, is an event of yet later occurrence; and, even now, while every day teems with new impressions of Hume and Smollett, Henry and Andrews, nobody seems to care how long the obscurity of a dead language shall continue to cover the venerable forms of our old monkish chroniclers, those authentic and amusing relators of passing occurrences, who carry their reader back with them, by an irresistible spell, to the days in which they lived, and among the scenes and persons which they describe. Since then the taste for deriving our knowledge, even of the early history of our own nation, from the fountain-head of co-eval antiquity, is of so late growth, and still so imperfectly cultivated among us, it is hardly to be expected that men should be very eager to cross the Alps in search of the means of gratification, of which there is such ample store, yet untouched, lying, as it were, at their own doors.

Nevertheless, we hold it to be no unpleasant part of our duty to contribute all that in us lies towards improving a spirit which, we are quite sure, whatever channel it may take, is attended with the power of procuring abundance of valuable instruction, and great entertainment for all those who may happen to be influenced by it. We indulge hopes that an opportunity will be shortly afforded

us of renewing the subject of our former disquisitions by the arrival of a continuation of M. Sismondi's book from the continent. In the mean time, our attention has been called to a large importation of books, principally of the Milan press; and as our acquaintance with the state and progress of Italian literature has been very slight indeed, since the iron crown was fixed on the august brows of his majesty the emperor and king, it may not be uninteresting to many of our readers to be informed, that an extremely handsome edition of all the best classics of the Italian language has been published at Milan, under the auspices of the ci-devant Vice President of the Cisalpine Republic, and now, we believe, arch-chancellor of the kingdom of Italy, Melzi d'Eril, duke of Lodi, by a society calling themselves 'La Società Tipografica de' Classici Italiani,' the members of which are very numerous, and of the first reputation for literature in their respective communities. This work had its commencement during the short peace of 1802; and in 1811, the date of the latest imported books, extended already to 150 volumes. This comprizes but a small portion of what is intended by the editors. According to them, the term 'classical,' as applied to Italian literature, 'si estende dai più antichi ed insigni scrittori sino al cominciare del secolo xviii;' and an edition undertaken on this basis, 'è quasi una raccolta di preziosi monumenti da' quali può di leggieri scorgere l'origine, il progresso, l'oscillazione, il risorgimento, la gloria finalmente, della Italiana litteratura.' Not all the works, however, (they proceed to say,) even of the most celebrated writers, can properly be termed classical; and thus a new distinction is made between classical authors, and classical productions. They instance accordingly, 'Il Convivio di Dante, la Teseide del Bocaccio, il Quatriregio di Federigo Frezzi, &c.' as not deserving the appellation bestowed on their respective authors, and therefore to be excluded from this edition. But, whatever may be its proposed extent, it is certainly an undertaking which reflects great honour, not only on the society which conducts it, but on the character of the people among whom it originated.

Whence comes it that England, of all nations the proudest, and in many respects the most justly so, of her superiority both in arts and arms, is outdone, by almost every civilized country of Europe, in the encouragement given to the monuments of her national literature? But this by the way.—To return to the subject before us,—the first work published by this Milan society was that of which we have placed the title at the head of our present article. We are happy in having found this opportunity of recording the laudable zeal for the departed glories of their nation, which exists even in the present degraded and exhausted state of Italy; but our principal purpose in thus introducing the subject was to in-

dulge our inclination for bringing our readers acquainted with some of the merits of the early Florentine historians.

The first of these, in chronological order, is the venerable Ricordano Malespini; whose history, commencing with the fabulous Origin of Fiesole, the Mother of Florence, is broken off at the year 1281, and thence brought down to 1286, by Giacchetto Malespini, his nephew. In point of style and purity of language it remains to this day one of the choicest models of the Tuscan dialect. It is plain and unornamented, without any of that coarse and imperfect abruptness which distinguishes the rude periods of literature in every other language. Of gross and absurd fable respecting the origin and early history of the Florentine nation it possesses a reasonable share—but in proportion as the author advances nearer to the era in which he writes, a tone of perfect credibility and good faith gradually takes place of fiction and romance; and the history becomes remarkable by way of contrast to the monkish chronicles of other nations,—even those of a much later date,—from the almost total absence of superstitious credulity which it exhibits. Even Villani, who wrote half a century later, and who makes Malespini the groundwork of his own history, has here and there foisted tales of visions and miracles into his original, which Malespini himself had either never heard of, or which his better understanding rejected. Since, however, we have mentioned our author's powers of invention, or rather (perhaps) the inventions of others which he thought proper to retain out of compliment to his native city, it is but fair to give a specimen of them; and our readers shall accordingly hear, (in a style which we have studied, not only in this, but in every subsequent quotation, to render as congenial as possible with the simple antiquity of the original,)

> Concerning Adam: how long time there was between him and king Ninus (Nimrod); and how Apollo the astrologer caused Fiesole to be built.—Cap. 2.

In the first place I say, that from Adam until king Nimrod, who conquered all the world in battle and subdued it under his dominion, (which was about the time of the birth of Abraham,) were years two thousand three hundred and forty-four. In the days of this Nimrod was built the great Tower of Babel, which caused the division of the seventy-two languages of the world. The first division was into three parts, (Asia, Africa, and Europe, which last is described by its boundaries with very tolerable accuracy, beginning from Brindisi and making the circuit from east to west, back to Brindisi again)—'which aforesaid land, so bounded, was first governed by one named Atlante, (Atlas,) (whose wife was a very beautiful woman, by name Electra,) and also by Jupiter with whom was united Appollonio, (Apollo,) a great master of astronomy; and all their actions were directed by his advice. Now they,

they, all together, fixed upon a spot within the confines of their empire, whereon they laid the foundations of Fiesole, which was the first city ever built in the world since the deluge of the ark of Noah; and this place was so chosen by Apollo, on account of its being the most wholesome spot in the whole world, in respect of air, and being under the best and greatest planet; and it was called Fiesole because it was the first city built as aforesaid. In this city dwelt Atlas, and Electra his wife, and many of their people.

In what manner the people of Fiesole came to be concerned with the Trojan war; how in after times Catellino, (Catiline,) a Roman senator of great power, put himself at their head, and obtained many important victories over the Romans and a certain king called Fiorino; (whose name we do not recollect in Sallust;) how this same Catiline was afterward defeated, and Fiesole utterly destroyed by Julius Cæsar, who thereupon built a new city and called it Florence after the name of the said King Fiorino; how, five hundred years later, Attila, surnamed 'Flagellum Dei,' returned the compliment by overthrowing the establishments made by Julius Cæsar, and replacing the inhabitants in the situation in which the eminent astrologer before mentioned had fixed them; the reader, if he has any passion for this sort of historical romance, may find in Malespini. But, after smiling at the simplicity of the chronicler who records these fables so gravely, it is fair to add, that they occupy a very small portion of his work; and that the merits of the remainder are such as amply justify the character which we have given of him. The account of the great battle fought near Benevento between Manfred, king of Naples, and the invader Charles of Anjou, of which the result was the dissolution of the Swabian, and establishment of the Angevin dynasty in that kingdom, affords a favourable specimen of the style and spirit of his narrative. We take it from Villani, who has added some important circumstances; but the main part of it is Malespini's.

Now King Manfred having heard the news of the loss of San Germano, on the return of his discomfited army, was much amazed, and took counsel what he should do; and it was thereupon advised by the Counts Calvagno, Giordano, and Bartolomeo, and by the chamberlain, and others of his barons, that he should withdraw himself, with all his power, into his city of Benevento, that being a place of strength, where he might have the advantage either to accept battle on his own ground, or to retreat into Apulia, as need might be; and where, if he chose to remain, he might prevent the further advance of King Charles, inasmuch as there was no other way by which he could enter the Principato, or reach Naples, or penetrate into Apulia, except by the way of Benevento: and it was done accordingly. As soon as King Charles heard that Manfred had marched towards Benevento, he immediately left San Germano, to follow him with all his host; and he did not take

the direct road by Capua and the Terra di Lavoro, because he might not have been able to pass the bridge of Capua by reason of its strength, and of the strong towers which were there placed to defend the river; but he put himself, in order to pass the Volturno, at the ford of Tuliverno, and from thence held on his march through the county of Alife, and the passes of the Beneventan mountains; and, without taking any rest, and in great distress both of money and provisions, he arrived at the hour of prime, (ora di terza,) or about mid-day, at the foot of Benevento, in the valley which surrounded that city, and which is about two miles in length, and near the river Calore which runs immediately under it.

As soon as King Manfred discovered King Charles's army, he took counsel to fight, and to sally forth in order of battle to assault the Frenchmen before they had well rested themselves; but in this he was ill-advised; for if he had only waited one day, or two, King Charles and all his host would have been destroyed or taken without a blow, for want of provisions for themselves and their horses; seeing that, the very day before they reached Benevento, through distress of victuals, many of them were compelled to eat the leaves of colewort and feed their horses upon the stems, instead of bread and grain; and all the money they had was spent. Also the forces of King Manfred were very much scattered; the Lord Conrad of Antioch being in Abruzzo with his people, Count Frederick in Calabria, and the Count of Ventimiglia in Sicily; so that, if he had delayed ever so little, his strength would have been augmented, and he must have remained conqueror: *but whom God intends to destroy, he first takes away his senses.** Having left Benevento, he descended the hill and crossed the bridge over the Calore to the plain, where stands (the church of?) Santa Maria della Grandella; and there, at a place called La Pietra a Roseto, he drew out his army in three battalions. The first was composed of Germans, in whom he principally confided, and contained twelve hundred lances, (cavalieri,) commanded by the Count Calvagno; the second was of Tuscans, Lombards, and Germans, about a thousand lances, commanded by the Count Giordano; the third, of Apulians and Saracens of Nocera, at the head of whom was King Manfred, in person, and this last consisted of fourteen hundred lances, without reckoning the foot-soldiers and the Saracen archers who were in great numbers.

King Charles, seeing the army of Manfred drawn out, on the plain, in battle array, took counsel as to what he should do, whether to accept battle that same day, or wait; and he was advised by most of his barons to wait until the next morning in order that their horses might have some rest from the fatigues of their long march. The Lord Giles le Brun, constable of France, recommended the contrary course; he said, that, by delay, the enemy would take heart and courage, that their own victuals would entirely fail them; and, in short, that if no others would, he only, with his lord, Robert of Flanders, and the

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* 'Ma a cui Dio vuole male li toglie il senno.' This is a favourite expression of Villani's. Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat. It does not occur in Malespini.

Flemish

Flemish force, would undertake the hazard of the battle, having full confidence in God that he should obtain the victory, through his assistance, over the enemies of holy church. When King Charles heard this, he readily accepted the advice, from the great good will he had to fight, and said with a loud voice to his knights, *Venu est le jour que nous avons tant desiré;** then he caused the trumpets to blow, and gave orders for every man to arm and make himself ready for the battle. In a short time his orders were obeyed, and he formed his men into three divisions after the example of the enemy. The first consisted of Frenchmen, about a thousand lances, commanded by the Lord Philip de Montfort and the Maréchal de Mirepoix; the second was led by King Charles himself, with the Count Guy de Montfort, and many barons and knights of Provence, and of the Campagna, and of Rome, in number about nine hundred good knights; and the royal standard was borne by the Lord William, surnamed l'Etendart, a man of great courage; of the third squadron was captain, Robert Count of Flanders, with his tutor Giles, constable of France, and with seven hundred lances, composed of Flemings, Brabançons, and Picards; and over and above these battalions, were the exiled Guelphs of Florence, and the other Italian states, in number full fourteen hundred more; of whom a great many belonging to the principal houses of Florence, were made knights by the hand of King Charles at the commencement of the battle. Of these exiles of Florence and Tuscany, the Count Guido Guerra was captain, and Master Conrad da Montamagno, a Pistoiese, carried their standard in that battle.

Now King Manfred seeing all the divisions formed in battle array, enquired of what that fourth squadron was composed, which appeared to him so well equipped in arms and horses; and it was answered him, that they were the Guelph faction whom he had expelled from Florence, and the other places of Tuscany. Then Manfred lamented himself, saying, "Where is the succour that I receive from the Ghibelline faction, which I have so well served and put in the possession of so great treasure?" And he said, "Verily, that people shall lose nothing this day;" and this he said, speaking of the aforesaid exiles, and meaning, that, if he should gain the victory, he would be a friend to the Guelphs of Florence, seeing that they were so faithful to their lord, and to their party, and would set himself thenceforward against the Ghibellines.

The armies of both kings being drawn out in the plain of La Grandella, in the manner already related, and each having exhorted the people under him to fight bravely, and King Charles having given the word *Monjoye, Chevaliers*, and Manfred, *Soevia, Cavalieri*, to their respective soldiers; the Bishop of Auxerre, as legate of the pope, gave absolution and benediction to all those of King Charles's host, with full pardon of every offence and penalty, by reason that they were about to

* Villani, who has added this account of the preparations made by Charles, probably out of the Historia Sicula of Sabas Malaspina, frequently gives us the speeches of the Angevin monarch, in the French language; which throws a remarkable air of verisimilitude over his narrative.

fight

fight for the service of the church. This done, a sharp and severe conflict commenced between the two first divisions of French and Germans; and so desperate was the assault made by the latter, that the French were sorely annoyed by it, and forced to recoil, and lose their ground. The good King Charles, seeing them so roughly handled, no longer kept the order of battle; but being well aware that if his first division, composed of Frenchmen, on whom he mostly relied, were broken, he could have little expectation of safety from the rest, he immediately advanced to their support, with the second squadron. The exiles of Florence, with their division, as soon as they saw the king thus engaged, freely threw themselves upon his defence, and performed marvellous feats of arms that day, always following his person. The same did Master Giles le Brun, constable of France, and Robert of Flanders, with their division, insomuch that the battle was very fierce and bloody, and lasted a long time before it could be known who had the better of it. The Germans, by their valour and the strength of their good swords, caused the French great loss and slaughter; but at last there arose a loud cry among the French ranks, *alli stocchi, alli stocchi, e fedire i cavalli!* To your short swords, and strike at the horses! and they did accordingly; by which means, in a short time, the Germans were sorely grieved, and many thrown down, and almost put to flight. King Manfred, who with his band of Apulians had advanced to their assistance, seeing that they were turned and could sustain the conflict no longer, encouraged those of his own division, and commanded them to follow him to the battle; but he was ill obeyed by them, for the greater part of the Apulian barons, and those of the kingdom, deserted him, and among the rest the earl chamberlain and the Counts of Acerra, and of Caserta, and others; either through faintness of heart, seeing the Germans turn back, or, as some say, through treachery, like a faithless people, and affecting a new master; so they abandoned Manfred, and fled, some towards the country of Abruzzo, and some to Benevento.

Manfred still kept the ground with a few horse, doing as befits a valiant lord, who will rather die in battle than fly with shame; and, putting his helmet on his head, a silver eagle which formed its crest, fell before him upon his saddle bow. He seeing this, was much amazed thereat, and said to the barons by his side, in Latin, "*Hoc est signum Dei!* I fixed this crest with my own hands in such manner that it could not be moved." For all that he did not give over, but stripped himself of his royal surcoat, that he might not be known for the king, and then valiantly set himself to fight in the midst of the battle, like any other baron. His people however did not hold out long, but were soon put to flight and utterly routed; and King Manfred himself fell dead in the midst of his enemies, being killed by a French esquire, as it is said, but is not known for certain.

In this battle there was great mortality on both sides, but principally on that of King Manfred: and those who fled from the field were pursued till night by King Charles's people, who entered the city of Benevento, together with the fugitives, and made themselves masters of

of it; of those who fled, many of Manfred's principal barons were made prisoners; among others the Count Giordano, and Master Piero Asino degli Uberti, both of whom King Charles sent prisoners to Provence, and there caused them to be cruelly put to death in different prisons. The other German and Apulian barons he kept prisoners in different places in the kingdom. A few days after, the wife and children of Manfred, who were with the Saracens of Nocera, were given up to King Charles; and these afterwards died in prison. And well did the curse of God fall on Manfred and his heirs, and plainly was the justice of God made manifest in him, because he was excommunicate, and an enemy and persecutor of holy church.

The body of Manfred was sought after for more than three days before it was found, nor was it in that time known whether he was killed or taken, or had escaped, because he had not worn his royal coat of arms in the battle. At last a common fellow, of his own soldiers, recognized it by many personal marks lying in the midst of the field where the battle had been most fierce. As soon as he had found it, he threw it across his ass's back, and drove it along, saying, "Who buys Manfred?" *(Chi accatta Manfredi?)* Upon this one of the king's barons gave him a severe beating with a cane, and carried the body before King Charles, which that king seeing, commanded all the captive barons into his presence, and enquired of each of them whether that was the body of their King Manfred? All fearfully answered, that it was; but when it came to the turn of Count Giordano, he clapped his hands before his face, weeping and exclaiming, *Oimè, oimè, signor mio, che è questo!* Alas, alas, my master, is it come to this! and the French barons commended him highly. King Charles was then entreated by some of his barons to give it an honourable interment; but he answered, *le fairois je volontiers, si lui ne fût excommunié;* but, seeing that he was excommunicate, King Charles would not suffer that he should be received into consecrated ground, but caused him to be buried at the foot of the bridge of Benevento; and every man of his army threw a stone upon his grave, so that a great mountain of stones was raised thereon. Some say, however, that he was afterwards removed from this place by the Bishop of Cosenza, under the pope's orders, and taken out of the kingdom, (because the kingdom is church-land,) and interred on the banks of the river Verde, on the confines of the kingdom and the Campagna. This, however, we do not affirm, although Dante renders testimony thereof in his Purgatorio, cap. 3. where he treats of King Manfred, saying, "*Sel pastor di Cosenza*, &c." This battle was fought on a Friday, the last day of February, in the year of Christ 1265.

On this narrative it ought to be remarked that both Malespini and Villani were strongly attached to the Guelph party, which, shortly after the death of Manfred, became again predominant in their native city; and that in the violent language of the faction, the Sultan of Nocera (as, from the employment which he gave to the Saracens established at that place, they used to denominate the unhappy

unhappy son of Frederick) was little inferior in the scale of abomination to Satan himself. Nevertheless, it will be seen from many passages in the preceding account that, however tinctured with the prejudices of the times, those historians were more capable even than some of our own day of acknowledging the real virtues to be met with among their enemies, as well as the errors and vices of their friends. The exalted and chivalrous valour of the poor excommunicated monarch receives from them its tribute of applause, while the inhumanity of his successful rival, though no comment is made upon it, is set in too strong a contrast not to persuade us that it was felt and condemned by those who record it. We must not expect to find in the history of a Florentine Guelph so favourable a portrait of the Swabian prince as that which his friend and follower, Nicholas de Jamsilla, has transmitted to posterity; nevertheless the representation which Villani has given us of the conqueror is coloured with greater discrimination, and evinces a mind superior to any slavish bias of faction or superstition.

That the events which are about to be related may be the more plainly understood, we will now speak a little concerning his virtues and conditions; and there is good reason to make record of so great a lord and so great a friend and protector of holy church and of our city of Florence. This Charles was wise, of good governance, valiant and fierce in arms, and much feared and redoubted by all the kings of the world; magnanimous, and of high purpose to accomplish all great undertakings, stedfast in adversity, a fast and true observer of all promises, a little speaker, and a great doer. He scarcely ever laughed, was virtuous as a churchman, and catholic; severe in justice and of a ferocious countenance; large and tall in person, and sinewy; his complexion olive, with a high prominent nose; and he carried the semblance of royal majesty above all other great lords. He watched much and slept little, and used to say that sleep is so much time lost. He was bountiful to his knights and men at arms, but covetous of acquiring lands, dominion, and money wherever it might come from, to pay the expences of his expeditions and wars. In courtiers, minstrels, and jugglers, he never took delight.—*Villani*, lib. vii. cap. 1.

Respecting the infamous murder of Conradin, (a transaction scarcely to be paralleled but by that of the Duke d'Enghien in these days,) the historian's judgment is somewhat warped by his Guelphish prejudices with regard to the effect of the excommunication under which the young prince suffered; but he evidently holds the deed in abhorrence; and would fain absolve holy church from the charge of concurrence in, or approbation of, the measure.

Certainly, says he, it is seen by experience, that whosoever raises his hand against holy church and becomes excommunicate, it follows that his last end will be miserable both for soul and body; wherefore the sentence of excommunication of holy church is for ever to

to be dreaded, *whether it be just or unjust;* and thereof are we assured by many undeniable miracles, as by whosoever reads the ancient chronicles, or even this new chronicle, may easily be found, in the examples of emperours and great lords who have from time to time been rebels and persecutors of holy church. However, King Charles was greatly blamed, for the sentence he pronounced against Conradin, by the pope and his cardinals, and indeed by all wise men, seeing that he had taken Conradin and his followers in battle, and it would have been better to hold him a prisoner than to put him to death. And some said that the pope was consenting thereto; but let us not give faith to it, because he was reputed a most holy man. And it appears, that the innocence of Conradin, who was of such tender years to suffer judgment of death, was the cause that God displayed his anger against King Charles by a miracle; since, not many years afterwards, God sent him great adversities even at the time when his fortunes appeared to be at their height.—Lib. vii. cap. 29.

It is somewhat instructive at the present day to learn after what manner great conquerors and scourges of the human race have, in former times, conducted themselves under the pressure of a signal reverse of fortune. Upon the mind of Charles, adversity seems to have produced a favourable effect; and the termination of his career evinces a strong sense of religion, which he certainly partook in common with his brother Saint Louis, and other members of his family, however much it might have been debased, as to its influence upon his general conduct, by the gross superstitions of the age.

When King Charles heard these news,* he was so much amazed, that never, through danger of battle or any other adversity, had he entertained so great a fear; and he said with a sigh, "would God that I were dead, since fortune is so adverse to me that I have lost my dominion, having so great a power both at land and sea; and that it should be taken from me by a people whom I never injured! It greatly grieves me that I did not take Messina upon those conditions which were formerly offered to me. But, seeing I can now do no other," (with much sorrow he spoke,) "break up our host, and let us pass over; and whosoever was the cause of so great a treason, whether he be clerk or layman, of him I will take ample vengeance." The first day he sent over the queen, with all the artizans and equipage of the army; the second, he passed over himself with all his host, except that, by way of stratagem, he left in ambush near Messina two thousand men at arms, with two captains; to this end, that if upon the rising of his army, the besieged should sally forth out of the city to make themselves masters of the baggage of his camp, they might come behind and part of them

* Of the capture of his fleet before Messina, by King Peter of Arragon. This was after the celebrated massacre of the Sicilian vespers, in 1282; and the total loss of the island was the immediate consequence.

enter

enter the place; which, if it should take effect, the king would immediately return with all his power.

This well planned stratagem failed, from causes which it is unnecessary in this place to detail. The liberation of Messina was effected; and the Arragonese admiral sailing to the Calabrian shore, set on fire eighty of King Charles's transports before his eyes.

And this King Charles and all his army beheld, without being able to give them the smallest relief, by reason of which his grief was redoubled. And, holding in his hand a staff, which it was his custom to carry, he began to gnaw it for very anguish, and said, "*Ah Dieu, molt m'aves offert à surmonter; je te prie, que l'avaler soit tout bellement.*" And by this it is shewn, that neither the wit nor the strength of man hath any avail before the judgments of God. When King Charles was arrived in Calabria, he gave licence to all his barons and their people, and returned alone and very doloroúsly to Naples.—Cap. 74.

'Il sembloit à Charles,' (observes M. Sismondi on this passage,) 'que ses flottes et son armée, instrumens qu'il étoit accoutumé à faire agir avec tant de facilité, se refusoient tout-à-coup à la main qui les dirigeoit.' His situation and feelings on this occasion may probably bear a pretty close comparison with those of Buonaparte after his flight from Mosco; but we entertain some doubt whether the chivalrous spirit of the latter will induce him to offer single combat '*en champ-clos*' to the Emperor Alexander, or whether, on his death-bed, he will have so good a plea to offer for the pardon of his restless ambition as that which the mistaken piety of the times encouraged Charles of Anjou to present before the judgment seat of God, doubtless with a very comfortable persuasion of its acceptance.

When he, whose busy mind could never sleep, had arrived at the town of Foggia, in Apulia, on his way to Brindisi, to advance the preparations of his navy, it pleased God that he fell sick of a violent malady, and departed this life the day after the Epiphany, in the year of Christ 1284. But, before he died, with great contrition he received the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and spoke with reverence the following words, "Sire Dieu, je crois vraiement que vous êtes mon sauveur, ainsi vous prie, que vous aies merci de mon âme; *ainsi comme je fis la prise du royaume de Cicile plus pour servir sainte église que pour mon profit ou outre convoitise, ainsi vous me pardonnes me peches;*" and having spoken, he departed this life presently after; and his body was brought to Naples, and, after great lamentations for his death, was buried in the archiepiscopal church of Naples with high honour.—Cap. 94.

The history of the two Malespinis terminates, as we have before mentioned, with the year 1286; and the remainder of the chronicle of G. Villani, to its conclusion, in 1348, (comprising at least three-fourths of the whole,) belongs exclusively to the last mentioned

tioned author. For what he has borrowed from his predecessors, Sismondi remarks that he ought not to be charged with plagiarism, although it be true that he has copied a great deal of it, word for word. Before the invention of printing, the rights of authorship were little understood or valued. Villani undertook to compile a history of his native country from the best sources that were within his reach, for the use of his friends and of posterity. This was all his aim; and the thought of literary glory never entered into his calculations. There may have been, even at that period, some vague and unsettled idea of a property in the fruit of a man's own original genius; but in the bare record of passed or passing events (and history was then regarded in no other light) there could not be any whatever. The liberty which an ancient chronicler took with the labours of his predecessors, he was content to furnish to those who came after him; and, in the same manner as G. Villani took, without acknowledgment, the whole work of Malespini into his own history, so Giovanni himself, and his two continuators, Matthew and Philip Villani, were afterwards incorporated by a later compiler, Marchione de Coppo Stefani, and brought down by him, from 1365, (where Philip ends,) to 1385. 'Nous sommes toujours trop disposés à oublier que l'invention de l'imprimerie a complètement changé la tâche des auteurs et leurs relations avec leurs lecteurs.'

Between the Malespinis and Villani, however, we have an intermediate historian to notice, whose name is less known than either of the former, but (according to Muratori's authority) is deserving of at least an equal degree of celebration. This author is Dino Compagni, whose 'Cronica di Firenze,' beginning with the year 1279, and ending with 1312, is inserted in the ninth volume of the Scriptores Italici. We have not hitherto had an opportunity of consulting it, so as to know whether Villani is in any respect indebted to this, as he is to Malespini's history, or to appreciate for ourselves the justice of Muratori's commendation. It is probable, however, that owing to some causes unexplained, the work remained either unknown, or, having been partially known, became forgotten, until the illustrious labours of that great antiquary revived it. Scipio Ammirato, certainly, was a stranger to its existence. Yet was Dino a notable worthy in his generation; 'Vir nescio an antiquâ sanguinis nobilitate, certè ex honoribus et dignitatibus quas adeptus est; illustris.' He appears as one of the priors of Florence in 1289; gonfalonier of justice in 1293; and again prior in 1301. The task of amending and revising the statutes was committed to him (among others) in 1294. He says of himself that, when young, he was very active in exciting a popular commotion in his native city, confessing (with a laudable ingenuousness)

puousness) that ' per giovenazza, non conosceva le pene delle leggi.'

' It is much to be wished,' Muratori observes, ' that we had many more such historians; for no man is more worthy of faith, or at least more capable of conveying accurate information than he who having sat at the helm of government describes events in which he himself bore a principal share, or which, at least, passed immediately subject to his own inspection.' In comparison with Malespini and G. Villani, he considers Compagni as excelling them both ' in elegance of style and choice of matter;' ' ad hæc in illo quædam verborum dictionumque puritas occurrit, usque adeò ut inter præcipuos linguæ nostræ patres sit accensendus.' Nor, he adds, is this to be wondered at; since, ' ut erat ingenio liberali a naturâ instructus, non levem Musis operam dedit.' Some of his poetical productions are preserved in Leo Allatius; and an oration which he pronounced before Pope John the Twenty-second is still extant. ' Whether he was Guelph or Gibelline* is not discernible; but it is abundantly evident that he was a lover of good government, and a constant friend to peace; and, although he often inveighs against the vices of his countrymen, he never does so with acrimony, but always evinces the spirit of a patriotic citizen. ' Uno verbo,' concludes his animated eulogist, ' Florentia habet unde sibi de hoc etiam Scriptore multum plaudat atque glorietur.'

We at last come, in chronological order, to the author whose name stands at the head of this article. The precise period of the birth of Giovanni Villani cannot be ascertained; but it is known that his family was among the most respectable in his native city, and that his father held the venerable office of prior in the year 1300. He appears to have been the eldest of four sons, of whom Matthew, the continuator of his history, was the youngest. He was twice married, and had children by both his wives; but none of them seem to have left any descendants; and the male line of his brother Matthew, which continued for a much longer period, terminated in the year 1616. Like almost all the noble citizens of Florence, he exercised the mercantile profession, and (as his biographer, in the ' Elogio di Giovanni Villani,' prefixed to this edition of his work, informs us) by the prudence with which he lived, was reputed worthy of the first and most honourable offices of the state. In the year 1300, (the same year in which his father held the situation of prior, as before related,) he was present at the great jubilee held at Rome under pope Boniface VIII. As it was

* If it could be ascertained that he was of the latter faction, the ascendancy of the Guelphs at Florence, and the inveterate jealousy of their rivals which so long prevailed among them, would sufficiently account for the obscurity of his work.

upon

upon this occasion that he first conceived the design of writing his history, we shall give our readers his account of it in his own words.

In the year 1300, Boniface the Eighth, who then filled the papal chair, proclaimed a plenary indulgence, says our author, "for every Roman, who during thirty days, and for all other persons of whatsoever nation, who during fifteen days, successively, in the said year, should visit the churches of the blessed apostles St. Peter and St. Paul." Multitudes flocked to the celebration of this jubilee from all parts of Christendom; and it was the most wonderful thing ever beheld, that, throughout the year, there were at Rome two hundred thousand pilgrims in addition to the constant inhabitants, without reckoning those who were on the roads coming and returning, and they were all (both horses and men) amply provided with victuals of all sorts, with great regularity, and without any noise or bustle. And to this, adds the historian, I can myself bear witness, who was present and saw it. Now, having undertaken this blessed pilgrimage to the holy city of Rome, seeing with my own eyes the noble antiquities which are therein, and reading the records of the great actions of the Romans written by Virgil, and by Sallust, Lucan, Titus Livius, Valerius, Paulus Orosius, and other masters of history, who have described little things as well as great, even those relating to the further ends of the world, in order to give memory and example unto posterity, I took from them my style and method of writing, albeit I were not a disciple worthy to perform so great a work. But considering that our own city of Florence, the daughter and the workmanship of Rome, was then in her ascension, and disposed to the achievement of great fortunes, as also that Rome was in her decline and diminution, it appeared to me convenient to collect in this new chronicle all the acts of the said city from its commencements, as far as it was possible for me to search for and discover them, and to follow up the same with the histories of times past and present, and of those to come (so long as it shall please God) both of the acts of the Florentine people, and of all other notable occurrences throughout the whole world, of which I may be able to obtain any knowledge; God granting his grace; in the hope whereof I have entered upon this undertaking, duly considering my own poor skill as that upon which I could place no reliance. And thus, through the mediation of Christ, in the year of his incarnation 1300, I, being returned from Rome, began to compile this book, to the glory of God and of the blessed Saint John, and in commendation of our city of Florence.—Lib. iv. cap. 36.

Very shortly after he had taken this commendable resolution, in the summer of the same year 1300, broke out that dreadful division of the Guelph faction into the parte nera and parte bianca, (the black and the white party,) which he deplores with all the feeling of a good citizen. The origin of that 'maladetta briga' is traced to a private feud which took place in the neighbouring city of

Pistoja: but, although the history of that event deserves to be remembered, not only on account of the tremendous consequences which it carried in its train, but also as being extremely characteristic of the barbarous manners of the age, and the factious spirit of the nation, in which it occurred, we cannot here afford space for its relation.*

To proceed with the history of our author. It appears that, in the ensuing year 1301, he was present at the grand public entry of Charles de Valois into Florence to attempt the restoration of tranquillity, in which, from his general spirit, it may be believed that he cordially assisted; but in vain; since the year after witnessed the banishment of the chiefs of the parte bianca, and among others, of the illustrious poet Dante, from Florence. In 1304, he undertook a journey to Flanders; probably on some commercial concerns, though it has been conjectured that he was induced by the desire of seeing foreign countries, or of escaping the calamities to which he was an unwilling witness in his own. However it be, we owe to this journey some very interesting particulars respecting the wars of Philip le Bel with the Flemings, which are not to be met with in the French historians. He tells us (lib. viii. cap. 78.) that he visited the field of battle at Mons en Puelle, a few days only after that celebrated and sanguinary contest, and while the dead bodies were still lying on the ground unburied. How long he remained in those parts is uncertain; nor does his name occur again in any memorial of the times until the year 1316, when he was appointed for the first time to the office of prior; and it gives us some little light into the zeal and ardour with which he collected all the information he was able about the affairs of foreign nations, however widely dispersed, to find that one of his colleagues was Pela Balducci, who furnished him with all that he has written concerning the mercantile privileges conferred by the King of Tunis; and another Pace di Certaldo, author of a 'Storia della Guerra di Semifonte,' from which it appears that Villani was in the habits of a regular interchange with him of historical records and monuments. In the same manner, he collected from a Florentine of the house of Bastari, who was brought up in his infancy at the court of 'Cassano Imperatore de' Tartari,' (Ghâzan Khân, the seventh king of Persia of the race of Jenghiz,) and was, about the year 1299, sent by that conqueror on an embassy to the pope, a variety of very curious information respecting his sovereign, and the manners

* A much more minute, and therefore more valuable, account of it than that given by Villani, is to be found in a very curious original history of the same period, whose author is unknown, and which is published and cited under the title of 'Historie Pistojesi anonyme, ovvero delle cose avvenute in Toscana dal 1300 al 1348.'

and

and customs of the Tartar nations, which, on comparison with the oriental historians, will be found to be remarkably correct. The miraculous conversion of Sultan Ghâzan to christianity is, indeed, a manifest fable; but it is not at all improbable that the Florentine envoy related it for the purpose of rendering his mission more acceptable. In other respects, the character of Ghâzan Khân, certainly one of the greatest and most enlightened princes of his race, as it is given by Major Price from the Habeib-Usseir, corresponds in a striking manner with that which Villani extracted from his conversations with his friend Bastari. The year 1317 was happily distinguished for a general pacification, obtained by the mediation of Robert of Naples, between the Guelphs and Gibellins throughout Tuscany, when Villani was sent in conjunction with two others as *proveditori* of a treaty between his native city and the Ghibelline state of Pisa.

We need not follow him through all the offices of state which from this time he is found to have filled at different intervals with equal honour to himself and advantage to his countrymen. His military employments do not appear to have been very frequent, but he took the field in the year 1323, during that most unfortunate campaign against Castruccio, Lord of Lucca, which had nearly terminated in the destruction of the army of the Florentines and the subversion of their liberties. In his honest and minute account of these transactions, he presents us with a very lively picture of the alternation of ignorant terror and vain confidence displayed in the conduct of an unwarlike populace, unexpectedly called to take arms in defence of their independence: lively, indeed, is his whole history of this very romantic war, which lasted with little intermission during the life of Castruccio, and during which, with an occasional mixture of extreme folly, perverseness, and vain glory, were called out all the best energies and noblest exertions of the Florentine character. The account of Castruccio himself is an honourable instance of that great historical quality which we have before attributed to Villani, of impartiality and candour even towards his enemies. Of the pride and presumption which were prominent features in his character, indeed, he affords some memorable examples; but when he comes to relate his death, which he does with many interesting particulars, he adds the following description of his person and qualities.

This Castruccio was very well made in person, sufficiently tall and active, neat and not corpulent, of a fair complexion verging towards paleness, with strait light hair and a gracious countenance. He was about 47 years old when he died. A short time before, knowing his death to be approaching, he said to many of his most intimate friends: "I see that I am going to die; *e morto me di corto vedrete disasroccato;*"

meaning, in his native Lucchese dialect, " and when I am dead, you will shortly see a great revolution of affairs." And he prophesied truly, as we shall soon have occasion to see. And, as we have been informed by his most private friends and relations, he confessed himself and received the sacraments and holy unction devoutly: but, nevertheless, he rested under a great error, inasmuch as he never acknowledged that he had offended God by the offence he had committed against holy church, satisfying his conscience that he had acted justly.

Now this Castruccio was a valiant and magnanimous tyrant, wise and crafty and enterprising and industrious, and accomplished in arms and provident in the art of war, and very adventurous in his undertakings, and much feared and redoubted, and in his time he did many great and notable things, and was a great scourge to his fellow citizens and to the Florentines and Pisans and Pistolese, and all the inhabitants of Tuscany for the space of fifteen years that he ruled over Lucca; and* he was somewhat cruel in putting men to death and torture, ungrateful for services received in his distresses and necessities, fond of new people and new friends, and very vain glorious of his state and signory; insomuch that he believed himself to be lord of Florence, and king over all Tuscany. The Florentines were so much overjoyed at his death, that they could scarcely believe it possible; but as soon as the news was made certain, it came into the mind of me, the author of this book, to make record of a circumstance which happened to me respecting it.

Being a Florentine, and seeing my country in great disturbance through the persecution inflicted by him on our community which it seemed impossible that we should surmount, I wrote a letter to my devout friend, Master Dionysio dal borgo a San Sepolcro, master of divinity and philosophy in the University of Paris, wherein I lamented our condition, and prayed that he would instruct me how soon our adversity should come to its close; which letter of mine he answered in brief, saying, " I see Castruccio dead; and at the end of the war you will obtain possession of the Signory of Lucca by the hand of one who shall bear for his arms sable and gules, with great affliction and great expense and shame to our community, and you shall govern it but a short time." This letter I received from Paris in those days when Castruccio had won Pistoja as above related; so I wrote back to the master how Castruccio was in greater pomp and state than he had ever been, whereto he answered, " at present I shall again affirm that which I wrote to you by a former letter; and if God hath not changed his judgments and altered the course of the heavens, I see Castruccio dead and buried." And when I received this letter, I showed it to the priors my colleagues, (being then a member of that body,) and it so happened that Castruccio had then actually died a few days before, and the judgment of Master Dionysio was accomplished as a prophecy in all its parts.—Lib. x. cap. 85.

This is a pretty fair specimen of our author's credulity in matters

* The conjunction made use of in the original is never changed from 'and' to 'but,' so that it is not easy to discover from the text at what point Villani begins to speak in terms of disapprobation.

of

of astrology, in which science various passages of his work evince him to have been a firm believer. It must be remembered, however, that it was a science so fully established in those days in the judgments both of the learned and of the unlearned, that to disbelieve, would have been regarded as a proof of incredulity deserving of punishment in that circle of Dante's Inferno to which the poet has doomed Farinata and Cavalcante, the Emperor Frederic, and the Cardinal Ubaldini.

The year after Castruccio's death, the Florentines entered into a treaty for the purchase of Lucca from certain German adventurers who had seized it in the name of the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria; and Villani was appointed one of the commissioners to conduct the negociation. To his great displeasure, however, it was long before any thing could be done towards the accomplishment of this important purpose, owing to the over-reaching disposition which his countrymen displayed on the occasion. It seems not improbable that they might have relied on Master Denys's prediction so strongly as to indispose them for listening to reasonable terms of accommodation.

In 1341, he was again appointed to the office of treating for the purchase of Lucca which had then fallen (by the chances of the times, so fertile in revolutions among all the little states of Italy) into the hands of Mastino della Scala, lord of Verona; but the year following was witness to a revolution in Florence itself, so extraordinary that, in preparing to relate it, the author himself is constrained to doubt whether posterity will yield credit to the tale. This was the usurpation of the Signory of Florence by the Duke of Athens, who had been sent thither as lieutenant to the Duke of Calabria, by virtue of a voluntary compact entered into some time before for the sake of their defence against the common enemy Mastino, who then aspired to the dominion of Tuscany. The account of this French adventurer's tyranny, in which he found means to maintain himself, for the space of nearly a twelvemonth, is among the most interesting portions of the work; and the particulars which Villani gives of the character and conduct of the despot, who (to the greater disgrace of the Florentines) was a very contemptible being, and governed rather by the basest views of self-interest than by the principle of a splendid ambition, afford a favourable specimen of his patriotic spirit as well as of his historical ability.

Shortly after he was condemned to suffer a sad reverse of fortune. The failure of the great commercial company of the Bardi, the circumstances and causes of which are detailed with great perspicuity and intelligence by the historian, involved with it the ruin of many others of the first houses of trade in Florence, and

among the rest that of the Bonaccorsi, of which Villani himself was a principal, who, in consequence of this calamity, was, at a very advanced age, consigned to a public gaol. This event happened in the year 1345. How long he remained a prisoner is not known, nor whether he ever extricated himself from the embarrassments of his declining age; but, three years afterwards, he became one, and that the most illustrious, of the numerous victims swept off by the plague, which in 1348 desolated all the provinces of Italy, and thence spread its devastations over almost the whole of Europe. Thus was terminated a long and chequered life, the greatest part of which was spent in honour and affluence, and in a state of unremitting public activity, which furnished him with the best opportunities for the study of mankind. 'Les historiens de la Grèce,' observes M. Sismondi, (tom. iv. p. 204,) 'avoient, comme lui, parcouru toutes les carrières publiques et privées, et, par bien des traits, Villani est digne d'être comparé à Hérodote.'

After the death of Giovanni, his brother Mattéo, who, being the youngest of the family, was probably several years his junior, took up the continuation of his history from the point where it was broken off by his death, and prosecuted it with vigour, intelligence and ability, at least equal to those displayed by his predecessor, until the year 1363, when the same public calamity which had deprived the world of the elder, in its recurrence carried off the younger also. He was struck by the fatal disease on the 8th of July, and lingered till the 12th, when he devoutly rendered up his soul to God. The length of his struggle was ascribed to his temperate course of life. In dying, he charged his son Philip to continue the family work until a peace should be concluded between the states of Florence and Pisa; a task, which he faithfully performed. The treaty of peace was signed at Pescia on the 17th of August, 1364; and with that event concludes the history of the three Villani.

With regard to the comparative merits of Giovanni and Mattéo, Muratori (and no opinion can have more weight than his) seems inclined to bestow the palm upon the former. 'Comparatus cum Johanne,' he says, 'concedere illi non uno titulo videtur; quippe qui Asiatico stylo usus, pluribus interdum quam opus sit, rerum eventus describit; attamen,' he continues, 'spondere id possumus, neminem ad legendum Matthæi historiam accessurum, cui voluptatem non pariat hominis sinceritas, prudentia, rectumque de rebus quas enarrat, judicium. Proinde tanti estimata est semper ejus auctoritas, ut fermè quicunque Italicam, immò et Gallicam, aliarumque provinciarum historiam, ad ea tempora spectantem, scribere amplissimè aggressi sunt, honorem illius fidei habuerint, eumque testum rerum tunc gestarum sine trepidatione adhibuerint.'

On

On account of these last mentioned and most important qualities of the historian, M. Sismondi pronounces him superior to his brother; and perhaps, though he does not expressly say it, Muratori, from the above passage, may be thought upon the whole to have entertained the same opinion.

Both these histories, eminently valuable as they are, lay concealed and almost forgotten, in MS., till about the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Giunti of Florence undertook the laudable task of giving them to the public. Their first edition of Giovanni Villani was printed at Venice in 1559; that of Mattéo, at the same place, in 1562, extending only to the 9th book. The three concluding books of the same author, and his son Philip, did not appear till 1577; and in 1581 and 1587 the whole of both histories was republished by the same enterprising printers, at Florence.

Still much was wanting to restore the text of Villani to its original purity; and many MSS. existed of which the Giunti had no information, or which they certainly did not take the pains of consulting. Muratori undertook to supply these defects, and, in 1729, published at Milan the edition which appears among his Scriptores Italici: it was not, however, very well received, and gave rise to a literary warfare, of which we have now neither time nor inclination to inquire into the merits. The present editors have, nevertheless, made the text of Muratori the foundation of their own; and they certainly possess ample means of forming an accurate judgment respecting it. The notes which they have furnished are few, and those few (as far as we have consulted them) distinguished only for an air of solemn trifling, which the name of the writer, Remigio Fiorentino, however high it may stand in the catalogue of Florentine commentators, does not, in our apprehensions, redeem.

The merits of the author may be in some degree, but still very imperfectly, appreciated by the series of desultory remarks and quotations which occupy the preceding pages. The latter half of the thirteenth century, and the beginning of the fourteenth, have been aptly called the heroic age of Florentine history; and the comparison of Giovanni Villani to Herodotus holds equally good with regard to the manners and situation of the people, of whom they were respectively the contemporaneous historians. It was the same age that witnesed the revival of poetry and philosophy, of sculpture, painting, and architecture. Dante,* the first and greatest of Italian poets, Guido Cavalcanti, one of the earliest

* The high reputation which this poet enjoyed, even among his contemporaries, is plainly shewn, not only by the passages in which Villani expressly dwells on the circumstances of his banishment and death, but by the frequent references which he makes to the historical allusions with which his poem abounds.

among those who dared to judge for themselves on the great questions of philosophy and religion, Cimabue and Giotto, Arnolfo and Brunnelleschi, were all contemporaries and fellow-citizens of the Herodotus of Florence.

The simplicity of manners which distinguished the Florentines of that early period, may be collected from the picture presented by our historian of the condition of his fellow-citizens, about the year 1250, that is, about twenty or thirty years previous to his own birth. That period forms a most distinguished era in the Florentine annals. It was then that the Guelphs were recalled to the government, after having been expelled from their native city by the Emperor Frederick the Second; and the administration which was formed upon their recal, and which lasted during the space of ten years, till the fatal battle of the Arbia (Sept. 4, 1260) restored the Gibellin faction, offers a spectacle of successful warfare, and legitimate aggrandizement, of patriotic magnanimity and public disinterestedness, hardly to be paralleled, in the same short space of time, by the annals of any nation under the sun.

In those times, the citizens of Florence lived in great sobriety, on coarse diet, and at little expense. In many of their habits they were uncultivated and rude: both themselves and their wives were clad in garments of the coarsest texture; many even wearing skins without lining, with bonnets on their heads, and wooden shoes (usatti) on their feet. The ladies used no ornaments; even those of the highest rank were satisfied with a gown, somewhat scanty, of coarse scarlet stuff of Ypres or Cambray, girt with a broad silken sash after the antique fashion, and a hooded mantle lined with fur; and the common sort went clad in coarse green cambrick, made after the same mode. One hundred pounds was the general rate of dower given with a woman in marriage; and those who gave the utmost, reckoned two or three hundred pounds to be an extravagant portion, and quite beyond measure. The young maidens, for the most part, were twenty years old, or upwards, before they wedded. Of such habits, and such coarse manners, were the Florentines of that day; but they were of good faith, and loyal to each other and to the public, and with all their coarse living and their poverty, they accomplished greater and more virtuous actions than are performed in these our days, with so much more refinement and so much greater opulence.—Lib. vi. cap. 70.

'Car meilleur temps fut le temps ancien,'

has been the universal cry of writers in all ages sufficiently advanced to reflect upon the manners of their predecessors, and compare the actual state of things with what they have heard, or believe that they have heard, of former times. How just the maxim may be in general, or how strictly applicable to the age in which Villani thus deplores the decay of virtue, which the short space of half a century had produced, we shall not stop to inquire; but one or two instances of that Spartan principle which, at the period we are

arespeaking of, characterised both the community at large, and many of the individuals who composed it, we cannot forbear recording, although conscious of having already exceeded our limits. The first was the action of the public at large. The city of Arezzo had hitherto remained a stranger to the wars which divided the rest of Tuscany; the Guelphs and Gibellins possessed an equal share in its internal government; and its tranquillity was assured by treaties with the neighbouring states, and among the rest with Florence in particular. In the year 1255, it happened that Count Guido Guerra, at the head of a troop of Florentine cavalry, marched through the territory of Arezzo, on his road to Orvieto; as he passed under the walls of the former city, the Guelph party watched their opportunity, and sent him an invitation to enter and expel their Gibellin rivals. In recompense for this service, which he instantly performed, they put him in possession of their citadel. 'It is thus,' observes M. Sismondi, who relates the circumstance after Villani, 'that the citadel of Thebes was seized by a Lacedæmonian general; the senate of Sparta condemned the captor, and retained the prize: the Florentines, on the contrary, took arms immediately, and repaired to Arezzo, to re-establish the Gibellins. They were their enemies, it is true, but they were enemies with whom a treaty of peace had been concluded; and, as Count Guido thought proper to defend his conquest, and the Guelphs who had invited him, knew not how to dismiss him without a remuneration, the Florentines lent the inhabitants of Arezzo a sum of 12,000 florins, which was never repaid, to enable them to satisfy the count, recover their citadel, defend their liberties, and re-establish order within their walls.'

The other anecdote reflects at least equal lustre upon an individual. The Pisans, after breaking a peace which the superior prowess of their enemies the Florentines had compelled them to sign, were again forced, by new defeats, to submit not only to the former terms, but to deliver up in addition the castle of Mutrone, on the sea-shore, which the Florentines reserved the right of destroying, or retaining to themselves, as they might deem most advisable. After long deliberation, they came to the resolution of adopting the former course; but the Pisans, unwilling to trust to this contingency, and extremely anxious to prevent their enemies from obtaining an establishment on the sea-coast, which they feared would tend to the prejudice of their exclusive commerce, had previously sent a secret deputation to prevent them, if possible, from coming to the determination which they so much dreaded.

There was then at Florence, says Villani, a great citizen, very powerful in his influence with the people and the commonalty, one of the Anziani, by name Aldobrandino Ottobuoni, to whom the Pisan envoy

envoy applied himself, through one of his friends, offering him 4000 golden florins, or more if he required it, to procure the dismantling of Mutrone. The good man Aldobrandino, hearing this offer, acted not like one avaricious of gain, but as a loyal and virtuous citizen; and calling to mind, that, only the day before, he had taken counsel with the other Anziani to dismantle Mutrone, and now seeing how much it was the wish of the Pisans that it should be dismantled, he returned to the council board, and, without saying any thing of the offer which had been made him, persuaded them, by many eloquent and sound arguments, to adopt the contrary of that on which they had before determined. Now note, reader, (continues our historian,) the virtue of this noble citizen; who, albeit he was far from being rich in possessions, yet had so great continence and sincerity of love for the public good, that the good Roman, Fabricius, did not display more in rejecting the treasure offered him by the Samnites; and therefore it appears a worthy thing to make mention of him for the sake of a good example to our citizens, that now are and hereafter shall be, to cherish more the reputation of virtue than the acquisition of corruptible riches.—Lib. vi. cap. 63.

Such were the people and such the age of which the history of Giovanni Villani exhibits throughout a most lively and interesting picture; and, however much the citizens of Florence may have degenerated, even in his life-time, from the pristine simplicity of manners and strictness of morals which he remarks to have prevailed in the days of their fathers, neither then, nor for more than a century after, did their spirit of patriotism decay, or that public virtue which, so long as it accompanies a people, alone creates and preserves the genuine interest of historical narration, in any degree become extinct or evaporate.

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ART. XIII. *Observations on the Nature and Cure of Dropsies.* By John Blackall, M. D. Physician to the Devon and Exeter Hospital and to the Lunatic Asylum near Exeter. London. 1813. 8vo. pp. 428.

THE endeavours of those who have sought to improve the practice of medicine by applying to it facts or principles discovered in any other branches of physical science, or even by the introduction of any subtile refinements of investigation into morbid physiology and pathology, have hitherto been attended by no very decided success. An attempt of this kind is made in the present work of Dr. Blackall; and in a form, which is at least sufficient to excite our attention, and to induce the medical world to submit to the test of further experience the observations which it contains: but the concurrent testimony of such experience, in the hands of various practitioners, is obviously required, before their

their universal truth and importance can be admitted as sufficiently demonstrated.

Dropsies have been attributed by some authors to the inactivity or obliteration of the orifices of the absorbents of the respective cavities alone; but there can be little or no doubt that, in all serious cases, the secretion of the exhalant arteries has also undergone a morbid change. With whatever other disturbances of the processes of life these diseased affections may be connected, we are totally ignorant of the general nature of such a connexion: frequently they seem to be preceded by a state of inflammation, which has sometimes been supposed to have obstructed the orifices of the absorbents by an effusion of lymph, while the exhalants have remained pervious; but frequently also there is no appearance of any affection of this kind, and sometimes mechanical pressure on the trunk, or larger branches of the absorbents, seems to afford a tolerable explanation of the occurrence of local oedema. In general dropsy, it was discovered by the ingenious and industrious chemist Mr. Cruickshank, that a portion of the serum of the blood, at least of its albuminous or coagulating part, was usually mixed with the secretion of the kidneys: and the distinction of the nature and treatment of dropsies, according to the presence or absence of this symptom, constitutes the principal subject of Dr. Blackall's work, which is deduced from a series of observations, continued for several years, on an extensive scale.

With respect to the pathological part of the investigation, our author's labours seem to have been in great measure anticipated by Dr. Wells, of whose papers, published in 1812, the Postscript contains an abstract. In the dropsy following scarlatina, Dr. Wells found much danger from inflammation of the pleura or peritonaeum: in a large proportion of cases the kidneys secreted some red blood; in many more their secretion was turbid, and in all severe cases it was coagulable by heat. In dropsy not following scarlatina, the coagulation took place in a little more than half of the cases examined; sometimes by heat only, and sometimes by the addition of nitrous acid, a test which becomes necessary where the fluid is so much diluted as to contain less saline matter than in its natural state; for in this case the addition of any neutral salt is sufficient to render the albumen coagulable by heat as usual. Anasarca and hydrothorax most commonly exhibited the coagulum; ascites less frequently. It often happened that the whole fluid exposed to heat became solid; sometimes softish, but sometimes quite firm: an effect which took place when common serum was added to the same secretion in a healthy state, in the proportion of one to four. From this mode of estimation it was concluded, that in one case as much as seven ounces of serum was discharged every

every day. In healthy persons Dr. Wells could scarcely ever discover any traces of a similar deposition of albumen; in some chronic diseases, especially where mercury had been employed, it was more or less observable. Bark and steel were of no use where it appeared; nor were squills, digitalis, and crystals of tartar so beneficial as in other cases: the tincture of cantharides seemed, however, to be more successful. Mr. Brande found, in a case of this sort, a considerable quantity of albumen precipitated by sulfuric acid, and an almost total deficiency of urea.

The principal part of Dr. Blackall's book is filled with a minute relation of cases of dropsies of all kinds, with their treatment, and sometimes with the appearances on dissection. Besides the distinctions derived from the presence or absence of a coagulum, Dr. Blackall seems to think that a high colour, and a large portion of extractive matter, where the coagulum is wanting, denote a strength of constitution with internal obstruction, (p. 192) and require active diuretics and deobstruents; and that the opposite state of great dilution indicates a feeble and impoverished habit, and sometimes a constitution completely broken down. With respect to the treatment of dropsy where the coagulum is discoverable, his observations are more elaborate and original.—p. 277.

'Stahl remarks, that haemorrhages are cured by moderate depletion, but by the use of astringents and tonics are converted into dropsies; and our practice will be rational in dropsy itself, in proportion as we keep the spirit of this observation in our view. The loss of the serous part of the blood, which so remarkably distinguishes it, presents to us a symptom of a very debilitating kind; and our first consideration of the subject might naturally enough encourage us to attempt its cure by those remedies, which, from their effects on occasions not apparently dissimilar, are called astringents. If, however, the doctrine of Stahl is ever true in an actual inflammatory haemorrhage, it is certainly most strictly so with regard to this flux of serum. Whoever endeavours to restrain it by bark, steel, and similar remedies, will inevitably see reason to repent that attempt in an increased tension and fulness, a pulpy countenance, a cough, if there has been already none, and in worse cases a true peripneumony. The very symptom for which he has prescribed will likewise be aggravated. Experience more than enough has convinced me of the truth and importance of this observation. Not, indeed, that practitioners can be said generally to act in contradiction to it; for they have too much overlooked the appearance to which it relates, to have made its removal an object of their contemplation. But it is so common an error in practice to impute discharges to debility, and endeavour to check them by astringents, that it cannot be too much provided against.'

It appears, however, (pp. 80 and 188) that where the urinary coagulum is very loose, bark and other tonics are beneficial.

The author proceeds to recommend very strongly that great attention

attention be paid to the signs of inflammation, not only preferring febrifuge hydragogues, but frequently employing even venesection, especially where there are symptoms of pneumonia, after mercurial courses, and in inflammatory anasarca; the firmness, copiousness, and early appearance of the urinary coagulum affording the best guide for the administration of this remedy. Purgatives in general have the advantage of obviating an inflammatory tendency; but in hydrothorax they are generally ineffectual. Half an ounce of the supertartrate of potass daily stands 'in the very first rank,' especially where there is much urinary sediment and coagulum; it is less appropriate where the kidneys are feeble and their secretion watery. Antimonials also seem to favour the operation of laxatives. Of diuretics, squills are the more likely to be serviceable in proportion as the coagulum is less marked, and there is less appearance of inflammation and of indigestion; they operate best in the fullest doses that can be borne, and the mixture of gum ammoniac with nitrous ether seems to afford a good vehicle for administering them (p. 66.) Cantharides, and other stimulating diuretics, our author thinks have a tendency to promote the appearance of coagulum. Tobacco seems to have some pretensions to notice; but digitalis is the most important of all diuretics where the urinary coagulum is present; in its absence, and where the fluid is 'pale and crude,' it seems to fail almost uniformly: (p. 297) in the hydrothorax, its powers are truly astonishing, but it ought not to be rashly mixed with other diuretics, nor with mercurial deobstruents.

Here, however, we must observe, that we have very lately been witnesses of the total failure of a full dose of digitalis in a case of hydrothorax, which was soon afterwards completely relieved by mercurials, carried to the extent of an incipient salivation, and combined with antimonial medicines. Against an over dose of digitalis, blisters on the stomach and opiates are recommended. Dr. Blackall entertains some doubts whether the tincture is equally diuretic with the infusion and the powder. He strongly insists on the efficacy of digitalis in subduing an inflammatory diathesis, and considers it as in many cases equivalent to venesection; nor is he disposed to admit the exceptions made by Withering, Maclean, and later authors, against its use, where inflammation is present. He is even inclined to believe that the blood may generally be in an inflammatory state in the dropsy of debilitated constitutions, and that digitalis may be beneficial by 'breaking down' its 'altered texture;' (p. 316) here however we fear he is venturing a little too far into groundless theory. In other states of the body, digitalis does not appear to be diuretic. (p. 317.) Broom, artichokes, and bohea tea, are cursorily mentioned; opium more favourably; and certainly the effect of this powerful medicine in diabetes would lead

us to expect benefit from it in many dropsical cases. Tapping and scarifications have been observed to alter the nature of the urinary coagulum; but the relief derived from these operations is scarcely ever permanent. The diet, our author thinks, has usually been too cordial and stimulant: where there is hyperuresis, he forbids fruit, and recommends soda water; with respect to thirst, he observes that it is rarely not to be gratified. In a species which seems to have been the hydrops (anasarca) cacotrophicus, in the crew of an Indiaman, the use of well fermented bread appears to have produced an almost instant cure, as an active diuretic.

Among tonics, Dr. Blackall prefers bark in young persons of sound constitution, steel in a vitiated habit, with a sallow cómplexion. Mercury, as tending to produce the appearance of a coagulum, or even of blood, is forbidden where this appearance already exists; but where the bile passes off by the kidneys, or where their discharge is only scanty and high coloured, mercury may be the most effectual remedy. Two grains of calomel every night seem to have converted an anasarca after scarlatina into a hydrocephalus internus; while on the other hand digitalis with topical bleeding has completely succeeded in curing a hydrocephalus. Mustard cataplasms quickened with oil of turpentine are recommended to be applied to the feet in this disease; and we agree with our author in thinking this remedy frequently preferable to a common blister for the relief of local affections.

A concise and comprehensive account of almost all that has been observed concerning the angina pectoris forms an Appendix to the volume. In general Dr. Blackall coincides in opinion with Dr. Parry respecting this disease, though he remarks that in some cases the term syncope appears to be inapplicable. In the treatment, he observes that its connexion with gout or rheumatism ought to be kept in view: he recommends drains, especially issues in the thighs, or rather setons about the chest; opium in large doses, and the immersion of the arm affected in hot water, have been found very useful palliatives.

We cannot agree with Dr. Blackall when he says (p. 259) that the ancients, 'not without much propriety, termed the natural secretion an *exhalation*,' and, (p. 264.) 'that the fine material, which lubricates internal surfaces, is not liquid, but something more volatilised.' We are utterly ignorant of any 'experiments of Mr. Hunter,' which can be said to prove so paradoxical a proposition. It is firmly established, by the most accurate physical experiments, that no aqueous vapour can exist under the atmospherical pressure at a temperature lower than 212°; and there is no vital power which has hitherto been shown, or even suspected, to exist, that can supersede this law of inanimate nature, and communicate to a watery fluid the power of remaining permanently elastic

elastic at the ordinary temperature of the animal body. It is only in very elevated situations, where the barometer is always very low, that even Lavoisier's reasoning, respecting the possible existence of ether as a vapour within the body, could be at all admissible. We also entertain doubts of the propriety of the expressions, that the '*blood* has been found *inflamed*;' (p. ii.) 'a severe and long continued *inflammation* of the *blood*, not connected with any *corresponding* affection of the internal parts.' (p. 117.) We strongly suspect that the improper use of the term 'inflammation' has insensibly led the author to the reasoning which follows; 'can we suppose it possible that such a disposition as this should be merely general? Or, is the cellular membrane in these instances of dropsy, 'the seat of an obscure inflammatory process?' We see no difficulty in supposing the *possibility* that the disposition should be general, or that the blood may exhibit a buffy coat in dropsy as well as in inflammation; though we do not mean to insist on the probability of the fact.

Among the difficulties to be encountered by those who, like our author, are laudably employed in applying chemical tests to nosological distinctions, the complicated nature of the products to be examined, in a state of health, is one of the greatest. In illustration of this observation, we may adduce the analysis of the fluid which has been the principal subject of Dr. Blackall's investigations, from a paper of Professor Berzelius, published in the last volume of his Essays. Afh. III. 97.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Water . . . . . | 933.00 | peculiar animal extract and mucilage, and urea in triple combination . . . | 17.14 |
| Urea . . . . . | 30.10 | | |
| Sulfate of potass . . | 3.71 | | |
| Sulfate of soda . . . | 3.16 | | |
| Muriate of soda . . | 4.45 | Neutral earthy phosphates . . . . . | 1.00 |
| Phosphate of soda . . | 2.94 | | |
| Muriate of ammonia . | 1.50 | Uric acid . . . . | 1.00 |
| Superphosphate of ammonia . . . . . | 1.65 | Mucus of the bladder . | .32 |
| | | Silica . . . . . | .03 |
| Uncombined lactic acid, lactate of ammonia, | | | 1000.00 |

These proportions are however liable to considerable variation, without actual disease; in particular the uric acid may be entirely wanting, when the perspiration has been abundant. Some of the substances here enumerated would present but little difficulty in the operation of such chemical agents as might be employed for any purpose independent of them; while it would be highly necessary to attend to the presence of others, the complicated constitution and diversified form of which have hitherto rendered their nature and properties extremely obscure and uncertain.

ART.

ART. XIV. *Sketch of the Sikhs: a singular Nation who inhabit the Provinces of the Penjab, between the Rivers Jumna and Indus.* By Brigadier-General Sir John Malcolm. Large 8vo. pp. 200.

WE knew little of the *Seeks, Sic'hs,* or *Sikhs,** as a distinct sect of Hindoos, till the short account of them which appeared in the fourth volume of the Asiatic Researches. Mr. Charles Wilkins found at Patna a college of this sect. Curiosity led him to ask permission to enter it; he was told it was a place of worship, open to all mankind; but he was desired, as a mark of respect, to take off his shoes. He was then conducted to a carpet, and seated in the midst of a numerous assembly. On each of six or seven low desks was placed a book. In the chancel was an altar covered with a cloth of gold, upon which was laid a round black shield over a sword. On a low desk near the altar was a large folio book. Notice was presently given that it was noon, the hour of divine service; on which the great book and desk were brought with some eremony from the altar, and placed at the opposite extremity of the hall. An old man with a reverend silver beard, kneeling before the desk, attended by a person with a drum, and two or three others with cymbals, opened the book and chanted to the time given by them; at the conclusion of every verse, the congregation joined in a response with countenances exhibiting great marks of joy. It was a hymn in praise of the unity of the Deity. 'I was singularly delighted,' says Mr. Wilkins, 'with the gestures of the old man: I never saw a countenance so expressive of infelt joy, whilst he turned about from one to the other, as it were bespeaking their assents to those truths which his very soul seemed to be engaged in chanting forth.' A young man next stood forth, and pronounced with a loud voice and distinct accent a kind of litany, in which, at certain periods, all the people joined in a general response, saying *Wa Goorvo!* They prayed against temptation; for grace to do good; for the general good of mankind; and for a particular blessing on the *Seeks.* A short benediction from the old man, and an invitation to a friendly feast, terminated the ceremony.

Mr. Wilkins was informed that the founder of their faith was named *Nāneek Sah,* a Hindoo of the military caste, who lived about four hundred years ago in the Penjab; that the great book he had seen was of his composing; that this book informs them there is but one God, filling all space, and pervading all matter; and that he is to be worshipped and invoked; that there will be

* *Seek,* according to Mr. Wilkins, signifies 'learn thou.' '*Sikh* or *Sicsha,*' says Sir John Malcolm, 'is a Sanscrit word, which means a disciple or devoted follower.'

a day

a day of retribution, when virtue will be rewarded and vice punished; that it commands universal toleration, and forbids disputes with those of other persuasions; that it denounces all crimes against society; inculcates the practice of all the virtues, but particularly universal philanthropy, and a general hospitality to strangers and travellers.

Such is the substance of Mr. Wilkins's information collected in 1781, which is calculated more to excite than to gratify curiosity. In 1805, General (now Sir John) Malcolm, while serving with the British army in the Penjab, collected materials for elucidating the 'history, manners and religion of the Sikhs.' His Sketch of this singular people appeared in the eleventh volume of the Asiatic Researches, and is now republished in a separate work. We here learn that Nanac Shah was born in 1469, at a small village in the province of Lahore, of the Cshatreya caste and Vedi tribe of Hindoos. Nanac was from his infancy inclined to devotion, and his indifference for all worldly concerns gave great uneasiness to his father, who endeavoured by every effort to divert his mind from the serious turn it had taken.

'With a view to effect this object, he one day gave Nanac a sum of money to purchase salt at one village in order to sell it at another; in the hope of enticing him to business by allowing him to taste the sweets of commercial profit. Nanac was pleased with the scheme, took the money, and proceeded, accompanied by a servant of the name of Bala, of the tribe of Sand'hu, towards the village where he was to make his purchase. He happened, however, on the road, to fall in with some fakirs, (holy mendicants,) with whom he wished to commence a conversation; but they were so weak from want of victuals, which they had not tasted for three days, that they could only reply to the observations of Nanac by bending their heads, and other civil signs of acquiescence. Nanac, affected by their situation, said to his companion with emotion, "my father has sent me to deal in salt with a view to profit; but the gain of this world is unstable and profitless; my wish is to relieve these poor men, and to obtain that gain which is permanent and eternal." His companion replied, "thy resolution is good; do not delay its execution." Nanac immediately distributed his money among the hungry fakirs, who, after they had gained strength from the refreshment which it obtained them, entered into a long discourse with him on the unity of God, with which he was much delighted; he returned next day to his father, who demanded what profit he had made. "I have fed the poor," said Nanac, "and have obtained that gain for you which will endure for ever." As the father happened to have little value for the species of wealth which the son had acquired, he was enraged at having his money so fruitlessly wasted, abused poor Nanac, and even struck him; nor could the mild representations of Nanaci save her brother from the violence of parental resentment.'

The superstitions of his countrymen had, however, raised up for

Nanac a powerful protector against the ill-usage of his father. While yet a youth, and tending the cattle in the fields, he fell asleep; and as the meridian sun shone full on his face, a large black snake, raising itself from the ground, interposed its broad hood between Nanac and its rays. The chief of the district witnessed this unequivocal sign of his future greatness, and having overheard Calu punishing his son, chid him severely, and interdicted him from ever lifting his hand against him. Anxious, however, to fix him in some worldly occupation, the father prevailed on his son-in-law Jayram to admit him into partnership in his business, which was that of a grain-factor. He attended at the granary for some time; but his heart was still bent on its first object.

'One morning, as he sat in a contemplative posture, a holy Mahommedan fakir approached and exclaimed, "Oh Nanac! upon what are thy thoughts employed? Quit such occupations, that thou mayest obtain the inheritance of eternal wealth." Nanac is said to have started up at this exclamation; and, after looking for a moment in the face of the fakir, he fell into a trance, from which he had no sooner recovered, than he immediately distributed every thing in the granary among the poor; and after this act, proceeded with loud shouts out of the gates of the city, and running into a pool of water, remained there three days; during which some writers assert, he had an interview with the prophet Elias, from whom he learnt all earthly sciences.'

From this period he began to practise all the austerities of a holy man, travelled to the different Hindoo places of pilgrimage, and visited the temple of Mecca. A celebrated musician of the name of Merdana was the companion and partaker of the adventures of this errant devotee. 'Poor Merdana, who had some of the propensities of Sancho, and preferred warm houses and good meals to deserts and starvation, was constantly in trouble, and more than once had his form changed into that of a sheep, and of several other animals.' Not so his master, who resisted all the temptations thrown in his way.* To Mahommedans as well as Hindoos, he held forth the some doctrine, earnestly entreating both to abjure the errors into which they had fallen, and to revert to that great and original tenet, the Unity of the Deity. He preached before the Emperor Baber, who was so pleased with him as to offer him an ample maintenance, which he declined on the ground of a full

* It is impossible to read this part of the story, without adverting to the singular coincidence between the adventures of Nanac, and those of Appollonius of Tyana, who had also his Merdana, in the person of a simple squire and buffoon, named Damis. The sober sense of the west quickly reduced the pretensions of this miracle-monger to their just level; and even in India, the hot-bed of credulity and imposture, it is sufficiently manifest, that if the institutes of Nanac had not, at an early period, assumed a cast wholly military, as little would now be heard of him as of the thousand other juggling fakirs and yogees who have, from time to time, aspired to notoriety by the extravagance of their devotions.

confidence

confidence in him who provided for all, and from whom alone a truly religious man could receive favour or reward. After travelling over the greater part of India, Persia, and Arabia, every where inculcating the doctrine of the unity, he died at Kirtipur, and was buried near the bank of the river Ravi, which has since overflowed his tomb. 'Kirtipur continues a place of religious resort and worship; and a small piece of Nanac's garment is exhibited to pilgrims as a sacred relic, at his Dharma Sálá, or temple.'

In the fabulous account of Nanac's life and travels, enough appears to warrant the conclusion 'that he was a man of more than common genius;' and we think that Sir John Malcolm, in the following passage, has formed a pretty correct estimate of the object of his life, and the means he took to accomplish it.

'Born in a province on the extreme verge of India, at the very point where the religion of Mahommed and the idolatrous worship of the Hindus appeared to touch, and at a moment when both these tribes cherished the most violent rancour and animosity towards each other, his great aim was to blend those jarring elements in peaceful union; and he only endeavoured to effect this purpose through the means of mild persuasion. His wish was to recal both Mahommedans and Hindus to an exclusive attention to that sublimest of all principles, which inculcates devotion to God, and peace towards man. He had to combat the furious bigotry of the one, and the deep-rooted superstition of the other; but he attempted to overcome all obstacles by the force of reason and humanity: and we cannot have a more convincing proof of the general character of that doctrine which he taught, and the inoffensive light in which it was viewed, than the knowledge that its success did not rouse the bigotry of the intolerant and tyrannical Mahommedan government under which he lived.'

Arjunmul, the fifth in succession as chief of the Seiks in their spiritual character, was less fortunate, having met his death from the hands of the Mahommedans; on which occasion this peaceable and inoffensive sect took to arms under Har Govind, his son, and from that moment an irreconcileable hatred sprung up between the followers of Nanac and those of Mahommed. Gúrú Govind, the grandson of Har Govind, whose father had also been murdered, called upon his followers to 'graft the resolute courage of the soldier on the enthusiastic faith of the devotee, to swear eternal war against the cruel and haughty Mahommedans, and to devote themselves to *steel*, as the only means of obtaining every blessing which this world, or that to come, could afford.' Nanac had carefully abstained from all interference with the civil institutions of the Hindoos; but his more daring successor, Gúrú Govind, found them so much at variance with the plans of his lofty ambition, as to determine at once to break in pieces those fetters in which

the Hindoos had been so long manacled, to make converts from all castes and tribes, and to open to men of the lowest condition the prospect of worldly wealth and glory; to level the Brahmin with the Sudra; to make all Sikhs equal; and to let their advancement depend solely on their own exertions. To rouse their vanity he changed their name from Sikh to Sing, or *lion*, an honourable distinction assumed by the Rajaputs, the first military class of Hindoos. 'The disciples of Govind were required to devote themselves to arms; always to have *steel* about them in some shape or other; to wear a blue dress; to allow their hair to grow; to exclaim, when they meet each other, Wa! Guruji ká khalsah! Wa! Guruji ki futteh! Success to the state of the Gúrú! Victory attend the Gúrú!'

The neighbouring Rajas having made war on the Sikhs, applied to the Emperor Aurungzeb for assistance. He sent his son for the purpose of subduing them. 'At the prince's approach,' says Govind, 'every body was struck with terror. Unable to comprehend the ways of the eternal, several deserted me and fled, and took refuge in the lofty mountains.' He then denounces every misery that this world can bring, and all the pains and horrors of the next, on those who desert their Gúrú or spiritual leader. 'The man who does this shall neither have child nor offspring; his aged parents shall die in grief and sorrow, and he shall perish like a dog, and be thrown into hell to lament.' His followers fought desperately against superior forces; his mother and his two children were taken prisoners and inhumanly massacred, his son was slain in battle, and Govind, overwhelmed by numbers, fled from Chamkour, and sunk under his misfortunes.

A prophecy had limited the number of spiritual guides to ten; and Gúrú Govind, being the tenth in succession, was the last acknowledged ruler. But a devoted follower and friend of his, named Banda, taking advantage of the confusion which ensued on the death of Aurungzeb in 1707, established the union of the Sikhs under his banners. Having subdued all the petty chiefs in his neighbourhood, he attacked Foujdar Khan, governor of Sarhind, the man most abhorred by the Sikhs, as the murderer of the infant children of Gúrú Govind. The Sikhs fought with that desperation which a spirit of revenge usually inspires. The Khan fell, with most of his army; his wife and children were put to death together with a great part of the inhabitants of Sarhind; the mosques were destroyed or polluted; the carcasses of the dead dug up and exposed to be devoured by beasts of prey. In a word, the whole country between the Setlej and the Jumna was subdued by the Sikhs. To stop the career of these merciless invaders, which threatened the empire of Hindostan, several armies were sent against them; and at length Banda was overcome, and fled with the

the most devoted of his followers to the fortress of Lóhgad, where he was surrounded and starved into a surrender. Banda and the chiefs were sent to Delhi, where, after being treated with every kind of obloquy and insult, they were put to death by the most excruciating tortures. 'Banda,' says a Mahommedan writer, 'was at last produced, his son being seated in his lap. His father was ordered to cut his throat, which he did without uttering one word. Being then brought nearer the magistrate's tribunal, the latter ordered his flesh to be torn off with red hot pincers, and it was in those moments he expired.'

From this period the Sikhs were persecuted by the Mahommedans with unrelenting severity. An edict was issued ordering all who professed the religion of Nanac to be put to death; 'a reward was offered for the head of every Sikh, and every Hindoo was ordered to shave off his hair on pain of death.' Those who escaped fled to the mountains to the north-east of the Penjab, and were scarcely heard of for a period of thirty years, when Nádir Shah invaded India. On this event, the peaceable inhabitants of the Penjab, who retired with their property to the same mountains to escape the rapacity of the Persian, were plundered by the Sikhs: the defeat of the rear of Nádir Shah's army, encumbered with spoil, added to their wealth; and at the death of this extraordinary man, taking advantage of the confusion into which the provinces of Lahore and Cabul were thrown, and of the weak state to which the empire of Hindostan was reduced, the Sikhs became daily more bold, and thousands hastened 'to join a standard under which robbery was made sacred, and to plunder was to be pious.' They extended their ravages over most of the provinces of the Penjab; repossessed themselves of the holy city of Amritsar; subdued a considerable part of the Duab of Ravi and Jalcudra, and got possession of many of the countries which they now enjoy, and from which the united forces of the Affghans and the Mahrattas, have in vain endeavoured to expel them. When unable to stand a general action, they invariably 'retreated to impenetrable mountains, and the moment they saw an advantage, rushed again into the plains with renewed vigour and recruited numbers.' Their determined courage, added to the enthusiasm of religion, has hitherto baffled every attempt to crush them. It is probable, however, that the failure is rather to be ascribed to the decline of the house of Timur than to the combined valour of the Sikhs. So far, indeed, is there at present any thing like union among them, that quarrels are regularly transmitted from father to son; every village is an object of dispute among themselves; and the title to the supremacy is contested between the nearest relations. Scindia, with his French brigades, not only checked their inroads, but made all the chiefs to the southward of the Setlej his tributaries. Sir J. Malcolm

states, that when Lord Lake, in 1805, pursued Holkar into the Penjab, the condition of the Sikhs was found weak and distracted in a degree that could hardly have been imagined; they were wholly destitute of union, 'and every shadow of that concord which once formed the strength of the nation, seemed to be extinguished.' The whole country is in fact under the government of a number of petty chiefs. These, however, on extraordinary occasions, assemble in a grand national council at the holy city of Amritsar. On this solemn occasion all private animosities cease; every personal feeling is sacrificed to the public good, and nothing is thought of but the interests of the religious commonwealth established by Nanac.

This national council, called the Gúrú-matá, is convened by the Acalis,* or immortals, 'who, under the double character of fanatic priests and desperate soldiers, have usurped the sole direction of all religious affairs at Amritsar, and are consequently leading men in the council held at that sacred place.' The cause of one is the cause of all, and no Sikh can offend this powerful body with impunity. When the chiefs are seated, the great book is opened as described by Mr. Wilkins. After the prayers and music have ceased, and the holy cakes of wheat, butter and sugar have been broken and distributed, in commemoration of the command of Nanac to eat and give others to eat, the Acalis exclaim, 'Sirdars, this is a Gúrú-matá. The sacred Grant'h is betwixt us; let us swear by our scripture to forget all internal disputes, and to be united;' after this they proceed to settle the business of the general assembly.

The principal chiefs of the Sikhs are descendants of Hindoos. The Mahommedans who have become Sikhs are not allowed to attain power; those who retain their faith and inhabit their territories are very numerous, but invariably poor, despised and oppressed. The lower class of Sikhs are more happy; the tyranny of one chief towards his people would infallibly drive them to seek the protection of a rival chief. The ruling power is entitled to one half of the produce of the land, the farmer to the other half; but the chief generally remits a part of his share; the ryot is treated with great indulgence. They have no written code for the administration of justice. Disputes about property are settled among the heads of the village by the arbitration of five persons, the ancient mode throughout India.

The Sikhs have the Hindoo cast of countenance, are as brave, as active, and more robust, than the Mahrattas; they are bold and rough in their address, and invariably converse in a loud tone of voice. 'A Sikh,' says Sir J. Malcolm, 'bawls a secret in your ear.' He adds, 'they are more open and sincere than the Mahrat-

* From the Sanscrit privative *a* and *cal*, death—*never-dying*.

tas,

tas, and less rude and savage than the Affghans: the soldiers are all horsemen, 'they are without polish, but neither destitute of sincerity nor attachment.' The character of the merchant and the ryot is pretty nearly the same; all indeed wear *steel*; and all are prompt to use it when required. A Sikh chief upwards of one hundred years of age was introduced to Lord Lake, who, pleased with the manliness of his address, and the independence of his sentiments, told him he would grant him any favour he chose to ask. 'I am glad of it,' said the old man; 'then march away with your army from my village, which will otherwise be destroyed.' Meeting two officers at the door in going away, he laid his hands on their breasts, exclaiming, 'Brothers, where were you born, and where are you at this moment?' and instantly retired.

The great objects of Nanac seem to have been to restore the Hindoo religion to its ancient purity,* and to make all Sikhs equal as to rights, but preserving most of the institutions of Brahma. Gúrú Govind, the tenth spiritual leader in succession, gave a new character to the religion and institutions of the sect, and by the complete abolition of all distinction of castes, destroyed at one blow the whole system of the civil and religious polity of the Hindoos. 'The Brahmin, the Chsatrya, the Vaisya, and the Sudra,' he said, 'would, like *pawn*, (betle-leaf,) *chunam*, (lime,) *supari*, (areca nut,) and *khat*, (catechu,) become all of one colour when well chewed.'

This narrative of Sir John Malcolm is interesting in many points of view. It proves that the Hindoos are by no means so unchangeable in their religious tenets and civil institutions as is generally supposed, when a set of fanatics could so completely succeed in overturning both; and it holds out a hope that, by a proper management of the Brahmins and pundits, the inhuman and impolitic division of the people into castes, that fatal spell which palsies all exertion, might be dissolved, without which all attempts to improve their condition must be fruitless. It also shews us what kind of people are interposed between our possessions and the Persians on the one hand, and the Affghans and Mahrattas on the other; and it appears to us, that, united under a wise prince, the Sikhs would prove, on that side of India, an invincible barrier against any enemy that might attempt the invasion of the British territories in Hindostan.

* Sir J. Malcolm informs us how this is to be understood—'The most ancient Hindoos do not appear to have paid adoration to idols; but though they adored God, they worshipped the Sun and Elements.'—p. 147.

ART. XV. *The Bridal of Triermain, or, the Vale of St. John.* Edinburgh; John Ballantyne & Co. London; Longman & Co. 1813. 12mo. pp. 233.

THIS poem, which is ushered to the world in a form the most unassuming, is distinguished by excellencies of no ordinary rank. We are informed, in the preface, that three fragments, written in imitation of living poets, were inserted in the Edinburgh Annual Register for the year 1809; and that, as they attracted somewhat more attention than the author anticipated, he was induced to complete one of them, and to present it as a separate publication.

It requires but little discrimination to discover that the prototypes of these beautiful pictures are Scott, Crabbe, and Moore. The imitations of the two latter are given as they appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register: the fragment which bears the image of the northern minstrel is expanded to the tale which we now introduce to the acquaintance of our readers.

There is one peculiarity by which these imitations are distinguished. To say nothing of the more obvious and common exertions of the mimetic art, it must have been observed of those more perfect specimens of imitation, in which not the style merely, but the spirit of the original author's composition, the train of his sentiments, and his characteristic habits of thinking, have been successfully embodied, that the effect has been produced, first by judiciously selecting the peculiarities of his style and sentiments, and then by amplifying and exaggerating them. It is the same, perhaps, in every department of art. The nature which is sung by the poet, and pourtrayed by the painter, is not simple nature, but nature *embellished*. The intellectual mimic, if we may be allowed the expression, while he faithfully seizes the qualities that are characteristic of his model, seldom fails to vary their *degree*: his sentiments are considerably overcharged, and the singularities of his composition are either pushed to extravagance, or introduced with unsparing profusion. The author of the Bridal of Triermain has happily found means to vary and improve the principle on which hitherto such imitations have been framed. There is nothing overcharged in his sentiments; nothing exaggerated in his diction. The pictures which he has drawn are not caricatures. He has chosen such subjects as would have been selected by the authors themselves whom he imitates, and we offer them no offence when we say that they could not themselves have illuminated those subjects with sentiments more poetical, or have expressed those sentiments in language more peculiarly their own.

We shall pass over the song written after the manner of Moore.

It

It is distinguished by all his elegance of conception, and all his airiness and flow of versification; and indeed it is precisely such as at some future period he may himself indite, when maturer years, and a corrected taste, have taught him that the lyre of the poet should be strung to other themes than the ephemeral strife of party politics, the imputed weaknesses of the great, or the pollution of vulgar sensuality.

But we cannot refrain from noticing somewhat more particularly the imitation of the poet of Mûston. Its title is the POACHER; a character Mr. Crabbe would have delighted to draw, uniting, as it does, all those qualities of poverty, misery, and profligacy, which he pourtrays with unexampled felicity; and in the delineation of it, the author has given us specimens of almost all the merits and defects of the master whom he copies. The character and scenery are seen with the eye, and drawn with the skill of the original artist. There is the same force, and truth, and minuteness of description; the same selection and compression of language, generally powerful, though sometimes quaint and familiar; the same delight in dwelling on the realities, and the painful realities of life; the same propensity to quibble and antithesis, by which Crabbe has sometimes relieved, but oftener, perhaps, degraded some of his most gloomy delineations.

The lines in which the history of the 'Poacher' is given, possess great excellence independent of every collateral consideration; as a specimen of Mr. Crabbe's style of composition, they leave nothing to be desired.

> 'That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
> Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned,
> Was Edward Mansell once;—the lightest heart,
> That ever played on holiday his part!
> The leader he in every Christmas game,
> The harvest feast grew blither when he came,
> And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
> When Edward named the tune and led the dance.
> Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
> Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;
> And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
> "'Twas but a trick of youth, would soon be o'er,
> Himself had done the same, some thirty years before."
>
> 'But he, whose humours spurn law's awful yoke,
> Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke.
> The common dread of justice soon allies
> The clown, who robs the warren or excise,
> With sterner felons train'd to act more dread,
> Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
>
> Then,—

Then,—as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Till the revenue baulk'd, or pilfer'd game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villainy, and direr deeds.

'Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song;
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walked his midnight round.
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
The bittern's sullen shout the edges shook!
The waning moon, with storm-presaging gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam;
The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
'Twas then, that, couch'd amid the brushwood sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watch'd the deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,
O'erpower'd at length the outlaw drew his knife!
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
The rest his waking agony may tell!'—p. 228.

Our more immediate concern, however, is with the poem that occupies the larger part of the volume now before us. It is written, as we have already mentioned, in the style of Mr. Walter Scott; and if *in magnis voluisse sat est*, the author, whatever may be the merits of his work, has earned the meed at which he aspires. To attempt a *serious* imitation of the most popular living poet; and this imitation, not a short fragment, in which all his peculiarities might with comparatively little difficulty be concentrated, but a long and complete work; with plot, character, and machinery entirely new; and with no manner of resemblance therefore to a *parody* on any production of the original author;—this must be acknowledged an attempt of no timid daring, and it cannot be uninteresting to inquire if its execution be equal to the boldness of its conception.

In endeavouring to appreciate the merits of the copy, we may perhaps derive some benefit from impressing on our recollection the features of the original. We have had more than one opportunity of examining the characteristics of Mr. Scott's poetry, and of analysing the causes that have most powerfully contributed to his unprecedented

unprecedented popularity. We shall not resume them in detail; but a few of them are naturally brought back to our recollection by the subject more immediately before us.

Mr. Scott is the poet of chivalry. His imagination, it is evident, has been, in a peculiar manner, captivated with that extraordinary system of manners which prevailed throughout Europe after the destruction of the Roman empire; and if we may form any conjecture of the acquirements of the author from his works, he is profoundly acquainted with those circumstances that distinguished the ages of romance and chivalry, on one hand, from the classical times of antiquity, and on the other from the institutions and observances of modern days. To this period he has generally assigned the events which he has celebrated; and when, in any instance, he has chosen a date somewhat less remote, the whole picture takes its tone and colouring from an age long since gone by. Upon what principle Mr. Scott has adopted the system of his poetry; whether he has selected it from some preconceived opinion of its excellence and probable popularity, or whether, as is more likely, he has been guided by the bent of his own genius and studies, it would be superfluous to inquire: and it seems to us to possess advantages which may in some measure account for the celebrity he at present possesses, and sufficient too, if prudently managed, to secure to that celebrity a permanence proportioned to its extent.

The machinery and manners and characters of classical antiquity, it has been observed, are but ill suited to the purposes of modern poetry. In the development of personages whose features are minutely known, and in the management of fictitious beings whose attributes are precisely defined, the imagination of the poet and his audience is both cramped and embarrassed. The whole scene, and the actors in it, are distinctly seen, as under the blaze of a broad sunshine; and any exertion of fancy, even in the description of beings and events merely imaginary, if not authorised by the great masters who have fixed immutably the nature of their qualities, is apt to offend, nearly as much as the violation of historical truth: nor can we conceal from ourselves that the playmates of our infancy unavoidably excite associations altogether destructive of the dignified and the sublime. In the regions of romance, as they have been termed, are to be found mines of which the riches are still unexplored. That mixture of ferocity and courtesy, of religion and barbarity, of rudeness and hospitality, of enthusiastic love, inflexible honour and extravagant enterprize, which distinguished the manners of the middle ages, opens the happiest and most fertile sources of poetical invention. In the construction of the fable, the poet is enabled to unite the charms of fiction and truth; and his

his machinery, consisting of beings whose powers are undetermined, and whose forms are dimly seen, is calculated to excite emotions eminently suited to the purposes of poetry—emotions that will not rise at the bidding of all the choir of Olympus.

The characteristics of Mr. Scott's mind, his natural talents, and acquired endowments, must have insured to him the palm in this department of poetry. His imagination is peculiarly captivated with the splendid and heroic; with events that touch the extreme verge of probability; with characters that delight in achievements requiring the most sublime exertions of virtue and valour, it is fertile in its resources, and bold and sustained and excursive in its flight. His learning, though not various, is profound. We do not, indeed, discover in his writings any very intimate acquaintance with the authors of ancient Greece; but he is perfectly versant with the events and manners of the times in which his scenes are laid. He has thus been enabled to give the most powerful and captivating interest, and the animation of reality to the pictures of his pencil. He never seems to draw from the stores of his memory. He is not a narrator of events of which he has heard or read; but appearing to have lived in the times to which his transactions relate, he presents to us individuals whom he personally knew, and events that passed before his eyes the instant before he began to describe them. These talents, natural and acquired, co-operating with perfect good sense, and a discriminating attention to the prevailing taste of his age and nation, may in some measure account for his success in the department of poetry he has chosen, and for the eminence to which he has attained by the suffrages of his country.

With all those splendid qualifications, it is impossible to conceal from ourselves, that in the construction of his stories, Mr. Scott is by no means entitled to unqualified praise. Whether a failure to please, in him whose end is pleasure, arises from inattention or incapacity, it is not perhaps very necessary to inquire; but although the sentence to be pronounced by the critic on the work itself will in both cases be the same, his sentiments, so far as they concern the author, will be materially different. If our estimate of Mr. Scott's genius and learning is accurate, or approaches to accuracy, he could not have failed in the formation of the design of his piece, provided he had bestowed the requisite degree of attention on the accomplishment of an object, which no human talent, without much painful labour and unwearied attention, can possibly perform: and of this we are the more persuaded when we observe with what felicity he has finished certain individual and insulated compartments of all his pictures. The fact however is unquestionable, that his fables will not bear the test of a minute

minute examination. He has brought forward the incidents as they arose in his mind, and as they contributed to increase the picturesque effect of that part of the general design which for the time engaged his attention, without inquiring how they were connected the one with the other, and still less how they bore on the catastrophe, which ultimately they ought either to promote or retard. We shall afterwards have occasion to speak of beauties which, if they do not conceal or compensate the deficiency of which we complain, diminish at least its effect: in this general survey of his character we cannot however forbear to notice the imperfection of his designs, or to regret that, shaking off his impatience of mental labour, he has not given to his works one great additional beauty, without which they never can obtain the tribute of unqualified approbation.

In the conception and display of his characters, Mr. Scott, we think, is entitled to decided and unequivocal praise. If a greater degree of attention had been devoted to the formation of his fables, the peculiar features of his *dramatis personæ* would sometimes have been more accurately and fully brought out, and sometimes perhaps have been presented to us in more interesting points of view: but the characters themselves are vividly impressed on his imagination; they are delineated with a master's hand, and are strikingly discriminated, not only in their bolder outlines but in their more minute and evanescent shades. He has certainly not introduced us to some of the scenes and modes of life, in the delineation of which consists the peculiar excellence of various contemporary poets. But we cannot doubt that the pencil which depicted the family of Douglas, the morbid sensibility of Wilfred, and the marauders of the Highlands and Border, is equally qualified to draw, with perfect truth, the quiet of domestic privacy, and the vices and misery of a modern peasant; and that scenes and characters like these are not to be found on Mr. Scott's canvass, only because they did not come within the compass of his design. He selected the characters that existed in the ages where his story is laid; and if his personages are accurately discriminated from each other, and convey to us a faithful impression of the opinions and habits that prevailed in the period whose manners are to be delineated, his duty to himself and the public is fulfilled.

In the display of sentiment and mental emotion, the nature and the subjects of Mr. Scott's poetry afforded him advantages of which we are not quite sure that he has availed himself to their fullest extent. He might, perhaps, oftener have interwoven with the scene which he brings so brilliantly to our eye the description of affections, sometimes enthusiastic and sometimes gentle, naturally suggested by the situations in which his characters are placed, and arising out of

of the immediate business of the moment. He has sometimes, indeed, gratified his readers with a fortunate combination of imagery and sentiment; and in these passages the simplicity with which the sentiment is expressed, the honour and virtue which it implies and excites, and above all, the relief it gives to the picture which it illuminates, afford a delight which we cannot forbear regretting that he has not more frequently found occasions of administering. There is one striking merit, however, which it would be injustice to pass over. He is never betrayed into a thought or expression capable of wounding the most fastidious delicacy; and while every adventure that he celebrates, and every sentiment that he breathes, is calculated to inspire the youth of one sex with feelings of patriotism, there is not to be found in all his works a word which the sternest moralist would proscribe as tending to sully the purity of those of the other.

It would be superfluous to dwell upon his unrivalled talent for description. On one hand, he takes care not to diminish the interest and effect by the weakness of the sketch, or by giving a general and indeterminate outline of his picture. He equally avoids, on the other, the opposite mischief of crowding and overwhelming minuteness. He is uniformly the spectator of the scenes, not one of the actors in it. Placing himself on a point from which the whole landscape lies in perspective before him, he at once depicts its most striking features; whether he has to describe motion or repose, he seizes the circumstances which give to the scene its character and interest, throwing into the shade, or but slightly glancing at, those of minor importance.

We have scarcely left ourselves room to speak of Mr. Scott's diction. It is frequently negligent, but almost always powerful. Some of his most remarkable expressions he is supposed to have borrowed from popular authors who have preceded him, and to have interwoven those with the language that is peculiarly his own. We do not accede to this opinion. The extent of his reading has given him a control over the whole region of poetry; its language, ancient and modern, is familiar to his heart and mind; and when he adopts a mode of expression that perhaps may be traced to others, it is not by an effort of recollection, but because that language naturally suggests itself to him which is best calculated to convey his thoughts. This is not plagiarism: it might as well be said that he who has uniformly lived in good society, and speaks its language, is a servile imitator of the accomplished and the great.

It is now time to recur to the poem which has furnished us with an apology for these remarks. Like several of Mr. Scott's earlier works, it consists of two parts; a series of introductions sung by the

the minstrel to his mistress, and the lay itself, by the melody of which he attempts to gain her heart, and in the course of which he wins her hand.

The Introduction, though by no means destitute of beauties, is decidedly inferior to the Poem. Its plan or conception—and we have already told the whole of it—is neither very ingenious nor very striking. The best passages are those in which the author adheres most strictly to his original: in those which are composed without having his eyes fixed on his model, there is a sort of affectation and straining at humour, that will probably excite some feeling of disappointment, either because the effort is not altogether successful, or because it does not perfectly harmonize with the tone and colouring of the whole piece.

The 'Bridal' itself is purely a tale of chivalry; a tale of 'Britain's isle and Arthur's days, when midnight fairies daunced the maze.' The author never gives us a glance of ordinary life, or of ordinary personages. From the splendid court of Arthur, we are conveyed to the halls of enchantment; and of course are introduced to a system of manners, perfectly decided and appropriate, but altogether remote from those of this vulgar world; the purpose of the poet, whose betrothed is peculiarly enamoured of the extravagancies of chivalry, being to tell

> 'Of errant knight and damozelle,
> Of the dread knot a wizard tied,
> In punishment of maiden's pride;
> In notes of marvel and of fear,
> That best may charm romantic ear.'—p. 11.

The era chosen is the eleventh century. Sir Roland de Vaux, Lord of Triermain, having returned from an inroad on the Scotish Border, sees in a dream a lady of matchless beauty, wearing an eagle's feather in her hair, who transports him with the unrivalled tones of her harp. This powerful baron, as we learn from the introductory lines, to be afterwards quoted, required in the fair one whom he should honour with his hand, an assemblage of qualities that appears to us rather unreasonable even in those high days, profuse as they are known to have been of perfections now unattainable. His resolution however was not more inflexible than that of any mere modern youth; for he decrees that his nightly visitant, of whom at this time he could know nothing but that she looked and sung like an angel, if of mortal mould, shall be his bride. To resolve the question of her mortality, (for none of his attendants had either seen or heard her,) he dispatches his squire to a celebrated sage, on the banks of the river Eamont, by whom it was to be determined whether he was to set out in quest of a mistress

mistress of flesh and blood, or whether he had been visited by a delightful but tantalizing dream.

The fair intruder, we learn from this high authority, was 'of middle earth;' but she was in the *five hundred and second year of her age.* So long a period had elapsed since Arthur, the amorous and warlike, wandering from Carlisle one April morning, in his usual spirit of adventure, found himself in the delightful valley of St. John in Cumberland. In the middle of the valley he descried, for the first time, a castle pranked in all the pomp of feudal dignity and power; the drawbridge was up, and the gate closely barred; but the castle itself seemed untenanted. The gloom and silence of the scene quailed his heart for a moment; at last he blew his bugle; the portcullis slowly rose, the drawbridge was let down, and the king entered, grasping his sword, and prepared for the worst that might befal him. The warrior's alarm and precautions were equally unnecessary. Nor giant, nor dragon, nor fiend, was in that enchanted abode. In a stately hall, lighted by hundreds of tapers, he was greeted by a band of ladies, beautiful and blooming, who welcomed the flower of Christendom to their retreat. Before he recovered from his astonishment at this strange adventure, the queen of the mansion entered the hall, and Arthur became perfectly reconciled to his thraldom. The feast and song went round—the night wore apace—the lady became more tender and the knight less timid—and long ere the morning dawned he had forgot both his subjects and his queen.

But this delirium could not last for ever: and Arthur insensibly awoke to the recollection of his duties as a husband and a sovereign. To console his seductress, (the daughter of a genie and a mortal princess,) who was affectionately attached to him, he assured her that if the pledge of their loves should prove a boy, he would bestow a kingdom on him; if a maiden, that his knights, the boast of England and of Europe, should hold a joust for a summer's day, and the damsel should be the prize of the victor. This magnificent promise did not sooth his lovesick fair. She attempted by an artifice to detain or destroy him, but Arthur found means to pass the drawbridge; and on looking back to gaze on the castle, the scene of his happiness and remorse, he discovered only the solitary streamlet, and a knoll fenced with fragments of rock.

After the lapse of fifteen years, Arthur, when holding his annual court at Penrith during the feast of Whitsuntide, the solemnities of which are described with singular felicity, was astonished by the appearance of a lady heading a band of maidens, who, lighting from her palfrey, advanced to the king, and knelt at his feet. She was drest like a huntress, the eagle plume waved conspicuous in her hair, and she bore a resemblance, but softened and refined by the gentle-

ness

ness of mortality, to the sublime and magic beauty of his genie love of St. John's valley. Our readers will have anticipated that this was the daughter of the British king. He welcomed her as became the pink of courtesy; and mindful of his promise before her birth, which had been communicated to her by her mother, he summoned the nobles and knights of his court.

> 'Up! up! each knight of gallant crest!
> Take buckler, spear, and brand!
> He, that to-day shall bear him best,
> Shall win my Gyneth's hand.
> And Arthur's daughter, when a bride,
> Shall bring a noble dower;
> Both fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide,
> And Carlisle town and tower.'—p. 77.

The call was readily obeyed; and the bravest of his red-cross champions arrayed themselves for the combat.

Before the tourney commenced, the king began to repent him of the rashness of his vow, and besought his daughter to drop her warder if the strife should become serious. The haughty fair one rejected the application with scorn, and the combat proceeded. We are unwilling to interrupt our narrative by inserting the preparations for the combat, and the description of its pomp and circumstances, which are conceived in the best manner of the author's original, seizing the prominent parts of the picture, and detailing them with the united beauty of Mr. Scott's vigour of language, and the march and richness of the late Thomas Warton's versification. The contention waxed hot, to the horror of the king, and somewhat (we are ashamed to add) to the delight of the beautiful arbitress of the fray, in whose veins ran an infusion of the unearthly blood of her maternal grandfather. Twenty of the Round Table lay weltering in their gore. But Arthur had resigned his truncheon, and was bound by his vow. At last the young and accomplished Vanoc, the favourite of his royal master, and descended from the race of Merlin, fell at the feet of Gyneth, and dyed her sandals with his heart's blood. A peal of thunder was instantly heard, and the form of Merlin, appearing in the middle of the lists, announced to the assembly that the unrelenting princess must sleep in St. John's valley, unseen by mortal eye, until her preternatural slumber should be broken by a warrior as brave and renowned in arms as a knight of King Arthur's Table. The reluctant somnolent struggled to avert this penance, but all her efforts were unavailing.

> 'Slow the dark fringed eye-lids fall,
> Curtaining each azure ball,
> Slowly as on summer eves
> Violets fold their dusky leaves.

The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand,
On her shoulder droops her head;
Net of pearl and golden thread,
Bursting, gave her locks to flow
O'er her arm and breast of snow.
And so lovely seemed she there,
Spell-bound in her ivory chair,
That her angry sire repenting,
Craved stern Merlin for relenting,
And the champions, for her sake,
Would again the contest wake;
Till, in necromantic night,
Gyneth vanished from their sight.'—p. 99.

The doom of the wizard hardly differed from a sentence of never-ending slumber. While the tradition was new, many hardy adventurers attempted to break the spell. Of these, some had been unable to discover the castle; some had been deterred by its unknown but formidable dangers; and others who entered the outer gate had been seen no more. The adventure had therefore been long since abandoned, as beyond the reach of mortal achievement.

Such was the tale told by the ancient sage to De Vaux's messenger; and it inspired the warrior, as our readers must ere this have conjectured, with a desire of returning the visit which the fair slumberer had made him in his dream. The remainder of the story may be told in two words. After months of watching in the valley, the scenery of which, seen by the light of the summer and autumnal moon, is described with an aërial touch to which we cannot do justice, he discovers the enchanted castle. Undismayed by the perils which are mysteriously announced in an inscription on the gate, he forces an entrance. In traversing the extensive building he encountered dangers, and was wooed by blandishments, that must have appalled or melted every heart but that of the fated deliverer of Gyneth. Terror, avarice, pleasure, and ambition, under their appropriate emblems, by turns assail him; but the knight was not to be diverted from his purpose. He discovered and entered the bower of the entranced beauty. Her appearance and dress agreed with the description given to De Vaux's squire.

'Still upon her garment's hem,
Vanoc's blood form'd a purple gem,
And the warder of command
Cumbered still her sleeping hand;
Still her dark locks dishevelled flow
From net of pearl o'er breast of snow;
And so fair the slumberer seems,
That De Vaux impeached his dreams,

Vapid

Vapid all and void of might,
Hiding half her charms from sight.'—p. 195.

The warrior kneeling beside her kissed her hand, which instantly dropt the warder; the castle fell to pieces in a thunder shock; and De Vaux found himself in the open valley, and the princess reclined in his arms.

The tale, of which we have now given the summary, is told in three cantos, two of which are employed in narrating the vision of De Vaux, and the misfortunes of his future bride, and the third in celebrating his prowess and perils, and her final rescue from the enchantment. Our readers will have formed their own opinion of its qualities. Its merit, in our estimation, consists in its perfect simplicity, and in interweaving the refinements of modern times with the peculiarities of the ancient metrical romance, which are in no respect violated. In point of interest, the first and second cantos are superior to the third. One event naturally arises out of that which precedes it, and the eye is delighted and dazzled with a series of moving pictures, each of them remarkable for its individual splendour, and all contributing, more or less directly, to produce the ultimate result. The third canto is less profuse of incident, and somewhat more monotonous in its effect. This, we conceive, will be the impression on the first perusal of the poem. When we have leisure to mark the merits of the composition, and to separate them from the progress of the events, we are disposed to think that the extraordinary beauty of the description will nearly compensate for the defect we have already noticed.

But it is not from the fable that an adequate notion of the merits of this singular work can be formed. We have already spoken of it as an imitation of Mr. Scott's style of composition; and if we were compelled to make the general approbation more precise and specific, we should say, that if it be inferior in vigour to some of his productions, it equals or surpasses them in elegance and beauty; that it is more uniformly tender, and far less infected with the unnatural prodigies and coarsenesses of the earlier romancers. In estimating its merits, however, we should forget that it is offered as an imitation. The diction undoubtedly reminds us of a rhythm and cadence we have heard before; but the sentiments, descriptions, and characters have qualities that are native and unborrowed.

In his sentiments the author has avoided the slight deficiency we ventured to ascribe to his prototype. The pictures of pure description are perpetually illuminated with reflections that bring out their colouring and increase their moral effect: these reflections are suggested by the scene, produced without effort, and expressed with unaffected simplicity. The descriptions are spirited and striking, possessing an airiness suited to the mythology and manners of the

times, though restrained by correct taste. Among the characters, many of which are such as we expect to find in this department of poetry, it is impossible not to distinguish that of Arthur; in which, identifying himself with his original, the author has contrived to unite the valour of the hero, the courtesy and dignity of the monarch, and the amiable weaknesses of an ordinary mortal, and thus to present to us the express lineaments of the flower of chivalry.

The first stanza of the poem enumerates the qualities that must be found in De Vaux's destined bride. The lines are eminently beautiful; but when our readers recollect some of the events which we have detailed, they may be inclined to doubt whether the enamoured baron, before completing his union with Gyneth, has not found it necessary to lower his original pretensions.

> 'Where is the maiden of mortal strain,
> That may match with the Baron of Triermain?
> She must be lovely and constant and kind,
> Holy and pure and humble of mind,
> Blithe of cheer and gentle of mood,
> Courteous and generous and noble of blood—
> Lovely as the sun's first ray,
> When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
> Constant and true as the widow'd dove,
> Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
> Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
> Where never sun-beam kiss'd the wave;
> Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
> Holy as hermit's vesper strain;
> Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
> Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its sighs,
> Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,
> Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;
> Noble her blood as the currents that met
> In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
> Such must her form be, her mood and her strain,
> That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain.'—p. 15.

We are strongly tempted to insert some of the stanzas in which the drama is opened; to gratify our readers with the anxiety of De Vaux after being visited by the phantom, with the rapid journey of his squire from Triermain to the banks of Eamont, which is executed in the peculiar style of Mr. Scott, and above all with the first appearance of the hermit on whose response so many important events depended. But we cannot insert all the passages that are illustrative of the poem; and we must now suppose the hermit's tale commenced, and Arthur set out on his romantic adventure.

> 'With toil the king his way pursued
> By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,

Till

Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of Saint John,
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sun-beams love to lie.
Right glad to feel those beams again,
The king drew up his charger's rein;
With gauntlet raised he skreen'd his sight,
As dazzled with the level light,
And, from beneath his glove of mail,
Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.'—p. 31.

He descried the turrets of the castle, the effect of which and the surrounding scenery on the gallant monarch, we have already mentioned.

XV.

'The ivory bugle's golden tip
Twice touched the monarch's manly lip,
And twice his hand withdrew.
Think not but Arthur's heart was good!
His shield was cross'd by the blessed rood,
Had a pagan host before him stood,
He had charged them through and through;
Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
Ere yet his horn he blew.'—p. 36.

He blew his horn, however; and entering the hall of the castle, discovered that his momentary apprehensions were groundless, for

'— the cressets, which odours flung aloft,
Shewed, by their yellow light and soft,
A band of damsels fair!
Onward they came, like summer wave
That dances to the shore;
An hundred voices welcome gave,
And welcome o'er and o'er!
An hundred lovely hands assail
The bucklers of the monarch's mail,
And busy laboured to unhasp
Rivet of steel and iron clasp;
One wrapp'd him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odours on his hair;
His short curled ringlets one smooth'd down,
One wreathed them with a myrtle crown.
A bride upon her wedding day
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.'—p. 39.

The frolic croud and their employments, are thus described—

'Then o'er him mimic chains they fling,
Framed of the fairest flowers of spring.
While some their gentle force unite,
Onward to drag the wondering knight,
Some, bolder, urge his pace with blows,
Dealt with the lily or the rose.
Behind him were in triumph borne
The warlike arms he late had worn.
Four of the train combined to rear
The terrors of Tintadgel's spear;
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbrous length;
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brows the helmet's pride,
Then scream'd, 'twixt laughter and surprise,
To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.'—p. 41.

The queen's approach being perceived, silence was commanded by the eldest lady of the train, a veteran between seventeen and eighteen. It is impossible to omit the description of her entrance, in which, as well as in the contrasted enumeration of the levities of her attendants, the author, we think, has had in his recollection Gray's celebrated description of the power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body. The banquet immediately follows, and the commencement of the intimacy between Arthur and Guendolen. The passage is somewhat long; but we must be permitted to insert the whole of it, for on the opinion that may be formed even of these two stanzas we are willing to hazard the justness of the eulogium we have bestowed on the general poetical merit of this little work.

XIX.

'The attributes of these high days
Now only live in minstrel lays;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam,
As lights not now a lover's dream.
Yet, e'en in that romantic age,
Ne'er were such charms by mortal seen
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,
Advanced the castle's Queen.
While up the hall she slowly passed,
Her dark eye on the king she cast,
That flash'd expression strong;

The

The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced king could brook
The gaze that lasted long.
A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,
Had whispered, "Prince, beware!
From the chafed tyger rend the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
But shun that lovely snare!"

XX.

At once, that inward strife suppress'd,
The dame approached her warlike guest,
With greeting in that fair degree,
Where female pride and courtesy
Are blended with such passing art
As awes at once and charms the heart.
A courtly welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness 'gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
Who drew from lonely glens their birth,
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
And dignity their due;
And then she pray'd that he would rest
That night her castle's honoured guest.
The monarch meetly thanks express'd;
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
Apace the evening flew.'—p. 43.

The scene in which Arthur, sated with his lawless love, and awake at last to a sense of his duties, announces his immediate departure, is managed, we think, with uncommon skill and delicacy.

'Three summer months had scantly flown,
When Arthur, in embarrassed tone,
Spoke of his liegemen and his throne;
Said, all too long had been his stay,
And duties, which a monarch sway,
Duties, unknown to humbler men,
Must tear her knight from Guendolen.—
She listened silently the while,
Her mood expressed in bitter smile;
Beneath her eye must Arthur quail,
And oft resume the unfinished tale,
Confessing, by his downcast eye,
The wrong he sought to justify.

He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,
And then her looks to heaven she raised;
One palm her temples veiled, to hide
The tear that sprung in spite of pride;
The other for an instant pressed
The foldings of her silken vest!'—p. 61.

He then attempts to sooth her, but in vain, by the promise we have already mentioned in the narrative; and he resolves on his departure. It is thus described, and in the appearance and bearing of Guendolen our readers will not fail to observe those minute circumstances by which Arthur, fifteen years afterwards, was enabled to recognize her daughter and his.

VIII.

'At dawn of morn, ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make,
Or stirr'd his wing to brush away
A single dew-drop from the spray,
Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,
The castle battlements had kiss'd,
The gates revolve, the draw-bridge falls,
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom,
And steel from spur to helmet-plume,
His Lybian steed full proudly trode,
And joyful neighed beneath his load.
The monarch gave a passing sigh
To penitence and pleasures by,
When, lo! to his astonished ken
Appeared the form of Guendolen.

IX.

Beyond the outmost wall she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood;
Sandall'd her feet, her ancles bare,
And eagle plumage decked her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
"Thou goest!" she said, "and ne'er again
Must we two meet, in joy or pain.
Full fain would I this hour delay,
Though weak the wish—yet, wilt thou stay?—
No! thou look'st forward. Still attend,—
Part we like lover and like friend."—
She raised the cup—"Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we, at parting, in the draught
Which Genii love!"—she said, and quaff'd;
And strange unwonted lustres fly
From her flushed cheek and sparkling eye.'—p. 64.

The

The whole description of Arthur's court is picturesque and appropriate: but we can only make room for the opening of it, with which we must conclude our extracts.

XII.

'For this the King, with pomp and pride,
Held solemn court at Whitsuntide,
And summoned prince and peer,
All who owed homage for their land,
Or who craved knighthood from his hand,
Or who had succour to demand,
To come from far and near,
At such high tide, were glee and game
Mingled with feats of martial fame,
For many a stranger champion came
In lists to break a spear;
And not a knight of Arthur's host,
Save that he trod some foreign coast,
But at this feast of Pentecost
Before him must appear.—
Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Round
Arose, with all its warriors crowned,
There was a theme for bards to sound
In triumph to their string!
Five hundred years are past and gone,
But Time shall draw his dying groan,
Ere he behold the British throne
Begirt with such a ring!'—p. 71.

The fate of this work must depend on its own merits; for it is not borne up by any of the adventitious circumstances that frequently contribute to literary success. It is ushered into the world, as we have already observed, in the most modest guise; and the author, we believe, is entirely unknown. Should it fail altogether of a favourable reception, we shall be disposed to abate something of the indignation which we have occasionally expressed against the extravagant gaudiness of modern publications, and imagine that there are readers whose suffrages are not to be obtained by a work without a name.

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London: Printed by C. Roworth, Bell-yard, Temple-bar.

THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

*OCT.* 1813, *& JAN.* 1814.

*VOL. X.*

London:

*Printed by C. Roworth, Bell-yard, Temple-bar; for*

JOHN MURRAY, 50, ALBEMARLE STREET;

SOLD ALSO BY
PARKER, OXFORD; DEIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE;
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
AND J. CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1814.

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THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

## *OCTOBER*, 1813.

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ART. I.—*Reports and Papers on the Impolicy of employing Indian-built Ships in the Trade of the East India Company, and of admitting them to British Registry. London.* 1809.
*The First Report of the Commissioners of His Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 13th June,* 1812.

OF the Resolutions passed by the House of Commons as the ground work of an act for continuing, for a further term, to the East India Company their exclusive privileges, the *seventh* runs thus:

'That it is expedient that ships built within the British territories in the East Indies, and employed in the commerce between India and the United Kingdom, should, *during the present war, and for eighteen months after the conclusion thereof,* be permitted to import any goods, wares, or merchandize, the produce or manufacture of any countries within the limits of the East India Company's charter, or to export any goods, wares, or merchandize, from this kingdom to the British settlements in the East Indies, or to any of the places within the said limits, (with the exception of China,) in the same manner as ships British-built, and duly registered as such, and that after the expiration of the period above mentioned, the said India-built ships should be liable to such other provisions as parliament may from time to time enact, for the further increase and encouragement of shipping and navigation.'

By this Resolution, the private trade, so far from gaining any enlargement of a privilege already granted by the act of 35 Geo. 3. (which allowed the importation of goods from India *and China* in ships not British-built, nor registered as such, during the continuance of the war then raging, and for eighteen months after its conclusion, which privilege was further extended by the act of 42 Geo. 3. to such ships during the continuance of the exclusive trade granted to the East India Company,) may, in fact, be said to have suffered an abridgment, both as to time and place. As China, however, was generally excepted from all the provisions of the intended bill which regarded the opening of the trade, little or no objection was made on that score to the Resolution in question. Let us now see in what manner it has been introduced into the new

charter. The 30th section of the act, after recapitulating the heads of the clauses of the two acts abovementioned, thus proceeds:—'Be it enacted, That the same shall continue and be in force until the *first day of August, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen,* unless any provision shall be made respecting the same in the next session of parliament.'

When it is considered that the first copy of the new charter was sent out in the Acorn, which left England about the middle of September, and would not reach India till the month of January, 1814; that consequently six months only will be allowed to the merchant to collect and send home India produce in India-built ships, without the risk of incurring legal penalties, it will appear, that the new charter, instead of opening a wider field for the capital and industry of the private trader, has very considerably narrowed the ground on which he stood under the provisions of the old one. The British residents too, who had hoped for an extension of the means of remitting their fortunes to England, must experience a disappointment equally vexatious in finding those means more restricted than before; and the native subjects will be left in a more hopeless condition as to any increased demand for the produce of their manufacture and agriculture than under the system which has just expired. These grievances will unquestionably be felt as the first fruits of that liberal and enlightened policy which was, if not to destroy, at least to qualify, an oppressive monopoly. Had the legislature in its wisdom limited the *size* of India-built ships to which the indulgence was to be extended, and left the *time* as before, the clause would then have been consistent with the ostensible views of the government, as expressed in the seventh Resolution; and all the benefits to Great Britain and India would have resulted from it, which, we will charitably suppose, were intended; free, at the same time, from any admixture even of those imaginary evils which, we doubt not, have had their share in rendering nugatory one of the most important of the Resolutions of the House of Commons on this question. Happily that Resolution must be reconsidered at an early period of the present session.

The directors indeed are far from being unanimous in their opinions as to the policy and expediency of employing India-built shipping; and it is remarkable enough, as appears from the collection of papers before us, that, while a special committee of eight or nine of them was drawing up a report, which evinces more of hostility against the proprietors of India-built ships, than of argument against the employment of them, the directors at large were advertising, through their governments in India, a contract for building ships in that country: and it also appears that, while the said committee were searching for facts to prove the impolicy of the measure,

measure, their governors and best informed servants in India were endeavouring to impress them with a sense not only of its utility but absolute necessity. These are mysteries to which we shall not waste our time in seeking for a clue. It cannot however fail to be observed, that the act, as it now stands, involves the court of directors in strange inconsistencies. While they affect to dread the very name of colonization, they or their pretended advocates force upon the Company a measure which makes it absolutely impossible for their servants and other residents in India to remove their property and families from thence; for as to private merchants fitting out ships in England to sail empty to India, in the hope of finding cargoes purchased for them, in the shape of produce, as a remittance, we are greatly mistaken if those who may be induced to try that experiment will find their account in sending them a second time. But those of all others who will feel this measure to press upon them most severely are the millions of our native subjects, who might have experienced some relief from the heavy annual tribute levied upon them of sixteen or seventeen millions, had a vent been opened for their surplus produce, various articles of which would be no less useful to our home manufactures than others of them would be for the British navy.

But the influence of some unfriendly planet would seem to have prevailed against the more favourable intentions of government and this is the more extraordinary, as the ministers of the crown, we believe, have had but one opinion on the political bearing of the question. The Committee of Ship-building is composed of a wealthy body of men, who possess great influence in the India direction, as far as shipping is concerned. These gentlemen, so far back as 1797, submitted to the late Lord Melville their apprehensions respecting the employment of India-built shipping. His lordship's opinion was directly at variance with the allegations of their memorial. He told them in distinct terms that their apprehensions were not only groundless, but that the prohibition which they aimed to establish was an act of great injustice, and would, in its tendency, have an effect on the interests of the ship-builders in the Thames directly the reverse of what they seemed to suppose.* His lordship however confined the injustice of the proposition to the effect of depriving a large description of the subjects of Great Britain of a right which those of the West Indies or Canada, or of any other foreign dependency of the empire, were entitled to enjoy: but we shall venture to extend the unjust and injurious operation of the prohibition to the natives of India, who have an undoubted right to send to England the produce of their

* Letter to the Committee of Ship-builders, 1st July, 1797.

own territories in ships of their own building. It was in vain that his lordship endeavoured to convince them that their own immediate interests would be injured by driving away the India-built shipping from British ports; that it was a great error to suppose the prohibition would make a proportionate degree of room for the shipping of the East India Company; that, on the contrary, it would have no other effect than that which it has always had, of driving those ships with their cargoes into foreign ports, and thereby establishing in foreign countries an Asiatic commerce, founded on British capital, and of depriving the ship-builders of the benefit which, in various shapes, results to the country, and to themselves in particular, from the refitting of those ships in the river Thames. Lord Wellesley went still further than Lord Melville; he considered the employment of ships built in India no longer merely a question of expediency, or of liberal commercial policy, but of absolute necessity; unless indeed we were determined to make a present of the most valuable part of the Indian trade to foreign nations.

We confess that, in whatever way we view the subject, the clause appears to us exceedingly impolitic. Had the building of ships in India, and the admitting of them to a registry in England, been restricted to such as should be of 800 or 1000 tons burden and upwards, no material injury could be sustained by those who have been loudest in their complaints, many important advantages might have resulted to the native Indians, and to the trade and commerce of this country; and, above all, such a regulation would have been the certain means of lessening the consumption of English oak timber, of which we have before us the alarming prospect of a serious scarcity at no very distant period of time. 'Those interested in the regular shipping of the East India Company,' observed Lord Melville, 'would do well to consider the benefits they already enjoy, in place of endeavouring to cramp and check the just pretensions of others. They ought to recollect the rapid progress they have made from the time of the commutation act; and, above all, they ought to recollect that it always has been considered as a very problematical question, how far, consistently with the national interests, so much of the ship timber of the country ought to be appropriated to its commercial concerns, in the manner practised by the builders of India shipping;' and he adds, 'we have a national resource in India, which ought to lead to the reverse of any invidious or unjust discouragement being given to the ship-building of India.'*

As our concern, at present, with the obnoxious clause in the India bill extends no farther than as it affects the state of naval tim-

* Letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, 2d April, 1800.

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ber in Great Britain, the only paper in the collection before us, to which we shall direct our attention, is the Memorial of the Ship-builders of the Port of London, addressed to the committee of the Privy Council for the affairs of trade and plantations, in behalf of themselves and all others engaged in ship-building. On the subject of an alleged scarcity of oak timber in Great Britain, these memorialists

'venture to express great doubts; for they are induced to think, from recent accounts, and the knowledge now possessed by the public, in consequence of the inquiries which very generally took place on the discussion of this subject, a few years since, that there is not any real scarcity of oak timber in Great Britain; and that, on reference to the present state of the ships of war now building in the private yards throughout the kingdom, which exceed three times the number of king's ships that were ever building at one time before in them, the danger of scarcity will appear merely ideal—that it is well known that his Majesty's yards are better provided and have more timber in them, at present, than for many years past.'

This short extract of the London ship-builders' appeal to the committee of the Privy Council, contains an erroneous opinion, an unfounded assertion, and a conclusion not warranted by the premises. That there is a scarcity, and an alarming scarcity, of native oak timber, has been proved by incontrovertible evidence taken before three several sets of commissioners appointed to investigate the subject—it is admitted by the commissioners of woods and forests, whose duty it is to inquire into the state of timber; it is known to the navy board—to the purveyors of the navy—to the builders in his Majesty's dockyards, and—to the builders on the banks of the Thames! With unfeigned sorrow we admit the truth of the succeeding sentence, which states that 'the ships of war now building in the private yards, exceed three times the number of king's ships that were ever building at one time before in them;' but we have not the sagacity to find out how, therefore, the danger of a scarcity should be 'merely ideal,' though we can easily discover that it is a sure and certain way to create a scarcity if there was none already. With regard to the timber in his Majesty's yards we shall merely say that we know the statement not to have been correct, at that time, though it may be so at present. But admitting it to be true, what does it prove?—simply—that the Navy Board, in consequence of the unexampled encouragement given to the merchants' yards, and the scarcity of workmen in the king's yards, has been able, in the course of the last six years, to scrape together from the royal forests and other quarters, a few more loads of oak timber, than they had usually done—perhaps a single year's consumption!

Though such statements, unsupported by evidence, and in direct contradiction to well authenticated facts, may, through the enormous influence of a few individuals, have been the means of shaking a very proper resolution of the House of Commons, and of rendering it completely abortive, yet we despair not that the truth will finally prevail; and, considering the question as too important to be slurred over in the manner it has been, and willing, as far as we can, to prevent the nation from being lulled into a false and fatal security, by a reliance on such representations, we shall endeavour to bring before the public a short view of the matter as we conscientiously believe it to stand, hoping that, when the extent of the evil shall be made known, a speedy and efficacious remedy will be applied.

A committee of the House of Commons in the year 1771 was directed to inquire into the state of oak timber throughout the kingdom. The evidence examined went directly to prove an alarming diminution of timber fit for naval purposes, without any prospect, immediate or remote, of a permanent source of supply; but, either from some disagreement in opinion, or some defect in the evidence, or, which is most likely, from a wish to avoid public alarm, the House agreed, on a motion of the committee, to discharge that part of its order which required them to give an opinion. An inference, however, may be drawn what that opinion was, from an act passed in the following session, which restrained the East India Company from building more ships until their whole tonnage should be reduced to 45,000 tons.

No other step, however, appears to have been taken either for lessening the current consumption, or increasing the future supply of oak timber; and the question was suffered to rest till the commissioners, appointed to inquire into the state and condition of the woods, forests, and land revenues of the crown, laid their eleventh report before parliament in 1792. From this report it appears that the commissioners did not confine their inquiries to the state of naval timber growing in the royal forests, and on lands belonging to the crown: they extended their researches into the general state of oak timber throughout the kingdom; and the result of this laborious investigation proved but too clearly how well-founded the apprehensions were of an approaching scarcity of oak timber in general, but more particularly of large naval timber, both in the royal forests, and on private estates. The testimony received from every county invariably established the fact, that oak timber in general, and large and crooked timber in particular, was rapidly decreasing. This information was not derived from a few interested individuals, but from a mass of concurring evidence collected from every description of men, either immediately in possession of information

formation themselves, or most likely to procure it; for instance, the chairmen of the quarter sessions in the several counties of England and Wales, the great landholders, land surveyors, agents, stewards, purveyors of timber, the commissioners of the navy, the principal ship-builders in the king's and private yards, &c.

One striking fact, taken from the records of the royal forests, shews the great diminution of oak timber in those woods of the crown at a much earlier period than that of the first apprehended scarcity. In 1608 a survey was taken of six of those forests. In 1783 another survey was made of the same forests by order of the House of Commons. In the former period were found fit for naval purposes 234,229 trees, and 263,145 decayed trees; at the latter 50,455 trees fit for the navy, and 35,554 decayed, being a decrease of nearly four-fifths in these six forests; and there is every reason to believe that a corresponding diminution had then taken place in all. From the close of the American war to the commencement of the revolutionary war of France, in consequence of the rapid increase of trade, and the improvements in all kinds of machinery, manufactures, and inland navigations, the consumption of oak timber, for commercial and internal purposes, had increased in as great a proportion; and from 1792 to the present time, the demand for naval purposes has been unexampled in any former period of our history, and perhaps not less so for commercial and internal uses. In 1792 the amount of the private shipping was about 1,300,000 tons; in 1812 it had amounted to 2,500,000 tons, being in twenty years an increase of 1,200,000 tons. The commissioners state that, 'at the accession of his Majesty to the throne,' the tonnage of the royal navy was 321,104 tons, and at the end of the year 1788 it had risen to no less than 413,667 tons:' and we may now add that, in 1808, it had amounted to the enormous extent of 800,000 tons, having nearly doubled itself in twenty years.

By the same report it appears that in 1792 the tonnage of the shipping belonging to the East India Company was 79,913 tons; at present it is calculated to amount to 115,000 tons, being an increase of 35,087 tons.

It would be difficult to form any thing like an accurate estimate of the comparative state of oak timber used formerly, when 'our houses were all built of sticks and mud,' and at the present time, for internal purposes; but that the consumption in this respect is very materially increased there can be little doubt; for although, as the commissioners observe, the quantity used in house carpentry is not so great as it had been in the preceding century, on account of the general and extensive use of fir timber; yet, on the other hand, when we take into consideration the vast consumption of oak timber in all kinds of mill work and machinery—in the barrack and

ordnance departments—in mines, collieries, and agriculture—in docks and their massive gates—in piers, locks and sluices—in boats, barges, lighters, and bridges—in park-paling, posts and rails—in staves for casks, tubs, and vats, (for which vast quantities of the finest oak trees in the kingdom are split up)—in all sorts of wheel-wright work, and even in barn-floors, (every one of which consumes about five loads of timber;)—and numberless other purposes to which oak alone is applied, and for which the increasing wealth, population, manufactures, and agriculture, have created an increased demand,—we may safely concur in the opinion of the commissioners, that this extensive application of oak timber has more than counterbalanced the saving occasioned by the disuse of oak for house carpentry and other domestic purposes.

Having thus established the fact of an enormously increased and increasing consumption, the next point to be ascertained was the state of growing timber in the country. The result of their inquiries, on this point, was disheartening enough. It appeared that, from the time when the general survey contained in Domesday book was taken, down to 1792, there had been a gradual diminution of woodland—the necessary consequence indeed of an increased population and extension of agriculture. For however ornamental full-grown forest trees may be on large domains; however useful the timber they afford in procuring many of the comforts and conveniencies of life; however necessary for the defence and preservation of the country; yet, as neither groves nor avenues, nor the timber which they produce, are indispensable articles of necessity, they are sure to give way to more pressing demands. Where corn could be raised, there we may be quite certain that trees would not be planted, and almost equally so that, when it was wanted, those which were already planted would be grubbed up. If, indeed, food should not naturally have the preference, still it might be expected that men would plant the soil with that which would yield them the greatest returns; and it so happens that the price of oak, high as it now is, is not equal to the value of any other product that may be raised out of the soil on which it grows; for the soil which oaks affect most is precisely that which is best suited for corn; nor will it grow freely on any that is not convertible to that use. The consequence is, that in every county throughout England, woodlands have been grubbed up and converted into pasture and corn lands, whilst not an acre of either of the latter has been planted with trees, except for ornamental purposes: and this diminution of woodland is by no means of inconsiderable extent.

Arthur Young was of opinion that, in the counties best adapted for the growth of oak, (Kent, Sussex, &c.) not one acre has been planted for fifty acres of woodlands that have been grubbed up.

At

At the present high price of grain, indeed, no other than ornamental plantations can be expected to be made, excepting on lands which are not open to the competition between timber and food. Such lands, it must be owned, are sufficiently abundant, but the great expense and slow returns of planting are inconvenient to the majority of land-proprietors; and hence we may safely conclude, that throughout England, the quantity of land planted with any kind of timber trees has been considerably less than the quantity of ground cleared by the felling of timber, and the grubbing up of coppice and underwood. If, indeed, we except the royal forests, and perhaps the estates of some half a dozen great landholders, such as the Dukes of Devonshire, Norfolk, Portland, Newcastle, &c. it may be doubted whether any thing like a regular plantation of oak timber has taken place for the last sixty years. Private interest will, in most cases, supersede all considerations of public benefit. The expense of planting is immediate and certain—the profit distant and precarious. It falls to the lot of few to be so careless of present wealth as to bury it for a century, in order that the third generation may profit by it. A man who sets about planting oaks, should forbear to make any calculation on the returns to be expected from them. He must consider, as the Bishop of Landaff says, all future time as present. In the first place, it would be a waste of labour and expense to plant oaks on ground that is not worth at least twenty shillings an acre rent. Now the annual sum of one pound, improved for an hundred years, at compound interest, will be worth £2610. An acre of oak trees, at the end of that period, may be worth about £500 at the present price of oak timber; and allowing the value of thinnings, improved at the same rate, to amount to £500 more, there still remains a loss of £1610 on a single acre of land. But independent of profit, it is a natural feeling in him who plants, to desire to see the plantations rising up in his own time.

But of all forest trees the oak is slowest in its growth. Hence even in those ornamental plantations, the rounded clump or extended belt, and indeed in all others, whether intended as objects of pleasure or profit, trees of speedier growth, as the larch, the beech, the sycamore, the horse-chesnut, the elm, the ash, the birch, &c. exclude the oak from its due share; for all these not only sooner come to profit, but are more ornamental than oak, and will thrive in soils where the oak would barely exist, and where the young plants of tardy growth would speedily be overshadowed by them and perish. So much is this the case, and so slow of growth is the young oak plant, that the nurserymen find it not worth their while to rear this species of tree for sale.

Another circumstance may have had its effect in excluding oaks from new plantations. It is a very general idea that transplanted oaks

oaks do not thrive so well as those that are raised from the acorn, on account of the tap-root being cut or injured. This prejudice is, we think, disproved by the experiments mentioned in the Appendix to the First Report now before us. A field of several acres in Dean Forest was sown with acorns about twenty-nine years ago. At the age of fourteen years, forty or fifty trees were transplanted from this patch into the open forest. In the course of the last four or five years, others, to the number of several thousands, have been taken from the same plot and transplanted into the neighbouring open parts. In 1809, three of the trees that were first transplanted, three that were transplanted in 1807, and six which remained in their original place, (not hampered in their growth by being too close together,) were carefully measured in the presence of the surveyor-general, at the height of six feet from the ground. They were again measured in the following year, 'when it appeared that those which had been transplanted first had increased the most; those transplanted in 1807 the next; and of those which remained in their original place, two had not increased at all, and the other four not so much as any of those transplanted.'* Mr. T. A. Knight, whose knowledge of vegetable economy no one will venture to dispute, asserts that the tap-root is of consequence only during the first year's growth of the tree, and that shortening the tap and lateral roots of young trees tends much to increase their future growth, by increasing the number of their roots.

There are other causes which prevent the planting of large tracts of ground, and thus perpetuating those magnificent woods which England once possessed, but which have long been disappearing from almost every part of the island. Many great estates have been divided and parcelled out among a number of new proprietors, whose sole object is improvement of the land for the sake of profit, and whose new plantations, if any, extend not beyond the clump or the belt, the filling up of a corner, or covering the top of a hill with firs or larches, or such other trees as are found to grow on the poorest soils, and to yield the speediest returns.

But of the woodlands still suffered to remain in the country, a very small proportion furnishes any timber fit for the construction of large ships of war. Some of the ancient and opulent families may take a pride in the preservation of those venerable and stately oaks, those sacred groves planted by their ancestors, and not suffer the axe to approach them. We may also observe in many of the well-clothed domains, trees of two and three centuries old, too far advanced in decay to be of any use as naval timber. But others

* First Report of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Woods, &c. App. p. 144.

again,

again, and by far the greater number, consider their woodlands as their bankers, on whom they give drafts at sight: and when hard pressed, not merely thin the trees, but cut close as they go along. Others again, from the effects of contested elections, gaming, and those other fashionable follies which encourage extravagance in all its shapes, are compelled to let the family estates slip from them altogether. It frequently happens that large domains of this kind pass from the hands of an improvident heir into those of Jews and land-jobbers. The first operation is to cut down all the timber to raise money in part of payment; the next to partition the estate, and sell it in lots.

But setting aside all these causes of the diminution of timber, there is one general principle which will eventually operate in producing that effect. Men will fell their timber, or let it stand, as is most consistent with their feelings, their necessities, or their self-interest; and the two latter, in these expensive times, will be found generally to preponderate, and to operate more strongly to the cutting down of oak timber before it is of any use for naval purposes, than to let it grow till it shall become fit for such purposes: In the first place, an oak plant worth twenty shillings will not pay common interest for letting it stand. The enormous price of oak bark used by the tanners, and which in a very few years has risen from £5 a ton to £20, is a strong temptation to cut down young saplings for the value of the bark alone, just as in some parts of South America cattle are slain for the sake of their hides. If a substitute could be found for oak bark, it would be the means of preserving many an oak tree; even a bounty on the importation of it might have that tendency. The bark of the larch has been tried, and, in Scotland, said to succeed; but this is considered as doubtful. The heavy tax on the importation of foreign timber, and especially of deal timber, has encouraged the plantation of fir and larch, but it operates as a bounty on the consumption of British oak. When these firs and larches shall become fit for use, and the tax on foreign deal in consequence be removed, the price of oak will necessarily fall; and more trees of a certain growth will then be left to stand for large timber, the scarcity of which will always keep up its price; but while bark remains at the present extravagant price, there is no security for the sapling oak.

Of the vast plantations which have recently been made in Scotland, very few, we believe, have any portion of oak trees in them; and little or no oak timber is to be met with in that country, beyond the ornamental trees which are planted round the houses, and which are there called 'Policies.'

In Ireland it is pretty nearly the same. Exclusive of some old oaks that are to be met with in gentlemen's parks as ornamental timber,

timber, there is not probably on the whole island as much oak timber of proper dimensions as would be sufficient for building a single ship of the line; and most of the few young plantations were cut down in the rebellion to make handles for pikes.

Of the voluminous report of the commissioners for revising the civil affairs of the navy, and of the evidence collected by them, we know no more than that when a motion for printing it was made, in the House of Lords, it was thought prudent to withhold the publication, for fear of creating alarm; the very reason why the most extensive publicity should have been given to it. We know that this is not the opinion of those who are always for putting off the evil day, and afraid to 'look the danger of a scarcity boldly in the face.' 'If,' said the late Lord Melville, 'there are any parts of the Fourteenth Report of that commission, (of Naval Revision,) which it is expedient to conceal, still much useful information might be given to parliament and the public, consistently with such reserve. I am not aware that any good can result from such a determined concealment. If there is just cause of alarm from the increased decay and scarcity of an article so essentially necessary to the existence of the empire, the knowledge of such an impending danger would be the strongest incitement to the public at large cordially to concur in every measure which government may think necessary to ward off so serious a calamity.'*

We heartily concur in these sentiments. We are firmly persuaded that, if it should appear, on public investigation, that an alarming scarcity of a material so 'necessary to the vitality of the empire' did really exist, the great landholders would vie with each other which should be the first to set apart the greatest portion of land for the planting of oaks, for the use of future generations. Such was the effect produced by the *Sylva* of Evelyn, at a time when the woodlands of England had nearly disappeared:—the fruits of whose exertions we have been gathering in our own times.

It will be said, perhaps, that the Eleventh Report of the Commissioners of Land Revenues, printed by order of the House of Commons in 1792, was made sufficiently public, and yet no such beneficial effects resulted from it. Let it however be recollected, that their inquiries were instituted at a time of profound peace; that no one could have anticipated a twenty years' war; that the scarcity then apprehended was not immediate but prospective; that the Commissioners under-rated the future annual consumption of timber for the navy nearly by one half; and that they calculated upon an annual average tonnage from prize ships, which, for the last ten years, has not been realized. They moreover concluded their report

* Letter to Mr. Perceval. June 1810.

by

by an opinion that, if the wise and provident enactments of the statutes of Charles II. and William III. for enclosures and plantations in the Forest of Dean and New Forest had been duly enforced, those two forests would then have been nearly equal to furnish the annual demands of the royal dock-yards; recommending that a sufficient quantity of land belonging to the crown should be set apart for that purpose, which, by their computation, would amount to 100,000 acres.

The report indeed was calculated to tranquillize rather than alarm the public mind; and if the measures recommended had then been carried into effect, the present prospect would be less discouraging; but Mr. Fordyce met with insurmountable difficulties in the execution of the plan on which the commissioners had founded their hopes of future supply, for appropriating land to that extent as nurseries for naval timber. His bill relative to the New Forest, which passed the House of Commons, was lost in the other house. The law officers of the crown were of opinion that the acts of Charles II. and William III. required new authority from the legislature. There was besides some clashing in the authorities of the surveyor-general of the land revenue, and the surveyor-general of the woods and forests, and neither of them was invested with sufficient powers. These two departments are now united, and their functions transferred to a board of commissioners for the management of both. We have now before us their first triennial report, which has been printed by order of the House of Commons. We present our readers with that part of it which relates to the important subject of raising a supply of naval timber in the royal forests.

'It appears from authentic information and statements, which have been before us, that the tonnage of the navy in 1806, amounted to 776,057 tons, which, at 1½ load to a ton, would have required, to *build* the whole, 1,164,085 loads; and taking the average duration of British-built ships to be fourteen years, the annual average quantity of timber requisite for such a navy, would be 83,149 loads, *exclusive of repairs.*

'The average annual quantity actually used both in building and maintaining or repairing the navy for eighteen years, from the 1st of January 1789 to the 1st of January 1806, has been calculated at 85,022 loads; but the average quantity in the prizes taken during those eighteen years, exclusive of recaptures, had been 21,341 loads, which deducted from the whole number of 85,202 loads, leaves 63,861 loads.

'The great increase of the navy, both by building and capture, between the beginning of the above period of eighteen years and the year 1806, will account for the smallness of the difference between an annual consumption of 83,149 loads, (calculated according to the quantity of navy shipping in the last year of that period,) *exclusive* of repairs,

pairs, and only 85,202 loads, (on the average of the whole period,) *including* repairs.

'We have not ascertained how much ought to have been added to the 83,149 loads for annual repairs; but as it has been stated generally that from 100,000 to 120,000 loads by the year would be necessary to maintain the navy on its present footing, it follows, if we take the medium of 110,000 loads for the whole, that about 27,000 of that number would be annually employed in repairs.

'If for building and repairs together the whole annual demand is put at 110,000 loads, then, after deducting 21,341 loads as the average of prizes, the annual quantity necessary to be provided for both purposes will be 88,659 loads.

'It does not seem an unreasonable supposition, that of these 88,659 loads, 28,659 may in future be supplied, (even assuming what is extremely probable, that little or no oaks shall be suffered to remain on private estates till they attain the size of large timber), by the introduction of a greater quantity of other sorts of wood in the construction of ships of war, and the use of other means and resources to economize British oak, on account of the increasing scarcity of that sort of timber.

'This leaves 60,000 loads of such oak as the quantity which would be sufficient annually to support, at its present unexampled magnitude, the whole British navy, including ships of war of all sorts, but which may be taken as equivalent, together, to twenty seventy-fours, each of which, one with another, contains about 2000 tons, or would require, at the rate of a load and a half to the ton, 3000 loads, making just 60,000 loads for twenty such ships.

'It is a current opinion, that not more than forty oaks can be produced and grow to maturity on an acre of land.—Taking the average quantity of timber in each tree at a load and a half, 1000 acres will, at the end of 100 years, the period of time generally allowed for the full growth of an oak, produce 60,000 loads, or enough, with the concurrent resources of captures, &c. above mentioned, to maintain the navy on its present scale for a year.

'And, according to this deduction, 100,000 acres would be requisite, and adequate, if so planted and managed; that the timber on each 1000 could be felled in successive years, and *that* 1000 immediately replanted, for maintaining a navy like the present for ever.'*

It is an obvious mistake, however, to calculate the annual demand on the *whole* tonnage of the navy, when little more than *half* of that tonnage is employed, the remainder consisting of ships in ordinary, hulks, &c. If therefore 85,202 loads of timber have *actually* been used annually, it only proves to us the lamentable fact that the duration of the navy, instead of *fourteen*, is no more than *seven* years; and we greatly fear that the latter will be

* First Report of the Commissioners for Woods, Forests, &c. p. 19.

found

found much nearer the mark if we continue to build, as of late years, in merchants' yards—but more of this presently.*

The commissioners then proceed to shew, 1. How the 100,000 acres are to be obtained. 2. In what course or rotation to be planted. 3. How the supply is to be furnished till the timber to be planted shall arrive at the requisite maturity. On the first point it appears from a report of Lord Glenbervie, when surveyor-general of the woods, &c. that 60,000 acres might be reckoned upon from the several royal forests; and it was suggested that the remaining 40,000 might probably be obtained from forest lands in the duchy of Lancaster—from Needwood forest, 3000 acres of which were appropriated to the crown—from allotments to the crown on the division of wastes and commons—by purchase or otherwise of lands locally situated within the different royal forests occupied by individuals either by legal title or by encroachments—by purchase of woodlands from private owners—and by purchasing out, or refusing the renewal of, crown leases of land containing oak coppices or land fit for the growth of oak. To which might be added a reservation in every enclosure bill of a certain proportion to be set apart for the express purpose of planting oaks, besides an obligatory clause to plant oaks in the fences at limited distances. It is well known that hedge timber, by its constant exposure to the sun and weather, is far superior to forest timber; and no good reason that we know of can be assigned against those two easy and certain measures of raising a future supply. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests observed that we had twenty millions of acres of waste land in the kingdom, a two-hundredth part of which, or 100,000 acres set apart for planting, would at once furnish the whole quantity wanted for the use of the navy.

On the second point the surveyor-general was induced to think from various considerations, in which we entirely concur, that the 100,000 acres should be enclosed and planted at the rate of about 4000 acres annually, which would complete the whole in twenty-five years. And thirdly, the present and intermediate supply will be obtained from timber now ready for felling, and in its different stages, in the royal forests—on private estates—from thinnings of the new plantations for inferior purposes—by importations of foreign oak—and by the use of other kinds of timber. The report concludes by a statement of what has actually been done or

* In a former article on this subject we estimated the tonnage of the navy *in employ* at 400,000; the average duration of a ship of war at twelve years and a half; and allowing one-fourth part for repairs, we calculated the annual consumption of oak timber for the navy at 60,000 loads. We have seen no grounds for altering our opinion on this point—provided, however, we shall henceforward exclude from the navy merchant-built ships of the line.

undertaken

undertaken in prosecution of the plans for raising navy timber; and the exertions that have been used by Lord Glenbervie, and his colleagues, appear to us to be exceedingly praiseworthy—they seem to have already appropriated about 35,000 acres for this purpose.

The principal resources in our opinion for the next fifty or sixty years must be looked for in the importation of foreign timber, and the substitution of other woods for oak. If the use of British oak was confined to the navy, we should say with the London shipbuilders that there was no apprehension of a scarcity, but we have shewn, on a former occasion, that the consumption of oak timber in the navy is but one-tenth part of the quantity consumed in the country; and of this small proportion a certain part, perhaps one-sixth or one-eighth, has been imported from foreign countries. The largest importation, however, in any one year has not, we believe, exceeded 20,000 loads; but the quantity of fir timber imported has been from 240 to 250,000 loads a-year. Of this fir we are now building a considerable number of the largest class of frigates, which, though less durable than oak, will be the means of saving so much of this more valuable timber, and probably of sparing from the axe our native trees of fifty or sixty years standing till they arrive at a sufficient growth for building ships of the line. These are the only trees, while bark remains at the present price, that will ever reach that standing on private property; and when those shall be exhausted, and until the new plantations of the crown lands shall be fit for use, we have only to look forward to the two great sources of supply which we still have within ourselves—the larch, elm, beech, &c. plantations of Great Britain, and the teak of India.

No timber that we are acquainted with is equal in quality to that of the larch with the same rapidity of growth. It fails only, where all other woods fail, not even oak and teak excepted, when exposed to the alternate action of heat and moisture, of wind and water; but for all the lower parts of a ship and those that are constantly immersed in water, larch may be considered as very little inferior to oak. So fully impressed was the Empress Catherine with the valuable properties of this timber that the exportation of it from Russia was, and we believe still is, prohibited. The rapidity of its growth is such that it has been found, by repeated trials, to double in diameter that of the oak in a given time, and consequently, the bulks being as the squares of their diameters, to produce, in the same time, four times the quantity of timber. Its usual annual increase, till it arrives at a certain age, is from one and a half to two inches in circumference; so that a tree of thirty years standing will measure from four to five feet in girth. There are well authenticated instances of trees of sixty years of age measuring

suring twelve feet in girth and producing three hundred feet of timber: others of fifty years have been found to measure ten feet in girth and seventy feet in height of stem. Mr. Marshall measured a larch in the grounds of Blair of Athol, which, at five feet from the ground, girthed upwards of eight feet and was estimated to contain four tons of timber; its age fifty-four years. At Dunkeld he measured another of little more than fifty years old, which, at the same height, girthed eight feet and a half; it was nearly an hundred feet high, and its solid contents were from four to five tons of timber. The Dukes of Athol and Montrose, Lord Fife, and several other great landholders in Scotland, have made very extensive plantations of this tree and the Scotch fir, which are rapidly rising into magnificent forests, and will, in the course of a few years, compensate in some measure the loss of our native oak timber. The inducement, indeed, to plant larch operates nearly in the same proportion as the discouragement to plant oak; not only because it will grow on poor gravelly soils, not fit for any other kind of produce, but also because the returns of profit are rapid and prodigious. The Bishop of Landaff, in a paper addressed to the President of the Board of Agriculture, has given a calculation of the probable expense and profit, at the end of sixty years, of a plantation of larches made by himself, consisting of 322,500 trees on 379 acres of land. The expense of planting at thirty shillings a thousand—the compound interest at 5 per cent. for sixty years—the loss of rent at half a crown an acre, make the whole loss sustained at the end of sixty years amount to £13,798. At twenty years from the planting he reckons on thinning out 161,000; at forty years 80,000, and at sixty years the remaining 80,000. 'The price,' says he, 'of 161,000 trees of twenty years growth improved for forty years, together with that of 80,000 trees improved for twenty years, being added to that of 80,000 trees of sixty years growth, will, I conjecture, upon the most moderate computation, amount to £150,000, if the commerce of the country and the price of foreign fir wood continue for sixty years without diminution.' Most heartily do we pray that the venerable prelate's calculations may be realized, and that his numerous family may reap the full benefit of his laudable exertions in this important and patriotic undertaking.

Our immediate reliance, however, for relief must rest chiefly on the teak of India. Already two ships of the line have been launched from the dock-yard of Bombay, and two others we understand have been ordered to be built. Each of these, as we before mentioned, is to bring home its duplicate in its hold to be set up in his Majesty's yards at home. Several frigates and smaller vessels are also ordered to be built; and we trust that no fallacious representations will intervene so as to overturn this system of building

ships for the navy in our Indian territories, or to prevent the import of teak timber from them for the use of the dockyards; but that the plan will be continued until we have, at least, half the naval force of the empire composed of this almost imperishable material. If the first cost of the ships built in India, through the medium of the East India Company, be somewhat more than the cost of the same classes of ships respectively at home, their prolonged duration makes them incomparably cheaper in the end. It is not true, as the home builders would have us believe, that mercantile ships can be built and fitted in India for one-third less cost than in England, and that therefore they are not built for the growing and progressive wants of navigation, but for *sale* in England. They are built, as we said before, as the means and the only means of transmitting home the capitals of individuals realized in India, and transmitting them moreover in that kind of produce which could not otherwise be disposed of by the natives.

It is now too late to deplore that policy which has taught the Asiatics to rival us in the art of ship-building, and in many species of manufacture. There are parts, we have understood, in the construction of the Minden from which our best builders might derive instruction. That narrow-minded and selfish policy is no longer of avail which, in the true spirit of trading, would monopolize to ourselves all the commerce and all the manufactures of the world. The sounder and more liberal opinion now is, that commerce and manufactures increase and multiply, in every individual country, the more they are in general cultivation, and the more widely they are spread throughout the world.

But, say the advocates for limiting ship-building to the banks of the Thames, the navigation act, that monument of human wisdom on which our salvation depends, and the deep and provident policy of which has been applauded by Bacon, (who, by the way, died nearly thirty years before the act was in existence,) and Clarendon, and '*even*' by Doctor Smith, is violated by the 'feeble and puny statesmen of to-day.' It is not unusual to attempt to prop up a tottering argument by the revival of prejudices which have taken hold of the public mind, and by quoting the opinions of the great men of former days. The navigation act has frequently been, and must necessarily be, suspended during war; it is violated every hour in the trade of every part of the world; and if Lord Clarendon, or 'even' Adam Smith, could be asked whether, in their opinion, it would be more advisable to employ foreign-built ships, or to cramp our trade for want of ships, or to dismantle the navy, that trading ships may be 'navigated according to law,' we have very little doubt of the answer they would make to such questions. But Adam Smith's praise of this act, the offspring

offspring of national animosity and jealousy levelled against the Dutch, is faint indeed. He states it be, as it unquestionably is, unfavourable to foreign commerce, and to the growth of that opulence which arises out of it; and concludes that, 'as defence is much more important than opulence, the act of navigation is, *perhaps*, the wisest of all the *commercial* regulations of England.'

But further, say the advocates of the Thames ship-builders, we may lose India, and the enemy get possession of those resources which we have taught the natives to bring into full and effective activity. So we may, and we may lose Ireland too; and perhaps there are not wanting those who think it the best policy to discourage all improvement, on the same ground, even in Ireland. We think however that, if we are to lose India, the surest way of recovering it is to make our loss both felt and regretted by the natives; and the surest way of gaining the affection of the natives is to avail ourselves of the resources of the country by encouraging a spirit of industry among the people. But the fact is, that the Asiatics require not our teaching them to build ships. The French in Rangoon long ago taught them that art in perfection; and the only difference is, that the British merchants resident in India now build ships in Calcutta and Bombay with the teak of India, instead of purchasing them at Rangoon where they are built of the teak of Ava and Pegu; and we think that unprejudiced men will agree in the policy of making use of the teak forests on our own territories, while they remain in our possession, rather than leaving them untouched and available for the services of the enemy 'in the event of our losing India.'

So, however, think not the ship-builders on the banks of the Thames. Not more pregnant with evils was the box of Pandora than, according to their statements, will the measure be of building ships in India and admitting them to a registry in England. All the arts and sciences, all the manufactures, mines, agriculture, fisheries, shipping, colonies and revenue are marshalled in array, with the various trades and occupations dependant on them, from the ship-builder down to the green-grocer and the dealer in oakum, and made subservient to the ship-owners of London, who, with this host of dependants, are all to be ruined by half a dozen 'black ships,' as they are pleased to call them, bringing cargoes of raw produce for the use of the manufacturers of this country.

Another argument, which they consider not the least powerful in the effect they wish to produce, is grounded on the alleged distress that would ensue to the numerous shipwrights and their families by being deprived of employment. We are told that 'no less than 570 ships of our present navy have been constructed in the private yards, which, in peace, have always been hitherto the

asylum for the artificer and shipwright;' that if a portion only of this branch is lost to the mother country, (that is to the half dozen establishments on the Thames,) 'the shipwright must be driven to the necessity of abandoning his native country, and a large emigration will necessarily take place.' We well recollect that the same kind of lamentation was loudly sounded from the ports of Liverpool and Bristol of the misery and wretchedness which that valuable class of men, the shipwrights, would be doomed to suffer, in consequence of that impolitic and pernicious measure, the abolition of the slave-trade. To ward off, in some degree, the terrible calamity about to befall these celebrated sea-port towns, the Navy Board was directed to contract for the building of two or three frigates at each; and notice was given that all such shipwrights and artificers as wished to enter into His Majesty's dockyards would be received therein; no frigates, however, were contracted for, no emigration of shipwrights followed, no application for employment was made, and Liverpool and Bristol have continued to flourish as they did before.

Thus also with regard to the shipwrights of the river Thames. In spite of all the 'black ships' that have been built in India—notwithstanding the great demand for shipwrights in the king's yards, amounting, we believe, to many hundreds—notwithstanding the encouraging prospects offered in the king's service, of a provision in old age, when unfit for further labour, which they have not to look up to in the merchants' yards—we do not understand that many have applied for employment. The present enjoyment of a few additional shillings a-week, earned by excessive exertion, a mode of employment where less restraint and control are exercised than in the king's yards, and a reliance on parish relief when worn out, render them insensible or at least indifferent to the superior advantages held out in His Majesty's dockyards. The truth is that artificers, of all others, are least disposed to emigrate, or, if they can avoid it, to change their place of abode. There are always, and in all places, so many other trades and manufactures of a similar nature to their own, that an ingenious artificer finds no difficulty in transferring the labour of a shipwright, for instance, into that of a millwright, a wheelwright or a house-carpenter. But at any rate it would be far more beneficial for the public to pension off the whole of the shipwrights employed in the king's yards, on the return of peace, than to send them to the 'asylum' of the merchants' yards, on the condition of employing those yards to build ships of the line on the breaking out of the next war.

This assistance, which the private yards afford to the king's yards in time of war, is in fact the main argument on which the shipbuilders of the Thames ground their claims for consideration.

'No

'No less than 570 ships of our present navy have been constructed in the private yards,' says one of their advocates: 'the number now building,' say the collected body, 'in private yards, is three times that which were building at any one time before.' This immoderate share of employment serves to explain at least the difficulty of entering shipwrights for the king's yards, and sufficiently points out a speedy method of removing that difficulty; and we trust that ere long it will be completely removed. Nay, we are willing to cherish a hope that we shall never again see a single ship of the line set up on the stocks of a private yard, and few frigates. At any rate let them be contented with building frigates, sloops, and smaller vessels. Our wishes, in this respect, arise from no other motive than a firm conviction of the ruinous effects resulting from the practice of building large ships by contract—a practice which nothing but absolute necessity can justify—which occasions a wasteful expenditure of public money, a vast consumption of timber, and which has produced in return an inefficient and rotten navy. We shall have no difficulty in making good these assertions.

Without adverting to the well known fact that there is scarcely a single ship built of late years in merchants' yards which has not required to be rebuilt in six or seven years, and many of them to be paid off after four or five years service, we believe it is a common computation among builders, that the superiority of the ships built in the king's yards is to those built in private yards at least as 4 to 3; and the reason is obvious. A private builder cannot be supposed to keep on hand, as a dead capital for three or four years, a stock of timber fit for a 74 gun ship which he may never have an opportunity of building, as he must know that the public will only have recourse to him in time of necessity. He therefore contracts to build while the tree is growing in the forest; and the timber is commonly reared into the ship before the powers of vegetation are extinct. The workmanship is avowedly inferior, being wholly performed by task and job, and not examined with that degree of care which the officers in the king's yards, for their own credit, are in the habit of exerting. By way of drying the dripping wet timbers, stoves with charcoal are placed in various parts of the ship. The pent up heat, acting upon the moisture, soon brings forth plentiful crops of mushrooms; hence the origin of the new and fashionable disorder named the *dry-rot*, unknown in former days in ships of war, but which has produced, in our times, as many doctors and remedies, as the fanciful diseases of the human body.

It is evident that the seams of every part of the ship, put together in this unseasoned state, must open by the shrinking of the wood; that every piece of timber, by contracting its dimensions, must

close upon its fastening, whether of iron, copper or wood; and that these refusing to give way, must cause the planks and timbers to split, when the water gets in, the metals rust or corrode, and the wood rots. We could illustrate these fatal effects by numberless examples, but we shall content ourselves with two. The Rodney* was launched in 1809; she had scarcely put to sea when, owing to the unseasoned state of her timber, all her fastenings became loose, and it was necessary to bring her home from the Mediterranean in 1812 to be paid off. The next example is a very deplorable one; it is that of the Dublin.† This ship was launched in February, 1812, put in commission in the following August, sent upon a cruise towards Madeira and the western islands in December, from which she returned to Plymouth in February, 1813, in so dreadful a state, that she was ordered to be paid off; she has since been repaired at an expense not much less, we believe, than £20,000. These are no new cases. We can find their parallel nearly half a century back. In the journal of Lord Sandwich's visitation of the dockyards in 1771 the following passage occurs: 'Went on board the Ardent, found her in a total decay, her timber and plank rotted almost universally. This ship was built at Hull in the year 1764, and never was at sea, her prime cost was about £23,000 and her repairs are now estimated at £17,000; the cause of the great decay of this ship is attributed to her being hastily built with green timber.' His lordship adds, 'No more large ships to be built at Hull.' He ought to have said—No more large ships to be built in private yards. 'We have now,' he observes in another place, 'a fleet of 123 effective line-of-battle ships, which in my opinion may be augmented, and without any addition of expense, if means can be found to procure a sufficient supply of timber, so as to enable us to have *three years' stock* in hand, which would give it time to season, and when used would prevent the immense expense of giving a thorough repair almost as soon as the ships are built.'

It never will nor can be otherwise as long as we continue to build in merchants' yards. No private builder, as we have just said, can afford to keep a stock of timber on hand fit for the building of ships of the line. His object naturally and necessarily is profit, and with a view to that object he will go the cheapest way to work in procuring materials, and take advantage of the public necessity in making his contract; and hence the sum actually paid for one of these miserably built ships has been found to exceed that of one of the same class built in the king's yards, in the proportion at least of 8 to 7. We doubt whether the precise cost of building any ship has been accurately ascertained in the king's dockyards,

* Built in Barnard and Co.'s yard. † Built in Brent's yard.

but

but it is estimated, we understand, for a 74 gun ship, at about £28 : 10*s.* a ton; the contract price in private yards is £33 : 10*s.* a ton; it follows, on these data, that the *price* of a common sized 74 gun ship built in a private yard is *more* than one built in the king's yards by £8,500, and the *value* of it *less* by £15,000; and if the principles of this calculation be correct, there has been thrown away in the last eight years, by the building of forty-two ships of 74 guns in private yards, the enormous sum of £630,000, and a perfect waste of 50 or 60,000 loads of timber; and all this has been occasioned by a mistaken notion of economy in not keeping up the fleet to its proper and effective standard;—when once let down below that standard, it is no easy matter to recover it.

But neither the lavish expenditure of money nor the enormous waste of timber is the most serious part of the consideration. The fleet so built, which the policy, we might say the safety, of this country requires to be equal in strength and efficiency to the united fleets of the whole European world, can at no one moment be considered either as strong or efficient. So very different is the real state of the case, that, should a seven years' peace take place, not a single ship of the two and forty recently launched from the merchants' yards would be worth repairing at the end of that period; and that our nominal fleet of two hundred sail of the line and upwards, if so built, would not produce above seventy or eighty ships which it would not be most advantageous to the nation to break up or dispose of by public sale.

Nor are we yet arrived at the extent of the evil of building green-timber ships in the merchants' yards. The constant state of damp, and the 'oozing drip,' as Mr. Pering emphatically calls it, which prevail in these unseasoned and crazy ships, occasions sickness and want of every comfort among the seamen. The Dublin returned to port in so sickly a condition as to be wholly inefficient for sea service. One hundred and fifty of her crew were sent to the hospital with dysentery, occasioned by the humid state of the ship, in consequence of the leaky condition of her upper works and decks. When therefore the private builders are commiserating the hard condition of the shipwrights of London, surely some share of their pity may not improperly be extended to the brave seamen who fight our battles: the least we can do is to make their situation as comfortable as circumstances will allow.

What an extraordinary contrast with the Dublin does the late Royal William afford! This ship was broken up about three months ago in the ninety-fourth year of her age. All the upper works and those parts of her that were exposed to the alternations of the weather were, as might be expected, found to be decayed; but the floor-timbers, the first futtocks, and all those parts which

externally were immersed in water, and internally kept pretty nearly in the same degree of moisture and uniformity of temperature, were as sound and perfect as when first put into the ship; the fibres of the wood had in those parts suffered no decomposition nor any diminution of strength. The treenails too were generally sound and perfect; not more than every twentieth in a state of decay: but they were not the sort of treenails described by Mr. Pering, thicker at the ends than in the middle in order that they may drive the easier. We are now persuaded that this species of fastening when well turned, well seasoned and carefully driven without splitting, into wood of the same seasoning, is as effectual and durable as metallic fastenings, perhaps more so.

The breaking up of the Royal William was an object of considerable curiosity.* Various reasons had been assigned for her extraordinary durability. It was supposed that her timber had undergone some artificial seasoning, that the plank and thick-stuff had been burnt instead of kilned, the ends and surfaces of the various parts charred, and that the process of *snail-creeping*, or gouging out, in crooked channels, the surfaces of the timbers and planks, was made use of to give a free circulation of air. We understand, however, that no symptoms appeared of charring, burning, or snail-creeping, and that there was no reason to think her timbers had undergone any other than the natural process of time and the weather. Nothing more than this, we are fully persuaded, is required; but we are farther persuaded, that it never can be effected until the practice of building line-of-battle ships in the private yards is wholly discontinued. Then would the large timber be exclusively in the hands of the Navy Board, and such quantities of it might be collected as would allow them to give three or four years natural seasoning to all naval timber before it was set up in the ship. Then would our ships of war perform three times the length of service which is now got out of them, and consequently the consumption of naval timber would then be only one-third part of what it is at present. We should then hear no more of green-timber-built ships

* This ship has always attracted a considerable degree of notice. On visiting Portsmouth in 1771, Lord Sandwich learned the following particulars respecting her: That she was built in 1719 by Mr. Nash; that a great part of her frame is now (1771) sound and good; that Mr. Nash took particular care in building her with seasoned materials; that he was a most ingenious and able shipwright; that a great enmity or jealousy subsisted between him and Sir Jacob Ackworth; that Sir Jacob in all things endeavoured to lessen the merit of Mr. Nash, and whilst he lived would never let the Royal William be employed, and once procured an order for her to be made a hospital. 'Thus,' adds his lordship, 'that ship which has proved to be of as good qualities as any ship that ever was built, was lost to the public for many years, and had like to have been condemned without ever being tried, owing to a jealousy and ill-will between two officers; this is too frequent, and ought to be discouraged by every means possible, for the public service always suffers thereby.'

'dying

'dying of old age, while those which have had time to season are in the prime of their life.'

All other expedients for a rapid seasoning of timber, and the numerous preventives of dry-rot, which have so plentifully been brought forward of late, as new inventions, were in fact tried and found wanting half a century ago. During the administration of the naval department under Lord Sandwich, than whom one of more ability or energy has not presided either before or since, almost all the modern inventions of boiling, stoving, stewing and charring, of pickling with salt, impregnating with oil, burying in sand, in lime, &c. were submitted to the test of experiment, but no material benefit resulted from any of them, excepting perhaps from that of building with winter-felled timber, and timber that had undergone a seasoning of three or four years. The Montagu, as an experiment, was built at Chatham *wholly* of winter-felled timber; she was launched in 1779, and is at this moment a good sound ship, bearing an admiral's flag on a foreign station. The shipwrights all agree that timber so felled is much harder and more difficult to work than that which is felled in the spring, which may have been one reason for the discontinuance of the practice;—a practice which we are glad to find, however, is likely to be renewed in the royal forests.

The introduction of such a system, together with the various expedients that have recently been resorted to in His Majesty's dockyards to supply the want of large and crooked timber, cannot fail of effecting a very material saving in this article, 'so important to the salvation of the empire.' The principal of those expedients consist of an invention by which three short pieces of straight timber are put together in such a manner as to be substituted for those large and crooked masses called the floor-timbers; of another, which, by boiling, renders the largest pieces of timber so flexible that, in the course of eight or nine minutes, the required degree of curvature is given to the largest timbers, without disturbing the arrangement of the fibres, or weakening the wood; and by the common practice which now obtains of substituting iron knees and other modes of fastening the beams to the side timbers, and by binding together other important parts of the ships with metallic fastenings. All such crooked and compass timber was at one time thought indispensable for the construction of a ship, and many a ship has been retarded for months on the stocks for want of them.

We observed on a former occasion, that little of science or skill is exhibited in the construction of a ship; that less progress has been made in this than in most other arts; but that Mr. Seppings, the ingenious builder of Chatham-yard, might be said to have established a new era in naval architecture. A few words will describe

scribe what the old system of construction is, and it will then be interesting to inquire what alteration has been introduced.

The skeleton of a ship may be compared with that of a horse or ox, or other quadruped; the backbone of the animal resembles the keel, from which rise on each side a number of large curved pieces of timber, in the shape of the ribs, a name which, in fact, they sometimes bear, though they are properly called a frame. These frames are composed of a number of parts called the floor timbers, the first, second, third, &c. futtocks and the upper timbers. A 74 gun ship consists of 60 or 70 of those lofty and weighty frames, and when closed at one extremity by the breast hooks and other massive timbers connected with the cut-water, and by the stern frame at the other, the machine is then said to be *in frame*, and may properly enough be called the skeleton of the ship. This skeleton is clothed on the outside by oak plank, four or five inches thick, and on the inside with the same kind of plank, three or three and a half inches thick. On both sides the plank is forcibly bent to the curvature of the frames to which they are firmly bolted, or fastened with treenails; and all the planks, both inside and outside, are laid parallel to each other, and at right angles to the frames. This planking may be considered as the only longitudinal support of these frame timbers; they do not mutually sustain each other, nor is there any other continuity of connection that can be said to answer that end; laterally they are kept in their positions by the beams which, crossing the ship at right angles, bind them together and prevent them from falling either inwards or outwards.

Now it is a principle in carpentry that pieces of timber fixed together at right angles, as the planking is with the frames of a ship, possess less strength and firmness than when united in any other direction. A gate, for instance, thus constructed, would, with a slight impulse, play on its fastenings, like a parallel ruler, and take the lozenge form, thus ; but remove the middle bar, and place it diagonally , and no force short of breaking the machine will cause it to change its form.

It will not be difficult then to account for what happens to a ship after launching. By placing sights along the deck, it will invariably be discovered, that, on getting into the water, the two extremities have dropped, and the middle part become considerably arched, or *hogged*, as it is sometimes termed. The upper part of the ship is consequently elongated, and her width proportionally contracted.

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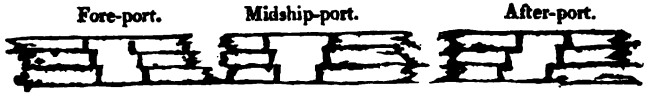
This change of form, to which the external and internal planks contribute by a tendency to regain their original shape, must have caused every piece of the machine either to have played more or less upon its fastening, or to have strained it. This is so obvious sometimes in an ill-built ship, and the arching or breaking is so great, as to give to the fore, the midship, and the after-ports something of these shapes.




To obviate so glaring a defect, which in fact must have occasioned a destructive blow to the whole machine, the very moment she plunged into the element in which she was destined to move, Mr. Seppings proposed to apply a well known principle in carpentry called *trussing;* a good specimen of which may be seen in the wooden frame-work over which the arches of the Strand Bridge are now turning. It consists, in fact, of a series of triangles so disposed that their sides shall give a mutual support and counteraction to each other. Instead of the parallel ceiling then, which he omitted altogether, he arranged a series of triangular trusses from one extremity of the ship to the other, bolting them firmly to the frames; and in order to give continuity to the whole machine, and prevent any interruption, which is always to be avoided if possible in carpentry where strength is required, he filled the spaces between the frames with old seasoned timber of no other use or value. The lower part of the ship, being thus strengthened, by becoming one compact mass of timber, acquired a degree of solidity and consistency, which the best constructed ship on the old system never could possess. The result fully answered his expectations. It appeared, from sights that were accurately fixed on the deck of the ship thus fitted for the first time, that on sending her into the water she had not hogged or arched a quarter of an inch. It is now three years since the Tremendous was rebuilt upon this principle. Since that time she has constantly been at sea, exposed to the severe gales in the Northern Ocean, to the heavy seas in the Bay of Biscay, and to the violent squalls of Cape Sicie in the Mediterranean, all of them trying situations of the strength of ships. In none of them, however, has she shewn the least symptoms of weakness; but, on the contrary, she has the strength and firmness of a rock. She sails remarkably well, is dry and comfortable. The spaces between the frames, which in ordinary ships are covered by the ceiling, and become so many lodgments for all kinds of filth and rubbish, the receptacles of rats, mice, cockroaches, and other vermin, engendering foul and putrid air, and causing

causing sickness among the crews, have no existence in Mr. Seppings's plan; to all which important advantages must be added a saving of the very best oak timber to the amount of fifty or sixty loads in a 74 gun ship.

Equally favourable, we understand, are the reports of the Ramillies, which is fitted on the same principle. The strength of this ship was submitted to a very severe test; her bowsprit, a lever of prodigious power, her foremast weighing about sixteen tons, and her mizenmast, were put into her while floating light, and her mainmast left out; notwithstanding which she did not arch one-eighth part of an inch. A ship built on the common principle, placed under such trying circumstances, would, in all probability, have *broken her back*, according to the technical phrase, and been rendered totally unfit for sea service. The Albion and several others are bringing forward in Chatham-yard on Mr. Seppings's principle, and we have no doubt that, as the Lords of the Admiralty have shewn their sense of the merits of his plan by promoting him to be one of the surveyors of the navy, it will in no great length of time find its way into practice in all His Majesty's yards. Indeed we have heard that orders to this effect have already been issued; and we have little doubt that the principle will soon be greatly extended and variously applied, as the application of the triangular truss is capable of indefinite variation. The ice is broken, the bar of prejudice removed, and the complete success of the first essay must lead the way to new trials and probably to new and important improvements.

We mean not to detract from Mr. Seppings's merit, when we observe, that the same idea occurred to the French builders nearly a century ago. M. Bouguer, in his 'Traité de Navire,' after observing the tendency which the decks and the ceiling, by their curvature, communicate to the arching of the ship, and to a change of figure from the rectangle to the lozenge which is further aided by the planking being placed at right angles to the frames, takes notice of an invention of M. Gobert, *Sous-Inspecteur de Construction*, which consisted in placing the ceiling obliquely with, or diagonally to, those rectangles formed by the outside plank and the timbers. The effect of this arrangement of the planking prevented any change of figure from taking place when the ship was launched, and consequently prevented her from arching. This method, however, it may be observed, saves no timber, is by no means so efficient as that of Mr. Seppings, and does not get rid of that nuisance the ceiling.*

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* The curious in ship-building will not be displeased to read what M. Bouguer says on this subject. 'Notre attention à proposer ces expédiens, ne doit pas nous faire en oublier

The union of scientific and practical mechanics has long been considered as a desideratum in naval architecture; where one of these only can be had, the good practical ship-builder is preferable to the mere man of science. Theory alone will never produce a machine to answer all the contingencies and accidents to which a ship must be exposed. No one, who knows any thing of Earl Stanhope, will call in question his knowledge of mathematics and mechanics, nor the faculty he possesses of quick perception and acute reasoning. For some time past his lordship, among other pursuits, as he has himself informed us in his place in the House of Lords, had turned his attention to the very defective state of ship-building, and had constructed a model on theoretic principles which, by his own account, was to supersede all those in present use, by its stability, light draft of water, and weatherly qualities. Many of those, however, who have seen it, do not hesitate to say, that the 'Stanhope weatherer' must go bodily to leeward, and that her stability will somewhat resemble that of a clock pendulum—but Lord Stanhope loves a paradox, and by his own account 'delights in puzzling an admiral.'

A thing with four masts, called the Transit, was to sail like the wind, and perform the longest voyages in all kinds of weather in less time than had hitherto been done by any vessel; but with difficulty she made a passage from Deptford to the Nore in fine weather without upsetting, and was there condemned for the remainder of her existence to serve, we believe, as a stationary hulk.

The Spanker of Sir Sidney Smith, was another theoretical experiment, which when produced was found to resemble a butcher's tray. The extent of her navigation, if we mistake not, was Gravesend.

One projector, however, brought forward a plan for the effectual blockade of the enemy's ports, which beat all the rest; his proposal was to build ships of the line of such a length as to extend from

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oublier un autre qui est déjà en usage, et que nous devons à feu M. Gobert, Sous-Inspecteur de Construction. Il consiste à poser les bordages qu'on nomme végres, et qu'on applique sur les membres dans le vaisseau, non pas parallellement à ceux de dehors, mais obliquement. Cette pratique ne peut avoir que d'excellens effets: car lorsque les bordages tant interieurs qu' exterieurs, étoient étendus dans le sens de la quille, il arrivoit lorsque le navire s'arquoit, que les espèces de rectangles que forme l'assemblage des membres et des bordages, ne faisoient simplement que changer un peu de figure, en devenant des lozanges; et il suffisoit pour cela que deux angles s'ouvrissent un peu, pendant que les deux autres se fermoient. Mais lorsque le végrage est posé obliquement, il sert comme de diagonale à ces rectangles, un et simple changement d' angles ou de dispositions dans les côtés, ne suffit plus, pour que le navire s'arque: il faut que ces bordages qui servent de diagonales, s'allongent ou se recourcissent; et c'est ce qui est incomparablement plus difficile.' *Traité de Navire*, p. 154—155.

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one side to the other of the entrance of the port, so that in whatever way the enemy attempted to escape, he was sure to have him either with his broadside, or his bow, or his stern chasers. This was, no doubt, a ship of the *line*.

These are idle and absurd projects; something much better may soon be expected from the combination of scientific principles with practical skill, which the superior class of shipwrights' apprentices, mentioned in a former article, are, we understand, rapidly acquiring at the Royal Naval College and in the dockyard of Portsmouth. The sloop which they are building with their own hands, after their own draft, is said to be a beautiful vessel whose lines differ very materially from the common run of ships of that class. She has been named the Icarus, probably in allusion to the boldness of the undertaking; but, we hope, not in anticipation of its unfortunate result.

All our expedients, however, for husbanding our resources of oak timber, as far as ship-building is concerned, will avail but little if a more economical use of it shall not be observed in the internal purposes to which it is now applied, and most of which might be superseded to advantage by the use of cast iron. Bridges, barges, lighters, dock-gates, canal locks, the roofs, doors, floors, rafters of workshops and warehouses, with almost every species of heavy machinery, are cheaper and better, more durable and more elegant when made of iron than of oak. The security against fire would alone, we should suppose, be a sufficient inducement for introducing it into all buildings of the nature of magazines where valuable materials are intended to be deposited. Its application of late has been greatly extended. We have cables, rigging, buoys and water tanks now of iron, masts and yards will we doubt not be tried; and many of the timbers in the lower parts of a ship, where there is little or no stress, might be replaced with iron which would at the same time act as ballast. The vast quantity of fine elm that used to be buried under the streets of this metropolis and other large cities to convey water, is now almost wholly superseded by iron and stone—in fine, we are now so far advanced in the *iron age* that, in the worst of events, we should not absolutely despair of being able to substitute for our wooden walls, ships wholly constructed of iron.

In the mean time, should the enemy think fit to alter his system and venture out to fight us, we shall recruit our navy as heretofore at his expense; should he, on the contrary, persevere in the passive plan of remaining quietly in port, we shall have little to apprehend from his dry-rotten fleet, and harbour-made sailors.

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Art.

ART. II. *The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu. Part the Second.* Published by Matthew Montagu, Esq. Vols. III. & IV. London. 1813.

WHATEVER doubts may be entertained as to the advances towards knowledge that have been lately made by the *male* part of our species, it is, we think, impossible to deny that the *female* have made a great and rapid progress. Indeed if we were called upon to mention the circumstance most advantageously characteristic of our own times, we should not hesitate to mention the improved education of women. There are now alive, or at least there have lived, within the last twenty years, more women distinguished for their literary talents, and whose works are likely to immortalize their names, than in the twenty centuries that had elapsed, from the time of Sappho to that of the ingenious lady whose letters are now before us. It has been our lot to be at once delighted by the inventive fertility of Madame de Genlis, the virtuous and pathetic tenderness of Madame Cottin, the native perspicacity and good sense, the mild and cheerful philosophy, the pure and original humour, of Miss Edgeworth—and by Madame de Staël, whose reach and vigour of understanding, whose instinctive quickness in seizing, and happy facility in delineating, the manners of society and the character of nations,—whose brilliant yet earnest and natural eloquence, warm with the best feelings, and dignified by lofty and benevolent views of human nature, place her (in our judgment at least) above all her predecessors, and what is far more, above all her contemporaries. To this distinguished list many others might easily be added in merit as in popularity unequalled in any former age; and, indeed, the more we consider the subject, the more we shall be surprised both at how much they have done, and at how little was done before them. With the single exception of the lively, spirited, graceful, intelligent Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, no English woman before the present reign had produced a book that is still read otherwise than as matter of curiosity and research. We shall perhaps be reminded of Mrs. Hutchinson. But the attention we give to her Memoirs is excited, not so much by their literary merit, as by the interesting nature of the events to which they relate, by the picture they afford of national manners at that most important period of our history, and by the purity, sweetness, dignity, and force of her own character.

Till the last half of the eighteenth century the French had equally little to boast of. They had indeed some Memoirs which are still read as forming part of the history of the age, and the classical labours of that dullest of pedants Madame D'Acier; but the age of Lewis XIV. so fertile in great *men*, produced but one woman that can be numbered among the classical writers of her country, and whose works form part of what may be called 'the library of nations.' But the merit

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of Madame de Sevigné, great as it is, is chiefly the merit of style. She seldom rises to eloquence, and never to discussion or invention—of both which we have such frequent, and such excellent specimens in the female writers of our own time. The rest of Europe presented to us almost a complete blank, and even now, France and England almost monopolize the female literature of the world. Italy, in which women are worshipped, and degraded, Spain and Germany have produced (so far as we recollect) no eminent writer in the softer sex. Every civilized country, indeed, can boast its long list of admirable ladies, skilful in all arts and sciences, accomplished in verse and in prose; but it unfortunately happens, that the far greater part of them have either left behind them no monuments of their genius, or that their writings are deemed absolutely unreadable by an ungallant and fastidious posterity. The works of the female authors our contemporaries, are of a higher and more durable kind, and we venture to foretel that 'Evelina,' 'Cecilia,' 'Tales of Fashionable Life,' and 'Corinne,' will not be forgotten, except in a general oblivion of all the choicest specimens of the literature of this age.

We rejoice at this improvement; not only because the performances we have just mentioned are such as would do honour to any country and to any period, but because we consider them as unequivocal symptoms of a general advance in the character, talents, and station in society of the whole sex. The mere existence of three or four extraordinary women in a country is of comparatively little value. But when a few individuals rise to great excellence, it is probable that the quality of the whole class has been ameliorated; and we prize the authors of 'Castle Rackrent' and 'Camilla' much less for their insulated, independent merit—that merit which, it must be confessed, is most gratifying to themselves—than when we consider them as the chiefs and representatives of that great and increasing number of educated, intelligent, accomplished women, which these islands now produce. In fact, if other proofs were wanting, this alone would be a sufficient indication of the present character and condition of the female sex in this country. It is far more decisive than equal or even superior merit, in the same number of individuals would be with respect to our own sex. We are certainly not disposed to underrate the understandings of women, but we think it no want of respect to them to say that their minds are of a less bold, original, and independent cast; and that they partake much more strongly and uniformly than ourselves of the character of the age in which they live, and the society to which they belong. A few great men may rise up in a comparatively rude and dark age, diffuse a sudden light, and give a new impulse to the world; but a distinguished female writer is the *effect* of civilization carried to a very high point—of consideration already paid to her sex, and of knowledge widely spread.

We consider the change in the education of women which is indicated

dicated by the rank they have lately assumed in the literary world, as a pure unmixed good. Not that we would purchase for them an increase of knowledge, much as we value it, at the expense of their social or domestic virtues, or by taking away that grace and softness which form the charm of the female character. But there is nothing in reason or in experience that should teach us to apprehend such an effect. It is in England, and within the last thirty or forty years, that the progress of learning has been most extensive among women, and yet we see no reason to suppose that they make worse wives, worse mothers, or less agreeable members of society than their great grand-mothers who could spell no word of above three syllables, and who were acquainted with no science but that of making tapestry:

> 'Lapdogs and lambkins with black staring eyes,
> And parrots, with twin-cherries in their beaks.'

It is quite idle, and the mere talk of country squires, to say that knowledge makes women affected, insolent, slovenly, or corrupt. Any advantage, or supposed advantage, be it what it may, that is confined to a few, will produce an unfavourable effect upon the conduct of those few, unless they are also gifted with an unusually larger portion of natural modesty and good sense. The moment the *advantage* ceases to be also a *distinction*, it no longer supplies food to vanity, nor gives birth to impertinence and affectation. The diffusion of knowledge is the death-blow to pedantry. If, as our wise ancestors supposed, learned ladies—that is, ladies that knew any thing, were apt to neglect their children, and wear dirty clothes, it was because they were few enough in number to be each an object of remark. A hundred and fifty years ago the few women that could read in a foreign language, or write tolerably in their own, were probably very vain of these accomplishments which separated them by such a prodigious interval from their contemporaries. Just as vain too, in all likelihood, were the first distinguished persons that wore silk and muslin, or rode in coaches, or looked through glass windows; or the Indian prince, who, by the liberality of an English navigator, was first enabled to add 'Lord of the Brass Kettle' to other titles of high import, and imposing magnificence. But now that, owing to schools and manufactories, and to improved tutors, governesses, and machinery, muslin, and French, and glass, and composition, and hardware, are grown pretty common, all these ornaments and comforts are enjoyed without any drawback from envy on the one side, or vanity on the other. The same arguments, it must be observed, are applicable to all that has been said against instructing the common people. Many excellent persons are still of opinion that nine-tenths of the human species, even in what are called

civilized countries, ought to be left in such a deplorable state of ignorance as to be quite incapable of clearly apprehending the great truths of morality and religion, for fear an increase of knowledge should indispose them to those humble occupations to which their own good and the good of society ought to confine them. Or, as it is usually expressed, lest it should 'put them above their business.' Here is the same fallacy of treating the effect that is produced upon an *individual*, for that which would be produced upon *the whole body*. The only peasant in a whole village that could read and write would probably think the distinction of his *clergy* placed him above the humble task of holding a spade or guiding a plough, but where all his companions are equally accomplished, he feels no pride, because he enjoys no superiority. The comparison that produces pride, and laziness, and discontent, is made, not between himself and the occupation, but between himself and the other persons that are generally engaged in it.

The effect of increased knowledge in both the cases to which we have been alluding, is to produce a most salutary re-action upon those from whom it was originally imparted. In proportion as women, and as the lower orders receive a better education, the higher orders and our own sex must make greater efforts to preserve their relative station. It is necessary for the maintenance of their just authority, or what comes to the same thing, for the good of society, that the rich should be superior in knowledge to the poor, and men to women, but there is no occasion to have recourse to artificial means to keep the storehouses of learning under lock and key, to prevent this order from being subverted. Wealth gives such command of time, and such access to the means of information as must always enable the rich man, with moderate sense and application, to raise himself to an immeasurable height above his poorer neighbours, in spite of their broad-brimmed instructor, Joseph Lancaster, and without having recourse to the absurd, pitiful, uncharitable, unchristian expedient, of intentionally and systematically keeping them in that state of ignorance, from which it would be no difficult task to rescue them. The difference of knowledge between rich and poor is naturally measured by the difference of leisure. The interests of society do not appear to require that this disparity between men and women, where they are of the same rank, should be so marked, and it may very safely be left to be determined by the natural superiority of our sex in strength and comprehension of mind, and in the power of application.

The tendency, to which we have already alluded, of an increased acquaintance with literature among women to promote a corresponding improvement in our sex is, we think, already very perceptible

tible in society. We say nothing of its effect upon that early but important part of education which falls to the care of mothers. But it also makes a competent share of knowledge, a much more desirable, indeed an almost indispensable acquisition, to an English gentleman. We are not now speaking of understandings of the highest class—of persons engaged in the great struggle for power and for fame; nor do we pretend that we are likely to have greater statesmen, poets, and philosophers than our forefathers, because modern ladies are better instructed than the wife of Burleigh, or the daughters of Milton. But there is in this country a large description of men who are either unemployed, or only half employed, in easy circumstances, void of ambition, indolent, and unwilling to take the trouble of acquiring more literary knowledge than is absolutely necessary to escape contempt. All such persons did formerly find great comfort and countenance in the entire ignorance of the female half of society. However schools and colleges might have failed of infusing into them any portion of learning, they were sure at least not to find themselves inferior to those whose tastes make the law of fashion, and whose influence, arising from the strongest feelings of our nature, enables them, in all civilized nations, to dispense the lesser honours of social life. That support is now withdrawn. Books have travelled from the library to the drawing-room, and have so completely established themselves there that it will be found impossible to dislodge them. Women read, and talk of what they have read, not out of affectation and pedantry, but as a common amusement, and a natural subject of conversation. Their society is no longer an asylum for ignorance, and any one that is desirous to shine as a man of fashion must submit to take a little literature as part of his stock in trade.

These remarks are suggested to us by the perusal of Mrs. Montagu's letters which are poured forth upon the public with a liberality somewhat approaching to profusion. They shew very clearly that she was a superior woman, and quite as clearly that in the early part of her life (though she died within our own recollection) women were very far from having reached their present standard of taste and knowledge. Her attainments would not now be considered as very remarkable, but it is evident that they were then admitted to be so, both by herself and her friends. She was naturally gay, intelligent, and ingenious, and her style is on the whole agreeable. But she deals largely—according, we presume, to the custom of the age among those that piqued themselves upon writing good letters—in stale, pedantic, unprofitable morality; praising that which was never blamed, insisting upon that which was never denied, and condemning that which nobody ever undertook to de-

fend. But this was not her fault, but the fault of the age. No woman of three and twenty, clever, fashionable, and well educated, would now think it right to acquaint her correspondent, even though that correspondent were an uncle or a father, a bishop or a judge, that 'every thing in the world is of a mortal nature;' that 'true and faithful affection is not a pearl to be cast before the profane;' that 'hypocrisy is an abominable vice;' that 'happiness opens the heart to benevolence, and affliction softens it to pity;'—all which apophthegms may be found in the space of two pages. But they by no means prove with regard to Mrs. Montagu, what they would most undoubtedly prove with respect to any person in these days that should be guilty of uttering them. They merely shew that people still thought it very pretty and proper to transplant sentences from copy books into their familiar correspondence, and that it was a great want of respect to their elderly friends and relations not to inflict upon them a large quantity of dulness and commonplace. She has considerable comic powers, which break out agreeably enough when she is writing with less care than usual, but on great occasions, when she is desirous of shewing herself to the best advantage, to duchesses and other high persons, her pleasantry becomes forced, wire-drawn, and childish to the most melancholy excess. We can hardly bring ourselves to transcribe such trash as follows. She is writing to the duchess of Portland.

'It is a hard case that your Grace forgets your correspondents for your Bantam fowl. Though I have not my head so well curled as your Friesland hen, nor hold up my head like your upright duck, do you think I consent to be laid aside for them? Of all fowl I love the goose best, who supplies us with her quill; surely a goose is a goodly bird; if its hiss be insignificant, remember that from its side the engine is taken with which the laws are registered, and history recorded; though not a bird famous for courage, from the same ample wing are the heroes exploits engraven on the pillar of everlasting fame; though not an animal of sagacity, yet does it lend its assistance to the precepts of philosophy: if not beautiful, yet with its tender touch in the hands of some inspired lover is Lesbia's blush, Sacharissa's majesty, and Chloe's bloom, made lasting, and locks which 'curled or uncurled, have turned to grey,' by it continue in eternal beauty; and will you forsake this creature for a little pert fowl with a gaudy feather?'

No person now could mistake this for any thing but elaborate nonsense; but we make no doubt that her grace received it for sterling wit, and rejoiced in the incomparable ingenuity of her correspondent. Bad taste, of which no doubt she had before her innumerable examples, and the desire of shining continually, natural enough in a person who had in all probability been told often how much she was fitted to shine, are the defects that appear in almost

almost every page of these letters. Mrs. Montagu is evidently oppressed by the load of her own superiority. She writes like a person that has a character to support, and whose correspondents would have a right to complain if she ceased one moment to be very wise or very witty. One of her friends (Mrs. West, the wife of Gilbert West) tells her that public fame had acquainted her, that 'Mrs. Montagu was the most agreeable correspondent in the world.' Such a reputation was worth an effort to maintain, and that effort was almost unavoidably fatal to the ease and grace of that species of composition which more than any other seems to defy the power of labour and of art. Mrs. Montagu would, in all probability, have written much more agreeable and much more really sensible letters, if she had never once been led to suspect 'that she was the most agreeable correspondent in the world.

But though we do not think quite so highly of her as Mrs. West had been taught to think, we are far from denying that she writes with a vivacity and cleverness which account well enough for the impression she seems to have made upon her contemporaries. Her defects are to be ascribed to her situation and the fashion of the day; her merits are her own. There are, perhaps, five hundred women now that can write as well as Mrs. Montagu, and that too without being guilty of those sins against good taste with which she is justly chargeable. But how many of these *would have written* as well in her time, and in her circumstances, is quite another question. We are inclined to believe that the number would have been comparatively very small. On the other hand, if Mrs. Montagu had lived in our days, she would have maintained nearly the same station. Her acquirements would not have been so remarkable, which would have been attended by this advantage, that she would have thought less about them, and been free from that tinge of pedantry which is now visible in her writings. Her ethics would not have been so trite, nor her wit so laboured. But her talents would have carried her equally far in a happier direction. She would have been now, as she was then, one of the liveliest, cleverest, best-informed women of the age. In vigour, spirit, and originality, she was far, very far indeed, inferior to her incomparable namesake, Lady M. W. Montagu. But Lady Mary was so extraordinary a person, that she is perhaps hardly a fair object of comparison. However, although we have derived considerable amusement from these letters, and though they have, as we have already acknowledged, inspired us with a favourable opinion as to the talents of their author, we have some doubts whether they have quite body and substance enough for publication. Mrs. Montagu did not write at one of those distant periods when a mere account of the ordinary occurrences of life, and a mere picture of the state

of society as they appear in a familiar correspondence, interest one from their contrast with our own habits and manners; nor are her letters sufficiently interspersed with anecdotes of eminent persons in her own time, to gratify our curiosity in a different but equally agreeable manner. We own that we were at first a good deal disappointed at the little notice Mrs. Montagu takes of her illustrious contemporaries; and the more, because it is evident that she enjoyed the advantage of being familiarly acquainted with the greater part of them. However, upon consideration, it appears to us that though the absence of this sort of information renders her letters vastly less interesting now that they are published at an interval of two generations, it is no cause of just blame to the writer. Her correspondents were just as well acquainted with the history and character of the time as herself, and it would have been only telling stories they all knew, and delivering opinions in which they all agreed. Incidentally, however, she is sometimes led to speak of the eminent persons of that time, and from the letters in which these passages occur, we shall make one or two extracts. In general, we should say that the merit of her letters is in an inverse proportion to the pains she takes with them. Those addressed to her husband, and to Gilbert West, who appears to have been one of her earliest and most intimate friends, are often natural, lively, and agreeable. Those to Lord Lyttelton are vastly more laboured, and vastly less pleasant. But those, fortunately few in number, composed for the benefit of that very learned, very excellent, and very tiresome person, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, once very celebrated, and now almost forgotten, whom she seems desirous to dazzle by a prodigious display of wit, knowledge, taste, virtue, and piety, are the worst of all, and indeed absolutely unreadable.

Some of her opinions upon subjects of literature are somewhat curious. She assigns the highest place among the historical writers of that time to Lord Lyttelton, the next to Dr. Robertson; but as to Mr. Hume, she thinks his history 'lively and entertaining, but likely (she is afraid) to promote jacobitism.' She has a great contempt for Voltaire, particularly as a philosophical historian, and she is not at all affected by the 'Orphelin de la Chine.' 'As the world is fond of every thing Chinese, Mons. Voltaire has given us a Chinese tragedy, which I would send you if I thought it would entertain you, but I think your good taste would not be pleased with a Chinese tale dressed in a French habit. I read it without any concern.' vol. iv. p. 7. What she says of Bolingbroke is just and well written. She is speaking of the intended publication of his posthumous works. 'As to the rules of conduct to be given by this noble writer, I hope they will not be such as have governed him, for should they make us what they left him, virtue would be

be no great gainer; none of the boisterous passions of his youth restrained; none of the peevish or mischievous ones of his old age mitigated or allayed; envy, ambition, and anger gnawing and burning in his heart to the last.' v. iii. p. 179. She had the good fortune to know, and the good taste to admire, Mr. Burke in the very early part of his life. We transcribe with pleasure the passage in which she mentions him.

'I shall send you a Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, by Mr. Burke, a friend of mine. I do not know whether you will always subscribe to his system, but I think you will find him an elegant and ingenious writer. He is far from the pert pedantry and assuming ignorance of modern witlings, but in conversation and in writing an ingenious and ingenuous man, modest and delicate, and on great and serious subjects full of that respect and veneration which a good mind and a great one is sure to feel, while fools rush behind the altar at which wise men kneel and pay mysterious reverence.'

One cannot but rejoice to see that this great man was always consistent with himself, and that the same decency and worth in private life, the same humble and deep-rooted piety that adorned his maturer years, were already characteristic of him at his first entrance into life.

There are inserted in this collection a few letters from George, Lord Lyttelton. They are, as might be expected from such a person, elegant and gentlemanlike, but they contain nothing material. Two of them are written upon the death of the late king, and the accession of his present Majesty. The first of these is truly *statesmanlike*. The body of the letter, written under the recent impression of the intelligence that had just reached him, is employed entirely in conjectures as to the duration of the administration, and his own continuance in office. 'Certainly it is no season for any great changes.' 'As to my own situation, I doubt not it will be as it is.' It is not till the next day, in a postscript, that he recollects the proper *decorums* on such an occcasion, feels 'real grief for the death of his good master,' 'hopes he is gone to receive an eternal crown,' &c. &c. according to the most authentic forms of lamentation.

In a subsequent letter he describes the state of things at that critical period.

'*Hill-street, November* 5, 1760. *Wednesday night.*

A THOUSAND thanks to the good Madonna for her last letter, which eased my heart of as much anxiety as it almost ever felt for the health of a friend; and, since it has been quite cured of ambition, that heart can hardly know much pleasure or pain but in its sensations for those it loves. You ought to value me a little on this account: for in the present conjuncture there are, I believe, few hearts in this state. Private friendships are little thought of: all attention now goes to political connections. But those connections, God be thanked, are not

*offensive* at present, being rather made to guard against future hostilities, than to begin any now. So, we shall have peace at home, and war abroad.

If I were to write the History of my own Times, I would transcribe into it your character of the late king, and should thereby pay my debt of gratitude to his memory. I would only add to it, that it appears by several wills he has left, that he never had been such a hoarder of treasure as was generally supposed. And of what he had saved, this war has consumed so much, that he was able to leave no more to his three surviving children than thirty thousand pounds in equal proportions, and I have heard that the Duke has given up his to his sisters. Princess Emily is to come and live in my brother's house, like a private woman. It is said that the Princess of Wales will not come to St. James's. The great court officers are not yet settled, but I believe it is certain that Lord Bute will be continued Groom of the Stole, and Lord Huntington Master of the Horse. It was expected that the latter would rather have been disgraced than promoted to a cabinet office; but in a private audience he touched the good nature of the King, and has the benefit of the general disposition of the times, to let nobody complain or be discontented. The greatest difficulty is how to find an equivalent for my Lord Gower. Many changes are talked of on that account; but as I understand that nothing is fixed, I will not send you conjectures which may be falsified before my letter comes to you. The *vis imperii* is supposed to be in Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle; and I believe that their *vis unita* would be too strong for all opposition; but how long it will continue *unita* as much as it is now, or which of them would be most favoured by a third power, if they disagreed, time will shew.'

**Mrs. Montagu's character of George II. to which Lord Lyttelton alludes in such flattering terms, is not ill written, with the exception of the introductory sentence, which is execrable. We shall conclude by transcribing it.**

'*To Lord Lyttelton.*

My Lord, *Newcastle, October 31st*, 1760.

It would be perfect sacrilege and robbing the mighty dead of his due rites, if one began one's letter with any subject but the loss of our sovereign; on which I condole with your Lordship, in whom the virtue of patriotism, and the antiquated one of loyalty still remain. I know you had that veneration for our late king, which the justice and prudence of his government so well deserved. With him our laws and liberties were safe; he possessed in a great degree the confidence of his people and the respect of foreign governments; and a certain steadiness of character made him of great consequence in these unsettled times. During his long reign we never were subject to the insolence and rapaciousness of favourites, a grievance of all others most intolerable, when persons born only one's equals, shall, by the basest means perhaps, possess themselves of all the strength of sovereign power, and keep their fellow subjects in a dependance on illegal authority, which insults while it subjects, and is more grievous to the spirits than even to the fortunes of freeborn men. If we consider only the evils we have avoided during his

his late majesty's reign, we shall find abundant matter of gratitude towards him, and respect for his memory. His character would not afford subject for epic poetry, but will look well in the sober page of history. Conscious, perhaps, of this, he was too little regardful of sciences and the fine arts; he considered common sense as his best panegyrist. The monarch whose qualities are brilliant enough to entitle him to glory, cultivates the love of the Muses, and their handmaid arts, painting, sculpture, &c. sensible that they will blazon and adorn his fame.'—vol. iv. p. 314.

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ART. III. *Substance of the Speech of the Earl of Harrowby, on moving for the Recommitment of a Bill for the better Support and Maintenance of Stipendiary Curates.*

IT is not without some apprehension of difficulties greater than we have been able to discover in this question, that we enter upon an examination of the Noble Earl's argument, on whom the task has devolved of bringing it under the notice of Parliament; and who has succeeded, notwithstanding the formidable opposition of nearly the whole bench of bishops, in carrying it through both Houses. The case is therefore a curious one, at least, and almost singular. That a question of wide extent, and of a nature purely ecclesiastical, should originate with laymen confessedly friendly to the Church establishment—that it should derive no assistance or support from an order of men whose office and station require them more especially to watch over the interests of the church, and who seldom address the assembly in which they sit on any other occasions—that most of them, on the contrary, should have opposed it in every stage, without denying the existence of the evil complained of, and without offering any better remedy—that in spite of these obstacles, and of the general though suppressed murmur of the holders of church property, it should have passed into a law, are circumstances so strange as to excite more than ordinary surprise and curiosity. It is obvious that some serious and weighty objections must be *felt* to the measure; but we seek in vain for any full and authentic statement of them in print. The scanty reports of debates have, indeed, furnished us with one or two objections, but those of so flimsy a nature, that we do not wonder they presented no obstruction whatever to the mass of fact and argument alleged on the other side.

It is perhaps to be regretted that none of the opponents of the bill thought it worth while, after the example of the noble Earl, to lay their view of the case before the public. The public, we think, had a right to something of this kind. No man, we will venture to assert, will call the noble Earl's case, *prima facie*, a bad one. No man will accuse him of giving it a false colour, of distorting or of exaggerating a single feature. It contains no appeal to the passions;

sions; no strain of sentiment, invective, or declamation. It is a plain unadorned business-like argument, resting upon documents of unquestioned authority, which have been analysed with care, and arranged with perspicuity. We think, therefore, that a speech addressed as this is, solely to the judgment and understanding, grave, compact, and closely reasoned, without digression or amplification, upon a subject of great national importance, if it failed of convincing, at least deserved an answer—not such an answer, as we are led by the newspapers to suppose was given; but a serious connected discourse, either disputing the facts, or detecting fallacies in the reasoning, or alleging such evils and disadvantages in the proposed measure as would outweigh the benefits intended by it. Even then we might expect, from the constitutional guardians of the church some project of similar tendency, by which the good might be attained with a less mixture of evil; something equally beneficial, but either more safe or more practicable.

In the absence therefore of all attempts of this nature, we are left almost to conjecture the causes of this opposition; and as far as our fancy or the occasional hints of conversation will supply us, we shall proceed to consider the grounds upon which, we imagine, the bill was opposed in its passage, especially through the House of Lords. But in order to put our readers in possession of the whole case, we shall first lay before them an abstract of the noble mover's speech, following his own arrangement, as the most luminous, and the best which the subject will admit. Our readers will, we think, after this agree with us in demanding very powerful arguments on the other side, before they refuse to acquiesce in the necessity of some measure similar to that which the Parliament has thought fit to adopt.

In the opening of his speech the noble lord combats the objection, urged we presume by very few, against the *right* of Parliament to legislate in this matter. If the right be denied, it cannot be on the abstract ground that the public are unconcerned in the provision made for the ministers of religion. This is too absurd to be for a moment maintained. The objection must rest therefore upon the established principles and practice of the English constitution; and by an appeal to these the question is soon settled. Before the period of the Reformation we find the salaries of curates frequently fixed by ecclesiastical authority, and in every faculty of dispensation issued subsequent to the 25. Hen. VIII. the salary to be granted is placed at the discretion of the bishop.

'The first direct interference,' Lord Harrowby says, 'of the legislature, of which I am aware, was in the 12th of Queen Anne, a period certainly not distinguished by peculiar indifference to the temporal concerns of the church. By this act, the bishops were empowered to assign

assign to every curate a salary not less than 20*l.* nor more than 50*l. in proportion to the greatness of the cure, and to the value of the benefices held by the incumbent.* By another act, of the 36th of his present Majesty, the maximum was increased to 75*l.* per ann. and the bishop was empowered to assign to the curate the parsonage-house, or an annual sum of 15*l.* in lieu thereof.'*—p. 5.

Still less can the argument be admitted that regulations of this nature are infringements on the right of private property. Between church property and private freeholds there is this material difference: the one is *absolute* the other *conditional.* The rights both of patron and incumbent are by the law declared to be subordinate to the service of the church. If the patron do not present a clerk duly qualified in the bishop's estimation, or if he delay the presentation beyond a limited time, his right is forfeited. Again, the incumbent, if he neglect to perform the duty for which the profits of his living are assigned him, may by various legal processes be totally divested of his preferment: so that in the most essential points it differs in its character from property in a freehold estate; and any argument drawn from the one is inconclusive to the other, except it can be shewn that the peculiar conditions of the tenure are no wise involved in the supposed case. All property is the creature of law: and the law which creates it, limits also the mode and circumstances of its existence. The very permission of pluralities and non-residence is an indulgence of the law—an indulgence sparingly granted in the first instance, although it has now far exceeded the original intention, in consequence of events never contemplated when that law was passed. It is clear from the state of the peerage in Henry the VIIIth's time, that the number of chaplains of temporal peers entitled to a dispensation for pluralities could not have exceeded 200; whereas the number may now exceed 2000. If the legislature therefore should think fit to abridge this indulgence so as to bring it back more nearly to its original limits, or even to abolish it altogether, no man could reasonably contend that such a measure would be a violation of the private property of the patron. It would, like every other legislative question relating to the public interests, be a question of *expediency* and not of *right.* The patron's property still remains entire, subject, as it was before, to those regulations which are thought best adapted to attain the end of a church establishment. What these regulations

* The question has been several times entertained by Parliament, but no bill was ever passed till the 12th of Queen Anne. In the 9th of Elizabeth, a Bill for the Augmentation of poor Vicarages and Curacies was brought in and read a first time, after which we hear no more of it. In the 18th of the same reign, a Bill for the Relief of Vicars and Curates went as far as the Committee, and the next day the session was ended. Again, 13 C. II. a Bill for this purpose passed the House of Commons, but owing to the late period of the session at which it was introduced, never passed the Lords.

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are, is for the legislature, not for him, to judge: but hardly any man will deny, that one of them ought to be a decent support to the officiating minister, wherever the living is able to afford it.

Such being the right and such the practice of Parliament, we have only to turn our attention to the facts collected from the bishops' returns of the state of their dioceses, in order to judge whether the present condition of the church requires that interference. Returns from all the dioceses have been received, except from that of St. David's. Why this has been withheld does not appear: and the circumstance seems to excite some surprize in the noble lord, and to call for explanation. The documents, however, already in possession of government, although deficient in certain particulars, are ample *data* for the inferences deduced from them. Abridged as they necessarily are in the speech itself, we shall feel it necessary to contract them into a still smaller compass: but we lay them before our readers in the full confidence that they will convince every unbiassed mind of the necessity of some legal provision on this subject.

The whole number of places contained in the bishops' returns (including some dignities, sinecures, and dilapidated churches, but exclusive of the diocese of St. David's) is 10,261. The number of incumbents resident is 4421. The incumbents who do their own duty, although non-resident, are 960; making with the former 5381. The non-residents are of two kinds; those by exemption, and those by licence. Of the former class the number is 2671: of the latter, 2114: but besides these there is a miscellaneous class not reducible under either of those heads, amounting to 1055. From this statement it would appear that the whole number of places served by curates is 4870; but from this number must be deducted 40 dignities, 79 sinecures not requiring residence, and 39 dilapidated churches, leaving the number of curacies 4712.

No return having been made of the salaries of curates where the incumbent is non-resident by exemption, which is the larger class, and many of the other returns being deficient in this respect, the salaries of only 1766 are known. But this number, taken without reference to any circumstance that can at all affect the question, is sufficiently high to serve as a measure for the rest. On so large a scale, it is fair to reason from the certain to the uncertain, especially where the cases are in every respect similar, and the average is found to lie at no great distance from either extreme. Of these 1766 then, there are

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Above 10*l.* and under 20*l.* | - | - | 45 |
| 20*l.* - 30*l.* | - | - | 191 |
| 30*l.* - 40*l.* | - | - | 428 |
| 40*l.* - 50*l.* | - | - | 333 |
| Total of Curacies under 50*l.* per annum | | | 997 |

Above

| | |
|---|---|
| Above 50*l.* and under 60*l.* - - - | 293 |
| 60*l.* - 70*l.* - - - | 203 |
| Total of Curacies under 70*l.* per annum | 1498 |
| Above 70*l.* and under 80*l.* - - - | 144 |
| 80*l.* - 90*l.* - - - | 51 |
| 90*l.* - 100*l.* - - - | 7 |
| 100*l.* - 110*l.* - - - | 41 |
| 110*l.* - 130*l.* - - - | 4 |
| | 247 |

The remainder consists of one with 250*l.*; seventeen where the curate has the whole income; one, where he has two-thirds of the income: and one where three curates have 275*l.*

The first suggestion that might arise from a view of this statement would probably be, that the smallness of the stipend is owing to the low value of the living, or at least in some degree proportionate to the means of remuneration. But how little is to be attributed to that cause will immediately appear from the following analysis. Dividing the number of the livings into two classes, those under 150*l.* and those above it, there are found to be of the former about 600, of the latter about 1150. Of the first class the average value is 89*l.* and the average amount of their curacies, 35*l.* Of the second all we know is that they are *above* 150*l.* Some of them are ten times as great: and very many exceed it by several hundreds. Yet of this whole class there are only 152 in which the salary is so high as 75*l.* Deducting these from the whole number of 1150, there will remain about 1000 *livings each above* 150*l. per annum, upon which the salaries of the curates will not exceed, upon an average,* 45*l.* The difference between this average, and that of the curacies upon livings under 150*l.* is not more than 10*l.* So little ground is there for presuming that the poverty of the living is the cause of the low amount of the curate's stipend.

This, it will be remembered, is not half the extent of the evil.—We have been speaking hitherto of those curacies only where the incumbent is non-resident by *license*. The non-residents by *exemption* are still more numerous, and there is no reason for supposing that the salaries are in these instances adjusted by any higher standard. Indeed the only difference between them has a tendency the other way: for the amount of the salary not being submitted to the bishop in this case, one check is removed which has a feeble operation in the case of licenses;—and the incumbent is left to make the best bargain he can in a private agreement between himself and his curate. However, taking these at the same rate with the others, there

there will be found 2540 *livings above* 150*l. per annum, served by curates at a salary of* 45*l. per annum on an average, and in no case exceeding* 75*l.*

We confess such a disclosure of the state of the church, filled us with regret and shame—feelings that were not at all soothed by the consideration that the remedy now applied is forced upon it, in spite of the resistance of its own more wealthy and dignified members. Against such a statement, it is idle to oppose some petty inaccuracies or omissions in the returns, or some few palliatives of particular cases. It has been alleged that advantages of surplice fees, or gardens, or a few acres of land are often enjoyed by the curate in addition to his stipend—that in many instances the same curate serves two or even more churches, and thus enjoys an accumulation of salaries—that the house alone would be in many situations an acceptable remuneration for his services, and fully adequate to his wishes—that incumbents may for their mutual accommodation reside each on the other's living, and thus appear to swell the list of curates, when neither of them in fact feels the wants or grievances of that station, and both ought in reason to be left out of the account. To this latter circumstance we wish indeed that the noble lord had in some degree adverted. It mitigates the aspect of the case, as far as the character of the Church is concerned, by reducing the number of inefficient incumbents—and the arrangement is often productive not only of domestic happiness, but of real service to religion. For where the character of a man is known, and he stands in the eye of all his dearest connections, he is undoubtedly capable of doing most good. But after making every allowance for these cases, the merits of the general question remain exactly where they were. No allowance, indeed, ought to be made for the case of curates who serve more than one church. For either the duty is in that case less than it ought to be, or if the duty is greater, the payment ought to rise in the same proportion. And as to the other alleged cases, they are so few in number as not to weigh a feather in the scale against the noble lord's argument: and when pleaded in opposition to it, only prove the weakness of a cause which rests on such a support.

Another objection sometimes offered we will just mention; although it can hardly proceed from the friends of a rich church endowment. What reason is there, it may be said, to expect a duty of this kind to be better performed in proportion as the pay is increased? A conscientious man will do his duty let his income be ever so small; and if the fault lie in his conscience, it is not likely to be mended by an increase of salary. Such reasoning, if reasoning it can be called, cannot, as we have observed, come from the mouth of any man who is a sincere well-wisher to the Church establishment:

establishment: for if it be valid against raising the scanty pittance of a curate, how much more conclusive is it against the ample revenues of our dignitaries and incumbents? We have produced it chiefly because it gives us an opportunity of extracting a passage from the speech, which is a fair specimen of the manly, rational, and moderate tone which pervades the whole performance.

'I am far from supposing that respectability of character, exemplary discharge of duty, or a competent share of learning, are necessarily connected, or even connected at all, with the amount of the salary received. The most exalted virtues may be found in the humble cottage of the curate, as well as in the ample parsonage of the richly beneficed incumbent. But human arrangements must be calculated upon the ordinary course of human affairs: we are not to look for apostolical virtues in the curate, merely because we reduce him to apostolical poverty. How can we expect, considering the Church only as a profession, that men who have necessarily received a good education, and who ought to be men of liberal views, will continue to enter into a profession, in which the blanks bear so large a proportion to the prizes? How can we expect that persons, whose incomes hardly afford the means of subsistence, will be able to keep up that decent appearance which is almost indispensably necessary to ensure the respect of their parishioners? Much less can we expect that they should be able to conciliate their affection, by administering to the wants of those who are only in a slight degree poorer than themselves. Want of respect for the persons who discharge ecclesiastical duties, will soon be transferred to the duties themselves. Men are too apt to measure the respect they owe to persons, or to offices, by the respect which they see paid to them by the authorities to which they look up. What must they think of the value which is set by the legislature upon the persons or the office of those to whose care the religion of the people is entrusted, when they see at how low a rate their services are estimated? How can we be surprized at the rapid progress of every species of sectaries (who are far from allowing the ministers of their congregations to fall in point of income to a level with the curates of the established church) when so large a proportion of the ministers of that church are left in a state of abject poverty; when they are left in that state, not only in cases where the church is poor and the duty light, but where the church is rich and the duty most laborious?'—p. 15.

In this state nevertheless, things have long remained—or rather in a continual course of deterioration: for the trifling advance in the average amount of curacies bears no proportion to the change which has been felt within the last 50 years in the value of money. During that period the price of all commodities which are necessary to a decent subsistence, has been about trebled. Many have risen in a much larger proportion: and yet 40*l.* a year was an ordinary stipend in those times, equivalent certainly to 100*l.* at present.—The maximum fixed by the act of Queen Anne, was at least equal

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in effect to 150*l.* of our present money. By the act of 1797, this maximum was raised to 75*l.*; just half what it ought to be, if the design was merely to *continue* the provision of Queen Anne's reign. The minimum was not raised: it was left at 20*l.* as before. And from the foregoing analysis of the bishops' returns, we have seen how rarely even the pittance of 70*l.* was paid; while the officiating ministers in parishes of which the income exceeds 150*l.*, but whose salary is only 50*l.* per annum (i. e. less in value than the *minimum* in Queen Anne's time) may be computed at about 3000.—vid. p. 15.

The evil has not indeed failed of attracting notice, nor of exciting some endeavours to redress it. In 1803, soon after the Residence Bill was passed, a bill for improving the condition of the inferior clergy passed the House of Commons, but so late in the session that it was not carried through the Upper House. Early in the following session, Sir W. Scott moved for a Bill to encourage the residence of stipendiary curates, which proceeded as far as the committee, and was then dropped. In 1805, Mr. Perceval took up the business, but his Bill went no farther than the committee of the House of Lords. In 1808, he brought forward another bill to the same effect, which, after passing the Commons, was thrown out by the Lords. So great has been the difficulty, in this enlightened age, of carrying a measure which has reason, equity, and the interests of religion on its side. In a law embracing so many objects, it is natural to suppose indeed that many minor difficulties would arise, that many cases would be described calling for exception or modification—and after all, that it must be at the expense of some, if thousands are to be relieved. That these objections would be magnified beyond the truth, that the *hypothetical* hardship involved in them would be represented as deliberate cruelty and injustice, and so obtruded on the view as to hide, if possible, all the disgraceful reality which has now been proved to exist, and that many well meaning persons would be biassed by these imaginary dangers, and forget or disbelieve the statements alleged in behalf of the bill—all this perhaps was no more than might have been expected—and this force coming in aid of the interested mass, which only wanted an impulse, gave it a momentum which was irresistible. Since, however, the bishops' returns in 1810 have been made public, the case is materially altered. Such a body of evidence was produced in support of the main facts, that no hypothetical arguments could withstand it: and the principal weapon of the opponents was at the same time wrested from their hands, by providing that the bill should not apply to incumbents in possession. Thus met and thus disarmed, it would indeed have portended ill for the present generation, if the adversaries of the measure had prevailed. Hardly a voice was raised against it in the Upper House, except

except by the Spiritual Lords, whose arguments have been so ill reported in the newspapers, that it is difficult to ascertain the precise grounds of their opposition. Whatever they were, a considerable majority turned a deaf ear to their remonstrances, although it is said that one noble lord, unconvinced by their reasoning, still thought it his duty as a senator, to bend to their authority.

The noble mover has therefore the satisfaction of having accomplished what his late virtuous friend and colleague, Mr. Perceval, had greatly at heart; and what from regard to his memory, as well as from a cordial approbation of the measure, he entered upon, as the discharge of a sacred trust. By this one step he has deserved the thanks of those who venerate our church establishment, and who wish to see its foundations laid firm and deep in the affections of the people. Nothing can tend so much to alienate those affections, or to strengthen the hands of its numerous adversaries, as that narrow and illiberal policy which exalts the means above the end—which is active, quicksighted, and pertinacious in the defence of some worldly interest, but suffers evils and abuses to spread within it, such as not only affect the very essence and purpose of its institution, but are the surest forerunners, if unchecked, of its political decay and ruin. It is not the clamorous stickler for some antiquated privilege whom we regard as its truest friend in a season of general defection—but he who seeks to rectify what is amiss, to remove all ground of reproach and scandal, to correct the growing abuses to which all human institutions are liable, to frame expedients according to the change of times and manners, by which the same good may be effected in all ages, and to baffle that greatest of all innovators, *time*, by corresponding alterations in the detail and administration of its important duties. Let us only possess a few powerful friends, with hearts so disposed, and our rights and endowments are safe enough against all our enemies.

Let it not be supposed we would include all the clergy who employ stipendiary curates under one sweeping charge of illiberality, because the salaries are found, upon inquiry, to be inadequate to the service done. When we descend to the examination of individual cases, we find that the salary has been fixed with reference to the general practice, and from no sordid desire to drive a hard bargain, and to get the work done at the cheapest rate. In so numerous a body as the English clergy, it must indeed happen that many of this description will be found, who will traffic upon the duty of their church, on the same principle, and with the same feelings as they contract with a menial servant. But with the generality we are firmly persuaded it is not so. And nothing tends to convince us more of the necessity of some legislative interference than this persuasion. Leave the matter to be settled

by the principles of political economy—to be regulated by the supply and the demand—and you reduce it to the same level with all the mercenary contracts of civil life. Even the most liberal who are disposed to go far beyond the lowest limits, if they have families or near dependents, feel a considerable restraint upon their inclinations; and might be accused of giving way to romantic generosity, if they forced upon a curate a much larger stipend than his demands or expectations. It happens with most men that their income is pretty well appropriated to the several articles of expenditure. They have settled imperceptibly into a rate of living which will not easily admit of any great diversion of the supply into some new channel. And where the sacrifice is not required, either by law or general opinion, it is too much to expect that one man shall stand forth, at his own expense, as the example of a generosity which his own order regard as needless and excessive. Something, we know, will be done upon this principle; as indeed the gradual advance in the nominal average of stipends proves: but it is wholly disproportionate to the exigency: it is long before the necessity of a change is discovered; and after the discovery, the remedy follows at a very tardy and unwilling pace. This is the case with all prices and payments: but in the articles of ordinary use, where no other rule operates than that of supply and demand, the adjustment is soonest made. In *mixed* cases, where other principles besides the commercial one concur in regulating the payment, a longer time elapses before the inequality is corrected: and in those cases which depend *almost entirely* on liberality, equity, just moral feeling, and other undefined rules of action, it is always too late before any adequate compensation is made. In proportion as these motives gain the ascendancy, the average rises slowly—but as they cannot ever prevail universally, and always make slow progress against the constant pressure of self-interest, ages pass away before the evil is remedied, or rather it fails of obtaining any remedy at all: it is, in fact, an axiom in jurisprudence not to reckon upon the liberality of mankind for any civil purpose which is attainable by positive law; especially if the object be one that extends to the whole community, for then it is not only probable, but certain, that the means will fall far short of the end proposed. What would become of our church if the remuneration of the clergy depended on the liberality of the people? Our incumbents would, we apprehend, be little inclined to exchange their legal incomes for such a provision; and yet the question is precisely the same between them and their curates. It may, perhaps, be alleged that the curate is fallen into better hands, having to treat with a beneficed person of his own order, than if his stipend issued from a voluntary agreement with the parish: and we doubt not that in the majority of cases the fact

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is so. But the documents which have been laid before parliament are a demonstrative, and we must add, a mortifying proof, that no reliance can be placed on such an arrangement; but that if left to be settled between the parties, the average will sink shamefully beneath what is due to the nature of the employment, and what is necessary for maintaining a decent appearance in society.

A farther reason for parliamentary interference in this matter arises from the permission of pluralities. Against this practice we by no means wish absolutely to protest, although we should gladly see it subjected to some wholesome regulation. But while it subsists, there must of necessity be a class of curates corresponding in number with the holders of pluralities. It is from this source, much more than from the laziness or indifference of incumbents to their own duty, that the demand for curates arises. The persons who serve curacies of this description are far from being considered in the road to preferment; and they have on that account a peculiar claim to the protection of the legislature. If some addition were required in such cases to the ordinary stipend, respect being had to the value of the living as well as the greatness of the cure, we think no reasonable objection could be made. The pluralists would still have the right of selection; a right which a conscientious man would exercise for the benefit of his parish: and if he acts on this principle, no part of the reproach, sometimes cast on pluralities as an *institution*, can attach to him as an *individual*. He may be rendering essential service to religion by a judicious disposal of this minor species of patronage, and instead of resigning it, as some scrupulous persons have done, he may feel it even an act of duty and charity to retain it.

Whether the bill just passed be not capable of some other improvements, we shall not at present inquire; but we regard it as a step gained, and hail it as an omen of future good. To some of our readers a short abstract of its provisions may not be unacceptable, although it has already attained a pretty general publicity.

It enacts, that every non-resident who neglects to nominate a curate, to be licensed by the bishop, shall be subject to the penalties of non-residence, notwithstanding any legal exemption he may have. The license of the bishop must specify the salary of the curate. The lowest salary is 80*l.* or the whole amount of the living. Where the population amounts to 300, the salary is to be 100*l.*; 120*l.* where it amounts to 500 persons; 150*l.* where it amounts to 1000. A reduction may be made in certain cases: as where the curate is licensed to serve another parish; or where the incumbent is disabled through age, or sickness; or where any peculiar hardship or inconvenience would, in the judgment of the bishop, arise from enforcing the full amount. But those special

reasons must always be set forth in the curate's license. Where the living exceeds 400*l.* the salary may be raised to 100*l.* notwithstanding the population is below 300; and so in the other cases proportionably, but the salary shall in no case exceed the foregoing rates by more than 50*l.*

Such are the leading features of a bill strenuously opposed by the bench of bishops; and we must repeat our utter inability to discover the grounds of this opposition. One of the objections urged against Mr. Perceval's bill was, that it increased the power of the bishops, by *vesting in them* the discretion of augmenting salaries. This objection is removed; and then the clamour is, you have *taken away* the bishop's discretion, and fixed the stipends by law. Is it possible to frame a measure not liable to one or other of these objections? Or rather are not such objections as these evidence of a dislike resting on other grounds, which it might not be quite convenient to avow? To us the remarks of Lord Harrowby upon the nature of the bishop's discretion under this bill appear sufficiently just and satisfactory. As the law stood before, nothing would be more irksome and invidious than his interposition. If the parties appeared mutually satisfied with the agreement, the bishop's interference was naturally thought needless and vexatious: and besides this, the rule must vary greatly in different dioceses, as long as it depended solely on the opinion of individuals. But let the salary be fixed by law, and all these difficulties are at an end, or at least confined to a very few cases; while the gracious office of mitigating the rigour of that law, under peculiar circumstances, remains to the bishop; and of smoothing the way towards an agreement equally acceptable to both parties. In fact, without implying or intending any censure on individuals, we have only to reflect on the manner in which the bishop's discretion has been exercised under the former acts, to convince ourselves that the system was radically inefficient for the purpose it had in view. Lord Harrowby's observations upon this subject are liberal and candid, and at the same time decisive.

'I cannot indeed declare with truth, that the manner in which it has been exercised is precisely that, which, consistently with the view I have taken of the subject, appears most advantageous to the interest of the church; but I feel to their full extent the great difficulties which attend the exercise of such a discretion. I do full justice to the motives which have guided those in whose hands (if proper to be placed in any) it has properly been vested: I am far from presuming to say, that reasons may not have existed in each individual case, separately taken, which may have accounted for and justified the decision; but it is impossible, I am firmly persuaded, even for those who have acted for the best in each individual case, to look at the returns before your lordships, and to view the great mass of poverty created by the general principle which has governed those decisions, without feeling the extent of the mischief,

mischief, the necessity of a remedy, and the utter insufficiency of their present powers to supply one adequate to the evil. If censure be implied, let it fall, where it is due, upon the narrow and incompetent nature of the legislative provisions upon this subject.'—p. 27.

There remains one of the alleged grounds of opposition to the bill, to which we must briefly advert, rather to avoid the imputation of suppressing it, than because we think it deserving of any serious answer; namely, that it tends to *diminish the value of small livings!* It certainly does diminish the value of that which is withdrawn from the purposes for which it was designed. They will not fetch so much at the Auction Mart, nor perhaps pass from hand to hand so quickly in exchange for money or secular property. But *to the church* their value is raised in a great proportion—raised by promoting all the objects for which ecclesiastical property was at first created. Instead of entering into a laboured vindication of this point, we think it more respectful to our readers to lay before them a few words of the speech, to which we have so frequently had recourse already.

'The bill *proposes to check* a practice, by no means creditable to the church—the practice of giving to persons who do not intend to reside, livings of small value, (hardly affording an income sufficient to procure the due discharge of their duties,) for the purpose of enabling the incumbent to apply to his own use whatever he may be able to reserve out of that income, after providing for a curate at the lowest possible rate. The extent of this practice is sufficiently proved by the fact I have already stated, that upon six hundred livings, occupied by incumbents non-resident by licence,* and of which the average income is 89*l.* per annum, the average income of the curacies is only 35*l.*'—p. 21.

That these livings may fall into *improper* hands, after the price of the advowson is lowered, is another terror held out by the *friends of the church.* What very proper hands they are in at present, is apparent from the statements already exhibited. If the condition of residence be annexed, the same respectable people it is feared will not accept them. What a grievous loss to the parish and to the church collectively! A curate with 35*l.* a year, quite fit for the charge, is never wanting: but make the payment 80*l.* or 100*l.* and you will get none but sectaries or enthusiasts to perform the duty! It is an insult to common sense to enter gravely on the refutation of such reasoning. The principle of assigning to the curate the whole income of livings below a certain value is recognized by the act of Queen Anne, which fixed the minimum of 20*l.* per annum, at a time when there were no less than 2538 livings returned into the Exchequer below that value. It is therefore no innovation in

* A still greater number must be added for the curacies of incumbents non-resident by exemption.

principle; and the experience of a century has not yet brought to light the practical evils foreboded from an adoption of the same rule. Until indeed it can be shewn that there is a partiality among the regular clergy for small stipends, a kind of *elective attraction* between orthodoxy and a narrow income, it is quite inconceivable how the difficulty should be increased of procuring a respectable officiating minister, by enlarging the provision made for his support.

We have, then, upon a pretty ample review of this important question, nothing farther to remark, but to express our acknowledgments to the noble person who has lent his hand towards completing so desirable a work—and to express our hope, that it is only the beginning of those healing measures which the condition of our church loudly calls for. Some of the evils and dangers to which it is exposed he has himself sketched out towards the conclusion of his speech. They are truly alarming. Licences for the erection of dissenting places of worship have increased from the average of 90 per annum, during the first fourteen years of the present reign, to an average of 518 during the last fourteen years; and the licences for dissenting preachers in a still larger proportion; while there are 1881 parishes, containing a population of nearly *five millions*, in which the churches and chapels are 2553, capable of containing only 1,856,000 persons; and the places of dissenting worship are 3438. In many of the most populous parishes, the people have no option but the entire neglect of all divine worship, or the attendance upon a worship which makes them dissenters from the establishment.

What are the expedients ordinarily employed to counteract these evils? The bishop reads a charge pointing out and lamenting the rapid increase of enthusiasm and defection from the church throughout the country. The clergy admire this charge; it is printed at their request, and some of them inculcate and enlarge upon the same topics in their sermons. All they say is probably very just; but as far as it professes to check the evil, it is only solemn trifling. In large towns, the churches are literally shut against the majority of the poor inhabitants. Our population has more than doubled within a century, and yet no measures have been adopted for meeting this increase by building or enlarging churches in proportion. Even where chapels have been opened, they have almost invariably been appropriated to those who can afford to rent a pew. We know of one most honourable exception in the case of a church at Bath, and of another equally meritorious at Birmingham: but for the rest, although a larger number of the middling and upper classes are accommodated with the means of attending divine worship, the bulk of the common people are disregarded.

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The *absolute* increase of that class far exceeds the increase of the upper classes; yet what steps have been taken for their religious instruction in the church? To blame them for attending methodist and other meetings is worse than folly; it is cruel mockery. Under such an alternative as lies before them, they rather deserve to be commended, unless it can be shewn that methodism is worse than no religion.

We are far from imputing blame to individuals, because these things are not better managed in their respective parishes. In most cases we know it is out of the power of individuals to correct them. The law must do it, if it be done at all. But on this very account we have reason to look for aid from those whose seats in the legislature give them the means, as they impose the duty, of watching over the interests of the church. A variety of petty rights and privileges are suffered to exist undisturbed, which thwart every zealous attempt to comprehend the poor of a parish within the congregation. The interior of the church is already allotted in proportions, suitable enough three centuries ago to the several classes of inhabitants. These have in the mean time shifted, and are often quite inverted: yet the same preposterous distribution of space continues. A manor seat, often empty, or occupied by a single servant, covers an area sufficient to accommodate twenty or thirty willing hearers who are now excluded. A dissenter may be owner of a pew, and out of pure spite to the church, keep it empty every Sunday but one, when he sends a servant to save his privilege. A few passages and corners capable of containing, perhaps, a tenth of the poor, are graciously conceded to them, where they stand, or sit as they can, in immediate contact with that forbidden ground which is often wholly vacant. Thousands and millions there certainly are in the kingdom, who have no admission to a place in their parish church: and if the obvious expedient be proposed of opening some additional building for public worship, the patron interferes, and without his licence nothing can be done. This patron may be a dissenter—he may be a profligate—a notorious despiser of all religion:—or, if a churchman, every one knows how obstinately men cling to their privileges, in spite of all that can be urged in the name of equity, propriety, or public good. Ought then, we ask, these things to remain as they are? If one tenth part of the inconvenience had been felt in the accommodations of a market town, it would long ago have been remedied by law. Unsightly projections are removed, streets are widened, houses set farther back, and market-places enlarged, in proportion to the growing wants of a neighbourhood; the church alone, with all its antiquated arrangements, must remain the same. Against any attempt at improvement for the public benefit, private rights are here allowed to

be insurmountable; insomuch that it is a notorious fact, that while a meeting-house of any denomination may be opened any where, without the slightest difficulty, possessing all the sanction and security of law, hardly any efforts will avail towards the erection of a church-of-England edifice in some of the most populous parishes of the kingdom.

We do not presume to say what steps the legislature ought to take for the redress of this great evil; but that something should be done, and that quickly, no considerate friend to the church will deny. If a local jurisdiction were created, invested with summary power in all questions of church sittings, authorized to allot the space as they might think most conducive to general utility, much good might be effected. But even then the grand object will remain to be accomplished, that of appropriating more buildings to church-worship, with an especial regard to the accommodation of the poor. Till this is done, we abandon that most numerous class, who have no other means of religious instruction, to the practices of every ignorant and ranting enthusiast, or to the condition of a heathen to whom the gospel is not preached. Lest it should be thought that we overrate the evil, we subjoin an extract from the returns of parishes containing a population of 1000 and upwards, in the year 1811.

| Diocese. | Number of Parishes. | Population. | No. of Churches and Chapels. | Number of persons they will contain. | No. of Dissenting Places of Worship. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Canterbury . . . . | 67 | 175,625 | 83 | 67,705 | 113 |
| Chester . . . . . | 257 | 568,826 | 351 | 220,542 | 439 |
| Durham . . . . . | 75 | 298,755 | 113 | 63,259 | 173 |
| Exeter . . . . . | 159 | 362,551 | 176 | 152,019 | 234 |
| Lichfield . . . . . | 129 | 430,231 | 189 | 122,756 | 294 |
| London . . . . . | 132 | 661,394 | 186 | 162,962 | 265 |
| Winchester . . . . | 120 | 371,206 | 193 | 115,711 | 165 |
| York . . . . . | 108 | 591,972 | 220 | 149,277 | 392 |
| | 1047 | 3,460,560 | 1511 | 1,054,231 | 2075 |

Here we have a list of about 1000 parishes, containing a population of nearly three millions and a half, in which the buildings appropriated to the service of the church will contain little more than one million; that is, about one *seventh* of the whole. If we consider further, that by far the greatest part, or rather the whole, of

of the excluded population in great and wealthy towns consists of the lower orders, it is hardly possible to conceive a case which calls more loudly for the immediate attention of the legislature. We rejoice therefore in the success of Lord Harrowby's measure, because it has taken away one ground of reproach from our church establishment. But we rejoice still more in the hope which it affords of future benefits. It might perhaps be more satisfactory to see these important services undertaken by the heads of the church themselves. And we cannot frame to ourselves a line of conduct more worthy of a Christian bishop than such an undertaking. But we are aware at the same time of the difficulties he would meet with, and of the feeble influence which a single prelate, or even the whole order of prelates would possess, compared with that of a member of the cabinet. It is well for us that the cabinet contains some men, sincerely attached to the establishment, not merely as an engine of state, but as a pillar of christianity. And while we admire the firmness and decision which has been displayed by Lord Harrowby in prosecuting the late measure, we are inclined also to augur well of any future efforts, from the discretion, temper, and moderation which are not less conspicuous in the whole proceeding.

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ART. IV. *Correspondance Littéraire,* Philosophique et Critique, addressée à un Souverain d'Allemagne pendant une partie des Années* 1775—1776, *et pendant les Années* 1782 *à* 1790 *inclusivement.* Par le Baron de Grimm, et par Diderot. Troisième et dernière Partie. 5 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1813.

WE ventured to suggest, on a former occasion, that the five ponderous octavos which we then noticed, and of which those before us contain the sequel, might have been compressed into two, certainly without injury to the readers, and probably with advantage to the publishers of the work; and we find that this suggestion has since been adopted by our London booksellers. But the advice, however well calculated for the latitude of our northern metropolis, was, it seems, founded on an inaccurate estimate of the quantity and quality of Parisian curiosity. The sale of the first series was so rapid that, within three months, a second edition was called for. We are not therefore to wonder that the discovery of a farther lot of this profitable merchandize, was immediately followed by the offer to the public of a quantity

* We are given to understand that five more volumes of this Correspondence will shortly be published, comprizing a period of time anterior to that contained in the series which we before announced, and which will therefore bear the title of 'Première Partie.' The whole work will therefore extend to fifteen volumes.

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equal to the former, nor that we are promised the future delivery of a fresh cargo.

It appears, however, that even in Paris itself some surly critics were found to question the necessity of so voluminous a publication, and to deny the importance of its contents. We have seen a little book, entitled 'Grimmiana,' the compiler of which professes to give in about one hundred duodecimo pages *all* that is worth notice in the five octavos of the former series; nay more, to throw many notable sayings and anecdotes of Mademoiselle Sophie, unnoticed by the Baron, into the bargain. This is certainly improving on our own notions of economy. But if all that was worth preserving in the last publication could be contained in such a nutshell, we are forced to admit that a still smaller would be fully capable of answering the same purpose with respect to the present. Whether the advance of that dismal era of the Revolution really made itself felt by such symptoms as are the usual forerunners of great concussions in the natural world, and the gaiety and vivacity of Frenchmen gradually gave way to the gloomy heaviness of that moral atmosphere which surrounded them; whether, without resorting to an hypothesis which may be set down among the reveries of Swedenborg and Rosicrucius, we may find a more obvious solution of the phenomenon in the advancing age of the Baron, or whether we suppose that he grew at last a little tired of his office of hired correspondent to a German prince, and committed the discharge of it to inferior hands, we are pretty certain that (at least in the article of mere amusement) the volumes now before us will not justify all the expectations which the perusal of the first set must have excited.

We have been favoured with the sight of one volume of the MS. Correspondence, which we before announced as being now in a private library in this country. It was for the entire year 1775, and agrees with that published in the present series, sufficiently to confirm us in our supposition that the one Correspondence is principally, if not entirely, the duplicate of the other. In a notice prefixed to that volume, the name of M. Meister is inserted as the author of a very large proportion of the articles it contains; and a *female writer*, whose name is not given, is mentioned as having contributed several others, so as to leave but a small number, certainly not near half the quantity, to Grimm himself, and (if we remember rightly) none at all to Diderot. The inference we would draw from these facts is, that during the whole continuance of the correspondence, the nominal writer was greatly assisted by a number of others; and it is probable, therefore, that his personal labours decreased with the advance of age and its attendant inactivity. In other words, the whole work may, we imagine, be fairly considered

sidered in the light of a literary journal, of which the Baron was the editor, and, in that capacity only, responsible for a very large proportion of its contents. We wish that this matter had been more fully explained by the present editors, and that they had pointed out to us such of the articles as are of Grimm's own composition, and such as may have been written by other persons of any name in the literary and philosophical world at Paris. Without such a clue to guide us, it will be impossible to draw from the work, what we hoped it had furnished us, any just or accurate estimate of the character, talents, or opinions of the ostensible author.

The miscellaneous nature of this work may be sufficiently collected from the substance of our extracts from the former series. The space occupied in the present volumes by notices of insignificant books and analyses of theatrical pieces of ephemeral notoriety, appears to us to be considerably larger than before. Of the prevailing fashions of the day, the whims and caprices, the vices and follies which, from time to time, shed their influence over Parisian society and marked its character, we certainly find no unamusing record in these pages. The literary disputes and intrigues of the Academy are a never-failing source either of ridicule, or of observations which the real insignificance of those broils invests, at this distance of time, with the air of ridicule. Whether it be M. de la Harpe, who 'at last received the palm due to his triumphs,' while his rival Marmontel, under colour of extreme *naïveté*, pronounced an éloge which the laughter of the audience converted into a pungent epigram; whether it be the act of 'petty treason' by which M. le Comte de Tressan seated Condorcet,* in violation of his promise to Bailly, and secured to d'Alembert the victory which his superior skill in arithmetic had obtained for him over 'the French Pliny;' or whether we contemplate the twelve mareschals of France assembled in conclave to decide on the important question of the admissibility of a member of the Academy of Inscriptions into the ranks of a more illustrious fraternity, we are equally carried back in imagination from the present to the past, and appear to be eye-witnesses of the scenes set before us in so lively a manner. In this view, we are not altogether ill disposed to enjoy the fragments of academical discourses which are rather unmercifully heaped upon us, although they are so well

* We do not remember before to have met with the *Soubriquet* bestowed on this revolutionary chieftain. Speaking of one of his pamphlets, published in 1786, the writer of the critique says, 'il est aisé d'en reconnaître l'auteur à cette precision d'idées qui caractérise sa manière d'écrire, et à cette amertume de plaisanteries qui, melée aux apparences d'une douceur et d'une bonhomie inaltérables, l'a fait appeler, dans la société même de ses meilleurs amis, *le mouton enragé*.'

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characterised by a contemporary academician, 'Ces discours, passé le jour où ils ont été prononcés, ressemblent aux carcasses enfumées d'un feu d'artifice tristement éteint,'—and although, as it is maliciously added, some among them 'avoient, par malheur, le jour même de la fête, tout l'air du lendemain.' Our notions of the dignity of this pompous assembly are equally shocked by the popular storms and tempests which signalised so many of their later sittings, and elevated by the picture of the splendid reception of the foreign kings and princes who from time to time solicited the honour of admission to partake of their solemnities. Among others noticed on this occasion, we particularly distinguish the 'Comte du Nord,' who visited the academy in June 1782, and of whose bon-mots the work contains some better specimens than we should altogether have expected from the future 'Sovereign of all the Russias,' and patron of Mr. Charles Small Pybus. One proof of his discrimination, which the authors of this journal do not seem disposed to acknowledge as such, was his choice of La Harpe to fill the same place, of correspondent, which Grimm occupied in that of the Duke of Saxe Gotha and other princes. In this quality the faithful journalist thought it his duty to present himself daily at the gate of his patron's hotel. His tender assiduities at last began to be troublesome, but betrayed the goodnatured prince into no expression of greater irritation than the following, *M. de la Harpe est déjà venu me voir cinq fois; je l'ai reçu trois; j'espère qu'il ne sera pas mécontent.* He wanted to hear Beaumarchais' comedy of the Marriage of Figaro read to him, but said with great good humour, (which the journalists probably interpreted as a serious compliment to his genius,) *Je n'ose pourtant pas accepter cette lecture sans avoir entendu celle que doit me faire M. la Harpe, il ne faut pas risquer de se brouiller avec ces grandes puissances.* With all the urbanity which these and other similar anecdotes seem to indicate, and which we are somewhat surprised to meet with in one who, some years later, cut off the English pig-tails, even he was not always able to escape the complaints and censures of the irritable class of the community. Nothing, however, could ruffle the benignity of his temper. One M. Clérissaut, conceiving that some imagined services had been neglected, strutted up to him one day and said, 'M. le Comte, I have been frequently at your door and never found you.'—'*J'en suis bien fâché, M. Clérisseau; j'espère que vous voudrez bien m'en dédommager.*'—'No, no, M. le Comte, you did not admit me because you would not admit me, and this was very ill done of you; but I will write to *Madame votre mère.*'—'*Je vous prie de m'excuser; je sens, je vous assure, tout ce que j'ai perdu.*'

Nothing is so easy as the transition from one fashion of the day to

to another, and Gluck and Piccini are quite as amusing as the Counts du Nord and De Haga. The history of those feuds belongs, however, to the former series of the Correspondence, and are only alluded to in this on occasion of the death of Sacchini, founder of a sect branching out of the German heresy, and distinguished as 'a sort of mitigated Gluckists, who no otherwise belong to that faction than by virtue of their mutual hatred and jealousy of Piccini.'

From the 'mitigated Gluckists' we pass to the followers of Mesmer* and Cagliostro, the admirers of Montgolfier and of the man who walked across the Rhone in wooden slippers, or rather who professed to do so, but who, like our bottle-conjuror, gave his followers the slip. Nor is another celebrated professor to be passed over in silence,—he who recommended himself to the ladies as an adept in the art 'de fixer les traits et les garantir des outrages des temps.' And yet this is the French nation, characterised elsewhere as 'celle qui n'inventa jamais rien, excepté les ballons!' In the midst of Montgolfier's balloons and Kempelen's automata, we are called off to attend at the apotheosis of Madame St. Huberti, the first female singer at the Opera: another proof of the sober sense of the Parisians, who had only a few years before paid precisely the same honours to Voltaire. This is sufficient to render all the absurdities of the Diou de la danse quite rational, and we can hardly help regarding him in the light of an equal power, when we read of the consternation which seized the whole house of Vestris on the arrest of young Vestrallard, on which occasion the father is reported to have exclaimed, the tears starting into his eyes, '*Hélas!* c'est la première brouillerie de notre maison avec la famille des Bourbons!'

The theatre is almost always uppermost with the writers in this Correspondence, and we are not unfrequently relieved from the unprofitable catalogue of dead plays and farces, by anecdotes which throw a strong light on the opinions and characters of the age, and by pieces of sound and judicious general criticism. The English reader will be (or at least ought to be) highly gratified by the temperate and unprejudiced manner in which the dramatic genius of Shakspeare is treated in many long articles of good national criticism. Some of the most judicious of these observations are produced by the attempts of Marmontel and Ducis to adapt the most celebrated tragedies of the English poet to the French theatre, an attempt which is justly censured as impracti-

* It may be doubted whether La Fayette ever forgave Louis XVI. the compliment which that unfortunate monarch paid him on his attachment to the mysteries of animal magnetism, on his departure for America. 'Que pensera Washington quand il saura que vous êtes devenu le premier garçon apothicaire de Mesmer?'

cable.

cable. The different modes adopted by these two writers are shewn to be equally inconsistent with the national dramatic genius, the first by rashly discarding the beloved unities, the latter by huddling together the most unnatural assemblage of events, in the vain hope of preserving them. 'The great difference (says the writer) between the English stage and our own is, that in England *on fait courir le spectateur après les événemens*, and that in France, *ce sont les événemens qui courent après les spectateurs*. Of the two modes which, he continues, is the most consistent with probability? Corneille and Racine would doubtless have decided in favour of neither.'

In another place we meet with some sensible remarks on a phenomenon which is observable perhaps in more countries than one, that in proportion as society grows more corrupt, particularly female society, *(qui en France influe plus que partout ailleurs sur les mœurs publiques,)* we become more difficult, and austere, in whatever relates to theatrical decency. The occasion of these remarks is a French translation of Sheridan's School for Scandal, and the moment at which the French taste was too delicate to allow of its representation, was very nearly approaching to that in which public homage was paid in the streets and churches to a naked prostitute in the character of the Goddess of Reason.

The history of Beaumarchais' Mariage de Figaro, which occupied the whole of the Parisian populace for an incredible space of time during the years 1784 and 1785, is sufficiently amusing. The representation of this piece was contemplated by the court-party with as much fear and jealousy as if it had been the immediate signal of the revolution; and their imprudent and inconsistent conduct with respect to its appearance, gave it an importance which it did not possess, and actually converted it into the very engine they dreaded. We cannot, however, afford space for any of the anecdotes collected on this occasion, and must leave our reflections on the 'Mode de Paris,' to pay our respects to some of the characters principally observable among the actors in the great drama before our eyes.

The first we see of Voltaire is a letter addressed to the Comte de Lewenhaupt, which, as it is not to be found in Beaumarchais' edition, and is composed with much of his native liveliness, we prefer giving in the original. It is dated Ferney, December 15, 1774.

'Je vois que les plaisirs de Paris vous consolent un peu du malheur de la guerre que vous êtes obligé de faire. Vous n'entendez parler que de Henri IV, comme à Stockholm il n'était question que du grand Gustave; mais je suis sûr qu'on n'a point joué le grand Gustave aux marionnettes. Chaque peuple habille ses héros à la mode de son pays. Je

Je me souviens que dans mon enfance Henry IV et le Duc de Sully étaient connus à peine. Il y a trois choses dont les Parisiens n'ont entendu parler que vers l'an 1730, Henri IV, la Gravitation, et l'Inoculation. Nous venons un peu tard en tout genre; mais aujourd'hui nous n'avons rien à régretter dans l'aurore du règne le plus sage et le plus heureux. On dit surtout que nous avons un ministre des finances aussi sage que Sully et aussi éclairé que Colbert. Ces finances sont le fondement de tout dans les empires comme dans les familles. C'est pour de l'argent que l'on fait la guerre et qu'on plaide. Nous avons une lettre de l'empereur Adrien, dans laquelle il dit qu'il est en peine de savoir qui aime plus l'argent, ou des prêtres de Serapis, ou de ceux des Juifs, ou de ceux des Chrétiens. Ceux qui vous font un procès paraissent l'aimer beaucoup. J'ai consumé tout le mien à établir à Ferney une grande colonie. J'ai changé le plus vilain des hameaux en une petite ville assez jolie, où il y a déjà cinq carosses. Je voudrais avoir encore l'honneur de vous y recevoir lorsque vous retournerez dans vos terres. J'ai l'honneur, &c.

*Signé*, Le vieux Malade de Ferney.'

The following anecdote affords a tolerable specimen of Voltaire's epigrammatic talent in conversation. It was proposed one evening at Ferney, while d'Alembert and M. Huber were there on a visit, that the company should amuse one another by stories of robbers. Huber began, and his tale was found very pleasant. D'Alembert's also received great commendation. When it came to Voltaire's turn, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'there was once upon a time a farmer general. . . . . *Ma foi, j'ai oublié le reste.*'

'Half a century is elapsed,' observes an eloquent and discerning French writer of the present day,* 'and the reputation of Voltaire is still, like the corpse of Patroclus, disputed between two opposite parties. Such a contest would alone be sufficient to perpetuate the glory of his name.' Among the most zealous of his defenders it is but natural to find those of his own family who were principally benefited by his liberality. Madame Denis, afterwards Duvivier, his niece, almost set Paris in flames by a remonstrance made to the players of the Comédie Française, on the indignity offered to the manes of her departed benefactor, by the removal of his statue to make room for a stove,—a statue which (as she modestly observes) 'devait être mise *à toute éternité* sous les yeux du public.' The comedians, irritated at the arrogant tone of her letter, answered in a dry, 'not to say impertinent, manner,' and threatened to throw the statue out of the window. The court interfered in favour of Madame Duvivier; but even this interference was at first attended with no other effect than a deputation to Versailles of the principal actors—'it is even said, that the advice of some among them was

* The author of the 'Tableau de la Littérature Française du 18me Siècle.'

to

to suspend the functions of their public ministry, and to offer to his Majesty their dismission until Madame Duvivier should have been enjoined to retract the injuries contained in her letter.' The princes and princesses of the theatre were at last obliged to submit to an authority higher than their own, yet not without the aid of a little legal quibbling, as that the statue in question had been presented, not to their histrionic highnesses, but to the Comédie Française itself, which was the property of the King of France, &c. &c.

It is curious enough, in this instance, to remark the change of circumstances which a few short years had occasioned. In 1783, the actors are already so indifferent about their great patron, the idol of the French theatre, as to talk coolly of turning his statue into the street, and the court, through whose influence his body was denied burial in consecrated ground, become the protectors of his image. A few years more, and we see the man who gloried in the reputation of being his son, and whom we with difficulty recognise under his revolutionary title of *M. Charles*, (the ci-devant Marquis de Villette) coming forward on the stage after the representation of the tragedy of Brutus, and haranguing the audience in the following strain,

'Gentlemen, I demand, in the name of our country, that the coffin of Voltaire be transported to Paris; this translation will be the last sigh of fanaticism. The great man who has engraven the features of Brutus would now have been the first of the defenders of the people. The quacks of church and state could not pardon him for having unmasked them, they therefore persecuted him, even to his dying groan. On the eve of his death, the court sent him a *lettre de cachet*, the parliament a *decret de prise de corps*, the priests condemned him to the dogs. It is for Romans, for Frenchmen like yourselves, to expiate so many outrages, it is for you to demand that the ashes of Voltaire be deposited in the basilic of St. Geneviève.'

'Il est assez étrange,' shrewdly observes our Baron on another occasion, (when relating the refusal of the archbishop of Paris to suffer d'Alembert to be buried within the walls of his parish church,)—'Il est assez étrange que ces philosophes trouvent tant de plaisir à être dans l'église après leur mort, et tant de gloire à n'y être pas de leur vivant.'

Voltaire's reputation as an historian was somewhat severely assailed by the Abbé Mably in his essay *Sur la Manière d'écrire l'Histoire*. This attack appears to have excited equal indignation and astonishment among the disciples of the patriarch, at the time it was made; and they take hold on one particular expression of the critic's, who says, *qu'il ne voyait pas au bout de son nez*, with an eagerness which serves to prove that they were in secret at least as much stung by the reflection as they affect to be offended at the coarseness

coarseness with which it is conveyed. Mably hated the philosophers, and was hated by them. 'What a scandal for philosophy and philosophers! M. l'Abbé de Mably has just received the most glorious homage to which a man of letters can pretend.' This homage was the request made to him by Franklin and Adams, in the name of Congress, to prepare a *projet* for the Constitution of the United States. The labours of constitution-mongers were not quite so cheap or so common in 1783 as they have been since, or the honour would not have excited so great a degree of jealousy. As it is, it gives occasion to some innocent pleasantry at the Abbé's expense. 'A en juger par le ton de son dernier ouvrage, il n'est pas à craindre au moins que ce moderne Solon rende nos bons alliés trop polis.' Notwithstanding this enmity to the man, the character of his writings seems to be given with candour, in the article which treats of his Eloge Historique, by the Abbé Brizard. A fact is here recorded singular enough to deserve notice. It was the Abbé de Mably who, in 1743, negociated secretly at Paris with the King of Prussia's minister, and who prepared the treaty of which Voltaire was the bearer to the court of that sovereign. Thus it happened that 'two men of letters,' (and those, it may be added, afterwards notorious by their literary feuds,) 'without any public character, were charged with this negociation by which the whole face of Europe was destined to be changed.' Upon the whole, the present generation will not be so slow to acknowledge the justice of Mably's censure on the historical talent of Voltaire as that in which he wrote; but Mably himself has since been judged with admirable precision. The decided enemy of the *philosophes*, and setting out from a quarter diametrically opposite to that from which they directed their efforts, he mainly contributed to the same end. The blind admiration of antiquity, and the furious zeal for innovation, equally tended to the disparagement of all existing establishments; 'l'Abbé de Mably suivait donc, ainsi que les autres écrivains, une marche destructive, et contribuait, sans le savoir, à affaiblir les liens déjà usés qui unissaient encore les membres d'une vieille société.'*

Not only Hume, but Gibbon, and even Robertson, are handled with severity by this inexorable censor. Of the former he says, 'Was ever any thing more tiresome than *one Mr. Gibbon*, who, in his *eternal history* of the Roman Emperors, suspends his slow and insipid narrative every instant, to explain to you the causes of the facts you are about to read?' &c. &c. After this, we were not a little diverted at meeting with the following anecdote, which serves (as Grimm says) to explain very satisfactorily the reason of Mably's bitterness against *one Mr. Gibbon*. Mably and Gibbon

* De la Littérature Française du 18me. Siècle.

happened to dine together, in a large company, at M. de Foncemagne's. The conversation turned almost entirely on history. The Abbé, *being a profound politician*, applied it to the existing ministry, and, 'as by character, humour, and the habit of admiring Livy, he has learned to value nothing but the republican system, he began to boast of the excellence of republics, persuaded that the learned Englishman would approve, and admire above all things, the depth of genius which had inspired a Frenchman with the power of appreciating all these advantages;' but so it happened that Mr. Gibbon, by some extraordinary blunder of nature, as the Abbé must have thought it in an Englishman, had the misfortune not to enter into all his opinions; on the contrary,

'He generously undertook the defence of monarchical government. The Abbé tried to convince him by *Tite-Live*, and by certain arguments of Plutarch's in favour of the Spartans; but Mr. Gibbon, endowed with the most happy memory, and having all the facts present to his recollection, soon led the conversation himself. The Abbé fell into a passion, and said bitter things; the Englishman, preserving his native phlegm, took every advantage, and pressed his adversary with so much the more success as his wrath rendered him more and more confused. The conversation grew warm, and M. de Foncemagne at last put an end to it by rising from the table and passing into the drawing-room, where nobody was disposed to renew it.'

Of the soundness and pertinacity of Mably's judgment, M. Cerutti gives a curious example. He believed that the English constitution would not last ten years longer, and that the Senate of Sweden would endure for ever. The work in which he made this grand prophecy was not yet out of the press when the Senate of Sweden had ceased to exist. When the news was brought him, he answered, 'The King of Sweden may change his country, but not my book!'

The following letter of Diderot's, 'to his friend Mademoiselle Voland,' affords an agreeable specimen of his talent, and as it enables us at the same time to form some judgment of the Baron de Grimm himself, we hail it as a choice morsel.

...'About seven o'clock, the company sat down to cards, but M. le Roi, Grimm, the Abbé Galiani, and myself preferred conversation. Oh! now, I will make you acquainted with the Abbé, whom, perhaps, you have hitherto considered only as an agreeable man. I assure you he is something better. The discourse between Grimm and M. le Roi, turned on the genius which creates, and the method which disposes. Grimm detests method; it is according to him, the pedantry of literature; those who can do nothing but methodize, might as well remain idle; and those who can receive instruction only from methodical arrangement, might as well remain ignorant.—But it is method which gives a subject its real value—And which also spoils it—Without method

method we should make no improvement—Except by taking more trouble, and that would be all the better. They said many other things which I shall not mention to you, and they might still have said many more, if the Abbé Galiani had not thus interrupted them.

'My friends, I recollect a fable, pray hear it: it will, perhaps, be rather long, but it will not tire you.

'One day, in the depth of a forest, a cuckoo and a nightingale entered into a contest on the subject of singing. Each of them valued his own talent. What bird, says the cuckoo, is capable of a strain so easy, so simple, so natural, and so distinctly measured as mine? And what bird, said the nightingale, has one more sweet, more varied, more brilliant, more airy, and more tender than I have? I boast but few notes, said the cuckoo, but they have both weight and order, and the memory easily retains them. I love singing, replied the nightingale, but I am always new. *I* charm the forest, but you sadden it. You are so attached to the lesson taught you by your mother that *you* dare not venture a note which you have not learnt from her. As to myself, I acknowledge no master, I laugh at all rules, and it is when I infringe them most, that I am most admired. What comparison is there between your tedious method and my happy deviations from it!

'The cuckoo frequently endeavoured to interrupt him, but nightingales are for ever singing and never listening, which is, indeed, somewhat their defect. Our songster, drawn on by his ideas, followed them with rapidity, without troubling himself about the answers of his rival. Nevertheless, after many sayings and countersayings, they agreed to refer the dispute to the judgment of a third animal. A good judge is not to be found without difficulty; and they flew about in every direction to seek one.

'They were traversing a meadow when they perceived an ass particularly grave and solemn: from the creation of that species, none had ever worn such long ears. Good, said the cuckoo, when he saw him, how lucky we are! our quarrel is a business of ears, there is our judge, —made on purpose for us.

'The ass was grazing—it never came into his head that he was one day to be a judge of music; but time works many prodigies. Our two birds humble themselves before him, compliment him on his gravity and his judgment, inform him of the subject of their dispute, and intreat him to hear and decide; but the ass, scarcely turning his head, and not losing a single mouthful, makes a sign to them with his ears that he is hungry, and does not to-day hold his court of justice. The birds continue to intreat, the ass continues to graze. There were some trees on the borders of the meadow: well, said he, (after he had satisfied his appetite,) do you go there, and I will come to you; you may sing while I digest; I will listen, and then give you my opinion. The birds take wing and perch themselves. The ass follows with the air and step of a chief justice crossing the hall; he arrives, stretches himself on the ground, and says, Begin, the court is attentive.

'The cuckoo said, My lord, not a word of my reasoning is to be lost; consider well the character of my song, and above all, deign to observe

the art and method of it: then bridling his head and clapping his wings, he sang, *cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoocuckoo!* and having combined these notes in every possible manner, he was silent.

'Then the nightingale, without any preamble, displays his voice, soars in the boldest modulations; in strains the most new and uncommon; in fine cadences, ad libitums, and notes held out to an astonishing length; sometimes the notes are heard to descend and murmur in the bottom of his throat, like the rivulet which loses itself among the pebbles; then again they rise and swell by degrees till they fill the air and remain as if suspended in it; he was successively sweet, light, brilliant, and pathetic;—but his song was not calculated to please every one.

'Led on by his enthusiasm, he would have sung to this day, but the ass, after having yawned fearfully several times, stopped him and said, I do not doubt but that what you have been singing is very fine, but I don't understand it; it appears to me out of the way, confused, and unconnected; you are, perhaps, more learned than your rival, but he is more methodical than you, and for my part, I am for method.

'Then the Abbé, addressing himself to M. le Roi, and pointing to Grimm, there, said he, is the nightingale, you are the cuckoo, and I am the ass who determines the cause in your favour. Good night.'

One of the most constant friends and correspondents of the Abbé Galiani, during his residence at Naples, was the celebrated Madame d'Epinay, the author of the 'Conversations of Emily,' and of other works much talked of in their day. The following letter by this lady, as introductive of a curious subject of philosophical discussion, was thought worthy, by M. de Grimm, of being inserted in his correspondence. It is written in a very lively strain of familiar pleasantry. We will not injure its natural grace and elegance by a translation.

'C'est certainement, mon cher charmant Abbé, une correspondance unique que la nôtre. Nous nous écrivons toutes les semaines des lettres de trois ou quatre pages, dans lesquelles on ne trouve autre chose, sinon, je me porte bien, je suis malade, je suis gaie, je suis triste, il fait chaud, il fait froid, un tel est parti, un autre arrive, &c.; et nous sommes contens de nous comme des rois, nous nous trouvons de l'esprit comme quatre. Si par hasard un courier manque, voilà des plaintes, des cris; il semble que tout soit perdu. Savez-vous que je commence à penser que nous sommes bien plus heureux que nous ne le croyons? Puisque vous l'êtes de ma meilleure santé, je vous dirai qu'elle chemine vers la *robusticité;* et pour vous donner de nouveau, j'ajouterai que je me remets non à travailler, mais à penser, et si ce bon état dure, je ne désespère pas de pouvoir continuer mes Dialogues sur l'Education. Il faut que je vous communique quelques unes des idées qui tout en rêvant, m'ont passé par la tête. Je me suis demandé pourquoi les animaux, qui jusqu'à present sont bien nos très-humbles serviteurs, s'avisent de naître avec le degré de perfectibilité qui leur est propre, tandis que l'espèce humaine travaille depuis la naissance jusqu'à la mort pour n'atteindre qu'au degré qui lui est propre; et puis je me suis demandé si

si l'avantage était pour eux ou pour nous. Avant de vous dire ma réponse, il faut que vous sachiez que j'ai fait mes deux questions à un homme d'esprit, à un savant, qui, au lieu de résoudre le problême, m'a dit: Lisez un livre de Bordeu qui vient de paraître. Lire! moi lire! ai-je dit. Jamais. Des faits tant qu'on voudra; mais en fait de raisonnement, je ne lis que dans ma tête. J'ai deviné tout ce que je sais, et je devinerai ce que je ne sais pas . . . . . En vérité, l'Abbé, il y a des momens où je suis assez folle, assez vaine pour croire que j'ai deviné le monde. Je n'ai pourtant pas tout à fait deviné à moi toute seule la réponse à ma première question. J'ai bien dit, c'est que chaque espèce d'animaux n'est occupée que de ce qui lui est propre; mais cela ne me satisfait pas. J'en ai parlé au philosophe (à qui, par parenthèse, vous devez toujours une réponse); il m'a dit: J'y ai rêvé plus d'un jour. C'est que chaque espèce d'animaux a son organe prédominant qui la subjugue, et que l'homme a tous les siens dans un degré de faculté combinée, dont le centre est la tête et la pensée. Il m'apporta un exemple, *mais je ne puis pas vous le dire, vous le devinerez.*' . . .

Notwithstanding which, Madame d'Epinay goes on to explain the example at which she requires her correspondent to guess, in terms, not, perhaps, too plain for a female philosopher writing to a friend of the other sex, but which we had rather be excused from repeating. This is followed by a formal dissertation on the question, 'Pourquoi l'Homme ne nait pas, comme les animaux, avec le degré de perfection qui lui est propre?' which contains some ingenious thoughts very well expressed. The writer is of opinion, 'comme l'a dit l'Abbé Galiani,' that most animals have a predominant organ, 'un organe prédominant qui les subjugue et qui détermine exclusivement leur instinct'—and that although this is not a rule without exception, yet, even at this time of day, sophisticated as we are become by some of our social institutions, we frequently meet with men who seem to be determined, by an invincible influence, to apply themselves to one single subject, and who would be incapable of succeeding in any other course. An hundred thousand to one, if La Fontaine had not written fables, nor Gessner Idylls, neither of them would ever have done any thing. It must be confessed, she adds, that men who have applied themselves all their life *au bel esprit*, or to any other art whatever, are seldom fit for any thing else; and therefore that Madame de Tencin was more philosophically just than she had any notion of being, when she called the literary men who frequented her house, (among whom were Fontenelle, La Mothe, &c.) '*ses bêtes;*' after which she proceeds to tell a story of Montesquieu,

'Which,' says she, 'one would hardly have expected from his philosophy, but which his friend the Abbé Quesnel has related to me twenty times. He had begged him, on going to visit his estates, to superintend the education of his son, whom he had just placed at the

College de Harcourt. On his return to Paris, the first thing he did was to ask the worthy ecclesiastic how his young friend went on. His morals?—such as leave nothing to be wished.—His character?—mild and engaging. So far, paternal tenderness seemed to enjoy the most entire satisfaction. The Abbé thought he might add to it by informing him that the young man's masters were extremely well pleased with his application, that he had a great taste for the sciences, and especially for natural history, in which last he had made a progress quite astonishing for his years. At these words, M. de Montesquieu turned pale, and threw himself on a sopha with all the marks of profound despair. "Ah, my friend, you have killed me! So all my hopes then are lost! You know the project I had formed for this child, the office to which I destined him; 'tis all over, he will never be any thing but a man of letters, an original like myself, and, do all we can, we shall never make a better thing of him." Half the prediction was accomplished: M. le Baron de Montesquieu lives on his estate in obscurity, occupied with beads and butterflies; for to his taste for natural history is superadded a devotion very outrageous and extremely punctilious.'

Madame d'Epinay's intimacy with Rousseau commenced, we are told, in the brilliant days of her youth and fortune. She had been early married to a farmer-general, by whose extreme frivolity of character and conduct, all their wealth was soon dissipated, and for the remainder of her life, which she passed separate from her husband, she was condemned to comparative indigence. The reader of Rousseau's Confessions may possibly remember the part which the philosopher attributes to this lady, and to M. de Grimm, in the singular melodrame of his life, and it is certainly extremely fortunate for the reputation of both, that this correspondence has been at length published, since it affords the opportunity of hearing the other side of this delicate question.

Rousseau was as desperately in love with Madame d'Epinay as he was with every woman who admitted him into her society. She loaded him with benefits which were conferred,

'not only with all the delicacy of the tenderest friendship, but even with that refinement of cares and attentions which the original *sauvagerie* of the philosopher seemed to exact. He appeared at first deeply affected; but, shortly after, believing that he had a right to be jealous of his friend M. de Grimm, he repaid his benefactress with the blackest ingratitude, and the man whom he thought the object of her preference to himself, was no longer anything in his eyes but the most unjust and most perfidious of beings.'

Such a picture is presented to us of this lady's character and genius as, we cannot but think, savours a little of the partiality of a quondam admirer. We select that part of it which relates to, what in courtesy we will call, her religious creed, as a specimen of

of the softened tone assumed by the more liberal and respectable of the philosophical party, when the heat of the encyclopedistic war was over, and they had leisure to look round and reflect on the too probable consequences of the zeal they had displayed in the cause of infidelity.

'Superior to all prejudices, nobody knew better than herself what respect a woman ought to have for public opinion, even the most futile. She entertained for our ancient usages and our modern manners all the complaisance and consideration that could be expected from an ordinary woman. Though always an invalid, and confined within doors, she was ever scrupulously attentive in dressing herself after the fashion of the day. Without belief in any catechism but that of *good sense*, she never failed to receive the sacraments with the best grace in the world, *however painful this disagreeable ceremony might be to her*, as often as decency, or the scruples of her family, appeared to demand it. *We have allowed ourselves to doubt whether there might not be as much strength of mind in receiving them under such circumstances as in refusing them after the manner of so many great philosophers.*'

Some years before the death of this female disciple, indeed, we find that the leaders of the sect already began to doubt the policy of the course they had taken, even with a view to the propagation of their own opinions. Speaking of the extraordinary display of zeal with which the jubilee had been solemnized, in 1776, the Baron asks,

'Cette effervescence religieuse prouverait-elle que la philosophie n'a pas encore fait tout le progrès dont on s'était flatté? *Peut-être.*'—'It is not impossible,' he adds, 'that piety may have had less to do in these transports of zeal than the ill-humour which has for some time past begun to be entertained against the sect of philosophers, who will not be brought to acknowledge any other God than *la liberté et le produit net.*'—'It would be pleasant enough if philosophy should thus have contributed, without intending it, to rekindle the faith of the age. This jubilee, said one of our philosophers, has retarded the empire of reason more than twenty years. No matter, we have cut down a vast forest of prejudices—*Et voilà donc, Monsieur*, answered a lady, *d'où nous viennent tant de fagots.*'

Having mentioned Rousseau and his *démêlés* with our Baron, it may be worth while to collect what further is said with reference to the subject in these volumes, from which it will appear, that his supposed intrigue with Madame d'Epinay was not the only ground of the philosopher's disagreement with his ancient friend. The following observations occur in speaking of the second part of the Confessions.

'What must afford infinite consolation to all who are calumniated in this work, is that the work itself, with all its seductive qualities, contains the strongest proofs of the author's folly and the absurd injustice

of most of his visions. One of those men whom he seems to have once loved the most tenderly, only to hate him afterwards with the most extravagant violence, is M. de Grimm; but as soon as the complaints which he allows himself to throw out against him with so much bitterness assume a determined shape, as soon as he seeks to justify himself, in some sort, for the injuries of which he accuses him, he finds nothing to bring forward but actions in themselves the most indifferent, petty broils, the true miseries of society, from which his imagination, clouded by gloomy vapours, raises the most criminal plots, the most unnatural conspiracies; this folly is carried so far as to persuade him that M. de Grimm, from the retirement of his study, had leagued himself with the reigning powers to make M. de Choiseul undertake the conquest of Corsica, merely that he might prevent Jean Jacques from being its legislator.'

One of the proofs of Grimm's alleged conspiracy against the unhappy philosopher is of a very serious nature indeed. Speaking in his Confessions of the scheme of a journey on foot, through Italy, with Diderot and Grimm, he adds—'the whole plan came to nothing but the determination of performing a journey in writing, in which Grimm found no pleasure equal to that of putting all sorts of impieties in the mouth of Diderot, and thrusting me into the Inquisition instead of him. Can any thing be imagined more black and treacherous?' However, the fact is here explained very differently. It seems the Baron de Holbach was to be one of the principal actors in this romantic tour, and it was settled that he should stumble and fall into a pit while preaching prudence to his friend Diderot; that Diderot himself should get into the clutches of the inquisition at Rome; Rousseau under the leads (sous les plombs) at Venice; and that M. Grimm, driven to despair by the misfortunes of his friends, should lose his senses, and be shut up in the madhouse at Turin. 'Voilà la seule version véritable, et l'on nous saura gré sans doute des recherches que nous avons faites pour la rétablir dans toute son integrité.'

Another of poor Rousseau's *tracasseries*, related in this volume, is so divertingly characteristic, that we cannot forbear from giving the history of it as we find it. It is related by one of the actors in the famous tour just described, and of whom we shall say more shortly, M. le Baron de Holbach.

'You would never guess at the scene which occasioned our rupture. He dined at my house with Diderot, Saint Lambert, Marmontel, the Abbé Raynal, and a Curé who after dinner read a tragedy to us of his own composition. It was preceded by a discourse on theatrical works in general. He thus distinguished comedy from tragedy. The business of a comedy, said he, is always a marriage; and that of a tragedy, a murder. All the intrigue turns on this question—shall they marry, or shall they not marry?—shall they kill, or shall they not kill?—They *shall*

*shall* marry, they *shall* kill, and so ends the first act. They shall *not* marry, they shall *not* kill, concludes the second act. A new means of marrying and of killing presents itself, which is the substance of the third act. A new difficulty arises and prevents the marriage and the murder, and this forms the fourth act. At length, wearied with the contest, they marry and they kill, which completes the piece.—We found this exposition so original, that it was impossible for us to give a serious answer to the questions of the author. Jean Jacques had not spoken a word, had not smiled for a single moment, had not moved from his chair, when all at once he started up like a madman and darting towards the Curé, he snatched his manuscript, threw it on the ground, and said to the terrified author: "Your piece is worth nothing—your discourse is wild and ridiculous, all these gentlemen are laughing at you; begone, and preach at home!"—The Curé then rose, not less furious than Jean Jacques, poured forth every possible imprecation against his adviser; and from imprecations would have gone to blows and to the murder which constitutes tragedy, if we had not separated them. Rousseau left us in a rage which has not yet subsided. Diderot, Grimm and I, have vainly endeavoured to reconcile him, he always flies from us. Soon after, those misfortunes befel him, in which we had no share, except by the affliction they occasioned us. He considered this very affliction as a jest, and his misfortunes as our work. He imagined, that we had armed the Parliament, Versailles, Geneva, Switzerland, England, and all Europe against him. It was necessary to renounce, not admiring and pitying him, but loving him, and telling him that we loved him.'

The character of Rousseau's extraordinary work, his Confessions, seems to be appreciated with the degree of good sense which we might expect, but with more good feeling than is always to be found, in these pages. It will recal to some of our readers the observations on the same production which are contained in a little work before referred to, and particularly noticed in one of the late numbers of this Review.

'While we allow,' says the writer of the article, 'that these memoirs are full of inequalities, extravagancies, frivolous details, insipidities, and (if you please) of falsehoods, it would be difficult not to recognise in them the author's intention to shew himself to his readers such as he really was, or as he really believed himself to be; and with such an intention, there is necessarily combined a degree of interest which is essential to the very nature of the work; the account which a man like Rousseau renders to himself for his most secret sentiments, for the origin of all his thoughts and all his affections, however defective it may be, and whatever prejudices may mingle themselves with it, will always afford salutary instruction on the art of self-observation. How many interesting scenes, how many forgotten feelings of our infancy and of our early youth, does not the reading of these memoirs bring back to our recollection! And who is there so unhappy as not to feel the charm attached to the recovery of those obliterated traces?

Jours

Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans,
Et mon cœur enchanté, sur la rive fleurie
Respire encor l'air pur du matin de la vie.'

The ingratitude, which he makes so constant and heavy a subject of self-reproach, is attributed rather to the circumstances in which he was placed, than to any natural defect of character; his zealous ardour in favour of savage life, to the love of paradox; his hatred of literary men partly to the same cause, and partly to imaginary slights and insults in early life. His discourse which received the prize from the academy of Dijon, was owing to the advice which Diderot gave, possibly in jest. The philosopher of Geneva had at first decided to write in favour of the influence of letters on society, but being questioned by the encyclopédiste, and announcing his intention, 'C'est le pont aux ânes,' replied his adviser, 'prenez le parti contraire, et vous verrez quel bruit vous ferez.' The suggestion was adopted; and Rousseau's disposition led him all the rest of his life to be a party in the cause on which he had entered only as an advocate. The success with which this essay was attended, first brought him forward in that world of letters which he affected so to despise. This event in his career is described with humour and perhaps with justice. 'Twenty years passed in being nothing, tormented his pride, and embittered the earliest enjoyments of his vanity. He recollected that, when he was clerk to M. Dupin, he was not admitted to his employer's table in the society of literary men; and he therefore entered the field of literature in the same spirit with which Marius returned to Rome, breathing vengeance, and remembering the marshes of Minturnæ.' As it is probable that we may not soon be again in the company of this extraordinary man, we would willingly take leave of him in good humour, and therefore transcribe the following original and characteristic letter to the good woman who had nursed him in childhood. It is dated Montmorency, 22d July, 1761.

'Votre lettre, ma chère Jacqueline, est venue réjouir mon cœur dans un moment où je n'étais guère en état d'y répondre; je saisis un temps de relâche pour vous remercier de votre souvenir et de votre amitié qui me sera toujours chère; pour moi, je n'ai point cessé de penser à vous et de vous aimer. Souvent je me suis dit dans mes souffrances, que, si ma bonne Jacqueline n'eut pas pris tant de peine à me conserver étant petit, je n'aurais pas souffert tant de maux étant grand. Soyez persuadée que je ne cesserai jamais de prendre le plus tendre intérêt à votre santé et à votre bonheur, et que ce sera toujours un vrai plaisir pour moi de recevoir de vos nouvelles. Adieu, ma chère et bonne Jacqueline; je ne vous parle pas de me santé pour ne pas vous affliger; que

que le bon dieu conserve la vôtre, et vous comble de tous les biens que sous desirez.

'Votre pauvre Jean Jacques qui vous embrasse de tout son cœur.'

The name of the Baron de Holbach is familiar to all who have heard any thing of Parisian society during the latter part of the 18th century, and yet he is absolutely unknown by his works, and most persons would find it difficult to say upon what his reputation for wit and genius was particularly founded. The last volume of this collection contains a sort of memoir of his literary life and character which, though evidently drawn up in the spirit of a panegyrist, may tend to dissipate our ignorance concerning them. 'I have seldom,' says the writer, 'met with a man more universally learned, than M. de Holbach; I have never seen any whose learning was so unambitious or attended with so little desire to display it. His knowledge, like his fortune, was as much for others as for himself, but never for *opinion* . . . . . nobody would have suspected that he possessed either, if he could have helped discovering them without injury to his own enjoyments and the welfare of his friends.' By his labours he contributed essentially to the great progress made in the sciences of chemistry and natural philosophy during his life; but it was not till after he was no more that his friends publicly proclaimed him the author of a work which made a great deal more noise than it appears to have deserved, the '*fameux*'—(this word, we should recollect, may be taken in two senses)—*Système de la Nature.* Of the atheistical principles contained in this work, the writer, after entering his protest against them, adds that all who knew the author owe him the justice to confess that no personal consideration, no selfish view, attached him to this melancholy system. His two other works, the '*Système Social,*' and '*Morale Universelle,*' in which the author vainly endeavours to build up new fortifications in the room of those which his former efforts were designed to demolish, were never read by any body. The poison was eagerly swallowed, but no one would touch the antidote. The writer of this article draws from the circumstance very grave and sensible reflections, but of a nature too obvious to need repetition. We quit the memoir of the author, to contemplate the portrait of the man, which is very agreeably painted.

'He had reason to believe in the empire of reason, for his passions (and the passions of each individual are always those by which he judges his fellow-creatures) were precisely such as they ought to be in order to give a just ascendancy to good principles. He loved women, he was very sensible to the pleasures of the table, but without being the slave of his inclinations in either respect. He was incapable of hating; yet it was not without effort that he dissembled *his natural abhorrence of priests* —*in*

*—in speaking of them, his sweetness of disposition was soured in spite of himself, his goodnature often gave way to bitterness and the spirit of provocation.* One of the most violent passions perhaps that occupied him during all his life, but above all in the latter years of it, was curiosity; he loved news as a child loves playthings, and with that sort of blindness so natural to all ardent habits, he had very little selection in his appetite; good or bad, false or true, there was nothing that had not some attraction for him, there was nothing even that he was not immediately disposed to believe. It really appeared as if he had reserved all his credulity for news gathered from the gazettes and in coffee-houses, after having refused it to intelligence from the other world. He took great pleasure in the most minute detail of circumstances, even when their falsehood was demonstrated. How often was he not displeased with M. de Grimm, who while they were at dinner, would with a single word, overthrow a whole history which he had amused himself with in the morning under the piazzas of the Palais royal! "Now that is so like you!" he would say, in a tone of good humoured anger; "you tell us nothing, and will never believe any thing we tell you."

'M. d'Holbach reckoned among his friends MM. Helvetius, Diderot, d'Alembert, Condillac, Turgot, Buffon, Rousseau, and several foreigners worthy of being associated with them, Hume, Garrick, the Abbé Galiani, &c. If a society so distinguished was calculated to give additional strength to his mind, it was with equal truth remarked that among those illustrious men there was not one to whom he could not impart much useful and curious information. He had a fine library, and the extent of his memory enabled him to retain all the knowledge with which his studies had enriched it. He recollected without any effort of mind all that deserved, and much that did not deserve, to be remembered. "Whatever system my imagination enables me to invent," said Diderot to me more than once, "I am sure that my friend Holbach will find facts and authorities to justify."

We expected to have found some entertainment in a letter written by a friend of the Baron's who accompanied him to England in the year 1765, and professes to communicate the observations which were made by him during his tour—but if the Baron really made no other observations than those which his companion pleases to repeat, it must be confessed that he was a very unphilosophical traveller. A few common-places on our coal fires, our national melancholy, our gardens, Ranelagh, and Shakspeare, are all we can get from him. The concluding reflection of the retailer of these notable sayings is worth all of them. 'Après cela, voyez combien un voyageur et un voyageur se ressemblent peu. Helvétius est revenu de Londres, fou à lier des Anglais. Le baron en est revenu bien désabusé.' It seems then that France too had her Smellfunguses.

For our disappointment in this instance, we are in some measure indemnified by some letters which appear to have been written by

by Grimm himself on a similar occasion, and are inserted in the last of these volumes; the date of his visit was 1790, and the admiration which he expresses of every thing English is perhaps a little heightened by his abhorrence of the revolutionary fashions of his own country. The temper of the French reformers towards England had by this time undergone a wonderful alteration since the year 1786, when he thus writes concerning it.

'We remember the great revolution which M. Bertin meditated when he proposed in the most serious manner possible to Louis XV to inoculate the French with the Chinese spirit. Without suspecting any of our present ministers of a similar project, might we not be tempted to believe that some genius equally enterprising with that of M. Bertin has been employing itself for these few years past about the means of inoculating us with the English spirit, and that it has even been tolerably successful?'

The picture, which follows this introduction, of the new state of manners which Paris at this time owed to the prevailing anglomanie, brings before us one of the most remarkable symptoms of that greater change which was now fast approaching. Its most striking feature is the general institution of clubs, and the consequent desertion of female society. 'If our happy inconstancy,' concludes this lively and sensible writer, 'did not give room to hope that the fashion will not be everlasting, it might certainly be apprehended that the taste for clubs would lead insensibly to a very marked revolution both in the spirit and morals of the nation; but that disposition, which we possess by nature, of growing tired of every thing, affords some satisfaction in all our follies, while it ought to moderate the vanity with which our sublime projects are so apt to inspire us. In spite then *'des clubs, des wiskis, des jockeys, des fracs noirs, et de tout ce que le magazin de Sykes offre de vases et de meubles charmans,* we may venture still to predict that we shall no more become English than we have already become Chinese, however ingenious may have been the measures taken by M. Bertin to work this admirable metamorphosis. *Ainsi soit-il!*'

The anecdote above alluded to is contained in an article on the Memoirs of the Missionaries of Pekin.

'It has long been known,' says the writer, 'that the publication of this work was owing to the care of M. Bertin; but what we have hitherto been ignorant of is the motive which had engaged him to think of it; it is this—Louis XV, who, as M. Schomberg used to say, was the greatest philosopher in his kingdom, sometimes felt *que tout n'allait pas en France le mieux du monde.* Conversing with M. Bertin one day on the necessity of reforming so many abuses, he ended by observing to him that they should never succeed without completely new modelling the spirit of the nation, and begged him to consider by what means this object might be

be most surely attained. M. Bertin promised to think about it, and at the end of some days he came to the king and told him that he thought he had at last discovered the secret of satisfying his majesty's paternal wishes. And what is it?—*Sire, it is to inoculate the French with the Chinese spirit.*—The king found this idea so bright, that he approved all that his minister took it into his head to suggest to him for the execution of it. Young literati were sent for at a great expense out of China; were carefully instructed in our language and in our sciences; and were afterwards sent back to Pekin; and it is from the memoirs of these new missionaries that this collection was formed. It is true that the spirit of the nation does not appear as yet to exhibit any marks of the happy revolution which M. Bertin's ingenious idea was to suggest; but we may still remember that there was a moment when all our chimneys were covered with *Magots de la Chine*, and most of our furniture made after the Chinese fashion.'

In September 1783, our correspondent thus writes to his illustrious employer:

'We are on the point of losing Messrs. d'Alembert and Diderot; the first of a marasma, joined to a disease in the bladder, the second of a dropsy. It is singular enough that two men who together have given the tone to the age in which they lived, who have together built up the edifice of a work which secures to them immortality, seem also to descend to the tomb hand in hand. M. le Marquis de Condorcet, who pays to M. d'Alembert all the duties that a father could expect from his son, is perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and at the present moment also director of the French Academy; M. d'Alembert, in entrusting him with his last dispositions, said to him laughing, in spite of his sufferings, *Mon ami, vous ferez mon éloge dans les deux Académies; vous n'avez pas de temps à perdre pour cette double besogne.* We take an interest,' adds the writer, 'mingled with respect, in collecting the last words of a dying philosopher; they become still more precious when they paint to us the tranquillity of his mind in these last moments.'

The philosopher died shortly after the date of this article. He was only sixty-six, and might probably have lengthened his life to a much longer period if he had had courage to submit to a surgical operation. The writer who communicates the account of his death mentions, by way of contrast to the weakness of this 'coryphæus of philosophers,' the example of an archbishop of eighty, who had just before undergone the operation with equal courage and success; and he adds this curious reflection—'mais cette disposition tient moins sans doute au caractère de nos idées qu'à celui de nos sentimens; *peut-être même un géomètre a-t-il l'esprit trop juste pour avoir du courage.*' The ecclesiastical authorities were more indulgent to him than to Voltaire: steering a middle course, they adopted the supposition that he might internally have become a true believer

believer at his last groan, and therefore admitted him into a corner of the churchyard; but, to punish his exterior nonconformity, shut the doors of the church itself against him. Perhaps it was as a means of purchasing this indulgence that his last will began, 'In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,' which, as the writer observes, *de la part d'un philosophe*, has somewhat the air of an indecent pleasantry.

We have not room to transcribe any large portion of the *éloge* which follows the account of his death; but a few particulars relating to his person and character may not be unacceptable. It is said there are no portraits of d'Alembert which greatly resemble him, and that his face was difficult to be painted. 'There was something very common in the form of his features, and an air of indecision in his physiognomy; but a Lavater, it is added, might have discovered in the folds of his forehead, in the unquiet motion of his eyelids, in the lower part of a nose at the same time large and pointed, many traces of an expression sufficiently determinate. His eyes were small but lively, his mouth large, but in his smile there was an archness mingled with bitterness and 'something, I know not what, of imperious.' The habit of the most penetrating attention, and the native originality of a temper rather irascible and captious than perverse, were the features principally discernible in the general effect of his person.

'Les personnes qui ont vécu le plus intimement avec M. d'Alembert le trouvaient bon sans bonté, sensible sans sensibilité, vain sans orgueil, chagrin sans tristesse,'—we cannot venture a translation of this passage,—but the writer goes on to say, that 'these strange contradictions were explained by that mixture of coldness, feebleness, and activity which so essentially characterised his mind and all his habits. He was accused of affecting very eagerly the glory of being chief of the encyclopedistic party, and of having committed more than one act of injustice, more than one literary fraud, for the sake of attaining this glory. It would take a long while to discuss this imputation; but what cannot be denied is, that the passions which are inspired by party-spirit were precisely those of which he would be naturally the most susceptible; for there are none which so readily take hold on minds of frigid temperature; and it may accordingly be asserted with safety that as he performed many good actions without goodness, so the wrongs which the pretended victims of his tyranny lay to his charge, were committed by him without malice.'

The society to which M. d'Alembert addicted himself, and of which he was the chief, enjoyed for many years the most brilliant reputation of any in Paris.

'His own conversation offered at once all that can instruct and amuse the mind. He lent himself with equal facility and complaisance to whatever subject was capable of giving the most general satisfaction; he

he entered into it with sincerity and *naïveté*, and with an almost inexhaustible fund of ideas and anecdotes and curious recollections; there may be said to have been no subject, however dry or frivolous in itself, which he did not possess the art of rendering attractive. He spoke extremely well, told his stories with extreme neatness; and vented his sallies of humour with a grace and readiness which were peculiar to him.'

In respect to women, although (if we are to credit report) nature had made him only a platonic admirer, 'il est bien plus vrai qu'il n'en fut pas moins soumis à leur empire; *il fut le plus amoureux de tous les esclaves et le plus esclave de tous les amoureux.*'

'His reputation was already in its zenith when a woman, *aussi coquette que frivole*, took a fancy to conquer him. She gained such entire possession, that he soon neglected all his studies and all his affairs, and she might possibly have succeeded in ruining him altogether, if Madame Geoffrin, on being informed of it, had not taken upon herself the management of this little intrigue, with all the address and all the strength of character to be expected from her real friendship. She went to see the lady in question, though she had no acquaintance with her, represented strongly the irreparable mischief she was doing to her friend, and doing (to all appearance) without any hope of profit; she made her give up all the letters she had received from him, and obtained a solemn promise that she would see him no more. Nothing can be compared with the prodigious ascendancy that Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse had acquired over all his thoughts and actions. Though he now and then revolted against her tyranny, he did not the less support its yoke with a devotedness superior to every trial. There is no unhappy Savoyard throughout Paris who executes so many errands, so many fatiguing commissions, as the first geometrician of Europe, the chief of the sect of encyclopedists, the dictator of our academies, the philosopher who had the honour of refusing to undertake the education of a czar, underwent every morning in the service of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse; and even this was not all that she ventured to exact from him. Reduced to be the confident of her noble passion for a young Spaniard, M. de Mora, he was charged with all the arrangements essential to the carrying on this intrigue; and when his happy rival had quitted France, it was d'Alembert they fixed upon to wait at the post-office for the arrival of the messenger, that he might procure for the lady the pleasure of receiving her letters a quarter of an hour sooner.'

The conduct of d'Alembert (who is well known to have been the fruit of a licentious amour, and deserted at his birth by his noble but unnatural parents) towards the honest people who had brought him up, forms the best feature in his character. He continued to live with his nurse till the moment of his departure for Berlin. A short time before, his infamous mother expressed a desire to see him, with which he complied very repugnantly, and insisted on the interview

interview taking place in the presence of this good woman. Madame de Tencin, shocked at the coldness with which he received her advances, exclaimed, 'Mais, je suis votre mère.'—'*Vous ma mère! non, la voici; je n'en connais point d'autre . . . .*' So saying, he fell on his nurse's neck and bathed her with his tears. On his return from Berlin he came back to his truly maternal mansion. After the death of his foster-father, the poor woman was reduced to great distress by the unnatural conduct of her grandchildren: as soon as he heard of their proceedings, he ran to her, and exclaimed, *Laissez tout emporter par ces indignes, je ne vous abandonnerai point.* And he religiously kept the promise which he then made.

The death of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, notwithstanding the iron rod of despotism with which she governed him, is stated to have been a loss equally irreparable to himself and to the society of which she formed one of the principal ornaments. After that event, the latter became more mixed, and less agreeable in consequence; and the ascendancy which the philosopher possessed, and which we find he did not always use in the most generous manner over the literary world, was observed to decline sensibly from the same period.

'Without fortune, birth, or beauty, she had succeeded in forming around her a very numerous, a various, and attentive society. Her circle met together every day from the hour of five to nine. In attending it, one was sure of finding the best company, chosen from all orders of the state, the church, and the court, the most distinguished military characters, foreigners, and literati. All the world allows that if the name of d'Alembert first attracted them, she only kept them together. Entirely devoted to the care of preserving this society, of which she was herself the soul and the ornament, she had rendered all her private tastes and connections subservient to it. She hardly ever went to the play or into the country, and whenever she made an exception to her rule, it was an event of which all Paris was forewarned.'

Such is the account here presented to us of this celebrated coterie, and of the extraordinary woman who presided at it. It is not to be presumed that either could escape the shafts of satire and ridicule. Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was loudly censured for meddling with the philosophers, and for her intrigues to secure the supremacy of her geometrical friend, and we are told of a comedy by Dorat, which was never published, but much read and enjoyed in private circles, entitled 'Les Proneurs,' in which 'the principal character is a young man who desires to be initiated in the mysteries of the modern philosophy, and whom they consequently instruct in the means by which he may attain most easily to a high celebrity. M. d'Alembert and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse play

the first parts among the instructors. One of their most zealous admirers is an old courtier hard of hearing, before whom they read the plan of a new tragedy, and who, seeing all the world in extasies, exclaims more loudly than anybody, *Là voilà la bonne comédie! &c.*'

—— ' Nobody ever possessed greater talents for society than Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. She had acquired in a most eminent degree that art which is so difficult and so precious, of drawing out the powers of others, of interesting and bringing them into play, without any appearance of constraint or effort. She knew how to unite the most various, and sometimes the most opposite intellects, without appearing to take any pains; with a word adroitly thrown in, she supported conversation, reanimated it, and varied it at pleasure. There was nothing that did not appear within her reach, nothing that did not seem to please her, or that she did not know how to render agreeable to others; politics, religion, philosophy, tales, news—nothing was excluded from her conversations, and, thanks to her talents, the most trifling anecdote naturally found in it the precise place and degree of attention that it deserved to occupy. Every novelty was there exhibited in all its freshness. General conversation never languished, and without any thing compulsory, people talked apart whenever they thought it convenient; but the genius of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was every where present, and one might have said that the charm of some invisible power incessantly recalled all private interests towards the common centre. To carry the art of conversation to such a point of perfection, it doubtless was not sufficient to have been born with great wit and an extraordinary suppleness of character, it was also necessary that these talents should have been early exercised and formed by the usage of the world; this is what Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse had been able to do with great success in the house of Madame du Deffand, and it was, perhaps, this very success to which her unhappy quarrel with that lady was owing. *What might however lead one to suspect that other causes were added, is that, generally speaking, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse is infinitely more regretted by her acquaintance than by her friends.* Can we expect to find all the talents and all the virtues united ?'

We do not know where to find so complete a picture of this celebrated woman as these passages afford us. It was not discovered till after her death, adds the writer, that she had lived for many years on a pension of Madame de Geoffrin's, which we imagine was bestowed in consequence of the singular interview before stated to have taken place between them, and that this was all her fortune.

The praises of Diderot are dealt out with such unsparing profusion, and in such inflated language of panegyric, that we do not think them capable of affording much insight into the real character either of the man or the author. If we are to believe, in its full extent, the information conveyed in a note to this article, more than one

one of the most celebrated writers of the day are indebted to him for a very important share in the reputation they enjoy. Not to mention Helvetius and Buffon, a full third of the *Histoire philosophique et politique des deux Indes* is claimed for Diderot.

'We have seen him compose a great part of it,' adds the writer, 'under our own eyes. He was often alarmed, himself, at the boldness with which he made his friend speak out; *but who*, he used to say, *will dare to put his name to that?—Myself*, replied the Abbé Raynal.—*Proceed.*'

'I have seen,' the King of Prussia wrote to d'Alembert, 'I have seen the Abbé Raynal. By the manner in which he talked to me of the power, the resources, and the riches of all the nations on the face of the globe, I imagined that I was conversing with providence. I took good care not to call in doubt the exactness of any, his most minute, calculations; I was aware that he would not understand raillery, even to the value of a six livre piece.'

This character of perfect *bonne foi* and simplicity appears to be much more common in France, especially among the men of learning and science, than may be generally expected from the reputation of the French people for wit. It should always be remembered, therefore, that the species of wit approved and practised in the good societies of Paris, was ever remote from that which, under the name of *persiflage*, they used to hold in great contempt as unworthy the polish of courteous refinement to which they aspired. 'It is only since the pot boiled over, that the tribes of *mystificateurs* and practical jokers have been found floating in such numbers upon its surface.' The Abbé de St. Pierre was another literary character of the best Parisian stamp. His peculiarities seem to have been well painted in the Eloge pronounced upon him at the academy by d'Alembert, if we may judge from the slight notice of it here given.

'Although his works breathe in every page the spirit of beneficence and humanity, they are yet much less curious than his person and character. His views in politics are narrow and chimerical; but respecting his own nature they were large and just. Jean Jacques has described him by saying, *c'était la raison parlante, agissante, ambulante.* He feared much less the reproach of being ridiculous than the misfortune of partaking in the absurdities of his age. A strict observer of all that appeared to him invested with the character of reason and evidence, he even refused to do like the rest of the world in little things, that he might habituate himself not to be servile in great ones. Accordingly, he always wore his watch suspended from his button-hole... He was so fully persuaded that all the arts of which he could not see the immediate utility would fall into oblivion, that after having heard a tragedy full of warmth and interest, but which did not present to his mind any essentially useful idea, he coldly said, *cela est encore fort beau.*'

Another Parisian portrait of the highest order is that of Delille, which, although painted by a friend, is nevertheless touched with a freedom and delicacy of pencil which render it very *piquant*.

'Nothing is comparable with the graces of his mind, with his fire, his gaiety, his sallies, even his inconsistencies. His very works do not possess the character, *the physiognomy* of his conversation. In reading him, one fancies that he is devoted to the most serious subjects; in seeing him, one would suppose that he was altogether incapable of thinking upon any; he is by turns the master and the scholar. He scarcely inquires about what occupies society in general; little events affect him little; he takes care of nothing, of nobody, not even of himself; often, having heard nothing and seen nothing, he is nevertheless *à propos;* he often utters good *naïvetés;* but he is always agreeable; his ideas follow each other in close succession, and he communicates them all; his speech is without jargon and without premeditation; his conversation a happy mixture of beauties and negligences, an amiable disorder which always charms and sometimes astonishes.

His figure ..... a little girl used to say that it was all of a zigzag. The women never remark what it is, but only what it expresses; it is really ugly, but much more curious than ugly, I would even say interesting. He has a wide mouth, but it opens to utter beautiful verses. His eyes are grey and sunk in his head; yet he is able to do with them whatever he pleases, and the mobility of his features communicates so instantaneously to his countenance an air of sentiment, of grandeur, or of playfulness, as not to leave it time to appear ugly; he pays attention to it, but only as he pays attention to everything that is droll and that can make him laugh; accordingly the care he takes of it is always in direct contrast to the occasion: he has been seen to present himself in a frock at a duchess's, and to ride through the woods in silk stockings.

'His mind is just fifteen years old, so easy to be known; it is soothing and affectionate, it has twenty springs in motion at once, and yet it is never uneasy; it never loses itself in the future, and concerns itself still less with the past. Sensible to excess, it is open to attack in every various mode, but it can never be conquered; its want of reason, or at least its gaiety, come to its relief and render him the happiest of beings: must we add, that this gaiety is sometimes careless to a degree of downright folly?

'His conduct, like his language, is *fort abandonnée*. The pleasures of the town are nothing for him; he knows not how to trouble himself about them. He abandons himself willingly to a single object; he is never tired; he has no need either of a large society or of a spacious theatre, and sometimes he forgets the promises of posterity; in sober truth, he suffers himself to be happy (*il se laisse être heureux.*) Do not be surprised therefore at the hours he affords you; no doubt he is well with you, but he is well every where, even with his *gouvernante: il joue à la peur lorsqu'il n'en fait pas une Andromaque ou une Zaïre.* Your conversation attaches him, I allow; but he is just as well satisfied when

when he passes two hours in combing his horse; and yet he sometimes forgets him also, either losing himself in the woods, or (when he is not afraid) contemplating the moon, or a blade of grass, in other words, abandoning himself to his rêveries.

'But if he cannot be praised for the merit of an uniform life, at least he cannot be censured for the faults of a dissipated one; if his conduct is not regulated with profound wisdom, it is nevertheless pure; and if he is distinguished by no grand features of character, he supplies the want of them by engaging manners, simplicity, grace, and a gaiety so genuine, so fresh, so naive, and withall so ingenious, that it draws as many constant admirers about his person as about that of a beautiful woman; in short, by an inexpressible charm which inspires you at once with such emotions of curiosity, and of inclination, as are usually experienced for a charming child; and that sort of unalterable attachment which seems to be reserved for souls of a yet lower order; *c'est le poëte de Platon, un être sacré, léger, et volage.*'

No two personages in this great literary panorama are, perhaps, more strongly contrasted than Thomas and La Harpe, at least as they are represented to us on the canvass of this correspondence. It was of the former that Madame Necker used to say, 'he loved glory too ardently not to be sometimes agitated by the successes of others; but I never detected this noble weakness of his soul, except by the excess of the praises with which he then loaded his fortunate rivals. It was the same with all his imperfections; they always made him extol with exaggeration those good qualities that were directly opposed to them, in such a manner that you never got acquainted with his defects, except through the medium of his virtues.' The following is the reverse; but we must in candour to our own profession observe that it is the portrait of a critic drawn by an offended author. That author is Guibert.

'This man' (La Harpe) 'continually sacrifices duration to *éclat* and truth to effect; he is always bringing forth, because he will have the public be constantly thinking of him, and nothing ripens under his hands because he is devoured with impatience to gather. Ever restless, ever suspicious, he passes his life in listening for the noise which he fancies he has made; he assigns rules, he distinguishes classes, he imposes limits, and he forgets that genius sometimes happily breaks through all these troublesome barriers. He grows pale at successful efforts, and he analyses, in order to reduce them to the level of his own. Poor man! as if no merit could exist anywhere but at his own expense!'

We subjoin a little anecdote. La Harpe chose, with the licence which authors sometimes assume, to deny his tragedy of *Virginie*. One day, at the Academy, he had been supporting the denial with great emphasis. *Eh bien*, said M. de Sedaine, *je l'ai revue hier; il y a, je vous assure, monsieur, des scènes que vous ne désavoueriez pas.*—

*pas.—Des!* ..... replied M. de la Harpe,—then recollecting himself, coloured and held his tongue.

Being on the subject of theatrical anecdotes, we shall mention one relating to another author, which though of older date is here brought forward. We will not take upon us to affirm that it is not well known already. On the first representation of Marmontel's Cleopatra, in which the unfortunate queen is made to die on the stage of the bite of the aspic, 'this *reptile automate*, contrived by the celebrated Vaucanson, darted forward, *with a terrible hiss*, on the bosom of the princess; at the same moment, a voice from the pit was heard to cry *Je suis de l'avis de l'aspic*; it was the voice of Piron.' The unlucky exclamation passed into a proverb, and when the tragedy was again brought forward, thirty-five years afterwards, it had not lost all its effect.

Lemierre was another dramatic author of very considerable powers, though exposed to the shafts of the epigrammatists on account of the excessive harshness of his verses. An instance of his naïveté is recorded on the rehearsal of his tragedy of *Céramis*. The actors made several criticisms upon the conduct of the piece, and suggested so many alterations, that his *bonhomie* and his self-love were at length equally exhausted, and he exclaimed impatiently, '*Ma foi*, gentlemen, do you believe that you are always to have a *Guillaume Tell* or a *Veuve de Malabar* (the names of two of his most successful tragedies)? Take what is offered to you.' He was extremely proud of a certain verse of his composition,

*Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde,*

and used to call it, κατ' εξοχην, *mon vers*. La Clos, the author of Les Liaisons dangereuses, took advantage of this known partiality, to compose an epitaph, which he gave out as written by Lemierre for his own tombstone.

Passant, entre en cet antre, et pleure sur ce roc,
Un rare et grand auteur qui passa la noire onde,
Ravi d'avoir avant tiré de son estoc
*Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde.*

Barthe was another who had attained a certain degree of popularity in his day, and is the hero of an anecdote which we communicated in our Review of the former series of this correspondence. Some diverting instances are given of the peculiarity there alluded to, but which it is added has more the effect of habit, and existed rather in outward manner than in real disposition, which was humane and benevolent. He had been closely connected with Colardeau, but had seen little of him for a considerable time, when he was informed that he was on the point of death. Barthe instantly flew to the sick man's chamber, and finding him still in a condition

condition to listen, addressed him thus—'My dear friend, I am in despair at seeing you in this extremity, but I have still one favour to ask of you; it is that you will hear me read my *Homme personnel*.' 'Consider,' replied the dying man, 'that I have only a few hours to live.' '*Hélas, oui!* and this is the very reason that makes me so desirous of knowing what you think of my play.' His unhappy friend heard him to the end without saying a word, and then in a faint voice observed, that there was yet one very striking feature wanted to complete the character which he had been designing. 'Pray let me know it.' 'Yes,' replied Colardeau, with a smile; 'you must make him force a friend who is dying to listen to a comedy in five acts.'

But his pestering a dying friend admits of some excuse, when we find that the subject of the drama formed the serious occupation of his own last moments. On the eve of his death, he said to the Marquis de Vieilleville, who paid him a visit, 'My physicians tell me I am better, but I know too well from the excess of my sufferings that I cannot recover. However, I have other things to think of at this moment. Pray visit me again when you come from the opera.' He did so; and the dying man talked to him of nothing but *Iphigénie* and the success of Mlle. Dozon, whose *début* in this part had greatly interested him.

To this instance of the ruling passion, we may add another which surpasses even Pope's celebrated Example of Mrs. Oldfield. Madame de Charolais, being in the same circumstances with the dying actress, was with extreme difficulty prevailed upon to receive the sacrament without *rouge*. Being at last unable to resist the entreaties of her confessor, who, we suppose, insisted on the sin of face painting, she at last consented to wipe away the beloved ornament; 'but in this case,' she said to her women, 'give me some other ribbons; you know how horribly ill yellow becomes my complexion.'

Several other stories are told of poor Barthe. But we suspect that he was one of those unfortunate beings respecting whom all the world is agreed that invention is no calumny. M. de Choisy had addressed to him some verses on his translation of the Art of Love, in which he styled him *Vainqueur de Bernard et d'Ovide*. 'Ah! *Vainqueur!*' exclaimed Barthe with great modesty, 'that is too strong—much too strong—indeed—nay, I must insist upon your altering that expression.' 'Well, if it must be so, if you absolutely insist upon it, it shall be *rival!*'—they then talked of other matters, but just as they were about to part, M. Barthe paused a few moments, and then going up to his companion, in the most affectionate manner, said to him in a tone of great tenderness, '*Vainqueur* is more harmonious.'

We find the following note on the character of Alfieri, who in the year 1787 was hardly yet known in France:

'This is a Piedmontese gentleman, who has given up to his sister the better half of a very ample fortune, in order to spend the remainder as he pleases. His ruling passions are verse and horses. If he is to be believed, we have hitherto been all in the wrong, both in France and Italy, with regard to the true conception of tragedy: we used to believe that it ought to be written with tears, but we are now taught that it should be with blood.'

We have a delightful letter to Grimm from the Prince de Ligne, accompanied by a slight sketch or statement of the condition of the Russian empire. We have no room for the latter, though it is not an uninteresting document, but we shall make no apology for copying the former. It is dated from Moscow, 15th July, 1787.

'On vous aime beaucoup, M. le Baron, on parle souvent de vous, mais vous écrit-on? *Catherine le Grand* (car elle fera faire une faute de français à la posterité) n'en a peut-être pas le tems. Peut être ces petits details que je viens de dicter vous donneront-ils une idée, quoique bien faible, de ce que nous avons vu; d'ailleurs, c'est *indignatio facit* relation; car je suis outré de la basse jalousie qu'en Europe l'on a conçue contre la Russie. Je voudrais apprendre à vivre à cette partie de l'Europe qui cherche à déshonorer la plus grande; si elle se donnait la peine de voyager, elle verrait où il y a le plus de barbarie. Il est extraordinaire, par exemple, que les Grâces aient sauté notre saint Empire à pieds joints pour venir de Paris s'établir à Moscou, et deux cents werstes encore plus loin, où nous avons trouvé des femmes charmantes, mises à merveille, dansantes, chantantes, et aimantes peut-être comme des anges.

'L'Empereur a été extrêmement aimable les trois semaines qu'il a passées avec nous. Les conversations de deux personnes qui ont soixante millions d'habitans et huit cent mille soldats ne pouvait être qu' interessante en voiture, où j'en profitais bien, les interrompant souvent par quelque bêtise qui me fesait rire en attendant qu'elle fit rire les autres, car nous avons toujours joui de la liberté, qui seule fait le charme de la société; et vous connaissez le genre simple de celle de l'impératrice, qu'un rien divertît, et qui ne monte à l'élévation du sublime que lorsqu'il est question de grands objets.

'Il faut absolument, M. le Baron, que nous revenions ici ensemble; ce sera le moyen que je sois encore mieux reçu. Ce n'est pas que vous ayez besoin de rappeler à l'impératrice tout ce que vous avez d'aimable; car, absent, elle vous voit, mais elle sera fort aise de dire: Présent, je le trouve. Vous ferez de charmantes connaissances; M. de Mamorow, par exemple, est un sujet de grande espérance; il est plein d'esprit, d'agrément et de connaissances. Vous vous doutez bien de l'agrément que le Comte de Ségur a répandu dans tout le voyage. Je suis désolé qu'il soit presque fini.

'J'ai fait bâtir un temple dédié à l'impératrice par une inscription, près d'un rocher où était celui d'Iphigénie, et un autel à l'amitié pour le

le Prince Potemkin, au milieu des plus beaux et gros arbres à fruits que j'aie vus, et au bord de la mer, où se réunissent tous les torrens des montagnes. Cette petite terre, que m'a donnée l'impératrice, s'appelle *Parthenizza*, ou le cap Vierge, et est habitée par cinquante-six familles tartares, qui ne le sont pas autant que les déesses et les rois qui exigeaient de durs sacrifices, comme tout le monde sait. Je ne connais pas de site plus délicieux; je pourrais dire :

> Sur les bords fortunés de l'antique Idalie,
> Lieux où finit l'Europe et commence l'Asie,

car on découvre les montagnes de la Natolie. Ce qu'il y a d'assez singulier, c'est que c'est sur les bords de la Mer Noire, que, tranquille, et vivant au milieu des infidèles, j'ai appris que les fidèles sujets de la maison d'Autriche se révoltaient sur les bords de l'Océan. Je ne m'attendais pas qu'il y eût plus de sûreté pour moi dans mes terres du Pont-Euxin que dans celles de la Flandre.'

We should not easily conjecture either that the lively and intelligent Austrian was speaking of the same country and the same people that appeared in such different colours to the eyes of a late English traveller; or that the prejudices of which the Prince de Ligne complains in 1787, have continued to exist and still operate in full force, more than twenty years afterwards, in an age of inquiry and illumination.

It is so pleasant to dwell upon the better days of French society that, in abandoning ourselves to the subjects which they present to us, we have lost sight of the dismal scene of approaching anarchy and confusion, by which the glittering picture was so soon to be reversed, and of which the gradual symptoms occupy no small portion of this series of the Correspondence, particularly the two latter volumes. The Baron de Grimm (at least if the principal articles relating to the French Revolution were written by him) appears to have early seen and deeply dreaded the dangers to which the very foundations of society were exposed, although at times he partakes in the prevailing enthusiasm, especially at the period when his friend Necker was the national idol, and when perhaps it may be admitted that the hopes and confidence of the wiser and better part of the nation (however misplaced they may have since appeared to be) were fixed upon him. Many of the later articles in these volumes, however, will be read with a great deal of curiosity and satisfaction, by those to whom it is a laudable object of attention to ascertain in what manner the minds of moderate and thinking persons were affected by the first shocks of that fearful convulsion which has since desolated so large and fair a portion of the inheritance of mankind. The reflections on the Assemblée des Notables and of the Etats Généraux, and those on the causes and probable effects of the Revolution, then commencing, which are interspersed

gotry. It carries with it comfort as well as humiliation; for when it shews how much of error has been mingled with the virtues of good men, it shews also how many virtues have coexisted with errors of conduct as well as of opinion; and that, mournful as human history is, there has always been more goodness among mankind, than historians have given it credit for.

Uncharitableness is the general fault of history, and of ecclesiastical history most of all. In Bernino's *Historia di Tutte l'Heresie*, there is as regular a machinery as the most approved receipts enjoin for an epic poem; Satan raises a heresy for him just as he raises a storm for Sir Richard Blackmore; and no doubt Bernino wrote as he believed, without the slightest intention of deceiving the reader. Even in authors who abstain from the language of metaphor and mythology, it is amusing to observe how the founder of a sect is usually described as a monster of iniquity. This want of sense as well as of charity has extended almost to our own days. Count Zinzendorf and Wesley did not escape such charges, and Cowper's Leuconomus will be recollected by every one. It is a fact that when Priestley was in his worst odour of heresy, a barber, who was shaving him at an inn, happened, during the operation, to discover who the personage was upon whom he was employed, on which he threw down his razor, and ran out of the room, declaring that he had seen a cloven foot! Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, when they speak of the death of Priestley, are not less bigotted than the barber, and far less excusable. They say of him, 'when he bids his family good night, and speaks of death as *a good long sleep*, we almost fancy ourselves transported to Paris at the era of the infidel and revolutionary fury; for alas! Priestley speaks only of sleeping in the grave, and not, like Paul, of sleeping in Jesus!' Whatever Priestley might have been, this is a wicked misrepresentation of him: these writers know that when he spoke of a long sleep, he alluded to his belief in the sleep of the soul till the resurrection, a notion not peculiar to him; and they know that his belief in the resurrection was as sincere as their own, founded upon the same premises, and producing the same consolations. Bigotry makes as dismal an effect upon the understanding as upon the heart.

We must take in this world the evil with the good, and happy are they who perceive how greatly the good preponderates. Of all the blessings which have been vouchsafed to England, abundantly as England has been blessed, the Reformation is the greatest. It rid us of Catholic idolatry, Catholic polytheism, the celibacy of the clergy, and the abomination of auricular confession—an evil, compared with which the monstrous fables and other anti-christian institutions of the Romish church, shrink into insignificance. The price we paid for the deliverance was a religious struggle which,

after

after more than a century, broke out into a civil war, which the termination of that war mitigated, but could not quell,-and which has continued till the present day. In the barbarous kingdoms of Africa and the East, revolutions are like hurricanes; they come as suddenly, and subside as soon; and when the immediate havoc is repaired, things go on as before, till another storm brings with it a similar devastation. But in civilized states where these convulsions affect the minds of men, long series of melancholy causes must bring them on, and longer and more melancholy consequences follow in their train. The price which we have paid has not been too great for the benefit,—for it is to the Reformation that England is indebted for that moral and intellectual eminence which she has so long enjoyed. But woe be to us and our posterity, if the Church Establishment should again be overthrown; if the principles and feelings of men should again be loosened; if the cables of their faith should be cut, and they should be left to drive about at the mercy of the winds and tides! A new age of moral and religious anarchy would ensue, the happiest termination of which would be that which should bring us nearest to our present state, and all the intermediate sum of misery would be only the bitter price which folly pays for repentance.

The Dissenting writers in their representations of Elizabeth seem always to forget that the question was, which church was to be established—theirs or hers. Never had any sovereign a more difficult task to perform: to frame a system which should comprehend all parties was manifestly impossible; that therefore was the best, which, without making any improper concession, should include the greatest number. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett find matter for reproach against the Church in her success. When the oath of supremacy was to be taken, they say that only two hundred and forty-three persons were found among the clergy who had sufficient regard for truth and conscience to give up their preferment. 'As these,' they add, 'were in all probability the best of the party, what can we think of those who retained their livings, and of the establishment which contained so many thousand weathercocks, who after having been reconciled to the Holy See under Mary, now relapsed again to Protestantism at the beck of Elizabeth?' For the men themselves, who are thus reproached for not having had courage enough to endure the flames, (this is the whole of the charge against them,) it will be sufficient to repeat what Fuller says upon a like occasion, 'O there is more required to make a man valiant, than only to call another coward!' And for the slur at the establishment, it must be left for these logicians to shew in what manner any establishment could be so devised as to exclude those who chose to conform to it. But in reality here it is that the wisdom of the founders of our Church appears most conspicuous. They purified

purified religion of all the gross corruptions with which Rome had polluted it, and retaining only that which, as they thought, could allowably be retained, offered so little violence to old feelings, that more outcry was raised against them by the zealots of the Reformation than by the Catholics themselves.

Even Milton has joined in this ill-deserved reproach. 'I persuade myself,' says he, 'if our zeal to true religion, and the brotherly usage of our truest friends were as notorious to the world as our *Prelatical schism*, and captivity to *Rochet apophthegms*, we had ere this seen our old conquerors, and afterwards liegemen, the Normans, together with the Britains, our proper colony, and all the Gascoins that are the rightful dowry of our ancient kings, come with cap and knee, desiring the shadow of the English sceptre to defend them from the hot persecutions and taxes of the French. But when they come hither and see a tympany of Spaniolized bishops swaggering in the foretop of the state, and meddling to turn and dandle the royal ball with unskilful and pedantic palms, no marvel though they think it as unsafe to commit religion and liberty to their arbitrating as to a synagogue of Jesuits.' But against the opinion of those who think that we ought to have departed as widely as possible from all the forms and institutions of the Romish church, and that the general cause of Protestantism was injured because the change was not sufficiently broad and striking, there is the weighty testimony of Sully. When that distinguished statesman came over to congratulate James upon his accession, and saw our church service, he remarked that if the French Protestants had retained the same advantages of order and decency, there would at that time have been many thousand more Protestants in France. In reality, the effect of the outward and visible forms which were retained was such, that during the first years of Elizabeth the Catholics very generally frequented the English service; and of what advantage this must have been to the new establishment will be apparent to all who know how much more we are the creatures of habit than of reason. Many of the clergy also, who were hostile to the Reformation, took the oath of supremacy and conformed, in order to keep the Protestants out of the churches, and retain them as strong holds from whence they might support their secret cause whenever opportunity should offer. That opportunity was never given them; and they served the church which it was their hope and desire to see subverted; for they performed its offices at a time when, small as the number of the ejected clergy was, qualified persons enough could not be found to succeed them. In this, in the commencement of the English reformation, and in the manner in which 'Popish lands made Protestant landlords,' we see how evil was made subservient to good.

A greater

A greater number of the clergy may well be supposed to have been in an unsettled state of mind, little curious or conversant in disputed points of faith, but attached to the forms in which they had been bred up. In the latter years of her reign, when the Pope made use of religion to excite rebellion and conspiracies against her, Elizabeth offered concessions to the Puritans, which, had they been accepted, would have driven many of these men out of the church: but it was then seen that concessions which would have materially diminished the number of converts from popery, would have done little towards reclaiming those who had imbibed the temper as well as the doctrines of the Genevan school. For when Walsingham offered, in the Queen's name, that if they would conform in other points, the three shocking ceremonies, as they accounted them, of kneeling at the communion, wearing the surplice, and the cross in baptism, should be abolished, they replied in the language of Moses, *Ne ungulam esse relinquendam*,—they would not leave even a hoof behind.

Osborne remarks that the Puritans derived no inconsiderable advantage from the name which was given them, 'since under that general term were comprehended not only those brainsick fools as did oppose the discipline and ceremonies of the church, and made religion an umbrella to impiety, but such as out of mere honesty refrained from the vices of the times were branded by this title; weaved of such a fashion as it became a covering to the wicked, and no better than a fool's coat to men truly conscientious.' 'Had they held them,' he says afterwards, 'to the name of hypocrites, known and abominated by all, they would have been buried in contempt, and not risen, as since they have done, to the perpetual detriment of church and state. But the breadth and newness of the name,* together with the colour it hath, did not only delight and cover all that cheated under a pretence of sanctity, but stifled the seeds of

* A Puritan rampant, who calls himself J. S. Gent., who was evidently a man of learning, and might have been a man of genius if the disease of the times had not made him stark mad, gives, both in prose and verse, the feelings of his party respecting this appellation. 'Puritan,' he says, 'the invention of hell, the language of profaneness, the blasphemy of God, the evomition of a heart desperately wicked, a glorious defamation, an undermining of, an open thrust at, the very heart, life and power of religion; an evident preferring of pharisaical forms and Laodicean neutrality; a *match-devillian* device to kindle fire in church and state; a sly practice of the old serpent's old maxim, "divide and reign;" &c.

In his crazy rhymes, he says—

A Puritan? what's that? an hypocrite.
Nay hold there man, for so thou dost but fit
The noose for thine own neck.—I tell thee, man,
Thou art an atheist, or a Puritan,
Thou art a devil or a Puritan.—&c. &c.

*Soliloquies Theologicall.* 1641.

goodness:

goodness; so as probity was obstructed by deceit in the general commerce, and religion, the guard of propriety, rendered useless, if not destructive to human society.' This is refining too much; in our own later history, and still more remarkably in our own times, we have instances to shew that names the most contemptuous in their origin and reproachful in their import, have been readily appropriated by the parties to whom they were applied; because, in fact, a name soon becomes merely a name; and no party can exist without one. Our greatest statesmen have long divided themselves into Whigs and Tories, and the fortune which the appellation *Sans Culottes* found among a people who call themselves the most polished and the most amiable of nations, will be remembered as long as their history endures. The festivals in their new Calendar were called Sans Culottides, and if the fashion had lasted a little longer, we should have had a Sans Culottes among the constellations.

By whatever name the puritans might have been denominated, their history would have been the same; their rise was one of the inevitable consequences of a religious revolution, and the civil war was as inevitable an effect of their progress. This result they contemplated from the beginning. They taught that 'if princes hinder them who seek for the discipline, they are tyrants both to the church and ministers, and being so, may be deposed by their subjects.'—Thus completely did popery and puritanism meet in the political deductions from their presumed infallibility. It was Martin Mar-Prelate's advice 'to put down lord bishops, and bring in the Reformation which they looked for, whether her majesty would or not.' And Cartwright, in that part of the service where he should have prayed for the bishops, used to say, 'because that they which ought to be pillars in the church do bend themselves against Christ and his truth, therefore, O Lord! give us grace and power all as one man to set ourselves against them.' What could be done with men who prayed and preached to this tune, and issued libels in this spirit from their private presses? To say that if they had not been persecuted they would have been harmless, can only be the argument of ignorance; the people of that age entered into things of this kind with as much passion as is excited now by an O. P. war, or a factious political question; and the interest which they took did not pass away, like the passions of the present multitude, with the ephemeral folly that stirs them up; it was as deep and permanent as the principle of religion in the human mind. It is easy to talk of toleration, and say that the church should have tolerated these schismatics; they would not tolerate the church.—'If,' said Calamy, preaching before the House of Commons when they had gained the victory,—'if you do not labour according to your duty and power to suppress the errors and heresies that are spread

spread in the kingdom, all these errors are your errors, and these heresies are your heresies.' 'Doth Paul,' exclaims another preacher, 'wish, "I would they were cut off that trouble you,"—and is it such a heinous offence now, for the faithful servants of Christ to advise you to the same course? Oh, Heavens!' 'We intended not,' says Baxter, 'to dig down the banks, or to pull up the hedge and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease. We must either tolerate all men to do what they will which they will make a matter of conscience or religion, and then some may offer their children in sacrifice to the devil, and some may think they do God service in killing his servants; or else you must tolerate no error or fault in religion, and then you must advise what measure of penalty you will inflict. My judgment I have always freely made known; I abhor unlimited liberty, or toleration of all.' The whole body of the London ministers in 1645 drew up their protest against what they called the great Diana of the Independents, and all the sectarians. 'We detest and abhor,' said they, 'the much endeavoured toleration. Our bowels, our bowels are stirred within us, and we could even drown ourselves in tears when we call to mind how long and sharp a travail this kingdom hath been in for many years together to bring forth that blessed fruit of a pure and perfect reformation; and now, at last, after all our pangs and dolours and expectations, this real and thorough reformation is in danger of being strangled in the birth by a lawless toleration, that strives to be brought forth before it.' The ministers and elders of one provincial assembly lifted up their cries against toleration as a 'soul-poison.' Those of another said, 'it would be the putting a sword in a madman's hand; a cup of poison into the hands of a child; a letting loose of madmen with firebrands, and appointing a city of refuge in men's consciences for the devil to fly to.' All this is moderate to the language of Edwards in his Gangræna, where he exhorts ministers to 'pray to God and call upon him night and day to give a miscarrying womb to the sectaries, that they may never bring forth that misshapen bastard monster of a toleration. Toleration,' says he, 'will make the kingdom a chaos, a Babel, another Amsterdam, a Sodom, an Egypt, a Babylon. Toleration is the grand work of the devil, his masterpiece and chief engine to uphold his tottering kingdom: it is the most compendious, ready, sure way to destroy all religion, lay all waste, and bring in all evil: it is a most transcendant, catholique and fundamental evil. As original sin is the fundamental sin, having the seed and spawn of all sins in it, so toleration hath all errors in it, and all evils.' This was the temper of the puritans; but to say that toleration would have contented men who laid claim to supremacy, and accounted intole-

rance in their own hands a christian duty of the first magnitude, is as absurd as it would be to attempt to reason a madman into sanity.

The excesses of one party must always be remembered to explain and in no little degree to excuse the excesses of the other. We shudder at the sentences of the Star Chamber; but when Laud nailed the ears of his libellers to the pillory, he well knew that they, and such as they, were labouring to bring his head to the block. There is a passage in his history of his own troubles and trial, shewing his foresight in a manner to which the event has given an affecting and almost a prophetic character. 'I cannot but observe,' says he, 'that at this time the parliament tendered two, and but two bills to the King to sign. This to cut off Strafford's head was one; and the other was that this parliament should neither be dissolved, nor adjourned, but by the consent of both houses: *in which what he cut off from himself, time will better shew than I can.* God bless the King and his royal issue.' We would as little vindicate the Star-Chamber, as the present race of dissenters would justify the death of Laud, and the brutal insults and aggravated injustice by which it was preceded. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett fail not to notice, with due indignation, 'the most infamous tragedy acted in the treatment of Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick,' and to describe the bloody manner in which the shocking sentence was executed; but they pass over the bloodier and deeper tragedy of Laud, by simply saying that he was 'brought to the block,' and repeating the old and oft confuted calumny, that, under his primacy, 'it was every day becoming more difficult and less important to distinguish between the church of England and that of Rome;' and they affirm that, 'though it is not proved that he wished to re-unite the two churches, it is evident that he was even more compliant than James, who wished to meet half-way.'

The insidious manner in which these authors thus endeavour to make that believed, which they say has not been proved, must not pass without reprehension. They may perhaps have read the trial of Laud without feeling the injustice and illegality of the proceedings, or the low malice and detestable artifices of his triumphant enemies; they may have been blind to these, because with the principles of their predecessors they have perhaps in too great a degree retained their passions also: Laud had persecuted them; and persecution, as Warburton says, 'though it may strengthen or improve our faith, doth not so easily enlarge our charity.' But it ought not utterly to extinguish charity; and is it possible that they, being christians themselves, and serious christians as they would style themselves, can disbelieve the last solemn declaration of Laud himself? 'I was born and baptized,' said he, 'in the bosom of the church

church of England established by law; in that profession I have ever since lived, and in that I come now to die. This is now no time to dissemble with God, least of all in matters of religion; and therefore I desire it may be remembered I have always lived in the Protestant religion established in England, and in that I come now to die. I can bring no witness of my heart and the intentions thereof; therefore I must come to my protestation not at the bar, but my protestation at the hour and instant of my death; in which I hope all men will be such charitable christians, as not to think I would die and dissemble, being instantly to give God an account for the truth of it. I do therefore here, in the presence of God and his holy angels, take it upon my death, that I never endeavoured the subversion of law or religion. But I have done. I forgive all the world, and all and every of these bitter enemies which have persecuted me; and humbly desire to be forgiven of God first, and then of every man, whether I have offended him or not, if he do but conceive that I have,—Lord, do thou forgive me, and I beg forgiveness of him!'

Will this convince those persons who still asperse the intentions of Laud? will they believe him, that in the bosom of the church of England he lived and died? or was his hope deceived, and are they such uncharitable christians as to think that he would die and dissemble? Look then at the whole scene of his suffering! When the passing of the ordinance was signified to him, 'he neither entertained the news with a stoical apathy, nor wailed his fate with weak and womanish lamentations; but heard it with so even and smooth a temper, as shewed he neither was ashamed to live, nor afraid to die.' And when he was conducted to the scaffold, 'he ascended with such a cheerful countenance, as if he had mounted rather to behold a triumph than be made a sacrifice, and came not there to die but to be translated. And though some rude and uncivil people reviled him as he passed along with opprobrious language, as loth to let him go to the grave in peace, yet it never discomposed his thoughts, nor disturbed his patience.

'In Mr. Parsons's new and condensed edition of Neal's History of the Puritans, Laud's dying declaration that he had never endeavoured the subversion of the laws of the realm, nor any change of the Protestant religion into popish superstition, is printed in large capital letters, obviously for the purpose of shewing that Mr. Neal considered it a falsehood. This author, whose coarse, bold, self-satisfied countenance at the beginning of his book may teach any one who can read the most legible characters of nature, what kind of feeling he is to expect in it, says that the archbishop declared himself upon the scaffold a Protestant according to the church of England, 'but with more charity to the church of Rome than to

the foreign Protestants.' There can be no mistake concerning what Laud said upon the scaffold, for, he chose to read what he had to say, and he delivered the paper himself to one of his chaplains, by whom it was faithfully preserved. There is not a sentence, not a word, not a syllable, which gives the slightest ground for this representation: not a hint or sentiment in it expressed, or by any sophistry to be implied, looking toward the foreign Protestants. If Laud did not die in charity with all men, in whom is charity to be found? When he mentioned his enemies, it was only to forgive them, and to entreat their forgiveness: and when he perceived, 'through the chinks of the boards, that some people were got under the scaffold about the very place where the block was seated, he called to the officer for some dust to stop the crevices, or to remove the people thence, saying it was no part of his desire that his blood should fall upon the heads of the people.' When indeed he spoke of the calamities of the times, it was with a manliness and frankness alone sufficient to have set the stamp of veracity upon whatever he had said which might be more conformable to the temper of the people. 'I know my God whom I serve is as able to deliver me from the sea of blood, as he was to deliver the three children from the furnace; and (I humbly thank my Saviour for it) my resolution is now as theirs was then; they *would not worship the image the king had set up*, nor will I the imaginations which the people are setting up; nor will I forsake the temple and truth of God, to follow the bleating of Jeroboam's calves in Dan and Bethel. And as for this people, they are at this day miserably misled; God of his mercy open their eyes that they may see the right way, for at this day the blind lead the blind, and if they go on, both will certainly fall into the ditch.' And again, when he spoke of 'the church of England,' 'it hath flourished and been a shelter to other neighbouring churches, when storms have driven upon them; but, alas! now it is in a storm itself, and God only knows whether, or how, it shall get out. And, which is worse than the storm from without, it is become like an oak cleft to shivers with wedges made out of its own body, and at every cleft profaneness and irreligion are entering in, while men that introduce profaneness are cloaked over with the name of imaginary religion.' Lastly, at the close of his prayer, in a higher strain, 'that there may be a stop of this issue of blood in this more than miserable kingdom, (I shall desire that I may pray for the people too as well as for myself,) O Lord, I beseech thee, give grace of repentance to all blood-thirsty people; but if they will not repent, O Lord, confound all their devices, defeat and frustrate all their designs and endeavours upon them, which are or shall be contrary to the glory of thy great name, the truth and sincerity of

of religion, the establishment of the King and his posterity after him in their just rights and privileges, the honour and conservation of parliament in their just power, the preservation of this poor church in her truth, peace, and patrimony, and the settlement of this distracted and distressed people under their ancient laws, and in their native liberty. And when thou hast done all this, in mere mercy to them, O Lord, fill their hearts with thankfulness, and with religious dutiful obedience to thee and thy commandments all their days. Amen, Lord Jesu, Amen.' Surely the sincerity of one who prayed thus for the just power of parliament, and the ancient laws and native liberty of the people, should be admitted, even by those who may be incapable of admiring the magnanimity with which it was accompanied.

'This done, (says Heylyn,) he next applied himself to the fatal block, as to the haven of his rest. But finding the way full of people, who had placed themselves upon the theatre to behold the tragedy, he desired he might have room to die, beseeching them to let him have an end of his miseries, which he had endured very long; all which he did with so serene and calm a mind, as if he rather had been taking order for a nobleman's funeral, than making way for his own. Being come near the block, he put off his doublet, and used some words to this effect: "God's will be done. I am willing to go out of the world—none can be more willing to send me. Never did man put off mortality with a better courage nor look upon his bloody and malicious enemies with more Christian charity."

His head was severed at a blow, and 'instantly (says Fuller) his face, ruddy in the last moment, turned pale as ashes, confuting their falsehoods, who gave it out that he had purposely painted it, to fortify his cheeks against discovery of fear in the paleness of his complexion.' Such were the circumstances of that tragedy, which the historians of the Dissenters pass over in their Introduction in one short pithy sentence, without a hint of disapprobation or even of compassion: '*Laud was brought to the block.*' Six monosyllables are all that they vouchsafe for it; and Mr. Neal, omitting every thing that is peculiar, every thing that is pathetic, every thing that is sublime in the scene, tells us that the friends of Laud 'have really lessened him by writing his life!'

We are not the apologists of Laud; in some things he was erroneous, in some imprudent, in others culpable. Evil, which upon the great scale is ever made conducive to good, produces evil to those by whom it comes. The bloody sentences of the Star Chamber brought down upon him a more tragic catastrophe than he attempted to avert by them; a milder primate could not have saved the church from her enemies, but he would not have perished by their hands. And in return, it cannot be doubted that when the clergy

regained their ascendancy, the severity with which they treated the Dissenters was in no slight degree exasperated by the remembrance of his execution. For though, as Fuller says, 'the beholders on that day were so divided between bemoaners and insulters, it was hard to decide which of them made up the major part of the company;' the feeling of the country was not thus balanced: his love of letters, and the munificence of his bounty were remembered, and as the drama of life is usually judged of by the catastrophe, so that men are accounted good or ill, fortunate or unhappy, according to their end, it was from his death that the popular and general impression of his character derived its colour. Most peculiarly is it the duty of the historian to exercise the high office which he has assumed, with charity as well as justice. He injures his own cause if he forbear to expose the errors of the party whose general principles and conduct he may conscientiously approve; still more does he injure it if he attempt to conceal or gloss over their crimes; but if he go beyond this, and dare to apologize for them, he appropriates to himself no light portion of the guilt which he sanctions, and makes himself responsible for the consequences to which that sanction may tend. That which has happened may happen again; the passions of men remain the same; progressive as we are, we have often to go through the same lessons as the ages before us; and therefore it especially behoves the historian to inculcate charity, and take part with the oppressed, whoever may have been the oppressors. Of all beasts, the many-headed one is the most ferocious; and it is fearful to think how soon and how surely the taste of blood creates the appetite for it!

When men after long habits of blind obedience in religion, began to search the Scriptures and to frame articles of belief for themselves, it was impossible that they should not differ; and as they were all agreed that any error upon these points was damnable, they all became in some measure intolerant; and the dominant party persecuted both in duty and in self-defence. Here it was that both parties erred, but thus it was that both felt, and thus in justice both ought to be represented. To write history in the true spirit of general goodwill no suppression is needed, no falsification, no affectation of candour; it is but to represent men in their actions as they have appeared to themselves, and, God be praised, there are few characters so unredeemed, that we should then regard their sufferings without compassion, or their errors without excuse.

There is another cause for the multiplicity of sects in reformed countries, which has not perhaps been generally considered, and which will always operate. The papal establishment, which, in its whole and perfect system, was the greatest work of human art as well as of human audacity, provided ample employment for

for all those spirits that disturb the peace of the Protestant churches. The Wesley of a Catholic country founded a new order; the Whitefield reformed one; the James Naylor was encouraged in his delirium, received the *stigmata*, and became a saint. The minor dealers in schism, who among us divide a meeting-house, altered the cut or the colour of a habit; the subtle controversialist was set to work upon the Sentences; the bilious polemic spent his gall upon the question of the immaculate conception, ranging himself either with the Scotists or the Thomists; or he found, in the antiquity of his rule and the counter-claims of a rival community, as fertile a subject for folios as the question of episcopal government, or pædo-baptism, or irreversible decrees. If it cannot strictly be affirmed that under the papal establishment no man became a heretic but he who distinctly perceived the errors of the Romish church, and was willing to seal his testimony against it with his blood, certain it is that no one ever expressed his dissent except under the strongest impulses of conscience and zeal. The mountebank and the impostor need not set up for themselves, they find their place; and even for honest and intemperate enthusiasm, so many channels are opened, that there is scarcely a possibility of its running wild. The fanatic who, in this country, would drive the nervous part of his hearers mad by railing at the sins of his neighbours, was taught by the wise policy of the Romish church to expend his fervour upon his own; he was furnished with knotted scourges, hair shirts, and drawers composed of wire and bristles; if this did not content him, he might add a nutmeg-grater waistcoat, and then he had put on the whole papistical armour of righteousness. Were his abilities of a higher order, or his desires of a higher aim, he was sent to direct the concerns of a mission, or to serve in the ranks and receive the crown of martyrdom. Fatuity itself could be converted to some profitable purpose, as the blessed Juniper may prove; and madness found a more commodious cell in the monastery than we provide for it in Bedlam.

Protestantism had none of these means of prevention, and this was one chief reason why the blood of the beast with seven heads proved as prolific of monsters as that of its prototype in Grecian fable. The more troubled the time, the faster did sects multiply. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett have given a summary description of the two great divisions. 'In order,' say they, 'to be, or to seem to be a puritan, there must be the appearance of superior sanctity, and a peculiar purity and even severity of manners; but these are by no means necessary to constitute a high-church champion. Let there be a loud cry that "the church is in danger," and abundance of heat and fury against sectaries and fanatics, and nothing more is needful. In life and conversation he need not be a whit better than

his neighbours; two or three of the ordinary vices of human nature will by no means injure him in the esteem of his constituents.' A little more thought, with the help of a little more charity, might have shewn these writers that all the virtues are not on one side, and all the vices on the other. Hooker and Travers divided the opinions of their contemporaries for the palm of ability and learning; for that of piety and humility and all christian virtues, none on earth is worthy to judge between them. Among the puritan sufferers there is not a fairer name than that of Udal; even among churchmen in his own times many, says Fuller, conceived the proceedings against him '*rigorous* in the *greatest*, (which, at best, is *cruel* in the *least* degree,) considering the worth of his person, and the weakness of the proof against him.' And when he died in prison, 'for an higher judge had formerly past another sentence on Udal's death, that his soul and body should not by shameful violence be forced asunder, but that they should take a fair farewell each of other; right glad were his friends that his death prevented his death; and the wisest of his foes were well contented therewith, esteeming it better that his candle should *go* than be *put out*.' This man's son, inheriting his father's piety and fearless spirit, but not his opinions, held the living of St. Augustine in London during the civil wars, and was as* active against the Puritans as his father had been in their behalf. At a time when he was 'aged, of very weak and infirm body, his strength exhausted with continual labour in preaching the word of God, visiting the sick, and in execution of other ministerial functions,' he was not merely ejected from his living, but compelled to hide himself lest he should be committed to close prison; while his house was plundered, and his wife, a bed-ridden cripple, forcibly taken out and left in the streets. Here were father and son, both of known and exemplary virtue and unimpeachable sincerity, the one the martyr the other the victim of puritanism. Who shall say that one of these men was justified rather than the other? Among the many dreadful scenes in Smithfield, there is one which in these more tolerant days holds out a memorable lesson. Three Protestants suffered under the Six Articles, and three Papists for denying the king's supremacy, at the same time and place: 'the which spectacle,' says Fox, 'so happening upon one day, on two so contrary parts or factions, brought the people into a marvellous admiration and doubt of their religion, which part to follow or take; as might so well happen among ignorant and simple people, seeing two contrary parts so to suffer, the one for popery—the other against popery, both at one time. In-

* 'You desire truth and peace,' said he, in a sermon at Mercers chapel; 'leave your lying, and you may have truth; lay down your undutiful arms, and you may have peace.'

somuch

somuch that a certain stranger being there present, and seeing three on one side and three on the other side to suffer, said in these words, "*Deus bone! quomodo hic vivunt gentes! hic suspenduntur Papistæ, illic comburuntur Antipapistæ.*"—'They were dragged on hurdles,' says Fuller, 'coupled two and two, a papist and a protestant; cattle of different kinds yoked to draw, or rather to be drawn together; insomuch that a Romanist professeth that to the three papists this their unequal matching was to them *ipsâ morte gravius et intolerabilius*, more heavy and intolerable than death itself. But the protestants expressed no such distaste thereat, not angry out of principles of pride for the joining of their bodies together, but grieved out of the grounds of charity, that their souls soon after should so far be parted asunder.' This is one of those cases in which faith may well be believed to cover the want of charity. How must these martyrs of both persuasions have been surprised when they met that day in Paradise! 'Though good men,' says Warburton, 'will not be persuaded to go all one road to heaven, yet it is to be hoped, when no human impediment is laid across the road, that good men of all parties may get thither at last, though some with more and others with less difficulty.' The Romanists in their auto-de-fé sermons told their victims that the fire to which they were condemned here was but a faint foretaste of that which was to be their everlasting portion; unquestionably error has had its martyrs as well as truth, but we may well acknowledge that the faith of him who gives his body to be burnt will atone for all the errors of his frail and fallible understanding.

Men of good principles take different sides, according as they see the black or white side of the shield; men of bad ones, or of none, chuse that by which they think they can gain the most: the far greater part of every community believe as they are taught. The pious and humble spirit follows in the way of his fathers, and goes with the stream; his reason is not perplexed, and his heart is at rest. In the powerful language of Michel Angelo,

> 'E 'l Dubbio, e 'l Forse, e 'l Come, e 'l Perche, rio
> Nol posson far,'

—But when opinions are up in arms, and old establishments are shaken and subverted, then it is that the *doubt* and the *perhaps*, and the *how* and the *why* assail him; the very ground of his religious hope trembles under his feet, and the staff of authority upon which he would lean becomes a broken reed. This state of mind is no where more curiously exemplified than in the history of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, the most remarkable man for the effect which he produced, of all who appeared in those perturbed times. The people generally believed that the civil war was for religion's

gion's sake, and he, a young and solitary enthusiast, who had fostered his melancholy imagination in the lonely employment of keeping sheep, knew not which of the contending churches to chuse, and yet believed that his eternal welfare depended upon the choice.

In this state 'he fell into a strong temptation, almost to despair, and was in mighty trouble, sometimes keeping himself retired in his chamber, and often walking solitarily to wait upon the Lord.' His relations would have had him marry, but he told them he was but a lad and must get wisdom: others urged him to enter in the auxiliary band among the Parliament's forces, but this was a calling to which he had no inclination. His trouble of mind increased upon him, he past whole nights in walking, 'and went to many a priest,' as the historian of the Quakers says, 'to look for comfort.' The result of one of these consultations he relates himself. 'I went to another ancient priest at Mansetter in Warwickshire, and reasoned with him about the ground of despair and temptations, but he was ignorant of my condition, and he bid me take tobacco and sing psalms. Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in an estate to sing. I could not sing.' Another minister, 'of high account,' was for giving him physic and bleeding him. He was right enough in his judgment of the kind of disease, but not of the species; for 'they could not get one drop of blood from him, either in the arms or the head, his whole body being as it were dried up with sorrow, grief, and trouble.'

George Fox was as confused in his writings as Cromwell in his speeches. Yet there is one passage in his journal which describes the state of his mind in one part of its progress more beautifully than the ablest psychologist could have done. 'One morning,' says he, 'as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, all things come by nature; and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it; but in as much as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried, there is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God.'

Among George Fox's converts were two men conspicuous in their day. Lilburne was one; 'a man (to borrow the expressive phrase of Capt. Beaver) fit to draw a lion's tooth.' Sewel has preserved two curious letters, written after his conversion, and dated 'from my innocent and every way causeless captivity, in Dover Castle, the place of my soul's delightful and contentful abode.'

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This restless spirit had now taken a harmless direction; protesting that he was 'already dead, or crucified, to the very occasions and real grounds of all outward wars, and carnal sword-fightings, and fleshly bustlings and contests, and should never thereafter be an user of a temporal sword more, nor a partner with those that do so.—I now (said he) can contentedly feed savourily upon bread and cheese and small beer alone, for saving of money; and for my liberty, I am ready really with Peter to say it is good being here; for even in Dover Castle, through the loving kindness of God, I have met with a more clear, plain, and evident knowledge of God and myself, and his gracious outgoings to my soul, than ever I had in all my life-time, not excepting my glorying and rejoicing condition under the bishops.' Such was John Lilburne after he had joined 'the savouriest of people called Quakers.'

James Naylor was the other. All our historians relate how this poor fanatic entered Bristol with a set of crazy people before him, singing, Holy, holy, holy, Hosannah in the highest! Cromwell would have remitted the barbarous punishment to which he was condemned, but the public preachers Caryl, Manton, Nye, Griffith, and Reynolds, were as inexorable as so many Dominican friars, and like all punishments in those days, it was inflicted with the utmost rigour of inhumanity. He recovered both from his madness and his sufferings, and his after-life was a reproach to those who, in the hardness of their hearts and the blindness of their understandings, had treated insanity like guilt. What he said an hour or two before his death, has a peculiar and individual character not often to be found among the 'last words' with which the magazines and memorials of the Dissenters are filled. 'There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it; it is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression.

The number of persons in these unhappy days who found themselves astray like sheep when the fold has been broken down, was so great, that they formed a sort of religious society of their own, if that can be called so in which the members agree only in professing that they were seeking for the truth and had not found it. They were called Seekers, and according to Baxter, were first made a separate denomination by Roger Williams, a man whom Cotton Mather stigmatizes for what he calls the crime of *Korahism*, or a litigious and levelling spirit of separation. His history belongs to America rather than England, but we must not even thus casually mention

mention his name, without an expression of respect and reverence, for he was one of the best men who ever set foot upon the new world—a man of genius and of virtue, in whom enthusiasm took the happiest direction, and produced the best fruits. The Seekers were a sort of preparatory sect, from whom the Quakers derived many of their converts; the Ranters, on the contrary, were those who outwent them in extravagance, and were supposed by them to be under a delusion. It was one of their common practices to 'speak in the Steeple House against the priest:' the stocks would have been the sufficient and appropriate punishment for disturbing public worship, but it was too often punished by brutal violence and confinement in prisons which were a disgrace to the country. One of them was moved to exhort Cromwell's parliament at its first sitting; he prayed to be excused, he says, 'as thinking that a more unworthy messenger than himself could not be singled out. But whatever he did, he could not be rid of it, and though he spent a whole week with fasting, tears, and supplication, yet during the time of that abstinence he felt a daily supply and refreshment to his spirits.' So he made his way into the Painted Chamber at Westminster, and having heard the Protector's speech, declared that he had a word to speak from the Lord, and began to deliver 'the burden of the word of the Lord God of heaven and earth, as it came unto him on the 22d day of the month;' saying to the parliament, 'I charge you all, in the name of the living God, that without interruption or opposition, whether you like it or like it not, you stand still and hear it.' The self-elected prophet was not allowed to proceed, but he was suffered to depart without any chastisement for his intrusion, and 'published his speech in print, so as he intended to have delivered it, though not one syllable of it was written before.' Cromwell indeed was frequently favoured with their admonitions, and the old Quakers were firmly persuaded that the overthrow of his family was a judgment upon him for not interfering more authoritatively to stop the proceedings against them. Two of their society went through all the jails in England to get copies of the Quakers commitments, 'to lay the weight of their sufferings upon Oliver;' and when he could not be prevailed upon to offend his own party by giving a general order for their release, one of them took his cap from off his head, and tearing it to pieces said, 'so shall thy government be rent from thee and from thy house.' George Fox also warned the Protector, and declared that when he saw him the last time, 'he perceived a waft of death go forth against him.'

Sometimes their imitation of the prophets took a wilder form. One poor fellow at Chester, 'judging both priest and people to be exceedingly darkened, to shew them by a sign that they wanted

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to be enlightened, came in the day time with a lanthorn and burning candle into the Steeple House during the sermon.' For this offence he was put into a dungeon called by the significant name of Little Ease, and died in consequence of ill treatment. Another walked into the Steeple House at Brough, with a white sheet about him and a halter round his neck; the former was to shew the Presbyterians and Independents that the surplice would be introduced again, the latter was a broad hint of the consequences which they might expect. A woman walked through the streets of Bristol in a sackcloth coat, with her hair loose and filled with dust, to testify against pride. Another went into the Huguenot church at Dieppe, and seated herself opposite the preacher in the most conspicuous place: before the service was finished she stood up, and her maid, who was with her, taking off her mantle and hood, she appeared in sackcloth and ashes. This testimony against pride was not always given in so decent a costume. But the oddest performer of this class was Solomon Eccles, who, as a musician, had been used to get about 150*l.* a year, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather having all been professors of the same art. Solomon had gone through a long course of experiments in religion: first he was a churchman, secondly a presbyterian, thirdly an independent, fourthly a baptist, and at last he became a quaker. The two first changes cost him nothing; the third only a dipping; but for the fourth he sacrificed 'his Babylonish trade of music,' and sold his musical books and instruments. Still he had no peace in his conscience; for to transfer these 'instruments of vanity' was only transferring the sin from himself to another; so he bought them again, and carrying books, fiddles, virginals, &c. to Tower Hill, made a burnt offering of them in public, and then he says he had peace.

Solomon Eccles played stranger pranks than this. He walked into a Catholic church in Ireland during mass, naked above the waist, with a chafing-dish of coals and burning brimstone upon his head, and exclaimed, 'Woe to these idolatrous worshippers! God hath sent me this day to warn you and to shew you what will be your portion except you repent.' He escaped with a short imprisonment; more cheaply than from a somewhat similar performance in Bartholomew fair, in full undress, when the coachmen requited him by practising with their whips upon so lawful a mark, 'yet could not allay his fervent zeal.' Having given up 'the art which he once entirely loved, and in the use of which he was educated,' he turned taylor for his support; the spirit moved him to go into the Steeple House at Aldermanbury and work in the pulpit during the singing time, and accordingly he 'resolved in the power of the Lord to carry with him a pocket to sew.' By a well timed and judicious movement

movement he got possession of the pulpit; 'I sate myself down on the cushion,' says he, 'and my feet on the seat where the priest, when he hath told out his lies, doth sit down; and having my work ready, I pulled one or two stitches. The people lost their song, and some cried, pull him down; some, break his neck, and a lusty fellow came up and wrung my neck as if he would have wrung it in two, but the Lord preserved me, and I felt no hurt; and having done that which the spirit required me to do, I was full of peace.'*

Amid all this wildness, the early Quakers seem in one respect to have followed the policy of the apostles of the northern nations, by aiming at high converts. The Princess Palatine Elizabeth appears to have been converted. George Fox addressed an epistle to the King of Poland; and William Penn made a bold attempt upon the Czar Peter. Mary Fisher, having escaped from the bloody hands of the Independents in New England, found her way to Adrianople, and paid a visit to the Great Turk at the head of his army. The Turks have a religious respect for all persons whose intellects are deranged; whether Mahomet IV. believed this to be her case, or whether the vague common-places which she delivered somewhat resembled the empty wordiness of the Koran, he listened with great gravity while her discourse was interpreted, said that what she had spoken was truth, and offered her a guard to Constantinople. The Pope was favoured with frequent visits. George Fox addressed some questions to him, which Sewel translated into Latin, and sent by the post. Having waited three months for an answer, they dispatched a second letter, in which they say, 'being uncertain whether it was delivered into thy hands or no, we thought good to write the questions over again, and send them to thee, that it might not be long of us that thou dost not read them.' Odd and unceremonious as this mode of addressing the Pope was, and simple as their grave remark is, that they 'never received or heard any answer to them,' George Fox appears in none of his writings to such advantage as in these questions. None of them are out of date, and the first may profitably be repeated at the present time: 'How comes it to pass that the Pope and cardinals grant not to the Protestants living in Spain, Italy, and at Rome, that liberty of meeting together for the right performing of divine worship which

* Solomon Eccles is still remembered as a musician by a composition which is preserved in the Beggar's Opera. He had three sons, who all inherited the family faculty of music. Of John Eccles, Dr. Burney says, he never remembers to have seen the slightest composition that was not stamped with some mark of genius. Henry was a performer on the violin in the King of France's band; and Thomas, 'who was more fond of drinking than either of good company or clean linen, was one of the last vagrant musicians who used to enquire at taverns if there were any gentlemen in the house who wished to hear music.'

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ye yourselves enjoy in England, Holland, and other places, where the Protestants have the chief power?'

The extravagancies of the early quakers exasperated all sects against them. What they so coolly called speaking in the steeple-house against the priest, and which they persisted in for many years, would now be admitted by themselves to be as insufferable as it was then held to be by the magistrates and the people. Their peculiarities exposed them to ridicule: one who had gone over from the society, drew out from the writings of their founder what he called George Fox's Commandments.—Thou shalt not pay tythes. Thou shalt not marry with a priest. Thou shalt not put off thy hat in respect to thy superiors. Thou shalt not shut up thy shop on the world's holy-days. Thou shalt not pay toward the repair of parish churches, nor toward the trained-bands. Thou shalt not carry guns in thy ship. Thou shalt not wear lace, nor ribbons, nor skimming-dish hats, nor short aprons, nor slits on the waistcoat, nor long scarfs like flying colours, nor unnecessary buttons. Thou shalt call the days of the week first day, second day, third day; and the months first month, second month, third month.—Their vague and rambling language exposed them to severer attacks. The principle upon which they preached was that they should take no thought as to what they should say, but deliver what the spirit prompted; in plain English—whatever came uppermost. Their preachers are consequently to this day infinitely more nonsensical than those of any other community, and in their first ages their writings were mostly in the same style. Their great historian (and never had any people a more full or faithful one) says of George Fox, that 'his words were not always linked together by a neat grammatical connection, and that his speech sometimes seemed abrupt, as with a kind of gap.' But it was easy for controversial malice to give any meaning to that which in reality had none.

They themselves, though they perfectly observed their principle of non-resistance, could rail to admiration. 'O thou filthy beast,' says George Fox to one of his opponents, 'no prayers can we send to thee but for thy destruction. Thou man of sin and enemy of Christ. O thou impudent and brazenfaced, thou hypocrite and Pharisee, thou art damned openly. Thou art in the sorcery, in the witchcraft, and in the adultery, and in the corrupt seed whose blessings are cursed. Thou child of the devil; the plagues of God are due to thee, and that is thy portion, thou blind sot, thou dark sot; thy torment is but beginning, and so fare thee well.' Another of their champions calls Owen and Baxter, moles, tinkers, cow-dung, gimcracks and whirlygigs, viper-grinning dogs, and ragged torn threadbare tatterdemallions; and this William Penn calls, 'allowing himself the freedom of the prophet Elijah against the prophets of

of Baal.' The writer who annoyed them most was Francis Bugg, who had been four-and-twenty years of their persuasion. When friend Bugg forsook the society, the savouriest of people discovered that he had not the savouriest of names, and so they addressed him thus. 'Francis Bugg, such as is thy name, such thy nature, the dirtiest of the creeping things in the whole earth, they love the night, feeding upon filth and dung. Night is thy habitation. Woe and alas poor night-Bugg!'—This person was a coarse, uncharitable writer; one of his blows, however, is well aimed. He copies a list of quaker sufferings from 1668 to 1675. One had suffered in having a chair, table and four joint stools taken; another in three yards and a quarter of Scotch cloth; a third in two pails, a pair of andirons and a pewter pot; a fourth in a bullock's hide and some beef, &c. And then he enumerates some of the sufferings in the old persecutions; one broken in a mortar; one fried in a pan; some burned at stakes; some hewn in pieces.

The quakers continue to this day faithfully to catalogue their sufferings in saucepans and spoons; and they retain their hatred of the Steeple House; but their extravagances have ceased, their peculiarities are softened down, and from being the Ishmaelites of the land, they now, in a far greater degree than any other body of separatists, enjoy the good word of all. The green apron and the broad beaver of their women have disappeared; and their men have accommodated themselves a little to the manners, and almost entirely to the spirit of the world. Their enthusiasm has burnt out; but their institutions still preserve them a separate, though probably a decreasing people, more generally prosperous than any other sect, and more active and zealous in their beneficence. In information, and especially in literature, they have been miserably deficient; this they are endeavouring to remedy; but as they have only one liberal profession, and follow none of those pursuits which rouse and quicken the intellectual faculties, they are likely to remain inferior in this important point.

Messrs. Bogue and Bennett touch scantily and insufficiently upon the Quakers, and they are not within the scope of Mr. Wilson's work; which was intended to comprize only the Three Denominations. Concerning these great divisions of the Dissenters, we may glean some amusing and interesting facts. Let us begin with the Independents. They carried with them to New England the principle that their government was to be considered as a theocracy. The gospel of Christ, they said, hath a right paramount to all rights in the world. This right carries liberty along with it for all such as profess the gospel 'to walk according to the faith and order of the gospel. That which is contrary to the gospel hath no right, and therefore should have no liberty.' 'My heart,' says the simple

simple cobler of Agawam, (Ward of Ipswich,) 'hath naturally detested four things—the standing of the Apocrypha in the bible; foreigners dwelling in my country to croud out native subjects into the corners of the east; alchymized coins; and toleration of divers religions, or of one religion in segregant shapes. Polypiety is the greatest impiety in the world. To authorize an untruth by toleration of the state, is to build a sconce against the walls of heaven to batter God out of his chair. He that is willing to tolerate any unsound opinion, that his own may be tolerated though never so sound, will for a need hang God's bible at the Devil's girdle. It is said that men ought to have liberty of conscience, and that it is persecution to debar them of it; I can rather stand amazed than reply to this; it is an astonishment that the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance.'

If ever a Welsh Fuller should write the Worthies of Wales, Roger Williams will deserve if not the first place, a place among the first, for he began the first civil government upon earth that gave equal liberty of conscience. This man whose name, if all men had their due, would stand as high as William Penn's, for that upon which Penn's fame is founded, wrote a book against what he called The bloody tenet of persecution; and the elder Cotton answered it by another, with this dreadful title, *The bloody tenet washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!* His grandson Cotton Mather's History of New England is one of the most singular books in this or in any other language. Its puns and its poems, its sermons and its anagrams, render it unique in its kind. The author not unfrequently reminds us of our own church historian Fuller; but circumstances counteracted the resemblance of their natural disposition. Fuller belonged to a mature establishment, and his opinions, perhaps, were still farther softened because he had been on the suffering side; in Mather there is the hardness and asperity of the sectarian spirit, and Fuller had the richer genius of the two; indeed with all his quaintness, there is a certain kind of excellence in which he stands alone.

In England the Independents have less reason to blush for their ancestors; though, if we would think of them with charity, we must not take their character from the Quakers. Cromwell curbed their zeal, and the most eminent of their preachers in Cromwell's time were men of distinguished liberality as well as learning. Among them John Howe stands in the highest rank. 'For the last threescore years,' says the History of the Dissenters, 'no books in divinity have uniformly sold for so large a sum as his two folio volumes. Not a bishop nor archbishop's writings, though there be a charm in titles, have been marked in catalogues at so high a price. Perhaps it may be considered as no unfair test of intellectual and spi-

ritual excellence, that a person can relish the writings of John Howe; if he does not, he may have reason to suspect that something in the head or heart is wrong. A young minister who wishes to attain eminence in his profession, if he has not the works of John Howe, and can procure them in no other way, should sell his coat and buy them; and if that will not suffice, let him sell his bed and lie on the floor; and if he spend his days in reading them, he will not complain that he lies hard at night.'

We will make no comment upon the wit or liberality displayed upon the bishops in this passage, nor upon the obvious inaccuracy of supposing that the dearest book must therefore be the book most in request. Howe was an excellent man. At Cambridge he was the friend of Cudworth and Henry More. Having left the university, he settled after a while at Great Torrington in Devonshire, and performed with exemplary zeal the hard duty of the times. Upon public fasts he used to begin at nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, then read and expounded scripture for about three quarters; prayed an hour; preached another hour, and prayed again for half an hour. The people then sung for a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took a little refreshment: he then went into the pulpit again, prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and concluded with a prayer of half an hour. Robinson of Cambridge said to a demure minister, who told him that the ministry was the hardest work in the world, that ditching was much harder; but ditching is nothing to such ministry as this. It is marvellous that any minister could find breath, or any congregation patience for such duty.

He owed his preferment under the Protector to his physiognomy; for Cromwell, seeing him among the congregation at Whitehall, saw that his countenance was not that of an ordinary man, and ordered him to preach on the following Sunday; and after a second and third trial made him, not without reluctance, remove his family to Whitehall and reside there as his domestic chaplain. In that situation he made use of his influence to befriend all whom he thought deserving of it, but never to enrich himself, or his family. Many of the royalists and of the established clergy in their distress were indebted to his good offices; and how innocent he was of all unworthy means either for gaining or keeping the favour which he enjoyed, appeared by his preaching against the notion of a particular faith in prayer, a notion which Cromwell patronized, more probably for political purposes, than that he really entertained it. During the sermon the Protector listened with deep attention, frowning at times, and discovering great uneasiness, so that one who observed him told the preacher it would be difficult for him ever to make his peace. Mr. Howe answered that he had discharged his conscience,

conscience, and left the event with God. But Cromwell never manifested any displeasure, except that he seemed cooller towards him ever afterwards. Mr. Howe continued after his death to reside as chaplain with Richard, and when Richard was set aside, returned to his Devonshire living, from which he was ejected by the Act of Uniformity. He lived to a good old age, and suffered less than most of his nonconforming brethren, because he submitted to be silent, and because in those days of bitter animosity, he had made many men his friends and none his enemies. Sherlock and Tillotson knew and loved him. In his last illness Richard Cromwell, then an old man himself, and like him also beloved and respected wherever he was known, came to make him a visit, and take leave of him before he died. Tears, as may well be supposed, were freely shed on both sides, for they had not seen each other since Richard was Protector, and they were not to meet again till it should be in a better world, a world to which both might look on with as calm an expectation as any who ever put off mortality in faith, after a life well spent.

Messrs. Bogue and Bennett say a little too much when they affirm that Cromwell's chaplains were 'the most able and faithful men that England, or any other country, has ever known.' Such men are rare in any age or in any church; but no church and no age is without such. Of Owen, they say in allusion to their former recommendation of Howe's writings, 'if the theological student should part with his coat or his bed to procure the works of Howe, he that would not sell his shirt to procure those of John Owen, and especially his Exposition, of which every sentence is precious, shews too much regard to his body and too little for his immortal mind.' The name of Owen, they say in another place, has been 'raised to imperial dignity in the theological world.'

Thomas Vincent, an ejected minister of the same persuasion as Owen, and like him of Christ Church, resumed during the plague those duties from which the act of conformity had suspended him; served in some of the forsaken churches every sabbath day, where multitudes followed him, crowding to receive religious comfort when there were few to give it, and visited without fear all that sent for him. It is but justice to the joint historians to give their own comment upon this fact.

'The world has its heroes, whom it holds up to universal admiration in the page of history. Here the church of Christ presents to us one of hers. The world calls us particularly to admire them as they advance to some arduous enterprize, where perils and death stare them in the face, but advancing with tranquillity of mind, with firmness of step, and determined either to conquer or to die. But which of them can be compared to this man! He sees the inhabitants of a city, from which he

had been cast out as unworthy of the name of a minister of Christ, dying by the pestilence which was augmenting its destructive fury from day to day; and he cannot be restrained from rushing into the midst of them to rescue their immortal souls from miseries infinitely greater. He hastens into churches from which he was driven out, and proclaims to listening thousands the glad tidings of salvation, in pulpits, for entering which the law of the land dooms him to a dungeon; but a stronger law, the law of love to God and man, constrains him to publish the mercy of the Gospel to souls on the very brink of eternity. He goes into the house of pestilence, and the chambers of mortal disease, wherever the voice of misery invites him. His exhortations, his counsels, and his prayers, are ever at their call; and they ever flow from a compassionate heart, tenderly sympathising in their distress, and burning with zeal for their salvation. Great was the success of his labours; and during the plague a harvest of souls was reaped, exceeding what results from the painful exertions of many a faithful minister during the course of a long life of zeal.

'Facts like these are the glory and beauty of ecclesiastical history. While the man of taste selects his beautiful passages from Demosthenes, Cicero, and Virgil, and reads them with transport, the admirer of spiritual beauty will mark down this page of moral heroism, and read it, and read it again with admiration and delight. One leaf of such writing is worth more than scores of volumes of the disputes of ambitious prelates which glare forth in every century, and the bitter controversies of angry doctors. As long as Christ has a church on earth, and disciples animated with zeal for the glory of his name, Thomas Vincent will live, and let him have a distinguished niche in the temple of God. His writings all breathe forth the most affectionate ardour for the salvation of immortal souls; they savour of the minister who, for months, preached to congregations infected with the plague: they display the man of God: his conduct in the time of the pestilence proclaims him to be still more, if a more exalted name can possibly be given.'*—pp. 55, 56.

This is one of the evils of the sectarian spirit, that even from a circumstance like this, which ought to excite no feelings but those of admiration, it extracts food for splenetic remark and party virulence. Facts like these are, indeed, as these writers say, the glory and beauty of ecclesiastical history; but they are found in all ecclesiastical history, and it is to the honour of human nature that they are not, and they cannot be, confined to that of any church or country. The clergy of the establishment who at that time remained at their post,—the Bishop of Marseilles, and this Thomas Vincent, with those of his non-conforming brethren who followed his example, were brethren in Christ;—but there is as little wisdom as there

* 'His example was followed by his non-conforming brethren Messrs. Chester, Janeway, Turner, Grimes, Franklin, and some others. Drs. Walker, Horton, and Meriton, and a few others of the conforming clergy remained at their post, but the generality fled.'

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is decorum in ralling against the church establishment, because it could not include them all. The plague of 1665 was distinguished by an example of civic heroism, which has never been exceeded: the lord mayor, Sir John Lawrence, not only, as his duty required, remained at his post, to enforce and see to the execution of the wisest regulations which were then known, but expended his own fortune in supporting above forty thousand servants, who, in that season of distress, had been dismissed and turned into the streets to perish. Sir John Lawrence supported them all, as well as the needy who were sick, at his own means and risk, till subscriptions could be gathered in from all parts of the kingdom. It is a disgrace to the city of London that no public monument should have been erected to the memory of such a magistrate. His virtues perhaps would have been more fully recorded if he had gone to meeting instead of to church.

Of John Flavel we are told that 'one of those auspicious omens which are frequently supposed to announce future eminence, accompanied his birth. A pair of nightingales made their nest close to the window of the chamber where his mother lay-in, and with their delicious notes sang the birth of him whose tongue sweetly proclaimed the glad tidings which give songs in the night.' Something more extraordinary is related of this writer. 'His treatise on the Soul of Man, contains a remarkable anecdote of a minister, which is usually supposed to be a modest imitation of the apostle Paul, who related his own exalted honour and delights in the third person. From this relation, it appears that Mr. Flavel spent a day in such intercourse with heaven, as overwhelmed the powers of nature, and seemed for a time to bring him to the verge of the grave. Many years after he used to call that one of the days of heaven, and declared he learned from it more of the heavenly life than from any books or discourses.'

The state which Flavel describes in 'modest imitation of the apostle Paul,' as Messrs. Bogue and Bennett express themselves, might be supposed to be one of those pious day-dreams which, in the language of the mystics, are called rapts or ecstasies, according to their degree, for the scale of devotion is curiously graduated. But in the Nonconformists' Memorial, the material circumstance appears which explains the miracle.

'His intimate and delightful intercourse with heaven,' says Dr. Calamy, 'is manifest from a remarkable story which he relates in his Pneumatologia, though with great modesty, using the third person as the apostle Paul did when speaking of his extraordinary Revelations. The following is the substance of the narrative. Being on a journey he set himself to improve the time by meditation, when his mind grew intent, till at length he had such ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, and such

full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world and all its concerns, so that for hours he knew not where he was. At last perceiving himself faint through a great loss of blood from his nose, he alighted from his horse and sat down at a spring, where he washed and refreshed himself, earnestly desiring if it were the will of God, that he might then leave the world. His spirits recovering he finished his journey in the same delightful frame. He passed all that night without a wink of sleep, the joy of the Lord still overflowing him, so that he seemed an inhabitant of the other world. After this a heavenly serenity and sweet peace long continued with him; and for many years he called that day one of the days of heaven, and professed he understood more of the life of heaven by it, than by all the discourses he had heard, or the books he ever read.'

This is one of those facts, common in Romish biography, and not unfrequent in that of our own enthusiasts, which clearly belong to nosology. That Flavel himself should not have perceived how wonderfully he recovered from a fit of apoplexy is not extraordinary; but it is remarkable that Calamy, and his modern editor, should relate the case without suspecting its real nature, and that the joint historians should entirely omit so very material a part of the relation. Flavel appears in his portrait to have been a short-necked plethoric subject, and he died suddenly.

Flavel was very anxious to effect a union between the Independents and Presbyterians; Joseph Jacob on the contrary, chusing to be independent even of independency, made a church of his own at Turners Hall, Philpot-lane, of which he himself was pope or patriarch. All periwigs were discarded from this double-refined church,—no slight stretch of authority in a time which the wig-makers may look back upon as their golden age. Mr. Jacob issued an order for the regulation of the women's garb; and set the men an example of wearing mustachios. The members of his congregation were not allowed to attend public worship at any other place, not even when their business led them to a distance, and the alternative was not to attend it at all; nor were they suffered to intermarry with other churches; the relations of life could be filled up only from their own perfect society, and no person but Joseph Jacob himself could be safely employed to tie the marriage knot. This crazy congregation was dispersed at the death of its crazy founder, who so completely monopolized all authority to himself, that it necessarily died with him.

Daniel Burgess, well known in his day, was an oddity of a different description; he was one of those men whose grotesque humour shows itself on every occasion, and who are not the less serious because they express themselves in a jest. That is the best key, he used to say, which fits the lock and opens the door, though it be not a silver or gold one. There is a portrait of him

him in Dr. Williams's* library in Redcross-street, and in spite of his gown and band, and wig in full buckle, the old gentleman looks as if a joke were on the tip of his tongue ready to be let fly as soon as his lips were unscrewed. In one of his sermons he told the congregation 'that if they wanted a suit for a year they might go to Mr. Doyley; if they wanted a suit for life they might go into Chancery; but if they would have one to last for ever, they must go to Christ and get the robe of righteousness to clothe them.' Truths divine did not to be sure come mended from Daniel Burgess's tongue, but no doubt many of his arrows went home to the mark, which would neither have gone so true nor pierced so deep, if it had not been for the goose-feather which winged them. He was a good old man, composed of better materials, both moral and intellectual, than some of those who affected to despise him and held him up to ridicule. In his last illness he said that if he must work no more he would rather be idle under ground than idle above ground. Burgess was one of those Dissenters who were staunch friends of the revolution. He gave it as a reason why the people of God who descended from Jacob were called Israelites, that it was because God did not chuse his people should be called Jacobites.

Of all their preachers Thomas Bradbury was the most conspicuous for the ardour with which he engaged in politics: and Mr. Wilson ventures to say, that few persons had a greater share in promoting the succession of the House of Hanover. He had wrought himself up to a belief that a new age of intolerance was at hand. Bishop Burnett, passing one day in his carriage through Smithfield, observed him walking pensively along, called to him, and inquired the reason of his great thoughtfulness. 'I am thinking,' replied Bradbury, 'whether I shall have the constancy of that noble company of martyrs who suffered in this place; for I most assuredly expect to see times of similar violence and persecution, and that I shall be called to suffer in a like cause.' Queen Anne happened at that time to be upon her death-bed: Burnett told him that every hour was expected to be her last, that he himself was then going to Court, and would send him the earliest intelligence of her death, and that if he should chance to be performing divine service, the messenger should drop a handkerchief from the gallery. He happened to be in the pulpit, and the handkerchief was dropt. Bradbury restrained his feelings during the sermon, but in

* No public library in England is so liberally conducted as this. Books are lent from it at the discretion of the trustees to any part of the country. The Advocates Library at Edinburgh, and many upon the Continent, offer the same accommodation to men of literary research; but in England this example of the Dissenters has not yet been followed.

his concluding prayer he returned thanks to God for the deliverance of this kingdom from the evil counsels and designs of their enemies, and implored the divine blessing upon his Majesty King George and the House of Hanover. Queen Anne did not call him bold Bradbury without reason. He is said soon afterwards to have preached upon this text, 'Go see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter.' The fact is as likely from the temper of the times as the man. Bradbury always preached on the 5th of November, then dined with some friends at a tavern, and after dinner sang the roast beef of old England. Mr. Wilson says that he has seen some curious letters which passed between him and Whitfield on this subject; that reformer having seriously remonstrated with him upon his conduct in this particular.

A remarkable instance of the feeling of at least a large part of the community, upon Queen Anne's death, is related by Crosby. A number of old English gentlemen obtained an order from the lords of the regency for their admission into the grand cavalcade at the king's public entry. They proposed to ride on white horses, in their own grey hair, and in white camlet cloaks, 'with a nosegay in their right hands, composed of an orange inclosed with laurel; the orange in remembrance of the great Nassau, who left us this thrice happy legacy; the laurel in commemoration of the always victorious John Duke of Marlborough, who, by his sword, rather obtained than preserved for us the possession of this entail which is the bulwark of the Protestant religion.' They meant to have marched in twelve companies of twenty-four gentlemen, with a captain to each; their servants in liveries following on foot, with music in the front, centre, and rear; but they were slow in their preparations, and George I. arrived before they were ready.

There is in the Somers Tracts a congratulatory speech delivered in 1667, by Dr. Bates to Charles II. in the name of the dissenting ministers in and about London, which, for baseness of adulation, far exceeds the language of James the First's parliament, when they declared that they did, 'on the knees of their hearts, agnize his royal goodness.' 'We live,' said the orator, 'in an age of degenerate wickedness, wherein are numberless numbers of resolved looseness, who, by their bold impieties, defy the supreme majesty of heaven. These, we hope, by your authority and influence, may be restrained, if not truly reformed: for whereas other princes assume an infamous prerogative to live as they list, to satisfy their vicious apetites without controul, your majesty exhibits such excellent virtues in your practice, as may be a persuasive pattern and commandingly exemplary to your subjects.' The immediate object of this address was to request that Arians and Socinians

cinians might not be allowed to make their opinions public through the press, and the style of the petition was worthy of the object. The Stuarts were ready enough to persecute any person whose religious notions were opposite to their policy; they cared nothing for disputes concerning the Creed, but they mortally hated nonconformity. For this hatred, it must be acknowledged, they had some reason; but it prevailed over honour, gratitude, justice, and even common humanity. Jenkyn, the Presbyterian, was one of those London ministers who signed the remonstrance against bringing Charles I. to trial; he had been suspended from his living for refusing to observe the form of thanksgiving appointed by the parliament after the event of that trial; and he had been imprisoned in the Tower for his share in Love's plot for restoring the prince. These things gave him a claim, at least for indulgence upon the house of Stuart. At the age of seventy-two, he was apprehended at a private meeting in Moorfields, and committed to Newgate under the Oxford act. He presented a petition, backed by the statement of his physician, that the air of the prison would infallibly kill him: the only answer which James vouchsafed was this, 'Jenkyn shall be a prisoner as long as he lives.' The physician's opinion was verified in about four months, and one of the last things which the sufferer said was, that a man might be as effectually put to death in Newgate as at Tyburn. His daughter, a high spirited woman, gave mourning rings at the funeral, inscribed 'Mr. William Jenkyn murdered in Newgate.'

James was emphatically a hard-hearted man. Kiffin, a wealthy Baptist, who used to say that he had saved £30,000 by making Charles II. a present of ten when he wanted to borrow forty, had two grandsons, the one in the twentieth, the other in his twenty-first year, condemned for joining Monmouth. Their sister presented a petition in their behalf: when she was waiting to present it, Marlborough, then Lord Churchill, said to her that he heartily wished she might succeed, but dared not flatter her with hopes, 'for this marble,' said he, touching the chimney-piece 'is as capable of feeling compassion as the king's breast.' The youths were of course put to death, for James was never known to shew mercy. A little while afterwards, when he was tempting the nonconformists to join him against the church, he sent for Kiffin, and told him that he had put him down for an alderman in his new charter. Sire, replied Mr. Kiffin, I am a very old man, and have withdrawn myself from all kind of business for some years past, and am incapable of doing any service in such an affair to your Majesty, or to the city. Besides, Sire, he continued, and the tears streamed down his cheeks while he spake, the death of my grandsons gave a wound to my heart, which is still bleeding, and never will close but

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in the grave. James is said to have shewn some emotion at this—a foretaste of what he was soon to feel when he applied to the father of Lord Russell in his distress. The history of the Baptists affords another instance of James's cruelty in the execution of Mrs. Gaunt, which, all circumstances considered, is the foulest murder that was ever perpetrated under the forms of law. A man who had taken part in Monmouth's rebellion, and who was a stranger to her, went to her for shelter, knowing that her life was spent in works of charity; she took him in, and waited for an opportunity of sending him out of the kingdom. This fellow, hearing the king had declared he would sooner pardon the rebels than those who harboured them, relying upon the declaration, went and accused her of high treason for having sheltered him: there was no witness to prove that she knew he was a rebel but himself; her maid could only give in evidence that he was entertained at her house; and on this evidence, and for this crime, James signed the sentence for burning her alive! 'She died,' says Burnet, 'with a constancy even to a cheerfulness that struck all who saw it. She said charity was a part of her religion as well as faith; this, at worst, was the feeding of an enemy; so she hoped she had her reward with him for whose sake she did this service, how unworthy soever the person was that made so ill a return for it. She rejoiced that God had honoured her to be the first that suffered by fire in this reign, and that her suffering was a martyrdom for that religion which was all love. Penn the Quaker told me he saw her die: she laid the straw about her for burning her speedily, and behaved herself in such a manner that all the spectators melted in tears.'

The sufferer naturally enough wished to consider her fate as a martyrdom, and the historian of her communion is willing to give it something of that colouring; but it was a political, not a religious, murder. The Baptists were indeed a peculiarly obnoxious sect for the sake of John of Leyden, with whose frenzies they had as little to do as the modern Jews with the spoiling of the Egyptians, for which some of the Turkish governors are said to have sometimes exacted an account. It is amusing to see the language which was used, and the ridiculous charges which were brought against them, for a peculiarity which, if not very wise, is certainly very harmless. Wall, speaking of their origin in England, says that 'having framed so many devices to deny infant baptism, they were confounded in themselves how to begin baptizing adult persons in their own way, till at length one John Smith, *being more desperately wicked than others*, baptized himself, and then he baptized others.' Baxter, a man rather remarkable for a native gentleness, which even Presbyterianism could not sour, than for any indulgence of asperity in polemical disputes, inveighed against their practice of dipping as breaking

breaking both the sixth and seventh commandments: to prove the first charge, he gave a long list of the mortal diseases which dipping in cold water would produce; and to prove the second, he charged them with dipping naked, 'or next to naked,' which a little inquiry, or even reflection, might have shewn him was a gross calumny. On the other hand the old Baptist historian prides himself not a little upon the opinion of Sir John Floyer the physician, who, waving the theological question, declared that 'they who first introduced the alteration of the truly ancient ceremony of immersion, did great injury to their own children and all posterity, and were the occasion of a degenerate, sickly, tender race ever since. A man of eighty, he said, whose father well remembered when immersion was the ordinary practice, told him that parents used always, at the baptism of their children, to desire the priest to dip that part very well in which any disease used to afflict themselves, to prevent its being hereditary. And it had long been a proverbial saying among old people, if any one complained of a pain in his limbs, "surely that limb had never been dipped in the font." Crosby seems well disposed to believe this himself; and to this day the Baptists affirm, with great seriousness, that no person was ever known to receive injury from their mode of baptism, though it sometimes happens that women chuse to undergo it in an advanced stage of pregnancy.

The silliest superstitions may lead to evil consequences. The Baptist historian records miracles wrought against the Quakers in favour of his own sect; and relates how one Anne Clemens, a baker's wife at Chipping Norton, for being an enemy to the Dissenters, fell under a grievous judgment of having an appetite to eat as much as would satisfy two or three people. This sort of spirit hardens the heart beyond all others: a better instance cannot be adduced than the account how 'it pleased God to shew his displeasure against apostacy, by pouring forth the vials of his wrath upon one Mr. John Child, a preacher of long standing among the Baptists.' This poor man had conformed, and then wrote 'a cursed book.' The book, which is distinguished by this gentle epithet, and which 'did afterwards fill him with so great horror of soul,' was called 'A second Argument for a more full and firm Union amongst all good Protestants,' and the chief crime of which he is accused, seems to be that of making it an argument against the Baptists, that some of their ministers were uneducated and ignorant men. 'Quickly after this,' says Benjamin Keach, 'he fell under fearful desperation. I was one of the first men that he sent for, and I found him in a dismal state and condition, being filled with horror, saying he was damned, and crying out against himself for writing that book, saying he had touched the apple of God's eye.

eye. His poor wife intimated to me that the very ends of the hairs of his head in the night season, did stand in drops, through the anguish of his soul. Thus he continued for several months under most fearful horror and desperation, until, to put an end to his miserable life, he hanged himself.' Keach, who relates this dreadful case of religious madness in this temper, concludes one of his books with the trial of Peccatum; Fiery Zeal of the town of Knowledge, Vehement Desire, Spiritual Indignation and Holy Revenge, appear among the gentlemen of the jury. Among other *aliases* Peccatum is indicted by the names of Heresy, Idolatry, and Unbelief: if Mr. Keach himself had been impannelled upon a trial for heresy, he would have brought with him the same dispositions as his own jurymen. The trial is the only amusing passage to be found in his two allegories. The first witness who is called is Adam, late of Paradise; after him, Mrs. Soul, and Mr. Body, both of Manshire, are called, and Madam Grace and all her daughters. Some of these daughters, as it appeared in evidence, had met with vile usage. Mrs. Patience had been turned out of doors—Mrs. Sobriety and Mrs. Temperance had both been knocked down, and Mrs. Chastity had been in such imminent danger, that the Judge was obliged to order her a cordial before she could be examined.

Keach was but a poor imitator of John Bunyan, the pride of the Baptists, a man indeed of whom every communion might boast. In his unregenerate days John was, by his own testimony, a 'town-sinner'; but nature had gifted him with strong feelings and a powerful imagination. He married a woman whose whole property consisted in 'the Practice of Piety,' and the 'Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven.' The latter of these books did not belie its title: he and his wife read them together, and John got into the way; but it was not the king's high-way—not what old Latimer calls the plain Dunstable road; he chose a bye-path, and joined the Baptists, the first pious persons with whom he fell in happening to be of that persuasion. He was soon invited to the ministry, tinker as he was, and under the cruel laws of that age was thrown into prison for nonconformity: the bill against him affirming 'that he did devilishly and perniciously abstain from coming to church to hear divine service,' &c. After twelve years confinement he was released by the interposition of Barlow, bishop of Lincoln.

Bedford jail was that den wherein Bunyan 'dreamed his dream:' the Pilgrim's Progress, a book which the child and his grandmother read with equal delight, and which, more almost than any other work, may be said to be

> 'Meet for all hours and every mood of man,'

was written in prison, where Bunyan preached to his fellow prisoners,

soners, supported his family by making tagged laces, and filled up his leisure by writing a considerable part of two folio volumes. The work by which he immortalized himself grew from a sudden thought which occurred while he was writing in a different strain. Its progress he relates oddly enough in his rhyming apology, but more curiously in some verses prefixed to the Holy War, which are unpardonably omitted in the latest and newest edition.

> 'It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
> And thence into my fingers trickeled;
> So to my pen, from whence immediately
> On paper I did dribble it daintily.'

These curious verses conclude with an anagram, made in noble contempt of orthography.

> 'Witness my name; if anagram'd it be,
> The letters make *Nu hony in a B.*'

Perhaps the most characteristic passage in his numerous writings is his defence against some charges of gallantry and incontinence. 'My foes,' he says, 'have missed their mark in this their shooting at me. I am not the man: I wish that they themselves be guiltless. If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged up by the neck till they be dead, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would be still alive and well. I know not whether there be such a thing as a woman breathing under the face of heaven, but by their apparel, their children, or by common fame, except my wife. And in this I admire the wisdom of God, that he made me shy of women from my first conversion until now. Those know, and can also bear in witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasant towards a woman. The common salutation of women I abhor. It is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. Their company alone I cannot away with. I seldom so much as touch a woman's hand; for I think these things not so becoming me. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have at times made my objection against it; and when they have answered, that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them it was not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked why they made baulks; why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill favoured go? Kisses, how laudable soever such things may have been in the eyes of others, they have been unseemly in my sight.'

The Baptists were the first sectarians who devised that system of finance, which is at this time carried to such an extent by the Methodists. At a general assembly in the year 1689, they recommended that a fund for the relief and rearing of the ministry should

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be raised by weekly subscriptions of from one halfpenny to sixpence each person in every congregation. Most of their ministers in former times carried on some trade or secular employment; of this there is a curious instance in their historian Crosby: in the midst of his history you come unexpectedly upon a notice that he was the preparer and vender of Dr. Roberts' tincture for the flux, and sugar plums for the worms, having inherited the receipts which his father-in-law Benjamin Keach had purchased of the original inventor. Some of their ministers are still engaged in trade; but they can no longer be reproached with the want of learning; they have among them men of distinguished talents; and their missionaries in the East, if it were only for their literary labours, are entitled to the grateful admiration of all literary men.

The late Sir John Danvers was one day asked what was the difference between a baptist and an anabaptist, and he replied, much the same as between a whiskey and a tim-whiskey. There is a more efficient distinction among those persons who are agreed upon the point of adult baptism by immersion; the strict Calvinists have separated themselves from the others under the title of Particular Baptists, and regard the General Baptists as very little better than other men. These latter indeed are few in number, and must daily become less; for it is scarcely possible that men who allow themselves any latitude of opinion should long continue to attach much importance to the mode of baptism. The more numerous body consider this as an essential point, and it occasioned last year a schism in the Evangelical Magazine. One of their most distinguished members said some years ago of the dissenters, that he feared the more they associated the more they would quarrel. Sectarianism, indeed, contains in itself the seeds of schism in infinite series, but the peculiar distinction of the baptists interposes an insuperable barrier between them and the other sects which call themselves orthodox. This was so well understood, that when after the revolution great efforts were made to bring about a union between the other two denominations, it seems that no attempt was made to include the anti-pædobaptists. The contracting parties upon this occasion gave themselves by implication the modest title of visible saints.

The Baptists and Independents have undergone little other alteration than that they have partaken of the character of the age The Presbyterians have almost disappeared. At the end of Queen Anne's reign they were at least two-thirds of the whole dissenting body, at present they scarcely form a twentieth part of it. Arianism, which, according to Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, is an invention of the devil, found its way among them. Their view of its progress may best be given in their own words.

'During

'During this period, error was the destroying angel of dissenting congregations. Instances might be adduced in which a preacher of superior talents has attracted or retained a numerous congregation in the metropolis or other populous cities, though his sentiments have been far from the orthodox creed. But in the ordinary course of things, in proportion as dissenting ministers have departed from those religious principles which were held by the men ejected from the establishment for nonconformity, they have reduced the number of their audience. Whenever they have departed from what is called calvinism, the congregation has evidently felt the change; it has been arrested in its growth, and, after a time, visibly decayed.

'In whatever communions arminianism may have crowded places of worship, it never had this effect among dissenters; but almost without an exception, was the first stage of the congregational decline. Arianism may be called the second stage of the disease, and where it filled the pulpit, invariably emptied the pews. This was the case not only where a part of the congregation, alarmed by the sound of heresy, fled from the polluted house to a separate society; but where no opposition was made, and all remained without a murmur in the original place. In numerous instances, the preacher, full of the wisdom of the serpent, sought by hiding the monster from their view, to draw them over by stealth to the new theology, and unveiled his sentiments only as the people were able to bear them without a frown. Though, at last, his wishes were crowned with success, yet the decay began, and gradually consumed the growth, the strength, and the life of the society, till a large congregation was reduced to a handful. Where socinianism found an entrance, its operations were quicker than those of the arian creed, and more effectual; flourishing societies were reduced to a few families, which being animated with zeal for the new opinions, or indifferent about any, chose to continue to support the modes of worship to which, from education or use, they were attached. In many places, socinianism was the abomination of desolation, and consigned what had been formerly the house of prayer and of the assemblies of the saints, an undisturbed abode to the spiders and the bats.'—pp. 318, 319.

Of Scotland, to which the presbyterians may triumphantly appeal for the effect of their discipline upon a nation, though in reality the main cause is to be found in the parochial schools with which they have so wisely fenced their establishment, the joint historians speak in a manner which we may leave the Scotch to battle with them. Particular countries, say they, have their endemical diseases; and a malady of the soul, like the goitre of the Alpine nations, seems to be the curse of Scotland. 'An excessive zeal for little things, like an enormous wen, has, with but perhaps one exception, disfigured every sect that has arisen in that country. To ascertain the cause would be important, as it might operate as a preventive in future; but it is certainly a striking peculiarity in the Scotch character, and if it could be purged by hellebore, the whole

whole produce of Anticyra could not be purchased at a price too high.' Mr. Wilson relates a curious anecdote of the founders of the seceders, which shows, that with respect to them at least this censure is not undeserved. When Whitfield went to Scotland in 1741, his first exhibition was in the Meeting-house of the Messrs. Erskine's at Dumferline. Great persuasions were used to detain him there, and to prevent him from visiting and preaching for a Mr. Wardlaw, who had been colleague to Ralph Erskine for more than twenty years, but was considered as perjured for not adhering to the solemn league and covenant. As this was not very intelligible to Whitfield, the members of the associate presbytery were convened to instruct him upon the subject. Whitfield, a little surprised at seeing them assembled in synod, inquired the cause of the meeting, and was told that they were assembled to set him right about church government and the solemn league and covenant. He replied they might save themselves the trouble, for he had no scruples about either the one or the other; settling the church government and preaching about the solemn league and covenant were not his office, and he had never made the subject his study, being too busy about matters of greater importance. Upon this he was gravely reminded that every pin of the tabernacle was precious. He replied, that in every building there must be both outside and inside workmen employed: he was one of the inside workmen, and if they thought themselves called to work on the outside, they might proceed in their own way, and he would proceed in his; and he then asked them solemnly what they would have him do. The answer was, that he was not desired to subscribe immediately to the solemn league and covenant, but to preach only for them till he had further light. And why only for them? Ralph Erskine said, because they were the Lord's people. Whitfield then asked, were there no other Lord's people but themselves? if not, they who were the devil's people had more need to be preached to; for his part all places were alike to him, and if the Pope himself would lend him his pulpit, he would gladly proclaim in it the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

From the scanty materials which relate to Scotland in these various works we will glean one anecdote more for its striking singularity. The Sandemanians derive their name from Robert Sandeman, but his father-in-law John Glas was their founder. Their distinguishing opinion is well expressed in Sandeman's epitaph, where 'the ancient faith,' for which he 'long and boldly contended,' is said to be 'that the bare work of Jesus Christ, without a deed or thought on the part of man, is sufficient to present the chief of sinners:' faith, according to them, being neither more nor less than a simple assent to the divine testimony concerning the Redeemer.

George

George Glas, who wrote the History of the Canary Islands, a very interesting book, which has not attained the estimation that it deserves, was the son of this sectarian. The son was an extraordiuary man: his great object was to open a trade from this country to the interior of Africa, and government encouraged him to form a settlement on the coast for that purpose; but going to the Canaries to procure corn for his little colony, the Spaniards threw him and his wife and daughter into prison, and the settlement was ruined. It was a wicked act, originating in the blundering information of the Spanish minister in London, and the cruel policy of the Spanish court. After some years imprisonment he found means, by inclosing a bit of paper in a loaf of bread, to inform the British Consul of his situation; our government of course interfered and he was set at liberty. He took his passage with his family in a vessel bound to London: unhappily there was much treasure on board; some of the crew conspired to seize her, and in the massacre which they committed, Glas was run through the body and his wife and daughter thrown overboard. The murderers got to shore in Ireland, buried their treasure in the sand, went to an ale-house, and conducted themselves so as soon to bring upon themselves their deserved fate. Meantime the newspapers had announced the arrival of the ship in the Irish Channel, and old Glas was daily expecting to see his son. When the news of the murder arrived, his friends knew not how to communicate it to him; at last one of them took the paper, and pointed to the paragraph in silence. The old man bore the shock with a firmness which Epictetus himself might have admired: to the astonishment of all, he attended the church assembly the same evening; and when intelligence came that the assassins had been executed, he remarked, that it would be a glorious instance of divine mercy if George Glas and his murderers should meet together in heaven. This was not insensibility; but thus to have subdued the natural feeling, requires a longer and severer moral discipline than that which enables a martyr to stand unflinching in the flames.

The Sandemanians are reproached for the common arrogance of all young sects in unchurching the whole world except themselves, an intolerance of feeling which seems strangely inconsistent with a doctrine so remote from all enthusiasm as that by which they are distinguished. They have drawn over several ministers from the Independents. In dissenting congregations, indeed, it is no uncommon thing for the preacher to change his opinions, an event which always disturbs and frequently divides the meeting. The dissenting 'church' at Cambridge split into four parts in the course of six years; a fact which even so able a man as Robert Robinson, whom the dissenters may boast of as one of their brightest ornaments, contrasts, in ridiculous triumph, with 'the dull uniformity

mity of the establishment!' It is not long since a man who had preached for some years in a large provincial town, told his congregation he had discovered that he had been all that time under a delusion: now that his eyes were opened he must preach a doctrine widely differing from what he had before entertained; and all who would be saved must change with him.' The population of this town consists of between seven and eight thousand persons, and the leaven of schism has been so actively at work there among the sectarians that it contains at this time no fewer than seventeen sects.

This evil grows out of the principle of dissent. The minister of an establishment has no temptation from vanity, or the love of singularity, or any more worldly motive, to labour, as Jeremy Taylor expresses it, in the mine of insignificant distinctions: but among Dissenters the right of private judgment is so injudiciously inculcated that the men who are trained among them learn not unfrequently to despise all judgment except their own. Many of their students seem almost to have considered it a proof of weakness if they should believe as they were taught; as if theology, like chemistry, were a science in which every generation ought to make some discovery beyond its predecessor. Thus the Presbyterian seminaries produced Arians; the Arian school brought forth Socinian pupils, and when the Socinian college was established, they who had sat at Gamaliel's feet came away unbelievers, and throwing chart and compass overboard, youth at the prow and presumption at the helm, set sail upon the sea of error. The consequence of this has been that the English Presbyterians are rapidly disappearing, and Arianism is so nearly extinguished, that we believe at this time a minister cannot be found for the last congregation in which it lingers. It is not a little remarkable that a mode of belief which was once the dominant doctrine, and which long divided the Christian world, should in our own days be the only heresy which finds no followers.

Meantime the orthodox Dissenters have received a great increase of numbers by the accession of the Calvinistic Methodists, who have fallen imperceptibly into the discipline of the Independents, and assimilated to them so nearly, that there is little distinction but in name. Of that mightier body the Wesleyan Methodists, Messrs. Bogue and Bennett give a full and fair account. Upon this subject we need not touch. What little space can farther be afforded must be allotted to a brief view of the effects which non-conformity produces upon the mind and manners of the dissenting body; and for this the work of the joint historians might alone suffice to furnish materials.

There is a spirit of dissent, as well as a spirit of christianity. The points of difference become the life of the non-conformist's theology.

ology. When those points relate to doctrine, men are too prone to forget what Warburton has remarked concerning obscurities in Scripture, that 'the very obscurities are a sufficient evidence that the subject of them can never be matter of faith necessary to salvation:' and when they relate to discipline, the strictest disciplinarian may well doubt whether any difference is of sufficient moment to counterbalance the inconveniences of separation, which if there be not sufficient reason for it, even the writers before us pronounce to be a heinous crime. Between the Romish and Reformed Churches the difference is wide as east and west: they are far as the poles asunder; the points of discrepancy are vital; a re-union is as impossible as it would be to unite with the synagogue or the mosque; and the benefits of the Reformation are so great, that great as is the price which it cost us, we are abundantly overpaid. But it is humiliating to recollect what has been suffered for no weightier ground of dispute in the beginning, than the surplice and the sign of the cross in baptism! Schism which originated in no better cause could have no good effect.

When the poet coupled with 'the Quaker sly, the Presbyterian sour,' in describing the latter he applied that epithet which he thought most characteristic of the generic Dissenter. Many causes rendered it so. Men who laid claim collectively to the title of Visible Saints were likely, in no little degree, to partake as individuals of the spiritual pride of the community. In our days they continue to call themselves Professors; but they who profess to be better than their neighbours cannot be said to excel them in the Christian virtue of humility. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett say the term has gained admittance into the language of a considerable part of the religious world, and that they themselves adopt it for its brevity. By a Professor, they add, is meant one who has the worship of God in his family, who sanctifies the Lord's Day, and who is persuaded of the necessity of conversion in order to the salvation of the soul; and they modestly observe, 'some consideration at least is due to the assertion which has been made that there are more professors of religion out of the established church than within its pale.' Upon this it will suffice to hint to these historians that some consideration is also due to the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. 'Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy.'

This spirit of profession necessarily produces a system of gloomy and ungracious manners. Some instances of the temper of the Professors have been noticed on a former occasion. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett also afford us a rich example: these joint-historians, taking a novel course in history, introduce into the body of their work a dialogue between 'a Dissenter of the primitive stock'

and 'a decent old Lady.'—'Pray, sir,' says the decent old Lady, 'what harm can there be in cards, or an assembly, or in the theatre? I keep to my church, and the sacrament, and prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays; and if I spend two or three hours in an evening at the card-table, and carry my nephew and niece with me to our monthly assembly, and eight or ten times a-year we go together to the play—you are a rigid man if you blame our conduct. Shew me where such things are forbidden in the word of God!' To this the Professor makes a long reply, in the course of which the following curious passage occurs. 'What would be your sensations, if on taking up a morning newspaper you were to read the following paragraph—Last night the Apostle Paul and the Evangelist Timothy were at the assembly. St. Paul played all the evening with two old matrons and a middle-aged gentleman at cards. Timothy danced with the young ladies, and charmed them all with his elegance, his wit and his mirth. Would you not be shocked at the intelligence as containing something abhorrent to the ideas which you had formed of these holy men? But is there more than one rule for the disciples of Christ? Is there a strict formulary and a lax one designed for different classes of mankind? No, there is but one, and all should observe it in all its precepts; and you and I, and every person professing Christianity, should be as good and holy as the apostles and evangelists, as Paul and Timothy were.' The Hutchinsonians, who would have no physical philosophy but what is found in the Bible, are reasonable when compared with these men who would have us do nothing in private life which might not be written in the Acts of the Apostles! 'Would you like,' the Professor proceeds, 'to die at the card-table, in the midst of a dance, or in a box at the theatre? You would not: the idea shocks you. But why? There must be something wrong that excites such emotions in your breast. If you shudder at the thoughts of dying in your beloved amusements, it must be more than improper to live in them.' What a pity that these writers should not have read Tristram Shandy!

The spirit of dissent is as little favourable to literature as to manners; the Muses as well as the Graces are heathenish, and therefore an abomination to the Professors. George Fox was an enemy to human learning; and a choice piece of his logic against it is preserved by Sewel. Entering into discourse with the person whom Cromwell had appointed to establish his intended college at Durham, George told him 'that to teach men Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and the seven arts, was not the way to make them ministers of Christ; for the languages began at Babel; and to the Greeks that spake Greek as their mother-tongue, the preaching of the cross of Christ was foolishness; and to the Jews that spake Hebrew as their

their mother tongue, Christ was a stumbling-block. And as for the Romans who spake Latin, they persecuted the Christians; and Pilate set Hebrew, Greek and Latin a-top of Christ when he crucified him. Thus the languages which began at Babel, had been set above Christ, the Word: and John the Divine, who preached the Word that was in the beginning, said that the beast and the whore had power over tongues and languages, and they were as waters, and in this mystery, Babylon. Dost thou then think,' he continued, 'to make ministers of Christ by these natural confused languages, which sprang from Babel, are admired in Babylon, and set a-top of Christ, the life, by a persecutor?' Sewel is simple enough to say that the man was puzzled by this, 'which had such effect upon him, that he became very loving, and having considered the matter farther never set up his intended college.' But it was the Restoration, and not Quaker-logic, which prevented Durham from being the University of the north.

South has remarked, in his pointed manner, 'that God has no need of any man's parts or learning, but certainly he has much less need of his ignorance and ill behaviour.' Some of the wilder Professors still object to human learning, and say that those who are educated in dissenting seminaries are *man-made* ministers,—to which Messrs. Bogue and Bennett properly reply, by asking whether self-made ministers are a whit better? Concerning these seminaries, they tell us that Homerton, 'which is the dissenting Oxford, is considered to be now in a more flourishing state than it has been for many years. It contains near twenty students, and an eminent professor of elocution gives lectures.' Very like Oxford indeed!

Their academies, they tell us, being formed for 'theological studies rather than for classical or philosophical learning, have supplied the churches with some such pastors as will shine among those who have turned many to righteousness, while many a scholar has proved a wandering star, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.' Gilbert Wakefield, having been bred in a better school, regretted the want of classical knowledge among those whom he had joined. This, they thought, was like sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. For, say they, 'a want of classical knowledge is not to be attributed to the defects of the seminaries, but to the system which demands a previous Christian character, and therefore forbids to educate boys for the ministry at grammar schools. In the regret which Gilbert Wakefield expressed at the inferior attention paid to this object in dissenting academies, those who take a more serious and enlarged view will not participate. Unless the time devoted to education for the ministry were enormously extended, the delicacies of classical literature could not be acquired, but by

the sacrifice of more important objects. But the Greek Testament and the Septuagint may be well understood by those who are unequal to Pindar or the Greek tragedians.' They tell us also, that 'instead of being youths from school, as formerly, a great part of the students have been engaged in secular callings till their own change of heart, and consequent desire for the ministry, induced them to seek emancipation from business, in order to enter the study and the pulpit. Unfavourable as this in many instances certainly is to the hope of literary eminence, it affords the best prospect of sacred decision of character. Instead of the prepossessions of friends, or the caprice of children, the choice of God now supplies the churches with pastors.' No better proof can be required than these passages afford that the dissenting seminaries have little pretension to sound, whatever they may have to orthodox, learning.

In another age, perhaps, the *literæ humaniores* may find favour among them. Their present temper upon this point may be estimated by the following tirade of the joint-historians.

'The worship of talent was the prevailing idolatry of this period, of which Shakspeare and Pope were *dii majorum gentium*. Literary clubs were formed, where nightly sacrifices of conviviality were offered to the vanity of prostituted intellect. When Johnson became the hierophant to these literary heathens, they may almost be said to have been evangelised; for though he spent his evenings among them, in such a way as made him blush, and would have made an enlightened Christian shudder, yet it may be reckoned a felicity that he became their saint, to supply the salt of grace to the wits, among whose productions his periodical papers are pre-eminent, as well for purity of morals as for dignity of thought and expression. In prose he has happily taken the precedence of Addison, whose Spectator has much to pollute as well as to divert and instruct; but in poetry he has not eclipsed the fatal glory of the Cato, where suicide becomes a splendid sin, and thus is likely to be preferred to a *sombre* virtue. The poetic fame of Pope, however, has been the bane of religion; for independent of the seductive lustre which he has given to the demonology of Homer, and the unblushing deism of his Essay on Man, pure heathenism, in spite of a few solitary truths introduced for the sake of the rhyme, ever feeds his lamp and scents his works, which paganise the taste of thousands.

'Garrick, the Roscius of this age, infected it with a dramatic mania, which, in proportion as it transported men into the visionary scenes of the theatre, rendered the sober realities of eternity gloomy or disgusting. While the play-house was crowded to the neglect of the church, and Shakspeare, edited by the first scholars, was studied more than the Bible, need it be asked what was the state of the public mind?'—p. 40.

After this it is not a little amusing to observe the complacency with which these gentlemen say 'it may indeed be safely affirmed that all the most popular productions of the British press were written

ten by Dissenters!' And to prove this they instance the Paradise Lost, the Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, and the works of Dr. Watts! Blind reasoners, who do not see that it is to their intellect, not to their principles of dissent, that Milton, and Bunyan, and De Foe, owe their immortality; strange company, we confess, but each incomparable in his way. With some of their other worthies the world is not so well acquainted, and many of our readers will confess their ignorance of such luminaries as 'the famous Mr. Wm. Benn of Dorchester; that celebrated Professor Dr. Ebenezer Latham, who presided over a respectable seminary at Findern in Derbyshire: the equally celebrated Mr. Timothy Jollie, who had an academy at Attercliffe in Yorkshire, and the no less celebrated Mr. John Woodhouse, under whose care were educated, among other eminent persons, Mr. Benjamin Bennet, of Newcastle upon Tyne, author of the Christian Oratory; Mr. John Ratcliffe of Rotherhithe; Mr. Matthew Clarke of Miles's Lane; Mr. Benjamin Robinson of Little St. Helen's; and Mr. John Newman of Salters Hall;—each of them celebrated,'—'So are they all,—all celebrated men!'

Their silly animadversions upon the Liturgy may be past over in silence. We only admire the modesty of the assertion that 'there is no place of worship in England in which extemporary prayer is used, though the minister should have the poorest abilities, where there are so many repetitions as in the morning service of the Church of England,—and we know who has said, when ye pray, use not vain repetitions.'

Their chapter upon the state of religious liberty is of greater importance. The American war may now be spoken of without asperity on either side; the generation which entered into its feelings is almost gone by; the actors have almost all disappeared from the stage; and the tragedy may be dispassionately considered in the closet. These writers observe well, as one of the unhappy effects of that war, that it completely destroyed the national harmony which had till then for many years subsisted between all denominations in England. The Jacobites had died a natural death, the church was perfectly tolerant, the Dissenters were contented with complete toleration, and the Roman Catholics were then not heard of. But the American war introduced a dangerous change of feeling in this country. It placed a portion of the English people in mental alliance with the enemies of England. 'The Dissenters in general adopted the cause of the Americans, and reprobated the measures of the ministry as impolitic and unjust.' 'They were attached to the Americans,' say these writers, 'by the peculiar ties of religious union. Many of the colonists in almost every state maintained the same doctrines of faith, and the same system

of government as themselves; and in the northern states they formed almost the mass of the people. A constant and extensive intercourse was kept up between them; mutual assistance was given in whatever related to the advancement of the cause of religion; and they considered themselves as members of the same body.' How greatly this and the temper with which the opposition to the measures of government was carried on, tended first to occasion an appeal to arms, and finally to produce that result which America has as much reason as England to regret, is indicated in the American Life of Washington, and will one day, perhaps, be known more fully. In that Life we are told that very many persons would have reluctantly engaged in the measures which were adopted if they had really believed that those measures would have terminated in war; that a great portion of the popular leaders expected, by persisting in their resistance, to make the mother country recede from her pretensions, and thus to restore that harmony and free intercourse between the two countries, which they sincerely believed to be advantageous to both; that 'this opinion derived strength from the communications made to them by many of their zealous friends in England. The divisions and discontents of that country had been represented as much greater than the fact would justify, and the exhortations transmitted to them to persevere in the honourable course which had been commenced with so much glory, had generally been accompanied with assurances that success must yet crown their patriotic labours.' These are the words of Chief Justice Marshall, and he, it must be remembered, was writing from Washington's papers. In the same work it appears that during the war there was a secret committee in America, who had agents abroad to procure military stores, and who were 'empowered to correspond with their friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of the world.' And among the grounds of hope by which Washington was encouraged to bear up against difficulties and discouragements which else, perhaps, might have dismayed him, he enumerates 'Irish claims and English disturbances.'

Upon later times the historians of the Dissenters are more explicit. The only mode, they say, of accounting for Mr. Burke's latter writings, without blasting his character for ever as a man of integrity, is by supposing that he was insane *quoad* the French revolution. Their audacious falsehood in asserting that Burke stood forward as 'the panegyrist of arbitrary rule,' may be forgiven them for the sincerity with which they speak of that revolution in its effect upon themselves.

'It was no ordinary season of the exertion of the human faculties. The vigour, with which they fixed on objects, was uncommon, and there had

had been nothing like it since the era of the reformation. There was an enthusiasm of ardour for the cause of liberty which exalted the mind far above its ordinary level, and gave that sublimity of feeling which those only who entered into it can conceive. In such a temper they spurned at the idea of being dragooned into the renunciation of principles which they believed to be good, and pregnant with happiness to the human race. Hearing the cause of liberty spoken of as evil, and seeing Britain leagued with foreign powers to re-establish despotism in France, they felt themselves impelled to conclude that there was a conspiracy against the liberties of mankind; and that the ministry, by the harsh measures which they pursued, were seeking the destruction of that which was England's glory and its strength.

'As the spirit of philanthropy had been imbibed in conjunction with a zeal for liberty, the horrors of the general war in Europe, the rivers of blood which were shed, and the miseries which were extended far and wide through the world, excited unutterable anguish in their breasts, and increased their aversion to the measures which were pursued. Those among the friends of liberty who were Christians, were more deeply affected than the rest with the state of things both at home and abroad, and with the gloomy prospect before them. Their minds took a wider range, and they viewed liberty in its connection with religion, and its influence on the propagation of the Gospel. When, therefore, they looked around, and saw a combination against the cause of liberty, they viewed it with unutterable horror, as a conspiracy against the Lord and his anointed, to spread the triumphs of superstition and priestcraft, to bind the consciences of mankind in adamantine fetters, to prevent the propagation of divine truth, and, in short,—to put the great clock of Europe back five hundred years.'—p. 200.

They proceed to trace the effects of the French revolution in Great Britain as connected with religious liberty and the cause of dissent.

'In this point of view there are two which merit particular notice; they have continued to the present time, they promise to be durable, and they have been attended with benefit.

'One of these effects is the decay, and in many instances the entire removal of the undue influence of titles and office on the mind. Before the French revolution, if a person was decorated with the names and ensigns of nobility, whatever his character and conduct might be, he was looked up to as a being of a superior order. An office of dignity had a similar charm; and however destitute of talents and virtue the man might be who filled it, the splendid robes concealed every defect, and he was supposed to be both wise and upright. Ecclesiastical vestments had a talisman of equal potency wrought into their woof. Though gifts and graces might be sought for under them in vain, the highest honours were given to the wearer because he was a priest.

'But the French revolution taught tens of thousands to reason who never reasoned before; and though, in many things, like young beginners,

ners, they argued falsely, in others they judged rightly: and one instance of this was in their concluding that unless a man was wise and good, though the order of society required that he should be treated with external respect, he was not entitled to the esteem and veneration of the heart. In consequence of this, stars, garters, and coronets lost considerably of their value. Ermine could no longer conceal from view a defect of talents and virtue, or procure the homage of the soul without them. The clergyman's gown and cassock, the presbyterian minister's Geneva cloak, and the methodist preacher's unpowdered head and lank hair lost more than nine-tenths of their former worth: the episcopal mitre, apron, and lawn sleeves suffered an equal depreciation. But this furnishes no cause for regret; for to seek to procure respect to a defect of excellence, by external ornaments, is an imposition on mankind.'—p. 202.

'The other effect of the French revolution on the minds of vast multitudes of the people of England, is the diminution or extinction of bigotry to a sect. In the mass of the population of Europe, the strength of attachment to the established religion of the country was only equalled by the violence of their prejudices against every party which was separated from its communion. Of this spirit, the people of this land could boast almost an equal share with any of their neighbours. The effects of this bigotry were felt by the dissenters and methodists, when they opened a house for worship in a town or village where there had been none before. In many places few comparatively would attend; and of those who did, a part was disposed to excite disturbance and insult the preacher. But the French revolution has performed wonders in this respect. The partialities and prejudices especially of the inferior classes in society have dwindled almost to nothing. It is now a more common idea among them, that it is reasonable every one should judge for himself in matters of religion. Where no prohibition is issued by the nobleman or the squire, they now more readily go to hear a minister of a different denomination from their own; they are sensible of the impropriety of behaving amiss; they hear with greater candour; and if they approve of the preacher and his doctrine, they feel less reluctance to become dissenters or methodists.'—p. 204.

Of all the effects of non-conformity the most baneful is that sort of moral expatriation which it produces. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett deliver it as their opinion that the French revolution has produced good in England, because they think it has lessened the attachment of the people to the civil and religious institutions of their fathers! Their book represents but too well the general temper of those to whom it is addressed; but this is more peculiarly the feeling of the dissenting clergy, and it results from the unfavourable and cheerless circumstances in which they are placed. Had the Dissenters been as liberal as they are opulent, their colleges would have vied with ours; their endowments would have been (comparatively to their numbers) as rich; their education as complete; their

their degrees as honourable; the rivalship arising out of such a state of things would have been beneficial to all parties; they would have excited us while they softened themselves. But the spirit of sectarianism is narrow and sullen; it starves its own cause; and the dissenting clergy are now, as they ever have been, soured by their situation, like plants which grow in the shade.

While we make these allowances, and feel this compassion for men thus situated, and thus suffering from the very nature of their situation, it is not in the spirit of ungenerous triumph over them, but in that of humble thankfulness and acknowledgment for the blessings which we ourselves enjoy, that we exclaim—Happy are they who grow up in the institutions of their country, and share like brethren in the feelings of the great body of their countrymen! The village spire is that point amid the landscape to which their eye reverts oftenest and upon which it reposes longest and with most delight. They love the music of the Sabbath bells, and walk in cheerfulness along the church path which their fathers trod before them. They are not soured by the sight of flourishing institutions which they think evil, and therefore wish to overthrow; neither are they tempted to seek in the sullen consolations of spiritual pride a recompense, for the advantages from which their own error excludes them. Their ways are in light and in sunshine, their paths are pleasantness and peace!

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ART. VI. *Collections from the Greek Anthology, and from the Pastoral, Elegiac, and Dramatic Poets of Greece.* By the Rev. R. Bland, and others. 8vo. pp. 525. London, Murray. 1813.

THE greater part of those small poems, which, though often arbitrarily abridged and mutilated by the taste or whim of their editors, have on the whole been transmitted from the hands of Polemo and Meleager to those of Brunck and Jacobs, with tolerable fidelity, seem hitherto to have met with no counterpart in the literature of any country. The word epigram (properly an inscription) has been almost exclusively applied in the Latin, as well as in the living languages, to that species of trifle, generally compressed within the space of a few distichs, the beauty of which consisted in some happy play of words, or conceit of thought. Very different was the epigram of the Greeks: without any of the aids by which the greater poets of antiquity embellished their works, with no development of character, no condensation of descriptive images, no agreeable fictions recommended to the imagination by what is at least the most poetical of all the systems of theology, they have

have contrived to infuse into their brief compositions a charm at once sober and pleasing. Most of the common-places of poetry may be traced to the anthology, and as the acknowledgment of obligations is rarely punctual in the world of letters, public estimation has not unfrequently been very disproportioned to the real pretensions of the literary borrower.

Whoever wishes to see the tenderness of real passion expressed forcibly, and in words which, being most natural, come most home to the heart, should seek it among the Greek epigrammatists. They seem to have had the art of the Dervise, who could throw his soul into the body of another man, and at once possess himself of his sentiments, adopt his passions, and assume all the functions and feelings of his situation. We are the more sensible of this excellence, because it has so rarely been our fate to meet with that delicate tenderness which is the highest beauty of amatory poetry. Perhaps Guarini and Metastasio alone, among the moderns, have found this secret path to the heart, and even their appoach is by a rather more dressed and ornamented road, than that adopted by the epigrammatists. We still remember our pleasure at finding, on the first perusal of Pastor Fido, many of those elegant pieces of poetry which had so often delighted us as detached songs; and our gratification was augmented by the associations which the charms of music had connected with them;—of music in the perfection of its best powers, simple, expressive, unaffected. The merit of the similies scattered throughout the scenes of Metastasio, has been justly appreciated, and too much cannot be said in praise of their variety and exactness, or of the fertility of that genius which could furnish endless novelty of ornament to so many dramas so nearly similar in character and situation. At the same time we know not whether the whole range of Italian poetry, so eminently fitted by its polish and softness for the language of love, can furnish anything more beautiful, than the following six words of Theocritus, quoted by the present translators. No passage shews more forcibly the advantage which the Greek language possesses over every other, by its conciseness.—Οἱ δὲ ποθεύντες ἐν ἡμάτι γηράσκουσιν.

'Chi ama, e chi desia, in un giorno s'invecchia,'

as Salvini has accurately, but somewhat diffusely, rendered it.

But the chief merit of the Italian writers is, that their embellishments are seldom out of place, their imagery is natural and appropriate; and if this is an excellence, surely the simplicity of the Greek epigrammatists, which rendered them independent of ornamental aids, is a virtue of a much higher order. With the latter the argument is not considered as a mere niche, in which the

the picture may be conveniently placed, but the image is made an auxiliary, and illustrates the subject; nor need we wonder if the distinct and well arranged thought, the appropriate epithet, and the familiar expression of the Greek epigram, have a more pleasing effect than the florid and melodious delicacy of the Italian canzonet, or the more vivacious trifling of the French madrigal. The virtue of simplicity has never been sufficiently studied by the poets of our own country; and those of the present day, whose pretensions to it are most ostentatious, have given us an imitation which differs as much from the original, as Cowper's languid version from the majesty and spirit of Homer; or the vulgar travesties of the Æneid from the unequalled delicacy of the Mantuan poet.

Conciseness is another pre-eminent beauty of the anthology. The affectation of it which is created by the desire of expressing a common idea with sententious and oracular brevity, is of a very different nature from that nicety of judgment, which prunes away every word that interrupts or encumbers the sentence, yet removes none of the links which formed the original chain of connection in the mind, and suffers every thing to remain distinct, intelligible, and well defined. There is no kind of writing less understood than this: the imitation of Montesquieu has been fatal to many who could not perceive that his genius enabled him to make his way through chaos without being much encumbered or retarded in his progress; or that conciseness can never atone for obscurity, and is only pleasing when it leaves nothing to be misunderstood. It was an aim at conciseness which occasioned so many perplexing inversions of language, and such a want of lucid arrangement in Mr. Campbell's last exquisite poem; and we cannot refrain from once more expressing our regret, that the author should have ever forgotten that his readers were not possessed of the same train of ideas which filled his own mind, and that his conceptions must be distinctly embodied in language, before their character and value could be duly appreciated. Fortunately, however, good sense is of all countries and ages; so that, even in the most tasteless times, it may not be too late to recollect that the homage due to our literary predecessors is paid as properly by avoiding their errors, as by imitating their beauties. Genius is a raw material too precious to be worked up into articles of a slight and perishable nature; and we shall best consult the extension and perpetuity of our own fame, by conforming to acknowledged excellence, and by using the models of antiquity not servilely, but freely, and with discrimination.

It must not be overlooked that the conciseness for which we have commended the poets of the anthology, is usually the product of a state which has not yet seen its Augustan age. We are told that the simplicity and purity which the chaste manners of elder Rome

Rome presented, are not to be expected among the dregs of Romulus: but the greater part of the poems in this volume, were composed either immediately before, or during the worst days of that calamitous period in the history of literature, so emphatically termed its dark age. It is impossible to make a proper estimate of the efforts which produced these compositions, without considering the difficulty of substituting strength for softness, and legitimate ornament for conceit, at a time when true taste was nearly extinct, and talent chilled by the repulsive indifference of ignorant barbarians.

Nor is there less matter for surprise in the favorite subjects of this collection. The writers of a country on the decline are apt to overlook the common-places of poetry, and to seek a more distant field for ideas than is presented by the brief existence allotted to beauty and virtue, by remembrances of the accidents of human life, 'the ills of age, sickness or poverty, neglected love, or forsaken friendship.' Yet whoever expects to meet with amusement in this volume, must be contented to derive it from the representation of unlaboured and obvious sentiments; and if he has not sufficient delicacy of taste to feel that it is to such a representation the best beauties of poetry belong, he must be ignorant of its greatest charm.

With such claims on the attention of every literary man, it may be a reasonable cause of wonder that, while most of the other classics have been presented to us again and again in an English dress, scarcely a single scholar should have hitherto called upon us to admire these smaller relics of antiquity. The success of Cowley, Prior, and Cumberland in whatever they have chosen to translate, is well known, and their full share of merit is allowed to them in this volume. Many of their versions are admitted into it, and the air of originality which pervades them, leaves us only to regret, that they who could do so well, should have done so little, and that their success should not have sooner excited others to similar efforts. Before we proceed to Mr. Bland, we will say a few words on each of these writers, and our readers will then be better able to judge what pretensions the present translators have to rank with those whose praise, for as much as they have undertaken, is already so universal.

The ruling passion of Cowley, as far as it is to be collected from his writings, was the love of retirement. He spent the most active part of his life in a fatiguing attendance on the formalities of a court, and, as commonly happens to men familiar with greatness, he was thoroughly disgusted with the heartlessness of what is truly called public life. His essays in prose and verse are full of the pleasures of retirement, and the country; it was this predilection which

which led him to Virgil's 'O fortunati nimium,'—Horace's 'Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,' and the fable of the country mouse,—Claudian's 'Old man of Verona,'—Martial's 'Vitam quæ faciant beatiorem,' and 'Vis fieri liber.' It is the same feeling which pervades the 'Epitaphium vivi auctoris,' so well known by its own classical beauty of sentiment and expression, and by Addison's admirable translation. The air of stiffness and restraint more or less perceivable in all Cowley's writings, is partly owing to the unsettled state of the language, and partly to a style which not unfrequently has more of the Latin, than of the English idiom. But the characteristic merit of his translations, which leads Mr. Bland to place him at the head of all the imitators of Anacreon, is their original spirit. Sir John Denham alludes to this excellence in some very beautiful lines 'on the death of Cowley.'

'To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote, was all his own, &c.
—Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate:
And when like them he would appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear.'

Prior's mind was of a very different cast. Born in the days of the gayest court which England ever saw, and at a time when language was cultivated only as a mode of elegance, he easily accommodated himself to the levity of his age, and was fortunate enough to be enabled, like Camilla in the Æneid, to skim along the surface without sinking. The bigotry and superstition which had degraded religion in the preceding times, had driven the gay courtiers of Charles II. with a libertine monarch at their head, into the opposite extremes of atheism and sensuality. Courage was their only virtue, liveliness their only merit. It was with them, as with the French at a later period, always jour de fête; they were bred up in the school of affliction, and when the sunshine of their fortune returned, they gave a loose to pleasure. But fortunately for the world, this is the artificial, not the natural state of society; the disorder was not incurable, and not very contagious; for it soon appeared that immorality had its cant, as well as enthusiasm, and that the airy gaiety and carelessness of scepticism, though adapted to the light heartedness of youth, were not qualities calculated to animate the decline of life, and sooth the dimness and infirmities of our later years. This is the fiend that 'expects its evening prey,' and exacts a terrible recompense for the moments of ease and merriment bestowed under the form of pleasure. Such was the character of this period—a few words yet remain to be said concerning its productions. The French early acquired a tone of refinement and elegance which was long neglected by other nations; their

their writers of course adopted a style suitable to the high cultivation which prevailed, and the delicacy and correctness of their productions were well calculated at once to gratify the nicety of a refined taste, and to atone for a certain deficiency of genius and energy. On the contrary the licentiousness of the court of Charles was fatal to purity and elegance; and the rich vein of genius, which, however obscured by the false taste, or corrupted by the profligacy of the times, still perhaps remains unequalled, gives full scope to the imagination to conceive what might have been produced by the same talent, under happier auspices, and in a better age. Point and wit were the chief objects of attention in every branch of literature, and that labour which the writers would have expended profitably in correcting the looseness and extravagance of their productions, was consumed in an endless search after low conceits, and artificial prettinesses. With all these faults,—faults for which scarcely any vigor of conception or execution can atone, —there is a raciness and spirit, a richness and variety of expression pervading the writings of the age, which must delight every reader. Prior had the good sense to avoid many of the grosser faults, and to make many of the beauties of his age more peculiarly his own. He has not been less happy in catching the manner of Fontaine, than Fontaine himself in embellishing the tales of Boccace, Poggio, and Ariosto, with natural strokes and archness of humour. His translations are chiefly of such poems as relate to love and gallantry, and no one has surpassed him in ease, and vivacious, though not always strictly delicate, point. Nearly all his versions might be classed under the title of epigram, as the word is used by Martial, and every English writer; nor has he, so far as we recollect, attempted a translation of any of those moral and serious poems which are the chief ornaments of the Greek anthology.

Prior has detained our attention so long, that our remarks on Cumberland must be very brief. It is well known that the latter author grew at once into notice as a scholar, and established his claim to the title, by the admirable essays on the fragments of the Greek drama published in the Observer. The excellence of these observations subjected Cumberland to a singular suspicion: when they first came out, he was better known by his relationship to Bentley, than by his learning, and it was hinted that he might have taken the substance of the essays, or the essays themselves, from manuscripts of his grandfather which had fallen into his possession. This is a charge of which the character of Bentley himself does not stand quite clear, and we have many anecdotes to prove that literary honesty is not always the accompaniment of learning; but Cumberland was a man of no common talent or cultivation of mind, who, if he had written less hastily, would have been inimitable.

ble. Several of his versions from the dramatic authors are admitted into the volume before us, and we have been greatly struck with the mixed force and feeling which they display. There is a rare combination of sententiousness and poetical ornament in the following couplets, which leaves nothing for regret, except the smallness of their number. We have not compared them with the originals, but they are exactly in the spirit and manner of those gnomic lines which so frequently occur in the ancient drama, and though condemned by some judges as unseasonable, are generally to be ranked among the most valuable relics which time has left us.

CRATES.

*Old Age.*

'These shrivelled sinews and this bending frame,
The workmanship of time's strong hand proclaim;
Skill'd to reverse whate'er the gods create,
And make that crooked which they fashion straight:
Hard choice for man, to die — or else to be
That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see.
Age then we all prefer; for age we pray,
And travel on to life's last ling'ring day;
Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
Find heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse.'

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PHERECRATES.

*The same Subject.*

'Age is the heaviest burthen man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain and care;
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays:
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.'—p. 226.

We now turn to the book which has given rise to the preceding remarks, and which we scarcely know whether we are to call a new edition, or a new work. It has not altogether a right to this latter title, for a volume was published five or six years ago, on the same plan, the materials of which were furnished, we believe, by the same authors. We do not know how much of its predecessor has been incorporated into the new volume, and it is not noticed in the title-page or the preface, but if our memory is correct, the relationship between them, is nearly what the foundation of a building bears to its superstructure. The name of Mr. Bland appears singly on the title-page, but there are various signatures affixed to the translations, and in the preface the following passage occurs:

'It will doubtless appear strange, that, of the two principal authors, he who has contributed the least portion of the body of the work,

should be most prominent to the public. While he regrets the necessity, he has been compelled to yield to the instances of his associate; and has, at the same time, been induced, by the representations of their publisher, who objected to the plan of a book entirely anonymous, to suffer his own name to appear in a place to which it is entitled no otherwise than by participation.'

Mr. Bland's share of the work appears to be marked by the initial B, and we have heard names assigned to most of the other contributions; but as there has evidently been a wish for at least a partial concealment, we do not think it fair to withdraw the veil, whatever may be the motives, professional or domestic, which have led to its adoption.

We naturally expected in a miscellaneous collection like the present, to meet with great inequality in the closeness of the translations. This is a point of considerable delicacy; something of the expectations of the reader must be conceded to the difficulty of transfusing with fidelity the spirit of one language into the idioms of another; and much must be left to the taste of the translator—he will sometimes judge wisely in imitating as nearly as our language will permit, the unornamented simplicity of the original; sometimes will neglect or soften an image unsuited to modern associations; sometimes qualify or refine expressions which are too harsh and farfetched. Every one who is acquainted with the poems of the Greek anthology, knows that passages occasionally occur which are liable to the charge of extravagance. The contemporaneous taste of the times is more or less discoverable in the productions of every country, and a love of conceits was the prevailing fault, the most prominent feature of the ages in which the epigrammatists flourished. Besides, the more obvious and natural thoughts, always most pleasing to true taste, were pre-occupied, and if novelty was to be attempted, the choice lay among materials of a baser kind; if a new garland was to be entwined, it must have been of flowers which Virgil and Horace and Catullus had already rejected. The first poem in the collection, entitled 'the Lover's Message,' from Meleager, affords an instance of the fault of which we have been speaking. The passage is omitted in the translation, but is thus noticed in the Illustrations.

'The sixth line in the original has caused much dispute. Its literal interpretation is, "Expect me not as a sailor, but as one who travels on foot to behold you;" a hyperbolical expression, implying, (says Jacobs,) "The desire of seeing you will support me over the seas, even without the aid of a ship."'—p. 41.

We must remark, however, that while the translator has avoided in one instance the fault of the original, he has in the very next couplet fallen into one equally great.

'Go,

'Go, heralds of my soul! to Phanion's ear,
On all your shrouds the tender accents bear.'—p. 1.

What can be more affected than the expression, 'heralds of the soul,' applied to vessels passing and repassing the Hellespont? And it is the more inexcusable, since, on turning to the original, we find no trace of it whatever. The following stanzas have a tone of arch gallantry about them, which at first sight would lead us to attribute them to the romantic days of France, rather than to the sixth century: they have, however, the merit of being a very faithful translation.

PAULUS, 8. iii. 78. (73.)
*Love not extinguished by Age.* B.

'For me thy wrinkles have more charms,
Dear Lydia, than a smoother face!
I'd rather fold thee in my arms
Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.

'To me thy autumn is more sweet,
More precious than their vernal rose,
Their summer warms not with a heat
So potent as thy winter glows.'—p. 3.

The following effusion has all the gallantry of Waller, with none of his conceits; and all the warmth and poetry of Moore, with none of his indelicacy. The thoughts are borrowed with sufficient fidelity from the Greek, but the elegance and plaintiveness breathed over the whole, belong exclusively to the translator. To our taste the original is meagre and uninteresting.

AGATHIAS, 23. iii. 41.
*Maiden Passion.* M.

'Go, idle amorous boys,
What are your cares and joys,
To love, that swells the longing virgin's breast?
A flame half hid in doubt,
Soon kindled, soon burnt out,
A blaze of momentary heat at best!

'Haply you well may find
(Proud privilege of your kind)
Some friend to share the secret of your heart;
Or, if your inbred grief
Admit of such relief,
The dance, the chase, the play, assuage your smart.

'Whilst we, poor hapless maids,
Condemn'd to pine in shades,
And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny,
Can only sit and weep,
While all around us sleep,
Unpitied languish, and unheeded die.'—p. 10.

We were much pleased with the translation of the well known stanza of Horace lamenting 'the decay of his old flame.'

'Quo fugit Venus? Heu, quove color decens?
Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi?

'Where is the bloom, the power to move,
And warm a frozen heart to love?
Oh where those earlier graces, fraught
With all that could a lover sway,
That waken'd every tender thought,
And stole me from myself away?' B.—p. 51.

Among those pieces to which the title of 'Moral' is prefixed, are four from Palladas on the trite subject of 'the shortness and evils of life.' We were obliged to turn to the original to understand the last.

Palladas, 129. ii. 434. M.

'O transitory joys of life! ye mourn
Rightly those winged hours that ne'er return.
We, let us sit, or lie, or toil, or feast,
Time ever runs, a persecuting guest,
His hateful race against our wretched state,
And bears the unconquerable will of fate.'—p. 108.

There appears to be something defective in the third line, but how tame and spiritless is the whole, compared with the original, which furnishes a beautiful specimen of that simple and touching harmony of expression by which the ancients recommended the commonest thoughts.

'Ω της βραχειας ἡδυης της τυ βιυ.
την ὀξυτητα τυ χρονυ πειθησατε.
ἡμεις καθιζομεσθα και κοιμωμεθα,
μοχθυντες ἡ τρυφωντες· ὁ δι χρονος τρεχει,
τρεχει καθ' ἡμων των παλαιπωρων βροτων,
φερων ἑκαστυ τῳ βιῳ καταγροφην.

Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the Rambler the beauties of a short Hymn to Health, by Ariphron of Sicyon; 'in which,' says he, 'the power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much force and beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his breast, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wish, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture.' It loses nothing in its new poetical dress.

By

By Ariphron of Sicyon, 23 Scol. i. 159.

*Address to Health.* B.

'Health, brightest visitant from heaven,
Grant me with thee to rest!
For the short time by nature given,
Be thou my constant guest!
For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er we court in regal state
That makes men covet to be great;

'Whatever sweet we hope to find
In love's delightful snare,
Whatever good by heaven assign'd,
Whatever pause from care,
All flourish at thy smile divine;
The spring of loveliness is thine,
And every joy that warms our hearts
With thee approaches and departs.'—p. 120.

When will the danger of quoting from memory be sufficiently known? We find the following observation, p. 153. '"Suavius est tui meminisse, quam cum aliis versari," is, possibly, the very tenderest expression that ever heart conceived, or tongue uttered.' How much stronger is the sentiment in its genuine form! 'Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!' It is correctly quoted by Lord Byron, and prefixed to some very beautiful stanzas nearly at the end of the volume which contains his Childe Harold. We wish we could make room for the three original pieces by a friend, 'To Estrella;' there is a force and spirit in them which is the best charm of lyric poetry: the first and third appear to us decidedly superior to the second, which has less beauty and tenderness, and is little less exceptionable than Moore's poem on the same subject. We are always concerned to see warmth and indelicacy confounded; they are feelings as distinct as the love of Adam, and the passion of the Giaour for Leila.

We have already observed, that the commonest subjects are usually the most pleasing, when they are judiciously treated. Nothing can be more natural and interesting than the following little poem, though the subject is one of the most hacknied on which verse is employed.

Paulus, 83. iii. 102.

*On a Daughter who died young.* B.

'Sweet maid, thy parents fondly thought
To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier;
But thou hast left a being fraught
With wiles and toils and anxious fear.

For us remains a journey drear,
For thee a blest eternal prime,
Uniting in thy short career,
Youth's blossom, with the fruit of time.'—p. 286.

Bion and Shakespear have immortalised the loves of Venus and Adonis, and we were therefore rather surprised to find this acknowledged favourite of the goddess omitted in the following stanza, which in other respects may be placed in the same page with Prior's numerous jeux d'esprit on the same subject. In the Greek, the 'flint-hearted boy' takes his proper station with Anchises and Paris.

Uncertain, 247. iii. 200.

*Exclamation of Venus on seeing her Statue by Praxiteles.* M.

'My naked charms! The Phrygian swain,
And Dardan boy—to those I've shown them,
And *only those*, of mortal strain.
How should Praxiteles have known them?'—p. 372.

At p. 403 is a note on the god of sleep, where the age, under which this divinity has been usually represented by the ancients, is discussed. The distinction made between Somnus and Morpheus seems rather fanciful. It is supposed that Morpheus, always represented as an old man, 'is alone the proper image of the sleep of the living;' and that Somnus, figured under the character 'of a boy, or rather of a beautiful youth,' is 'le sommeil éternel, image du sommeil, ou de la mort.' We cannot reconcile this appropriation of the duties assigned to the two deities with the following passage in the Metamorphoses of Ovid, where Morpheus is sent by Somnus, at the suggestion of Juno, to inform Halcyone of the fate of Ceyx.

'Pater e populo *natorum* mille suorum
Excitat artificem simulatoremque figuræ
Morphea. Non illo jussos solertius alter
Exprimit incessus, vultumque modumque loquendi.
Adjicit et vestes, et consuetissima cuique
Verba, sed hic solos homines imitatur; &c.
—— Præterit hos senior: cunctisque e *fratribus* unum
Morphea, qui peragat Theumantidos edita, Somnus
Eligit.'—Lib. ii. 633.

Here Morpheus is distinctly described as acting under Somnus, and assuming different appearances as the occasion required. However this may be, there is a mistake in the punctuation of a passage quoted to shew the youth of Somnus, of some importance, as it affects part of the proof adduced in support of the distinction, and entirely destroys the *parallelism* of the passage. After charging Addison with having fallen into 'an error from which his own reference

ference to Statius ought to have secured him,' the writer of the note thus quotes the lines alluded to.

> ' Crimine quo merui, *juvenis* placidissime Divum,
> Quove errore, miser, donis ut solus egerem,
> Somne, tuis?'

We have always read the passage thus;

> ' Crimine quo merui juvenis, placidissime Divum,' &c.

By this punctuation *juvenis* acquires a very peculiar force, and the spirit of the passage is greatly improved.—' What have I done, that I, though still young, at that season of life when cares are least likely to obstruct repose, am denied the gifts of sleep?' The beauties of this exquisite little poem are fresh in the memory of every classical reader, and we agree with the remark in the Illustrations, that Mr. Hodgson ' has, if possible, added to the calm repose and sweetness of the original description.'

> ' Now every field, and every herd is thine,
> And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine;
> Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,
> And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore.'—p. 408.

It is thus we should wish to express our feelings on viewing the tranquillity and softness of one of Claude's night-pieces.

The least interesting division of the volume is the last, entitled ' Satirical and Humorous.' A part at least of the pleasure which we derive from humour, arises from the unexpected manner in which incongruous thoughts are combined by some apparent similarity. It follows that our pleasure is lessened in proportion to our surprise, and that which appears good on the first reading, loses something of its beauty at every succeeding perusal. Besides, the subjects which afforded matter of ridicule to the ancients, are not altogether such as now strike us in the same light; and in general every age has its own objects of entertainment, its peculiar cast of humour, which will not be readily exchanged for any other. But this is a point on which we touch with considerable tenderness for the feelings and opinions of others. We may, however, venture to observe, that true wit has no more connection with extravagant images, than the comedy of Terence, of Fontenelle, and occasionally of Molière, has with *plays of character,* in which simple avarice or extravagance are drawn, instead of the covetous, or the extravagant man; or with Spanish plots, which deceive a man through his senses, not through his passions and affections. The emotion of pleasure must be retained, as well as excited; the gratified feeling must be as inseparable from the idea which gave rise to it, when it is familiar, as when it was new. Notwithstand-

ing what we have said on this point, we will still venture to quote one specimen of this part of the work, in which a favourite subject of all epigrammatists is well displayed.

AGATHIAS, 67. iii. 56.

*On a Lawyer.* M.

'A plaintiff thus explained his cause
To counsel learned in the laws:
"My bond-maid lately ran away,
And in her flight was met by A,
Who, knowing she belong'd to me,
Espous'd her to his servant B.
The issue of this marriage, pray,
Do they belong to me, or A?"
The lawyer, true to his vocation,
Gave sign of deepest cogitation,
Look'd at a score of books, or near,
Then hemm'd, and said, "your case is clear.
Those children, so begot by B
Upon your handmaid must, you see,
Be your's, or A's.—Now, this I say:
They can't be your's, if they to A
Belong—it follows then, of course,
That if they are not his, they're your's.
Therefore—by my advice—in short,
You'll take the opinion of the court.'—p. 451.

We are not much dissatisfied with the following observations prefixed to some 'extracts from the Grecian drama.'

'Notwithstanding the success with which Potter's faithful and animated translations of the great fathers of the Grecian drama, have deservedly been attended, it has always appeared to me that the true spirit of their poetry might be more nearly attained, by adopting the sonorous and majestic couplet, which Dryden wished to introduce on the English stage, in imitation of Corneille and Racine; and which, however unsuitable to the purpose of representing violent and sudden emotions, is peculiarly well adapted as the vehicle both of declamatory passion, and of pathetic sweetness."

The extracts which follow are from the most touching and tender scenes of the Greek tragedy; the thoughts such as are most in unison with those domestic feelings which come home to every heart, and the classical allusions so natural and intelligible as not to be displeasing even to the English reader who seeks only for beauty of poetry, and has no additional source of gratification in meeting with a spirited version of his favorite passages. yet we should say that the attempt had decidedly failed, if the truth of the doctrine depended on the detached specimens before us. We must, however, make two exceptions; the first in favor of the translation

translation of a chorus in the Alcestis of Euripides, the other the address of a daughter to her father, conjuring him to spare her life; and both of singular beauty.

ADDRESS OF THE CHORUS TO ALCESTIS. M.

'Daughter of Pelias! peaceful sleep
In Pluto's mansions cold and deep,
Where the bright sun can enter never!
And may the gloomy monarch know,
And he, the steersman old and slow,
By whom the ghosts are wafted o'er,
To that uncomfortable shore,
No spirit half so lovely ever,
Nor half so pure, his boat did take
On the dark bosom of the Stygian lake.
Thy name preserved in sweetest lays,
The sacred bards of future days
The seven-string'd lyre shall tune to thee,
Waking its mountain-melody;
Or in harmonious notes shall sing,
What time the rosy-bosom'd spring
Bedews with April showers
Fair Sparta's walls, and all the night,
The full moon pours her silver light
On Athens' heav'n-loved towers.
'Oh! could the power of verse recall
Thy ghost from Pluto's dreary hall,
And dark Cocytus' spectred wave!
Oh! could it bid thy spirit stray
Back to the cheerful light of day,
And break the darkness of the grave!
'Most lov'd, most honour'd shade, farewell!
We know not what the gods below
Will measure out of bliss or woe;
Yet may thy gentle spirit dwell,
In those dark realms to which it fled,
Most blest among the peaceful dead!
'Nor thou, afflicted husband, mourn
That voyage whence is no return,
And which we all are doom'd to try:
The gods' great offspring, battle-slain,
'Mid common heroes press the plain,
And undistinguish'd die.
'But she who nobly died, to save
A husband from the cheerless grave,
Though seen no more by mortal eye,
Shines, a bright power, above the sky.
Hail, lovely light of Pheræ's vale!
Blest guardian of the wand'ring stranger, hail!'—p. 243.

FROM

FROM THE IPHIGENIA IN AULIS OF EURIPIDES.

*Iphigenia to Agamemnon.*

'Had I the voice of Orpheus, that my song
The unbending strength of rocks might lead along,
Melt the rude soul, and make the stubborn bow,
That voice might heaven inspire to aid me now.
But now, ungifted as I am, untaught
To pour the plaint of sorrow as I ought,
Tears, the last refuge of a suppliant's prayer,
Tears yet are mine, and those I need not spare.
Father, to thee I bow, and low on earth
Clasp the dear knees of him who gave me birth—
Have mercy on my youth! oh, think how sweet
To view the light, and glow with vital heat!
Let me not quit this cheerful scene, to brave
The dark uncertain horrors of the grave!
I was the first on whom you fondly smiled,
And straining to your bosom, called, 'My child!'
Canst thou forget how on thy neck I hung,
And lisp'd, 'My father!' with an infant tongue?
How 'midst the interchange of holy bliss,
The child's caresses, and the parent's kiss,
'And shall I see my daughter,' wouldst thou say,
'Blooming in charms among the fair and gay?
Of some illustrious youth the worthy bride,
The beauty of his palace and the pride?'
'Perhaps,' I answer'd with a playful air,
'And dares my father hope admittance there,
Or think his prosperous child will e'er repay
His cares, and wipe the tears of age away
Then, round that dearest neck I clung, which yet
I bathe in tears—I never can forget;
—But thou remember'st not how then I smiled—
'Tis vanish'd all—and thou wilt slay thy child.
Oh! slay me not! respect a mother's throes,
And spare her age unutterable woes!
Oh, slay me not!—or—if it be decreed—
(Great God avert it!) if thy child must bleed,
At least look on her, kiss her, let her have
Some record of her father in the grave!
Oh come, my brother! join with me in prayer!
Lift up thy little hands, and bid him spare!
Thou wouldst not lose thy sister! e'en in thee,
Poor child, exists some sense of misery—
—Look, father, look! his silence pleads for me.
We both intreat thee—I, with virgin fears,
He, with the eloquence of infant tears.
Oh, what a dreadful thought it is, to die!
To leave the freshness of this upper sky,

For

For the cold horrors of the funeral rite,
The land of ghosts, and everlasting night!
Oh, slay me not! the weariest life that pain,
The fever of disgrace, the lengthen'd chain
Of slavery, can impose on mortal breath,
Is real bliss "to what we fear of death.'"—p. 264.

Frequent use has been made of the stores of French literature lately opened to us. We suspect that Mr. Bland has a great predilection for the French wits. He seems to be familiar with the productions of Du Fresnoy, and Baraton, and Chardon, and Moncrif, and does not hesitate to avail himself of the miscellaneous nature of the illustrations, by introducing them in an English dress, as often as any similitude of thought or subject allows. Two valuable recent publications have contributed whatever was wanting to make us thoroughly acquainted with the taste in writing and conversation which prevailed among the Parisian beaux esprits of the last century. The anonymous treatise De la Littérature Française pendant le 18me Siècle, describes the result of their hours of seriousness and study; and Baron Grimm's more desultory work has supplied all that remained to be learned respecting their movements in private life, when no part was to be acted, no character to be kept up; in their jests and quarrels, in their parties and retirements.

'Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Ejiciuntur, et eripitur persona, manet res.'

From this source Mr. Bland has gleaned two or three happily expressed trifles which are not above the level of what we expected from the heartlessness and frivolity which characterised what was called la société of the French metropolis. The following are favourable specimens of the peculiar character of French sprightliness. The original of the portrait in the first is to be seen in every circle of all societies.

'Avoir l'esprit bas et vulgaire,
Manger, dormir, et ne rien faire,
Ne rien savoir, n'apprendre rien;
C'est le naturel d' Isabelle,
Qui semble pour tout entretien,
Dire seulement—Je suis belle.'

'To have a talent base and low,
To live in state of vegetation,
To eat, drink, nothing learn, nor know,
Such is the genius of Miss Kitty,
Who seems, for all her conversation,
To say—Look at me, I am pretty.' B.—p. 174.

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Le

'Le premier jour du mois de Mai
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie;
Le beau dessein que je formai
Le premier jour du mois de Mai.
Je vous vis, et je vous aimai.
Si ce dessein vous plut, Silvie,
Le premier jour du mois de Mai
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie.'

'The morning of the first of May
To me was happier far than any;
I thought on that which made me gay,
The morning of the first of May.
I saw and loved thee on that day:
If what I thought on pleased thee, Fanny,
The morning of the first of May
To me was happier far than any.'—B.—p. 376.

*On a Statue of Cupid.*

'D'aucun Dieu l'on n'a dit tant de mal et de bien.
Le plus grand des malheurs est de n'en dire rien.'

'Of all the deities that shed
On earth their influence from above,
So much has never yet been said,
Both good and evil, as of love.

'Yet, for whatever joy we bless,
Or for whatever pain we flout him,
His is the worst unhappiness
Who knows not what to say about him.' M.—p. 401.

We have noticed several instances where, in our opinion, the sense of the original has been misconceived.

'And thou
O lamp, bear'st witness to her alter'd vow,'—p. 7.

conveys to the English reader no idea of the turn in the Greek.

'λυχνε, συ δ' εν κολποις αυτον εχας ετερων.'

The idea in the last line of the following stanza is very poetical, but in our conception very different from that conveyed by the original.

Uncertain, 443, (444.) iii. 245.

*Death the universal Lot.* B.

'The bath, obsequious beauty's smile,
Wine, fragrance, music's heavenly breath,
Can but our hastening hours beguile,
*And slope the path that leads to death.*

'Οινος και τα λουτρα και η περι Κυπριν εριν,
εξυτιζην σπευδουσι την οδον εις Αϊδην.'

Allusion

Allusion has been made to the immortality of Cleombrotus the Ambraciot, from the time of Cicero to that of Milton. The force of the celebrated epigram of Callimachus on this subject, is quite lost in the paraphrastic translation of the concluding line.

'——αλλα Πλατωνος
ἰν, το περι ψυχης, γραμμ' αναλιξαμενος.

But Plato's reason caught his youthful eye,
And fix'd his soul on immortality.'—p. 113.

The desultory and miscellaneous nature of the notes which form so large a part of this volume, opens a wide field for remark, but our extracts have been already so considerable that we cannot venture upon them. Briefly, however, we may observe, that amidst much ingenious and amusing criticism, there are to be found in them a laborious trifling which occasionally fatigues us, and an effort altogether disproportioned to the effect meant to be produced. Were this part of the work reduced to half its present bulk, (and we hope that opportunities will not be wanting,) we might then expect to receive a volume of which the Illustrations should not be unworthy of the text.

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ART. VII. *An Inquiry into the State of National Subsistence, as connected with the Progress of Wealth and Population.* By W. T. Comber. London: Cadell and Davies. 1808. 8vo. pp. 382.

IN calling the attention of our readers to a work which was published five years ago, we are aware that we deviate from our usual practice: but the deviation is, we hope, excusable; because that work has derived, from very recent circumstances, a degree of importance which it did not possess when it was first presented to the public. A select committee of the House of Commons, appointed at an early period of the last session, 'to inquire into the Corn Trade of the united kingdom,' have, in their report to the House, proposed the repeal of the existing system of laws for the control of the importation and exportation of corn, and in lieu of such system, the chairman of that committee has proposed to the House a series of resolutions, of which the object is to secure to this country a corn-trade unfettered by regulations, but subject to duties, so graduated, as to protect the British growers and consumers, against those great and sudden variations in the price of grain, which have hitherto been occasioned by correspondent fluctuations in the supply and demand. Thus far, the opinions of the chairman of the committee exactly coincide with those of Mr. Comber, whose inquiry we will now proceed to examine.

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The author designates himself, in his preface, as a 'practical writer,' and laments that his habits (commercial habits we presume) 'have been adverse to the cultivation of the higher attainments of literature;' yet he appears to have studied, with much attention, the best writers on political economy; and we think that the diligence with which he has collected a large stock of useful materials, and the candour and good sense with which he uses them, afford a full compensation for the few faults of his style; which, perhaps, is sometimes too diffuse, and rather too much laboured, but never so far as to become perplexed or unintelligible. His 'Inquiry,' indeed, is carried to a length which many of his readers may be inclined to think excessive; but he excuses himself by alleging the necessity of combating the many strange and contradictory theories which some modern writers have endeavoured to substitute for the wise and sober doctrines of Dr. Smith:—

'Writers, (says he,) from the bias of their own minds, have given a latitude and universality to principles, evidently secondary in their nature, and limited in their operation, which form the basis of particular theories. Some, with Mr. Malthus, deduce all the political and moral evils which exist in society, from an excess of population, inferring a deficiency of the means of subsistence, and the decay of our wealth and prosperity, from this cause; and, as a practical result, recommend discouragements to the further increase of the species. Others, viewing population as a means of increasing wealth, consider depopulation and decline as synonymous; they regard the actual production of subsistence as already superabundant, which, by enabling every order in the state to consume an increased quantity, generates luxury; and consider this as inevitably producing a decay of industry, which will be followed by depopulation and decline. While some trace all our riches to our commerce, and triumphantly produce the imports and exports as the barometer of national wealth, others as confidently deny that commerce is any means of increasing wealth, whatever it may be of distributing it. By some it has been contended, that the increase of taxes, by raising the price of our manufactures to the foreign consumer, has a tendency to occasion a decay of the employments of industry, and to increase the number of the poor; whilst others contend, that by prolonging the action of necessity, they stimulate to industry, and are one of the chief causes of national wealth.'

Instead of entangling himself in the labyrinth of theory, our author undertakes to trace, from the commencement of English history, the circumstances which have actually attended, in this country, the progress of wealth, population, and agriculture; occasionally commenting on the facts which he produces, and applying them to each of the conflicting systems above-mentioned; but particularly to that of Mr. Malthus, whom he justly considers as the most formidable of all the dissenters from the orthodox tenets of political

political economy. Such a task, it is obvious, could not be completed within very narrow limits; but as only a small portion of Mr. Comber's Inquiry is immediately suited to our purpose, we must confine ourselves to a very short and imperfect sketch of that part of his agricultural history, which is antecedent to the establishment of any regular code of laws, for the encouragement of tillage.

It must, indeed, be confessed, that no degree of industry can enable an historian to glean, from the early annals of this country, a certain knowledge of the number of its inhabitants, or of the quantity of subsistence afforded by agriculture, at different remote periods. The first document of this kind, which our author has quoted, occurs in the reign of Edward III, at which time (i. e. in 1377) the population of England and Wales appears to have amounted to no more than two and a half millions of souls. The next estimate of the population is in 1575, during the reign of Elizabeth, when the number of inhabitants was found to be 4,600,000; by which it appears, that the population of England and Wales had doubled itself during the two last centuries; and lastly, the returns made to the legislature under the population act in 1801, have shewn, that after an interval of 225 years, the population had been once more doubled. These documents, though perhaps not strictly accurate, are sufficient to prove, that though the progress of population, and of subsistence in this country, may have been occasionally interrupted during some short intervals, yet during the last four hundred years at least, a great augmentation has taken place in the produce of each succeeding century; an augmentation which has lately proceeded with a uniformly accelerated rapidity. This increase, indeed, has been viewed, by some philosophers, as a just subject of alarm. Mr. Malthus, to whom we owe our thanks for the boldness with which he has opposed some errors of modern philanthropists, and for the just and popular arguments by which he has demonstrated the impossibility of supplying, from the contributions of the rich and idle, those means of subsistence which can only be secured by the labour of the industrious, has been grievously scared by this new phantom. Because mankind have a tendency to propagate their species, and to devour the fruits of the earth, whilst that earth does not possess a reciprocal power of increasing its own surface, he thinks that the limited quantity of provender in the whole world must, ultimately, be insufficient for the growing number of mouths; and hence he concludes that our only chance of retarding that starvation, which will be our inevitable lot, is to practise celibacy, and to employ as many as possible of our manufacturers (who are far too numerous, and frightfully prolific) in raising corn for exportation.

Our author replies, that this opinion, like some others inculcated by

by the ingenious essayist, is deduced, not from the simple and long established truth to which it is professedly a corollary, but from the mystical sense of the words in which he has enveloped his preliminary axiom. A man of plain sense, will probably be startled at being told that population and subsistence cannot possibly proceed at the same rate, the one always increasing in a geometrical, and the other in an arithmetical ratio. It would naturally occur to him, that the whole human race having been derived from two original parents, each generation must have found or created the means of subsistence; and he must, thence, be disposed to infer, that man and his food will continue their journey as amicably as heretofore; and he will not readily believe, that their nearer approach to their common goal, will be likely to disturb their harmony. It will, also, occur to him, that the power of reproduction implanted in all animated nature may be still left, without danger, under the control of the Author of nature, and that it is unnecessary to provide against its influence, by attempting to eradicate the natural propensities of our species, or to change the natural course of human industry.

If the project of Mr. Malthus were realized, such a change in the state of society would, in our author's opinion, produce effects exactly opposite to those so confidently anticipated. Supposing the class of manufacturers in this country to be in excess, it follows that these redundant members of the class must be fed, not from our home stock of provisions, but from that of some foreign nation which consumes the produce of their labour. The advantage of their residence here consists in their occasional supply of men for the exigencies of the state. Meanwhile, the remainder of their class, whom we suppose to be as numerous as the national produce can feed, being compelled to give for their food the largest equivalent that their powers of labour can afford, it seems clear that the agricultural class will acquire as great, and the manufacturing class as small a profit as possible, from their respective exertions.

But if, the population of the country remaining unaltered, the manufacturers now employed in working for the foreign demand, were suddenly transferred to tillage, it does not follow that a total change in the comparative comforts of the two classes, would be the only consequence. Those writers who, like Mr. Malthus, bestow great and extravagant eulogiums on the policy of exporting grain, seem to have forgotten that this is not necessarily practicable. Every trade is an exchange of equivalents: but if a superabundance of wheat were actually created in Great Britain, to what country could we send it, with the hope of exchanging it for an equivalent which should repay the expenses of the farmer?

When

When all our neighbours have been desolated by a war expressly waged against commerce and manufactures, a war which has swept away the accumulated capital of ages, and has left to the conquered, nothing but the privilege of extorting from their soil the first necessaries of life, can the wealthiest nation in the world rationally undertake the task of providing Europe with those necessaries, and neglect its natural advantages in pursuit of a trade to be carried on in competition with America, and Poland, from whose abundant supply we have so often found relief in times of very distressing necessity? It is expedient,—it is necessary, to call out all the resources which can be derived from our own soil, as a security against those evils, to which a series of untoward seasons may sometimes expose our numerous and growing population; and the means of attaining this security, are certainly within our reach. But why propose to ourselves a new and unnecessary object, which is inconsistent with our own circumstances, and with the actual situation of all our neighbours?

The present state of the continent, indeed, very nearly resembles that of England, during the reigns of our Norman line of kings; because that feudal system, which is the system of all conquerors, still subsists, with slight differences of modification, in the whole Turkish empire; in that of Russia; in Poland; and must, if Buonaparte should ultimately succeed in his efforts, be shortly established in Germany, as well as in Italy and France.

Our ancestors were, during some centuries, a nation of vassals and serfs doomed, alternately, to fight and to labour for the lords of the soil, and to supply those task-masters with the articles of raw produce which were exchanged for the manufactures of Flanders, and the more costly products of the East. For grain, however, there was no foreign market; because the agriculture of the Flemings kept pace with their industry; the commercial republics of Italy were amply fed by their own fertile territories; and the rest of Europe, portioned out, like England, into baronial districts, afforded a very precarious supply, to a very scanty stock of inhabitants. A strong proof of this occurs in our history, during the period which immediately followed the termination of the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster. We all know that the establishment of regal power on the ruins of feudal anarchy, was accompanied by the cession of numerous advantages to the people; whose industry, since this dawn of liberty, has been progressive. Yet all historians have agreed to point to this period, as remarkable for the sudden and general decline of tillage. This was not occasioned by the false policy of the government; on the contrary, the numerous enactments by Henry VII, Henry VIII,

Edward VI, Philip and Mary, and Elizabeth, (all of which are recited by Mr. Comber,) are obviously so many angry manifestos against the dangerous extension of pasturage. This extension was the spontaneous act of individuals, probably taking a very just view of their own interests. The population of the country was continually increasing; so that if any foreign demand for grain had existed, the demand for wool could not have occasioned any change in the object of our national agriculture. The Dutch, indeed, about this time, having shaken off the yoke of Spain, laid the foundations of their subsequent greatness; and gradually acquiring a population far beyond their own scanty means of subsistence, created a market for corn which tended to encourage a competition of supply amongst the agricultural nations. France, also, thought fit, for some time, to import large quantities of grain for the support of her numerous manufacturers; and Portugal, for the sake of encouraging her vineyards, has derived a great part of her subsistence from foreigners. In all these trades, England, from the time of the Stuarts, has attempted to share as largely as possible; insomuch that our usual exports of corn, a little before the middle of the last century, amounted to not less than one-tenth of our annual growth; but from the commencement of the war of 1756, they began to decline, and in 1767, ceased altogether. Since that period, the price of corn has been constantly higher in Great Britain than in France; in Holland; in the countries round the Baltic; or in America; and the consequence of this state of things has been a progressive importation, to an amount rather exceeding that of our former export.

It is evident that this great change in the state of our commercial relations, has been produced by a variety of conspiring causes. The peace of 1763, confirmed to Great Britain the possession of a vast empire in the East, of which the revenues, together with the profits of a most lucrative commerce, were annually poured into this country; it extended our dominion over the whole western coast of the Atlantic; it increased our possessions in the West Indies; and leaving us apparently without a rival, inspired the most perfect confidence in the power and stability of what now began to be called the British empire. But it is clear that, whatever might have been the previous disposition of the country, a vast and sudden influx of wealth could not fail of exciting, amongst that portion of the inhabitants to whom it was distributed, the habits of more profusion and expenditure; and the British being already a commercial and highly industrious nation, the distribution of this wealth was, therefore, most extensive. From this period wheat, which had formerly been considered in this, as it still is in almost every other country, to be a sort of luxury, began

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to supplant the inferior kinds of grain as an article of food for the poorer classes. The power of consuming it was increased; and the number of consumers was augmented by the multitude of foreign workmen and navigators, who were attracted by the demand of our manufactures and commerce. Consequently, it was scarcely possible that the national agriculture should continue to afford a surplus of grain for export: nor did it. 'The average annual produce of wheat, (says Mr. Comber, p. 180.) at the beginning of the reign of his present Majesty, was about 3,800,000 quarters, of which about 300,000 had been sent out of the kingdom, leaving about three and a half millions for home consumption. In 1773, the produce of wheat was stated to the House of Commons to be four millions, of which the whole, and above 100,000 imported, were consumed in the kingdom.' It seems, then, that the increase of the annual consumption, at the end of thirteen years, (ten of which were subsequent to the peace,) was 600,000 quarters, and the augment of our annual growth 200,000. The rise of price also, as might be expected, was considerable; and the effect produced by the change in the market, on the interests of our corn growers was, that instead of selling to the exporter 300,000 quarters at 33*s.* 6*d.*, they supplied their own countrymen with 500,000, at 45*s.* 6*d.*, these being the average prices of the 10 years which preceded, and of the ten which followed 1764. Thus far, it is plain that British agriculture participated largely in the general prosperity.

This prosperity, however, was now suddenly interrupted by the revolution in America, which commenced with the seizure of the tea at Boston, in December 1773, and was followed by the appointment of a congress at Philadelphia in 1774, and in 1775 by a declaration of war. During the whole progress of that most disastrous conflict, the agricultural, as well as the commercial classes in Great Britain, could not fail to suffer most severely, although our cultivators were little injured by foreign competition. The annual excess of import, on an average of the ten years preceding the peace of 1783, did not amount to 72,000 quarters; but the general distress of the country kept down the price, and the capital which could be spared for the improvement of cultivation was so small, that land was frequently sold, towards the close of the war, at twenty-two, and even twenty years purchase.

The ten years of peace, which elapsed between the treaty of Paris, and the war into which we were driven by the French revolution, restored our finances, revived our commerce and manufactures, and almost obliterated the recollection of the losses so lately sustained. Never, probably, was the improvement of Great Britain in all the useful arts, so conspicuous as during this short and

happy interval. The annual consumption of wheat advanced, in consequence of our increasing wealth and population, to six millions of quarters, of which only 182,000 were imported; so that the annual produce of 1793 exceeded that of 1773 by not less than 1,820,000 quarters.

From 1793 to the present moment, with the exception of the short and feverish respite produced by the treaty of Amiens, every year has been passed in a repetition of efforts the most exhausting, and amidst dangers which immediately threatened our existence. Yet we have the consolation to know that the main sinews of our strength, the numbers of a free and brave people, and ample internal means of feeding them, have not yet begun to fail us. A comparison of the returns to the population acts in 1801 and 1811, indicates an increase of the inhabitants of Great Britain, during that interval, of more than 1,400,000; and although the progress of population in Ireland is supposed to have been still more rapid, we learn from the report of the late committee on corn, that

'When the continental system put an end to all commercial intercourse with those countries from which corn is usually imported into Great Britain, except through the means of licences, and thus imposed great difficulties upon the importation of foreign corn; though the prices continued to advance, the quantity of corn grown in consequence of this advance in price, and of the steadiness of the price, particularly in Ireland, has been so much greater than it was before for many years, that the supply, in the last year, was equal to the consumption.'

From these facts it appears, that although the actual internal supply of corn has been uniformly inferior to the demand, and has consequently occasioned a regular excess of importation, yet the power of raising an increased quantity of produce, fully proportionate to the increasing population of the country, has never been deficient. It follows, that the expansion of that power which has now been so unexpectedly displayed, must have been hitherto counteracted by some powerful obstacle; and because the corn trade has long been subjected to a system of regulations, it may be presumed that, in this system, the obstacle will be found. The history of these laws may be comprised in a very few words; but the spirit in which they were enacted, and their practical tendency, have been the subject of much litigation.

Though the extension of tillage was an object of constant anxiety to the princes of the House of Tudor, and though the exportation of grain, as an encouragement to such extension, was promoted by them as far as possible, it was not till the accession of the Stuarts that the corn trade, in consequence of a foreign demand, began to acquire some importance; and that the laws for the

the regulation of it were matured into a system. Indeed, the domestic trade, in every article, must precede the foreign trade: and a free internal commerce of grain had been hitherto opposed, both by the jealousy of government and by popular prejudice. The dread of encouraging any intervention between the grower and consumer of corn had even survived the commonwealth, and the statute of the 15th Charles II. (1663) is cited as the first law which gave a permission to 'buy in an open market, and lay up and keep in granary, and sell again' such corn as shall have been bought under certain prices therein mentioned. The same statute permits the exportation of corn which by 12th Charles II. had been previously allowed at the price of 40*s.* whenever wheat shall not exceed 48*s.* the quarter; and even this limitation was taken off by 22d Charles II. in consideration of a small, and indeed merely a nominal tax, whilst, on the other hand, imported wheat is subjected to a duty of 16*s.* whenever the price of the home-market shall not exceed 53*s.* 4*d.*;—of 8*s.* when the price shall not exceed 80*s.*;—and of 5*s.* 4*d.* at all higher prices.

The 1st Will. s. 1. c. 12. gave a bounty of 5*s.* on every quarter of wheat exported, so long as the price was at or below 48*s.* the quarter. This statute continued in force till the year 1773; but exportation was suspended in 1699, 1709, 1741, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773, in which year a new law was passed, with a view to prevent the necessity of such frequent interference on the part of the legislature in contravention to a permanent statute.

By this law the bounty on export was confirmed, but restricted to prices below 44*s.* the quarter of wheat; from that price till it reached 48*s.* exportation was simply permitted; at 48*s.* exportation was prohibited; and an import for home consumption was permitted at the low duty of 6*d.* a quarter. If, from a fall of price, such foreign wheat should be debarred from consumption, it might be landed duty free, and lodged in the king's warehouses, from whence, on giving bond that it should not be relanded, it might be again exported; or if the price at home should again render it admissible at our market, might be delivered out for consumption on paying the duty.

In 1774, 1781, and 1789, acts were passed prescribing the mode of regulating the average prices on which the importation and exportation of corn, and a claim to bounty must depend; and these explanatory acts were consolidated, with some alterations, in the laws of 1791 and 1804. The general result is that England and Wales are divided into twelve, and Scotland into four districts; that in each district inspectors are appointed, who receive weekly returns of prices from all the principal market towns within their

limits, and transmit them to the receiver-general of corn returns, by whom an aggregate quarterly average must be calculated within seven days of the 15th of February, May, August, and November; and that these aggregate averages shall regulate the importation and exportation of corn into and from Great Britain. The bounty on exportation is extended to 48*s.* and exportation, without bounty, to 54*s.*; beyond which it is prohibited. Importation is not allowed at the low duty of 6*d.* until wheat arrives at 66*s.*; when the price is between that and 63*s.* the duty becomes 2*s.* 6*d.*; and when it falls below 63*s.* the duty rises to 24*s.* 3*d.*

From this review of the corn laws it is assumed, by most of our professional writers on agriculture, and the opinion is formally expressed in the report of the last Committee of the House of Commons, that the general code is composed of two opposite and conflicting systems; that the first of these systems was intended to promote and did promote exportation; that the second, which commenced in 1765, had a contrary object and tendency; that the former was accompanied by a plentiful supply, and by a steady and low price of corn, whilst the progress of the latter has been attended by scarcity, by prices generally high and often fluctuating, and by a ruinous expenditure in the purchase of foreign grain; and that this coincidence 'forcibly points out the expediency of recurring to the principles of those laws which were so beneficial in practice from the time of their commencement, in 1670, till their abandonment in 1765.'

On the other hand, it is contended by Mr. Comber, that no change of system has taken place; that every law in the whole code was either dictated or acquiesced in by the landholders, and evinces a wish of promoting their interests, at the expense of those of the consumer, in all cases where those interests are at variance; that the statutes of Charles II. were, indeed, beneficial, inasmuch as they permitted a trade which the surplus of grain raised by the improved industry of the nation, and a large demand from abroad had conspired to create; but that the bounty, first granted by William III. was a tax levied on the community for the exclusive benefit of the farmer, the amount of which, having sometimes exceeded £200,000, excited just complaint in the country, and in parliament; that the continuance of this bounty, at once oppressive and unnecessary, evinces the undeviating spirit of the system; that this spirit was only relaxed when the necessities of the country forced such a measure on the legislature, and that the frequency of these compulsory acts of grace sufficiently disproves the alleged lowness of price and steadiness of plenty. Lastly, that although the act of 1773 is certainly less objectionable than its predecessors, the

the most salutary provisions which it contained have been done away by the subsequent acts of 1781 and 1804.

Our readers are probably aware, that all these laws are, at present, virtually a dead letter, and have long been so, because the price of corn has far exceeded that which regulates the trade; but we have thought it right to notice this controversy, because it enabled us to state, in the shortest possible way, our author's opinions and feelings. These opposite views of the subject, equally lead to the inference, that the present state of the corn laws requires revision and alteration; and, as we have already observed, Mr. Comber ultimately proposes, as the necessary alteration, a practical measure which, with some modification, has been subsequently submitted to the House of Commons.

We will now briefly state our author's line of argument, and occasionally adopt his own words.

As the legislature cannot, consistently with the welfare of the community, attempt to fix, by law, the market price of corn, the only object which it can rationally propose to itself is to render that price as steady as possible. The quantity of grain annually raised in any country must depend on the state of the seasons, and may therefore vary between the extremes of scarcity and abundance; but since, on a mean of years, these extremes are found to compensate each other, it has been frequently attempted to collect, in public granaries, the superfluity of a plentiful crop, and, by distributing it in times of dearth, to secure an average supply, together with an average demand, and consequently a price almost unvarying. Whether the adoption of this resource is likely, as Mr. Comber seems to think, to become necessary in Great Britain, or whether, under any modifications, it is capable of being adapted to the present state of society, we will not here stop to inquire. The same purpose, however, has, in some instances, been effected by the simple expedient of abstaining from all interference with the individuals who carry on the trade of distributing, to the numerous classes of consumers, the grain which they purchase from the foreign or domestic grower. In Holland, where the whole population was fed by an imported supply, the stock of corn kept in store by the merchants always exceeded the annual consumption so far as to enable them to relieve the occasional deficiency of the neighbouring countries, and the price represented, pretty accurately, the average price of all Europe. In the same manner the freedom of our own internal commerce effectually protects every village in the kingdom from the evils of a partial scarcity, and distributes to each its portion of the natural stock of produce at prices as nearly equal as they can be, consistently with the state of the roads and other channels of communication. If, there-

fore, a free trade in foreign corn were permitted, and a free access to all the European markets restored to our vessels, it may be presumed that a supply, sufficient to meet any probable deficiency in our home produce, might be procured; but an immediate and unqualified adoption of the policy successfully pursued by the Dutch might, perhaps, be accompanied by inconveniences not inferior to those which result from our actual system.

The principal objections to our existing corn laws are these. In the first place the price which regulates importation requires, in consequence of the changing value of money, a frequent revision and alteration; and however frequently it may be revised and altered it cannot, compatibly with the other regulations of the law, produce the intended effect of limiting the foreign competition:—it can only tend to cause an excessive fluctuation of prices, and to force the expenditure of the annual stock of grain. To prove this, let us suppose that the average of the quarter preceding the 15th of May is so high as to open the ports, which will then continue open till the 15th of August. These three months are the season of the greatest activity in the Baltic, and as the foreign growers or holders of wheat must be anxious to send their stocks to our market within the limited time, their shipment will probably be as great as the extent of freight and the utmost attainable quantity of corn will allow. This influx of grain may cause the ports to close either in August, or, perhaps, not till November, and this uncertainty will alternately raise and depress the markets both in England and in the ports of the Baltic. The holders of English corn will not venture to keep much stock in hand, because the import of foreign corn, though limited in point of time, is unlimited as to quantity; and because, when it arrives, it probably must, on account of the warehouse duty imposed in 1784, be brought at once into the market. Hence, through the operation of our laws, the very necessary trade of the corn dealer is, notoriously, a trade of constant hazard; and an alternation of sudden gluts, and critical suspensions of supply, accompanied by corresponding fluctuations of prices, is produced by a foreign importation, which scarcely bears a sensible proportion to the great extent of our general produce and consumption.

On the other hand, a law which should put an end to these inconveniences, by establishing a perfectly free trade in corn, would be open to two very formidable, and apparently, insurmountable objections.

'The general diffusion of wealth,' says Mr. Comber, pp. 193 and 194, 'which was the consequence of that extension of industry which we have observed, was attended not only with an increased consumption, and almost general substitution of wheat and other grain, but by a more

more extended, and almost universal use of animal food. The improvements which were made in this branch of farming were attended with considerable profit, not merely from the natural consequences of these progressive improvements, but from the continually increasing demand and increased ability of the consumers. It naturally requires a larger extent of territory to support the same number of persons on animal food, than on vegetable food; and when the mode of raising and feeding cattle on rich and fertile lands became general, it occasioned a very serious competition in the employment of land for tillage. To these advantages in favour of grazing was to be added the greater certainty attending it than tillage, the fewer labourers required than were necessary in tillage, and the exemption from tithes.

'From a combination of all these circumstances, we find that a very great proportion of the cultivated lands of England and Wales are employed in depasturing cattle and raising food for their support. (App. xxv.) That employed for pasture alone, has been estimated at seventeen millions and a half of acres, besides upwards of five millions employed in the growth of oats, beans, clover, artificial grasses, turnips, cabbages, &c. for feeding them. There is also six millions of common and waste land, which, if used at all, is employed for feeding cattle, and which have been considered equal to a million and a half of cultivated land, making a total of twenty-four millions of acres, for raising food for animals, for pleasure, labour and food. The quantity of land employed in the cultivation of wheat in England and Wales, is estimated at 3,160,000; and for raising every other vegetable food for man, 938,000, consequently not much exceeding four millions of acres, and about one sixth of that employed in raising food for animals.

'Without examining what proportion of these animals are used for pleasure, labour, or food, it is very obvious that when the disproportion is so great, a very small additional encouragement to the raising of animals might occasion a very serious diminution of the lands employed in the cultivation of wheat.'

The second objection arises out of the present comparative state of this country, and of the rest of Europe.

The French government having, from the beginning of their revolution, adopted the principle of considering a state of war as their natural state; of converting their own population, and that of every country subjugated by their arms, into instruments of future conquests; and having, hitherto, subsisted on plunder collected, almost indifferently, from their own industrious or wealthy subjects, or, from those of their vassal nations; have successively relinquished to us almost every branch of industrious labour, excepting that which is employed in agriculture. This conduct of our enemy, enabled us, so long as foreign commerce was unimpaired, to support, with less distress, the enormous expenditure required by our own exertions; but the constantly increasing load of taxes, which had, already, greatly enhanced the money-price of every article,

ticle, whether of luxurious, or of necessary consumption, has unfortunately survived that commerce, and produced (no matter whether with or without the concurrence of other causes) an unexampled depreciation of money. Never, certainly, was the immediate produce of human labour so dear, as it must be in Great Britain, on the return of peace; never so cheap, as it is likely to become on the continent. The effect of a free competition of the foreign grower of corn must, under such circumstances, be fatal to the British farmer, and, consequently, to the landholder. It must operate, exactly, as the free importation of colonial produce, from our conquests in the West Indies, has operated on our own colonists, until a continually glutted market shall occasion, as it has done in our colonies, a diminution of tillage. Meanwhile, the sovereigns of Europe would, probably, be induced to adopt the conduct of which the king of Prussia, in 1800, set them the example, by taxing, to any convenient amount, the export of a necessary article of which we should have rendered the cultivation, at home, utterly impracticable.

Since, therefore, it appears, on the one hand, that the present mode of limiting the competition of the foreign grower is most injurious; and, on the other, that a free trade, without which our subsistence would be insecure, cannot be unconditionally permitted, our author infers that,

'The only object within the reach of regulation is, to counterbalance the difference between the expences of production in this country, and in the other growing countries. The obvious means of effecting this, would be by imposing duties, which should increase with the decline of the average below 66*s.*—(pp. 193 and 194.)

'The average prices of the twelve maritime districts are now published weekly in the Gazette, and it would therefore be extremely practicable to determine the duties by this weekly average, and when it should be 66*s.* to subject foreign wheat sold in the country, as at present, to a duty of 6*d.*; when it declined to 65*s.* 1*s.*; 64*s.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; the duty increasing 6*d.* for every shilling which the average price declined below 66*s.* Should the average, therefore, decline to 54*s.* the rate mentioned in the former act, the foreigner, in selling at this price, would be obliged to pay 6*s.* 6*d.* duty, and would consequently receive for his wheat only 47*s.* 6*d.*; whereas, the English grower would receive for his 54*s.* This would operate as a sufficient check on the foreigner, to prevent him from precipitating the decline of the English prices. In the present system, no medium exists between an absolute prohibition, and an unlimited competition; and which competition extends not only to the reduction of our prices, when they are low, but to the enhancement of them when they are high.'—(pp. 247 and 248.)

To this project, however, it is easy to suggest one important objection,

objection, which is, that a designation of a fixed money price, as the point at which the scale of graduated duties shall commence, must be subject to the same inconvenience as the former attempts to fix an importation price. The progressive depreciation of money must, as we have already observed, necessitate a frequent alteration in the most essential enactment of a law, which was intended to be permanent and immutable.

This difficulty appears to have escaped the attention of the last Committee of the House of Commons; but it is obviated in the subsequent Resolutions brought forward by their chairman Sir John Parnell. The seventh of these Resolutions directs, that the importation of foreign corn shall always be permitted, though always subject to a duty, which, when at the minimum, shall be one shilling for each quarter of corn; and that this minimum shall take place whenever the gazette prices of corn throughout the united kingdom, shall exceed the medium price of the preceding *twenty years* in Great Britain and Wales, *augmented by one fifth.* It is apparently assumed that this rule, if it furnish an equitable assessment of the duty at the present moment, will always continue to do so, by accommodating itself to all the fluctuations of the market; and that it will consequently render unnecessary any future intervention of legislative authority; but we apprehend that the obscure and complicated mode of expressing the formula is likely to awaken distrust, and that the principle on which it is constructed will not be admitted without much opposition.

The intended operation of the rule, we are told is, that supposing the average market price of wheat, on the 15th of November of the present year, to be as high as 95*s.* wheat shall be imported at the low duty of one shilling; but that, below this, every diminution of price, shall be accompanied by an augmentation of duty, shilling for shilling, on importation. Now it is perfectly credible that 95*s.* may be, at the present moment, the lowest price at which the British farmer can, without loss, engage in a free competition with the foreign grower; and, it is matter of fact, that the medium price of wheat in our markets, on an average of the last twenty years, has fallen short of 95*s.* by about one fifth: but the natural inference from these premises seems to be, that the interval of twenty years is ill chosen.

The obvious advantage of recurring to some average is that, whereas the market price of any article, on any day, expresses the actual compromise agreed to by the buyers and sellers on that day, the mean of all the market prices during a year, or a term of years, is likely to afford a fair compromise between the same parties, during a similar term; supposing the circumstances which affect the

the demand and supply to continue also similar. This last consideration plainly requires, that the duration of the term should not be indefinitely extended; but, if it were asked what precise limits ought to be assigned to it, the most obvious answer would be a reference to usual custom. In leases of land, the term which has been generally supposed to reconcile, as nearly as possible, the interests of the landlord and tenant, has been seven years; and, as the rent of land depends on the estimated value and quantity of the corn which it produces, on an average of prices and seasons, the plain rule of analogy would lead to the adoption of the same term, for the purpose of deducing from it an average price intended to satisfy the conditions of the problem. This would be very nearly effected, by the average of the last seven years, as stated in the Report of the Committee.

To this mode of settling the price which shall determine at all times the minimum of duty, there is but one intelligible objection. It is notorious that during the last seven years, various causes have conspired to advance the price of grain; that the medium price of wheat on an average of 1810, 11, and 12, was 108*s.* 4*d.* whereas that of the four preceding years was only 81*s.* 6*d.*; and consequently that all the future averages, being affected by the properties of the first, must necessarily rise far beyond the limit originally intended by the legislature. The practical inconvenience of these successive augments would, indeed, become utterly intolerable in the course of the long period recommended in the Resolutions; and, though much diminished by the abridgment of the term, would still be too great to be overlooked. A very abundant harvest may, certainly, reduce the market price of wheat a good deal below the price of least duty; but in general, these two prices may be expected to coincide very nearly, because good and bad seasons will counterbalance each other; and the fluctuations hitherto occasioned by the unequal competition between the foreign and the home grower will be limited, in future, by the counteraction of the duty. Now, supposing this to take place, and the minimum duty to be first deduced from the average price of the seven years ending with 1812, viz. 93*s.* 3*d.*; the successive similar averages would be 95*s.* 3*d.*—98*s.* 5*d.*—101*s.* 2*d.*—102*s.*—101*s.* 4*d.*—102*s.* 4*d.* &c. after which the variations would be trifling. The simplest mode of remedying this inconvenience would be to enact that the price of least duty, being once settled from the medium market price of some preceding period, should continue unaltered till the expiration of a similar period; after which the mode of deriving it annually from successive terms of years might be finally established.

We have hitherto assumed that the point, at which it is proposed that

that the graduated scale of duties on imported foreign corn shall commence, has been chosen after an impartial consideration of the interests of the growers and consumers of corn at the present moment; or, at least, that this point cannot fail to be fairly settled during a parliamentary discussion of the Resolutions: and we therefore confine our objection to that single enactment, which must entail on us an indefinite augmentation of the low duty price, notwithstanding the probable return of peace at no distant period, and the consequent renewal of our commercial relations with every part of Europe. By the removal of this defect in a system which is in all other respects equally wise and liberal, every ground of opposition will, we think, be done away.

We are perfectly aware that the select committee on the corn trade have declared their opinion that 'if the regulating price for allowing importation be *made a very high one*, it is the best possible protection the grower can have;' but to this opinion we cannot assent, because we conceive that the *protection* of the grower is derived solely from the duty, in consequence of which the foreigner cannot, in any state of the market, come into competition with him upon perfectly equal terms; and that the degree of protection will, consequently, be proportionate to the amount of the minimum duty. But the price at which this takes place will become the standard, the measure, of what may be called the natural price of corn; a standard annually corrected by a reference to the mean prices of some average of years. To *make this very high* would be, not to protect the grower, but to give him a very undue and short-lived profit, by depreciating all the articles in which he receives an equivalent for his produce. This advantage over the consumer having ceased, as it must shortly do, the farmer would find that the difficulty of exporting with profit, and the necessity of opposing further obstacles to importation, were not a little enhanced by the increased excess of our standard compared with that of other countries.

Leaving the further discussion of this topic to wiser heads than our own, we will now conclude our article with a few remarks on the general subject of subsistence and population.

It has been generally supposed that about one quarter of wheat, convertible into about 480lbs. of bread, is sufficient for the annual sustenance of an individual, on an average of all ages. If this were true, it would evidently be easy to ascertain, in any country of which the extent and population were accurately known, the average annual consumption and reproduction of food, to estimate the degree of comfort enjoyed by the inhabitants of such country, &c. But the number and variety of articles really employed for the purpose of food are so great as to throw considerable doubts on the truth of this approximation, and it is perhaps impossible to furnish any

any which shall be free from considerable error; yet it may be of some advantage to know the attempts which have been made elsewhere to solve this intricate problem, and we shall therefore here state the supposed proportion of animal and vegetable food consumed in the French metropolis about the time of the revolution, as tolerably applicable to Great Britain.

The data for such a calculation were very numerous in France, where every province has been accurately surveyed, the population of every district regularly registered, and the consumption of the towns minutely ascertained, by means of the entrance duty collected at the gates. The calculators, amongst whom were Lavoisier and La Grange, were men of undoubted science, and the result of their labours is, that the annual food of each inhabitant, as deduced from the population of Paris, amounts to 642 French pounds, (693 English,) of which the vegetable food, including corn, potatoes, fruit, and garden esculents of all sorts, forms 435lbs. (469 English,) and the animal food, comprehending meat, fish, butter, eggs, cheese, &c. 207lbs. (224 English.) Now, if it be considered that the extent of pasture land in Great Britain is, at least, ten times as great as that of wheat land; that this pasture is, from the moisture of our climate, remarkably fertile, and that our insular situation must supply us with a much larger portion of fish than our French neighbours can easily attain, it may reasonably be presumed that the estimate which allots a quarter of wheat to the subsistence of each person, probably exaggerates, by about one-third, the real consumption of grain in this country, and reduces, in the same degree, the amount of our whole annual sustenance.

This proportion will, of course, vary in different districts, in different classes, and in different seasons; but, in general, there is reason to hope and believe that the ratio of the more nutritious to the less valuable species of food, is still increasing in the general consumption; that wheat continues to supplant the inferior sorts of grain, and that the comforts of the poor are more widely diffused. Of wheat, indeed, it is impossible to state with accuracy the annual produce, but the inference may be indirectly proved by the augmented consumption of the food afforded to us by our colonial agriculture. On an average of ten years, ending in 1801, the mean annual consumption of sugar was between 177 and 178 millions of pounds, which, divided by the amount of the population, (10,942,646) gives 16lbs. as the consumption of each individual in Great Britain. By a similar calculation on the next ten years, we find the consumption augmented to between 19 and 20lbs. for each person, the annual average being 240,800,000lbs., and the population 12,352,144. This is exclusive of the distilleries, and of the export to Ireland; and as it appears from experiment,

periment, that a hundred weight of sugar is equal, in point of nutriment, to a quarter of barley, or $\frac{8}{11}$ of a quarter of wheat, it seems to follow that the coarser kinds of grain, formerly in general use for the manufacture of bread, are daily giving way to more palatable articles of nutriment.

With regard to animal food, the abundance of which has been at all times the peculiar boast of the British islands, we know, by the direct evidence of the markets in the metropolis, that the quantity consumed is regularly increasing. This, indeed, as we have seen, has been considered by many writers as a proof that our tillage has not improved in a degree at all proportionate to our pasture lands; but in truth it is the peculiar advantage of the modern husbandry, that the quantity of winter and summer provender for cattle, yielded by the plough, greatly exceeds the annual produce of grass and hay from the same quantity of land. If, however, this were not notoriously true, there can be no doubt that our fisheries might, for centuries to come, effectually supply the deficiencies of our agriculture. There are, indeed, no bounds to the possible accumulation of animal food; and its efficiency as a resource, in the failure of other nutriment, is only limited by its very perishable nature; an inconvenience, however, very easily remedied, so that we may perhaps be justified in expressing our belief, that if the proposed imposition of a duty on foreign grain were accompanied by a repeal of the tax on salt, the growing population of these islands might be supported, for centuries to come, in the enjoyment of increasing abundance.

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ART. VIII. *A Journey through Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey, in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople, during the years* 1809 *and* 1810. By J. C. Hobhouse. Cawthorn. 1813. pp. 1152.

AFTER the complaints, which we have been accustomed to hear, of the indolence of our travelled countrymen in communicating their observations to the world, and their unwillingness to expose themselves to the censure of our literary tribunals, we begin to think it not a little probable, that the current of opinion will shortly set in a contrary direction, and the dread of repletion succeed to the sufferings of a spare diet. The last and present year have been abundant, at least, in accounts of the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean; and some additions have been made to the stock of original information. On many points, indeed, much novelty is not to be expected. It would not, for instance, be very

very easy to make discoveries respecting the Turks, a people whose general character and external appearance might be as correctly taken from the earliest, as from the latest writers. We do not, indeed, mean to say, that the Turks will be found existing, in the present day, in the exact state described by Busbequius; but we believe that the changes which have taken place, will be found to have been chiefly political, and that in the gradual decay of their empire, their individual character has remained unaltered. Their manner of living has varied but little, and that little has been in general for the worse. Their baths are less magnificent, their houses more mean, their intercourse with strangers less free, their story-tellers less entertaining; they no longer allow the infidels to reside in the city of Faith, and carefully exclude them from the female slave-market. Yet the vivacity of a recent description may give charms to the recital of what was before known; and the scepticism of the modern may induce him to search more closely into the evidence of some stories, which have enjoyed a prescriptive character for truth, though originally, perhaps, the invention of some talkative dragoman. Besides all this, we like to be assured of the fact, though nothing more be gained by it, that the distant world is still going on as it did twenty years ago; that the Bosphorus of Thrace, in spite of the reveries of politicians, and the prophecies of divines, is still inhabited by men in green and white turbans, and that the Dardanelles, though not impervious during war to a British fleet, are since the peace hermetically sealed against every stranger, without the special permission of the Grand Signor himself. We like also to be informed, for we all love to speculate, as to the probability of a change in the situation of the Greeks; we anxiously catch at the idea, we were about to say of the renovation of such a people, but at all events, at the prospect of a restoration of their country, if not to independence, at least to quiet and prosperity. In the same course of feeling we cannot be indifferent to the possible fate of that lesser Asia, which contained, in the period of its glory, so many trophies of art and learning, and which still presents to the enraptured view, a country rivalled only by that garden formed by the sovereign Planter,

'when he fram'd
All things for man's delightful use.'

Lastly, the hopes of finding fresh specimens of ancient art rescued from the destruction that awaits them in the land of barbarism and ignorance, or new positions ascertained or established in ancient geography, afford additional motives to the reader, and give a liberal interest to the descriptions of the latest traveller.

Upon all these points, both the general reader and the scholar may look for no small portion of information and amusement, from the

the present volume. It is written in a style entirely free from pedantry, but erring on the side of ease; and from the dread of falling into the poised sentences and ten syllabled words of later writers, sometimes sinking below what the epistolary form of the composition might be thought to justify. It is eminently successful in the description of natural scenery, of which we would willingly produce not a few specimens; but the contents of the book are so multifarious that we must confine our remarks to a part of it, referring to the work itself for the confirmation of our judgment on its excellencies and defects. Among the latter we reckon a want of condensation and arrangement, which, though common to travellers in general, we must not overlook, when the main excuse for it is, that, except the account of Albania, 'the journey was sent page by page to the press, and not previously collected in one entire manuscript volume, so as to enable the author to revise and polish the whole work by a collation and comparison of the several parts.' As critics we must protest against this excuse; because, however justly it may be urged by an author who writes upon the spur of the moment, because his dinner, perhaps, depends upon the printing of the next sheet, it is wholly inadmissible in a work of considerable research, containing references to a variety of other works, and which, as far at least as we are informed, there existed no absolute or imperious necessity for publishing in April, May, or June, 1813, rather than in the same months of the year following. We suspect, indeed, that the work grew and assumed a new form under the hands of the builder; that what was originally intended for an account of Albania, has been added to it till it reached its present bulk, as a gentleman's house in the hands of a skilful architect, from a plain cottage in the estimate, becomes, in the execution, a chateau, or a palace. We mention this, not as a discouragement to those who are inclined to read the work, but in the hope that, in a future edition, the author himself will take the pains of reducing his materials a little more into order; and we doubt not that an opportunity will be afforded him of so doing, while he yet retains much of the freshness of his recollection, and the distinctness of his conceptions with regard to the countries through which he passed.

As it would be vain to attempt the complete analysis of a work of this extent in the compass of an article, we shall lay before our readers, what appears to us upon the whole most interesting and novel; and under this head, the account of Albania undoubtedly claims the first place.

Of this country, which stretches along the coast of the Adriatic, from the gulf of Arta, in the 39° of latitude, to the ancient Venetian provinces in the 42°, and about a degree further to the north

within land, but no where exceeding eighty miles in breadth, Mr. Hobhouse's is the first detailed account presented to English readers. Some information upon the subject has been before given to the readers of French, by Dr. Pouqueville, a physician attached to the expedition against Egypt under Buonaparte, who appended to his account of the Morea, the substance of the narrative of two French officers, detained for some time in Albania, during the war between France and Turkey, in 1798. From this Mr. Hobhouse professes to have taken, without scruple, whatever he found agreeing with his own observations or inquiries. The union of the two accounts, however, though probably sufficiently full as to the manners and character of the people, leaves much to be supplied as to the topography and political importance of the country; neither Mr. Hobhouse's observations, nor those of the persons from whom he derived assistance, extending with any degree of certainty or minuteness, beyond that part of the country under the dominion or influence of Ali Pashaw. Ali's power, except, perhaps, partially in Ocrida, has never extended northward, beyond the 41° of lat. and in the part of Albania, south of that line, he has not yet been able to make himself master of the Pashalik of Vallona, nor to reduce to entire subjection the inhabitants of the Chimæriot mountains; who, though at peace with him, and acknowledging him as their Lord, live in a state of constant warfare with one another, village against village, and district against district, with an independence truly feudal. The same may be observed of the more peaceable district of Philathi, to the south and south east of Butrinto. These, with the small town of Parga, opposite Corfu, in the possession of the French, all lying upon the coast, are no small obstacles to the advancement of Ali's power, by limiting in a great degree his communication with the Adriatic, and are therefore of importance to be remembered in our estimate of his influence and resources.

The general face of the country, diversified throughout with all the variety of extended plains and lofty mountains, and abounding in consequence with romantic scenery, must be already familiar to the readers of Childe Harolde; the noble author of which was Mr. Hobhouse's companion throughout his travels. But that picturesque beauty, which so strongly recommends it to the notice both of the painter and the poet, is not its only praise. Though mountainous and wild, it readily yields itself to the wishes of the cultivator, and repays his toil with abundance, not only of the necessaries, but of many of the luxuries of life. While the hills produce the olive, the vine, and the dwarf oak of Vallona, the noble plains, of which they are the boundaries, display the varied fertility of the soil, in rich harvests of corn, rice, tobacco, maize, &c.

&c. while they maintain large flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of cattle and horses, as well as abundance of pigs and poultry. The best snuff in Turkey is made from the tobacco raised near Delvinaki, in Upper Albania; and the gardens of Ioannina are celebrated for the excellence of the otto of roses, manufactured from them. Add to these the timber which descends from the mountains, and which before the war supplied the dock-yards of Marseilles and Toulon, and we shall readily believe, that the natural productions of the country would be of themselves sufficient to sustain a valuable commerce, though from its situation it derives still further advantages from the transit of goods and merchandize through it. It is from the great fair held annually at Ioannina, that all the richer Turks and Greeks, not only of Albania, but of great part of the Morea and Roumelia, supply themselves with loose robes and pelisses for their winter dresses, the manufacture of France and Germany. It is from hence that the spun cottons of Triccala are distributed through the other parts of Turkey, and in part forwarded by land carriage to Germany; and it is here that are collected the annual droves of live stock and horses, the former for the supply of the islands of the Adriatic and Ionian seas, the latter for dispersion in the different districts of the country itself.

Of the city of Ioannina, the capital of Ali's dominions, little has, till of late years, been noticed but its existence. It has, indeed, been inserted in our maps, and the few who have given any attention to Romaic literature, may have observed its name in the title-page of some of their books; but of the city all that seems to have been known or suspected, was, that it was situated in the country of the most warlike and barbarous nation of European Turkey. Yet if we are to credit the relations of those who have lately visited it, it is, both from its romantic situation and the importance of the transactions carried on in it, very worthy of our regard; and if, as they assert, the Romaic muses have chosen Ioannina for their most favoured dwelling, we must allow from the following description, that the site is by no means unworthy of their preference.

'Imagine to yourself a large sheet of water of ten or twelve miles in length, and at least three miles in breadth, enclosed on one side by green plains, an extensive city, and a long succession of groves and gardens, and on the other, by a chain of lofty mountains, that rise almost abruptly from its banks. Such is the appearance of the lake of Ioannina and its surrounding scenery.'—p. 59.

——'The city stands on the western banks of the lake, at about two miles from its northern extremity. In its utmost length it may be, perhaps, two miles and a half, and in breadth, though in some places it is much narrower, nearly a mile. Immediately near the lake it stands on a flat, but the north and north western parts of it are built on slopes of rising and uneven ground. A triangular peninsula juts into the

lake, and contains the residence of the Pashaw, being defended by a fortification and a tower at each angle. The entrance to this fortress is over a drawbridge. There is one street which runs nearly the whole length of the town, and another that cuts it at right angles, extending to the fortress. These are the principal streets.

'The houses are many of them large and well-built, containing a court-yard, and having warehouses or stables on the ground, with an open gallery, and the apartments of the family above. A flight of wooden steps under cover of the pent of the gallery, connects the under and upper part of the houses. Though they have but a gloomy appearance from the street, having the windows very small, and latticed with cross bars of wood, and presenting the inhospitable shew of large folding doors, big enough to admit the horses and cattle of the family, but never left open, yet the yard, which is often furnished with orange and lemon trees, and in the best houses communicates with a garden, makes them very lively from within, and the galleries are sufficiently extensive to allow a scope for walking in rainy weather.

'The bazar, or principal street, inhabited by tradesmen, has a showy appearance. The bizestein, or covered bazar, is of considerable size, and would put you in mind of Exeter 'Change.

'Besides the palace in the fortress, and the two allotted to the sons of Ali, there is another summer residence of the vizir's, in the suburbs, at the north west end of the town. It is built in the midst of a garden in a wild and tangled state, when we saw it, but abounding in every kind of fruit trees that flourishes in this favoured climate—the orange, the lemon, the fig, and the pomegranate. It is in the form of a pavilion, and has one large saloon (I think an octagon), with small latticed apartments on every side. The floor is of marble, and in the middle of it there is a fountain, containing a pretty model, also in marble, of a fortress, mounted with small brass cannon, which, at a signal, spout forth jets of water, accompanied by a small organ in a recess, playing some Italian tunes. The small rooms are furnished with sofas of figured silk, and the lattices of the windows, as well the cornices, are gilt, highly polished. The shade of an olive grove protects the pavilion from the sun, and it is to this retreat that the vizir withdraws during the heats of summer, with the most favoured ladies of his harem, and indulged in the enjoyment of whatever accomplishments these fair ones can display for his gratification.'—pp. 68, 69.

Beyond the pavilion, there are gardens belonging to the principal inhabitants of Ioannina, and as most of these have summer-houses they contribute much to the apparent extent of the city, of which they seem to form a part. It might be expected from the above description to contain a very large population. Every estimate upon this point must however be conjectural, neither Mahometan nor Christian keeping any register. It was variously stated to Mr. Hobhouse, some computing the number of houses at 8000, others the whole number of inhabitants at not more than 35,000. This he considers the lowest possible computation. We perceive

perceive that Pouqueville (p. 42) raises the number 'au-dessus de quarante mille,' and 36,000 is the number assigned in the table annexed to Palma's map, one of the best authorities with regard to the greater part of European Turkey.

The exact extent of the commercial dealings of Ioannina Mr. Hobhouse was unable to learn. They must, however, be considerable if it be true, that the vizir derives from them a revenue of 250,000 piasters; and this without ruining the merchant or giving any great check to the comforts and expensive style of living, in which, by all accounts, the traders of Ioannina far exceed those of the other cities of Greece. Many of these have passed

'three or four years in the merchant houses of Trieste, Genoa, Leghorn, Venice, and Vienna, which in addition to the education they can receive in the schools of their own city, where they may learn French and Italian, gives them a competent knowledge of the most diffused modern languages, and adds much to the ease and urbanity of their address. They have, indeed, introduced as much as they dare of the manners of Christendom, and once aspired for a moment to the establishment of a theatre for the performance of Italian operas.'

Of the advantages of this intercourse with strangers Ali is fully sensible, and encourages the temporary emigrations of his subjects, though as a security for their return he generally retains a part of their family; and though his fears of their escaping from him altogether, make him watchful of their conduct even when at home. Though he considers Ioannina as one of his 'good cities,' the wealthy merchants are not indulged with a ride into the country without a notification of their purpose. Nor need we be surprised that a man, generally enlightened upon subjects connected with his own interest, and very superior to all around him from whom he could take example, should occasionally mistake that interest, when we reflect how little progress the science of politics has yet made among the most favoured nations, and how many prejudices remain to be overcome even in our own. Though the main-spring of his actions be avarice, and the methods of his government harsh and oppressive, yet the regularity of the oppression, and the stability of his government have given many advantages to those, who are apparently more immediately under its influence. The merchant of Ioannina knows that what is left him by the vizir, is in no danger of being taken by some subordinate agent; nor does he live in the constant dread of that change of governors, which, as each must be conciliated by new presents, or enriched by fresh extortions, is one great source of the misery of other parts of the country. The indifference too of Ali upon points in which his avarice is not awakened, leaves them pretty much at liberty in their general conduct. While he feels himself secure from all outward danger,

he seems to have overcome the dread which torments the Turks of Asia and the capital, at the advancement of their subjects either in arts or literature. Psallida, the most learned inhabitant of the country, keeps a school for a hundred boys, who are instructed in the French, Italian, Latin and ancient Greek languages; while writing and reading the Romaic are taught at another school to three hundred boys, who pay nothing for their education. We would not be understood to insinuate, that the diffusion of useful knowledge keeps pace with the advancement of the nation in the arts of reading and writing. The want of books is severely felt, and the very name of science, or the 'dia mathesis,' is hardly known.

The improvement of the nation in the arts of life, though they are still so far behind hand, that there was no one in Ioannina who could mend an umbrella, and but one (an Italian) who could make a bedstead, naturally begins with those parts of Albania, which verge upon the more civilized portions of Greece, or border upon the ancient Venetian territories. Hence a line, which Mr. Hobhouse at one time seems to consider as imaginary, but which he afterwards speaks of as virtually existing, though not very clearly defined, divides the whole country into Upper and Lower Albania, or as they are sometimes called, Albania Proper and Improper. In the latter the inhabitants are mostly of the Greek church, have adopted the manners of the superior Greeks in the more improved parts of Turkey, and resemble in many points rather their brethren in faith than their brethren in country. On the other hand, the Christians of the Upper country agree in a common character with their Mahometan fellow-countrymen, and constitute together with them one nation; the difference of faith, in this district alone of all the conquests of the Turks, producing but little difference in the condition of the people.

Between the inhabitants of Lower and Upper Albania the difference of character and manners is so great, that Mr. Hobhouse hardly hesitates in considering them as distinct races. We cannot help dissenting from this opinion, which we think results rather from a forgetfulness of some of the circumstances which naturally operate in changing the character and manners of nations, than from any solid reason assigned in its support. To us a general similarity of character was visible among all the Albanians whom we met with in different parts of Greece, (for we had not the advantage of seeing them in their own country,) whether natives of Ioannina and the south, or turned out wild from the Upper country; whether peaceably inhabiting the country as traders, or engaged in the civil or military service of the Pashaws. Throughout we observed, even where the peculiarity of their situation might have

have been expected to produce the greatest change in their feelings, among the most polished and the best instructed, a wildness and a nationality, a love of their country and admiration of every thing connected with it, of which even the traces are hardly to be found among the other inhabitants of Turkey, whether Christian or Mahometan. We have seen one of Veli's physicians, educated in Italy, and who had so far lost his ardour for enterprise, that he dreaded the fatigue of a peaceable journey with the vizir, start up at the sound of an Albanian air, and throwing off his calpac, join in the dance with an animation wholly unattainable by a Moreote Greek. The natives of Ioannina, whom we occasionally met with, invariably spoke with utter contempt of the Greeks, and assumed to themselves no small consequence as Albanians. It seemed to us, that they, no less than the mountain soldiery, delighted in the glories of Ali, and thought themselves also entitled to share in the praise of their country's valour. Contrasted, as Mr. Hobhouse beheld them, we have no doubt that the difference of the two people appeared great and striking, but we think that this may be sufficiently accounted for, without the supposition of a distinct origin, by the marked difference of civilization and situation in respect of their Turkish governors. We have already noticed the progress allowed by Mr. Hobhouse to have taken place at Ioannina even towards the manners of Christendom; nor can we conceive it possible for any race of men to resist the blandishments of the lucrative commerce there carried on, or the tendency which it has to produce a great modification of the wildest national character.

But other circumstances have combined to operate a gradual change in the character of the Lower Albanian, while they produced but little effect upon the mountaineer. Of these it will be sufficient to notice the most remarkable; the difference of situation in reference to their Turkish masters. At the conquest of the country, the greater part of the inhabitants of the upper districts nominally embraced the religion of their conquerors. Though it was to this that the Turks attribute the peaceable submission to their sway which followed, yet it rendered the province less desirable to them than their other possessions; and the conquered being thus advanced to a par with their conquerors, were not harassed with the presence of the latter, but remained, with the exception of their change of faith, in a state little varying from that in which they had before existed. We have called their change of faith nominal, because though the Upper Albanians, according to circumstances, profess themselves either Christian or Mahometan, their profession of either religion is altogether without knowledge, and produces among themselves but little difference in the common intercourse of life. In the mean time the inhabitant of the Lower Albania,

less pliant in his religious opinions, and, in the condition of a rayah, presenting a stronger temptation to the rapacity of the Turk, was kept in awe by the immediate presence of his conqueror in his towns and villages. Without the means of avoiding or resisting oppression possessed by the hardy peasantry of a mountainous and difficult country, and excluded from the society of his barbarian master, he naturally united himself more closely with the southern Greek with whom he agreed in obedience to the same religious code, and subjection upon the same terms to the same conquèror. The language common to them in their church, and not unknown from general proximity of situation, possessing the advantage of communication by writing, while the Albanian was only spoken, became a new bond of union; and from their constant intercourse with their fellow-subjects rather than their fellow-countrymen, we need not be surprised that their ancient customs should, in numberless instances, have given way to the manners of modern Greece.

But whatever opinion may be held upon the nature of the distinction observable between the Albanian of the Upper and Lower country, it unquestionably exists, and from the village of Delvinaki, about twenty-one hours N.W. of Ioannina, is very apparent. Till the arrival of our travellers at that place, the general condition and appearance of the people, with the exception of a certain wildness in the peasantry, who were universally armed, and presented a striking contrast to the fabled shepherds of Arcady, had been nearly such as have been again and again described: but from the moment of their leaving Delvinaki, every thing announced a freer air, and a more populous country; parties of travellers on the road, villages scattered on the hills, the plains every where cultivated, and the dress of the peasants changed from the loose brogues of the Greek to the cotton camisa or kilt of the Albanian. The Albanian language prevailed, and the tone even of the Christians became more elevated and manly. Stopping for the night at a village called Cesarades, they found every thing

'on a different footing from what it had been in the Greek villages. We experienced a great deal of kindness from our host, but saw nothing in his face (though he was a Christian) of the cringing, downcast, timid look of the Greek peasant. His cottage was neatly plastered and white-washed, and contained a stable, and a small room below, and two floored chambers above, quite in a different style from what we had seen in Lower Albania.'—p. 100.

This was on their way from Ioannina to Tepellené, the birth-place and favourite residence of Ali, situated on the banks of a river, of some importance to judge from its breadth, which, at the distance of sixty miles from the sea, appeared to Mr. Hobhouse and his

his companion as broad as the Thames at Westminster Bridge. It does not however appear from the narrative, that either this or any other river of Albania is used for the purposes of navigation. The streets of the town, which contains about four hundred ill-built houses, are extremely dirty; but every thing which had before attracted their attention was forgotten, when entering through a gateway in a tower, they found themselves in the courtyard of the palace of the Vizir.

'The court at Tepellené, which was enclosed on two sides by the palace, and on the other two sides by a high wall, presented us, at our first entrance, with a sight something like what we might have, perhaps, beheld some hundred years ago in the castle-yard of a great feudal lord. Soldiers, with their arms piled against the wall near them, were assembled in different parts of the square: some of them pacing slowly backwards and forwards, and others sitting on the ground in groups. Several horses, completely caparisoned, were leading about, whilst others were neighing under the hands of the grooms. In the part furthest from the dwelling, preparations were making for the feast of the night; and several sheep and kids were being dressed by cooks who were themselves half-armed. Every thing wore a most martial look, though not exactly in the style of the head-quarters of a Christian general; for many of the soldiers were in the most common dress, without shoes, and having more wildness in their air and manner than the Albanians we had before seen.'—p. 106.

They were very comfortably lodged in the palace, and the Vizir, having apologized for not entertaining them at one of his meals, it being the time of the Ramazan, appointed the next day for an audience. In the evening they were visited by two of the physicians of his highness, (the style used by the Greeks in speaking of the vizirs or pashaws of three tails,) one of them, a native of Alsace, and in the Frank dress, the other a Greek, who spoke the German, Italian, French, Latin and Albanian languages. The next day about noon, they were summoned by his highness's white-stick to an audience, and a secretary of Ali's, who had attended them from Ioannina, having put on his worst cloak, that his appearance might not point him out as a fit object of extortion, they proceeded with him and their own dragoman to the presence-chamber. When ushered into the apartment, which was large and handsomely furnished, they found Ali himself, as if by accident, standing, according to the etiquette of Turkish politeness, which does not allow of rising from the seat to any but a superior and a Mussulman. As he seated himself, he desired them to sit down near him.

'The Vizir was a short man, about five feet five inches in height, and very fat, though not particularly corpulent. He had a very pleasing face, fair and round, with blue quick eyes, not at all settled into a Turkish gravity. His beard was long and white, and such a one as any other Turk

Turk would have been proud of; though he, who was more taken up with his guests than himself, did not continue looking at it, nor smelling and stroking it, as is usually the practice of his countrymen, to fill up the pauses of conversation. He was not very magnificently dressed, except that his high turban, composed of many small rolls, seemed of fine gold muslin, and his attaghan, or long dagger, was studded with brilliants.

'He was mightily civil; and said he considered us as his children. He showed us a mountain-howitzer, that was lying in his apartment, and took the opportunity of telling us that he had several large cannon. He turned round two or three times to look through an English telescope, and at last handed it to us, that we might look at a party of Turks on horseback, riding along the banks of the river towards Tepellené. He then said, "that man whom you see on the road is the chief minister of my enemy, Ibrahim Pashaw, and he is now coming over to me, having deserted his master, to take the strongest side." He addressed this with a smile to the secretary, desiring him to interpret it to us.

'We took pipes, coffee, and sweatmeats with him; but he did not seem so particular about these things as other Turks whom we have seen. He was in great good humour, and several times laughed aloud, which is very uncommon in a man of consequence; I never saw another instance of it in Turkey. Instead of having his room crowded with the officers of his court, which is very much the custom of the Pashaws and other great men, he was quite unattended, except by four or five young persons magnificently dressed in the Albanian habit, and having their hair flowing half way down their backs: these brought in the refreshments, and continued supplying us with pipes, which though perhaps not half emptied, were changed three times, as is the custom when particular honours are intended for a guest.

'There are no common topics of discourse between a Turkish vizir and a traveller, which can discover the abilities of either party. However, a Frank may think his Turk above the common run, if he does not put any very foolish question to him, and Ali did not ask us any that betrayed his ignorance. His liveliness and ease gave us very favourable impressions of his natural capacity.'—p. 110.

Our travellers paid him two other visits, in one of which a long duck-gun was brought into the room; which they were informed was about to be sent to the Vizir's army, then besieging Berat, and in want of *ordnance*. He appeared to be minutely acquainted with every road, offered them his services in any way that they could be made useful; and readily granted them permission to take an Albanian Christian, named Vasilly, to attend them while in Turkey.

'On being informed that he was at the chamber-door, he sent for him, and accordingly Vasilly entered; and, though with every proper respect, still was not embarrassed, but, with his hand on his left breast, answered the Vizir's questions in a firm fluent manner. Ali called him by his name, and asked him why, being at the door, he had not come in to

to see him; " for you know, Vasilly," added he, " I should have been glad to see you." He then told him that he was to attend us, and see that we wanted nothing, and talked a good deal to him about the different stages of our route, summing all up by telling him in a jocose way, that if any accident happened to us, he would cut off his head, and that we were to write how he behaved.'

Ali was born at Tepellené, about the year 1750, but he carefully conceals his age, and notwithstanding a disorder which is considered incurable, has the appearance of a healthy middle aged man. Though the son of a Pashaw of two tails, he is said to boast of having begun the world with sixty paras and a musket; and Mr. Hobhouse's Albanian attendant, whose testimony was confirmed by the concurrent report of the whole country, remembered when, in a jacket out at elbows, he led the life of a nightly robber. By gradual advances, though not without encountering considerable reverses, he first amassed sufficient to buy a small pashalik, and afterwards by war or treachery obtained post after post in Albania, till having finally succeeded in making himself master of Ioannina, he was confirmed pashaw of that place by the imperial firman. In his early career he was sometimes so hardly pressed, that he did not even dare to stir from Tepellené; and Vasilly, whom he acknowledged as an old acquaintance in his audience-room, had himself been of a party from a neighbouring village which insulted his house, and broke his windows with shot. Vasilly's reply, upon being asked how Ali revenged himself on his assailants, is characteristic both of the general sentiments of the Albanians upon such subjects, and of the conduct of Ali himself. ' Well,' he was asked, ' and what did Ali do to the men of your village?— ' *Nothing at all:* he made friends with our chief man, persuaded him to come to Tepellené, and there roasted him on a spit; after which we submitted (προσχυνησαμεν).'—p. 115.

He afterwards poisoned Giaffar, pashaw of Vallona, by a cup of coffee, in a bath at Sophia; and was, at the time Mr. Hobhouse visited him, carrying on war against his brother and successor Ibrahim, to whose daughters he had formerly married his own two sons Mouctar and Veli, with a view of strengthening his influence in Albania. Thus, hesitating at nothing in the advancement of his fortunes, he has established a preponderating sway over the greater part of Greece; and is feared even in those parts of European Turkey, which are beyond the acknowledged limits of his power. The extent of his actual dominion is not very easily definable, his territories being intersected by independent and insulated districts, which still resist his arms; but with the exception of the provinces on the Adriatic, mentioned at the beginning of this article, the government of the Morea, lately in the hands of his son Veli, and those

those of Thebes, Athens and Lepanto, and the neighbourhood of Salonika, his authority or influence extends over the whole of the continent south of the 41° of latitude. Throughout this country, a great part of which we must remember has been by him for the first time reduced to subjection to the Turkish or indeed to any government, the signature or rather mark of Ali commands almost unlimited obedience; and should his further projects of aggrandizement succeed, the countries which anciently composed the southern Illyricum, the kingdom of Epirus, Macedonia, Thessaly, Eubœa and all the Grecian states will, as Mr. Hobhouse observes, be under the dominion of a barbarian who can neither write nor read.

He still keeps up appearances with the Porte, furnishing his contingent of men for the armies, and transmitting a part of the tribute, and will probably continue to do so, though he carefully avoids putting himself in its power, and has constantly refused the post of Grand Vizir, or any other employment which might carry him out of his present government. In Albania indeed is the strength of his empire; all the Albanians, even those who have not yet submitted to him, speaking with exultation and pride of their countryman. They frequently say, when talking of another pashaw, 'he is not such a one as Ali, he has not such a head.'

His treasures, like those of almost every oriental sovereign, are reported to be very great; of his revenue we have the following estimate.

'Of the tenth of all produce collected for the Porte, the Vizir has at least a fourth part; he has also near 400 villages his own property; and besides, claims from all towns and districts arbitrary sums for protection. I have seen a computation, which sets down his revenues as 6,000,000 piasters, independent of those casual levies, and the presents which are made to him by his Christian subjects. Add to this, that all his work is done gratis, and his kitchens and stables furnished by the towns where he has any establishment. He not only gives free quarter to himself and retinue in his numerous expeditions through his dominions, but his soldiers, who only receive about twelve piasters a month from him, are found in bread and meat wherever they go, by the inhabitants of the towns and villages; so that he is enabled to reserve much of his money for emergencies, for bribing the ministers of the Porte, and buying his neighbours' territories. He is not at much expense in purchasing the male or female slaves of his household, for with these he furnishes himself, from the families of the robbers whom he executes, or compels to fly. We overtook a man carrying to Tepellené a boy and girl, who had been just found in the cottage of a robber.'—p. 120.

His natural disposition, though represented under the most gloomy colours by the Greeks, and though, if we are to believe half the stories circulated of him, that of a man barbarously cruel, would probably be unjustly estimated from a mere consideration of the

the facts alleged against him even if true. They must be taken in conjunction with the situation in which he found himself, and the people with whom he had to deal. Acts of violence perpetrated with a carelessness for the life of man, of which one who has never visited the country can have no conception, are of the ordinary methods of government in Turkey, and excite neither horror nor disgust. The severest measures must have been necessary to establish that security from robbers which is felt in the greater part of Ali's dominions. To the success of his system of terror in this respect Mr. Hobhouse bears witness, as well as to his efforts in the amelioration of the situation of his subjects in general.

'He has rendered many parts of Albania, and the contiguous country, perfectly accessible, that were before annually overrun with robbers; and consequently by opening the country to merchants, and securing their persons and goods, has not only increased his own revenues, but bettered the condition of his subjects. He has built bridges over the rivers, raised causeways across the marshes, laid out frequent roads, and adorned the country and the town with new buildings, and by many wholesome regulations has acted the part of a good and great prince, without perhaps a single other motive than that of his own aggrandizement.'—p. 118.

In this latter point he is only like other great princes; but we must now leave him and turn to the peculiar people, who are the main support of his power, and through whom he is enabled at once to extend his influence among his equals, and hold in respect even the Porte itself. It is necessary here, however, to premise that it is to the native Albanians, and not to their degenerate offspring who, speaking the same language, are dispersed as cultivators throughout Roumelia, that the following descriptions are intended to apply.

In person 'the Albanians are generally of a middle stature, about five feet six inches in height. They are muscular and straight in their make, but not large; and they are particularly small round the loins, without any corpulency, which may be attributed to their active life, and also to the tight girdle they wear round their waists. Their chests are full and broad, and their necks long. Their faces are of an oval shape, with prominent cheek bones, and a flat, but raised forehead. The expression of their eyes, which are blue and hazel, but seldom quite black, is very lively. Their mouths are small, their teeth of a good colour, and well formed. Their noses are for the most part high and straight, with thin but open nostrils. Their eye-brows are arched. They wear no hair on the fore part of their heads, but suffer it to flow down in large quantities, from the top of the crown; it is generally in curls, but when straight and long is most admired. They have small mustachios on the upper lips, but shave off the whole of the beard at the same time that they perform that operation on the fore part of their crowns, which is about once a week.'—p. 133.

'The

'The dress of the men is well adapted to the life of a mountaineer, that of the common people is entirely white. The shirt is of cotton, as well as the drawers, but every other part of the habit of coarse woollen.'—p. 134.

The shirt is worn over the drawers, falling down and encircling the man like a Scotch kilt, and is closely girded round the loins with a coarse shawl, drawn tighter by the leathern strap or belt which contains their pistols, of which even the poorer people carry one as their constant companion, while the soldier is generally distinguished by his curved sabre, which is kept as sharp as a razor. Though generally bare-footed, they sometimes wear a sort of sandal, and a species of greave, which, with their girded loins and kilt, gives them much of the appearance of the old Roman soldier; especially when, as is the case with the Agas and those who can afford it, their two or three 'jackets of velvet, richly worked with inlaid gold or silver, give to the body of the dress the appearance, and almost the stiffness, of a coat of mail.'—p. 136. To this may be added, what seems to be the ancient sagum;—

'that which constitutes their chief defence against the weather, and forms their bed, whether in the cottage or the field, a large great coat or capote, with loose open sleeves, and a hood which hangs in a square piece behind, but, when put over head, is fastened into form by means of a long needle, or sometimes the ramrod of a pistol. This capote is of shaggy white woollen, or of black horse hair; and one might think it to be peculiar to this people, as our poet Spenser has given to one of his personages,

'A huge capoto Albanese-wise.'—p. 134.

The ordinary head dress is the little red scull cap of Barbary, to which those who can afford it add a shawl. They are dirty in their persons, seldom changing their linen, and suffer all the inconveniences that might be expected from the habit of sleeping on the floor in their thick woollen dress, so admirably adapted for a shelter to every species of vermin. The females do not appear more cleanly than the men; they are tall and strong, and not ill-looking, but bear in their countenance all the marks of wretchedness, bad treatment, and hard labour. Indeed, in many parts of the country, the task of sowing and reaping the harvest is delegated to them, the men applying only to those labours which exceed the strength or the skill of the women. Like other borderers upon savage life,

'averse from every habit of industry, it is with less unwillingness that he wanders on the mountains or in the forests, with his flocks and herds; for the life of a shepherd is a life both of laziness and peril. But his supreme delight when unoccupied by the wars of his pashaw or of his village, is to bask in the sun-shine, to smoke, to eat, to drink, to doze,

doze, or to stroll slowly round the garden of his cottage, tinkling his tuneless lute. Yet, though idle, he is still restless, and ready to seize his gun, and plunge into the woods at the first summons of his chief.'—p. 141.

Their cottages, seldom consisting of more than one floor, having two rooms, and but little furniture, are well built, though of mud, perfectly dry, and generally very neat. Most of them have a garden attached, and they are frequently surrounded with a wall, not merely of separation but of defence, pierced with regular loop holes for the use of the gun. The villages have also a green, shaded with a large tree, for the holiday amusements of the peasants, a circumstance always grateful to remark, and impressing the mind with no unfavourable idea of the general security of the country, however at times disturbed by the discord of the neighbouring villages.

The principal food of the people is bread of wheat and various grain, cheese, eggs, butter, olives, and vegetables, with a small proportion of meat, which however is plentiful and indulged in on holidays. Both Mahometans and Christians drink wine, and an ardent spirit extracted from grape husks and barley. They are, however, generally temperate, living on a spare diet, not from virtue, but from the love of arms, finery, and trinkets, for which they save their money. They will eat voraciously of what is provided for them at the expense of another; but in the pursuit of riches, there is no toil, no danger, and no self-denial, that they do not willingly sustain. They retain, indeed, so much of whatever characterizes a savage state of society, both in their virtues and their vices, that we should be disposed to call them not 'half-civilized,' but a nation of barbarians into whose country some of the arts of civilization had penetrated. Living under no laws, and each man being the defender of his own rights, the redresser of his own wrongs, bloodshed and revenge are common among them; yet the effects ordinarily produced by the latter, are attributed by Mr. Hobhouse rather to the sudden impulse of passion, than to any malignancy of spirit.

Robbery is no disgrace; 'when I was a robber,' is a common expression among them. Robbery indeed, next to war, is the most effectual stimulant in calling forth the spirit of enterprize, and rousing the torpid savage from his inactivity. Accordingly, at the demand of the village or the chief, they readily take to the mountains, and pursue the robber's or the soldier's craft, with courage, cunning, and perseverance.

When their active services are uncalled for in their own country, the same impatience of repose carries them into the service of the different pashaws of Europe and Asia, of whom they constitute

stitute the most efficient force. Though detested by the Turks, they alone are appointed to guard the sacred banner from Mecca to Constantinople, and not a few of them have risen to the highest dignities of the Ottoman empire. Nor do they confine their enterprizes to service among the Ottomans; they have long been in the habit of enlisting in the service of the King of Naples, and of late have joined, in considerable numbers, the Greek regiments raising for our own service in the Ionian isles.

'But all these mountaineers who enter into service abroad, depend upon a return to their own country. Those belonging to the Pashaw of the Morea, have more than once attempted to force the guard of the Isthmus: and some who were in our pay, on finding they were enlisted for life, raised a very serious disturbance in the garrison of Malta.'—'Nationality, indeed, a passion at all times stronger in mountaineers than in inhabitants of the plains, is most conspicuous in their character. If one of them is travelling from home and hears of a countryman resident near any place where he may pass, though he has never seen or heard of the man before, he will go out of his way to visit him.'—'They are perpetually recurring to their mountains and their villages, making invidious comparisons between them and every thing in foreign countries. They consider all other men, whether Turks or Christians, as cowards, if opposed to their countrymen; and, in fact, as they have long been accounted the best soldiers in the Turkish empire, they have some reason for the pride which can be discerned in their poorest peasants. The strut of one of them, and the air of defiance which he puts on, with his hand on his sabre, and his red cap a little on one side over his forehead, are such as no one who has once seen them will ever forget.'—p. 149.

Mr. Hobhouse rates the population of Albania at about one million two hundred thousand souls; but we do not exactly make out, whether that number is intended to include all the inhabitants of the country going under the name of Albania, or only those whom he designates as more properly Albanian, in their manners and mode of living. But independent of the consideration of their numbers, the warlike and active character of the people, and their geographical position, equally point them out as likely to make no small figure in the future revolutions of European Turkey. Accordingly, each of the two great nations between whom, till of late, the name of Christendom seemed so thoroughly divided, that the distinction of English and French had, especially in the Levant, swallowed up every other difference, have been at some pains to secure in its favour the dispositions of Ali. They each maintain a resident at his court, and pay him the compliments due only to an independent sovereign. To which of the two the Vizir or his people most incline, we shall not venture to decide; but of one thing we may be assured, that however his affections may incline, his

his interest will determine his conduct. While he kept up a communication with Corfu, and as far as the vigilance of our cruizers permitted, supplied its garrison with provisions, he acted as mediator in the negociations preliminary to our peace with Turkey, and still carries on a lucrative trade with our Ionian possessions and Malta. As the benefits derived from this latter intercourse, are daily becoming more apparent, it is not probable that he will lightly endanger its interruption by any measure of hostility to England. The threats of Buonaparte, who, before the Russian war, talked of thundering down upon him from the Illyrian provinces, made but little impression upon Ali, who trusted to the obstacles presented to invasion by a country almost impassable for artillery, and the skill of his soldiery in all the evolutions of mountain warfare. In the present state of Europe, the exclusive favour of Ali has become less important to either party; and the continuance of a friendly intercourse, as far as we are concerned, seems to be secured on the basis of mutual advantage.

Before we leave Albania, we are bound to add, that its several modern divisions and various forms of government, are laid down at some length by Mr. Hobhouse, who has also exerted a very successful diligence in adjusting, as far as his means permitted it, its ancient geography. As this was an object of which the execution in its whole extent was rather desired than hoped for by Gibbon, and to which even D'Anville confessed himself unequal, the points established by Mr. Hobhouse on seemingly fair data, may be considered as acquisitions to our geographical knowledge. It is curious that he could find no traces, upon the spot, of Azio, in which D'Anville, not doubting the existence of such a town, thought the name of Actium was preserved.

On quitting Albania, Mr. Hobhouse and his friend pass through Carnia, the most desolate and least inhabited part of Ali's dominions. Of Natolico and Messalonge, two towns of the ancient Ætolia, which lay in their way, he speaks favourably; they are, he says, to be reckoned among the best in Roumelia. From the latter he crosses to Patrass, and thus expresses the satisfaction which he experienced at the change in the scene of his peregrinations.

'On arriving from Albania in the Morea, you quit a region little known at any time, for one, which the labours of ancients and moderns have equally contributed to illustrate; and after wandering in uncertainty, you acknowledge the aid of faithful guides, who direct every footstep of your journey. Pausanias alone, will enable you to feel at home in Greece; the exact conformity of present appearances with the minute descriptions of the Itinerary, is no less surprizing than satisfactory. The temple and the statue, the theatre, the column, and the marble porch, have sunk and disappeared; but the vallies and the

mountains, and some not unfrequent fragments "of more value than all the rude and costly monuments of barbaric labour," these still remain, and remind the traveller that he treads the ground once trod by the heroes and sages of antiquity.'

'To traverse the native country of those whose deeds and whose wisdom have been proposed to all the polished nations of every succeeding age, as the models which they must endeavour to imitate, but must never hope to equal, with no other emotions than would arise in passing through regions never civilized, is unnatural, is impossible. No one would roam with the same indifference through the sad solitudes of Greece, and the savage wilds of America; nor is the expression of feelings, which it is the object and end of all liberal education to instil and encourage, to be derided as the unprofitable effusion of folly and affectation.'—p. 215.

Under the influence of such feelings, Mr. Hobhouse naturally dwells upon objects, in his delineations of which, though they are enlivened by anecdote and illustrated with considerable learning, we refrain from following him. Such are his remarks upon Delphi and Athens, which will be read with satisfaction even by those who are acquainted with the exact descriptions given of them by former travellers. Throughout, they will perceive an ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, combined with a degree of good sense, not always united with it, when applied to the remains of classical antiquity. To the repetition, however, of descriptions of a country so often visited, we shall prefer presenting our readers with the account of a natural curiosity, which, while detained at Keratia during an excursion to Cape Colonni, they were fortunate enough to visit, and from which, we may add, they were fortunate enough to escape. We allude to a vast cavern in the side of Mount Paoné, of which they had heard many wonderful stories, and which has not, we believe, been before described.

'We ascended for some time, and turning round the eastern extremity, came to the south side of the range. The clouds hanging on the side of the hills, retarded our progess; but after scrambling up some way in the mist, we again found ourselves in the light. The sun shone above head in a clear blue sky; and while the country below seemed like an expanse of white water, the ground where we stood, and the summits of other mountains, had the appearance of innumerable islands rising abruptly from the sea.

'Arriving with much difficulty, near the top of the range of hills, we came, after a long search, to the mouth of the cavern. A fragment of impending rock almost concealed the entrance. We leapt down on the first landing place, and there struck a light, and having each of us taken a pine torch in our hands, together with a supply of strips of the same wood, let ourselves down through a very narrow aperture, where there was a choice of two entrances, to the right or left. Creeping down still farther, we came at once into what appeared a large subterranean hall, arched

arched over head with high domes of chrystal, and divided into long aisles by columns of glittering spars, in some parts spread into wide horizontal chambers, in others terminated by the dark mouths of steep recesses, descending, as it seemed, into the bowels of the mountain.

'The vast magnificence of nature was joined with the pleasing regularity of art. We wandered from one grotto to another, until we came to a fountain of pure water, supplied partly by a stream that trickled down the petrefactions depending from the roof, and partly by a spring bubbling up from the rock below. By the side of this basin we loitered some time, when, as our torches began to waste, we resolved to return; but after exploring the labyrinth for a few minutes, we found ourselves again at the fountain side, and began, not without reason, to be somewhat alarmed; for the guide here confessed that he had forgotten the intricacies of the caverns, and knew not how we should ever recover our path.

'We were in this situation, roaming through ranges of the cavern, and now and then climbing up narrow apertures, totally ignorant of our position, for many minutes; and the last strip of fir was consuming, when we saw the light gleaming towards us, and directing our steps that way, we arrived at the mouth of the cave. Had our light been extinguished, there would have been but little, if any chance of our escape. The splendour and beauty of the scene would have vanished with the last blaze of our torch, and the fairy palace been at once converted into a dark inextricable cavern, a dungeon, and a tomb. The mind cannot easily picture to itself any "slow sudden" death, more terrible than that of him who should be buried in these subterranean solitudes, and after a succession of faint hopes and eager efforts, sink at last, subdued by weakness and despair.'—p. 411.

In the course of his peregrinations in the vicinity of Athens, we have an interesting account of the state of Megaris, and of the policy of the Turks with regard to it. Unable, it seems, or unwilling to take upon themselves the guardianship of the mountainous country on the borders of the Isthmus of Corinth, they have constituted the whole Greek population of this district, inhabiting seven towns, hence called the Derveni Choria, an armed guard, to prevent the egress of unpermitted persons from the Morea. Freed in great measure from the payment of the haratch, entrusted with arms, and having but one Turk resident amongst them, called the Derveni Aga, the Derveniotes have with their freedom acquired the virtues which can only exist under its protection; and such is their vigilance, courage, and honesty, that even a snuff-box lost on their mountains, would probably be soon recovered. The institution has completely answered its end; their activity and knowledge of the country supplying the place of numbers, they have hitherto, though hardly exceeding three thousand warriors, successfully resisted every attempt to force the passage of the Isthmus. Of six thousand Albanian Turks, who some years ago, after plundering

the Morea, attempted a retreat through the Derveni country, scarcely any escaped destruction. Those whom the sword of their adversaries spared, were sent in chains to Tripolizza; and a similar fate has awaited the attempts of smaller bodies, which since that time have endeavoured to flee from the oppressions of the pashaws of the Morea.

The occasional specimens of amelioration of character in similar circumstances, though of rare occurrence under the Turkish yoke, tend to keep alive our hopes and strengthen our confidence in a more extensive improvement in the condition of the Greeks, than the view of their actual situation would otherwise encourage us to expect. We confess, indeed, that it is not with regard to the possible or even probable improvement and exaltation of the nation, considered as what it actually is, a heterogeneous mixture of a variety of races, not more pure than the 'Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman-English' of Defoe, that we feel disposed to be very sceptical. However debased by servitude and superstition, whether cringing under his barbarian master, or fawning upon the Frank whom he detests as a heretic, the unprejudiced observer will willingly refer the failings and the vices of the Greek, to the circumstances of his situation, and will observe in him the seeds of good, which a more favourable conjuncture of affairs would call into abundant produce. The modern Greek is every where acute and good humoured, patient of labour when occasion calls for it, and indefatigable in the pursuit of what he deems his interest. That he should for the most part see this in the accumulation of riches, that the desire of gain should thence occupy his soul, and produce that debasement of character which invariably follows, where the love of money is the principle of action, cannot be objected to his discernment, nor fairly brought forward as the evidence of that deterioration to which it so largely contributes. Debarred the hope of rising in the state, excluded even from the profession of a soldier, the law in the sole administration of his masters, his church in a state of degradation, both in its outward appearance and the persons of its ministers; what wonder that the passion which leads so many victims where the pursuits of ambition and honour are open, should be predominant, where it is the only one that has a chance of gratification? What wonder that the riches of the individual should be the scale by which his merits are estimated, that to have πολλα, πολλα ασπρα, should even be the criterion of an agreeable man, that 'poverty and folly should be convertible terms?'—p. 510. In all this a fair observer of the actual state of the nation, will see more to lament than to blame; while he will justify his hopes of better things, by the conduct of the emancipated Derveniotes, and the superiority of the traduced inhabitants

inhabitants of Maina over their acute but enslaved fellow countrymen.

Here we would, for the present, leave the question, had not a specious objection to the probability of the exaltation of the Greeks been stated, upon which we wish to bestow a few words. It is asserted then, and we believe with truth, both by Mr. Hobhouse, and by Dr. Pouqueville in the best part of his book, his account of the Morea, that the modern Greeks themselves have little idea of the benefits to be derived from their emancipation, beyond the establishment of their own corrupted form of Christianity; that the exaltation of their Church, and the bringing back the days of the good King Constantine, for they look no higher for their progenitors, is the only object of their prayers.

'S'ils parlent,' says the doctor, 'de la liberté, ils s'exaltent, de manière à faire croire qu'ils sont prêts à tout entreprendre, même à tout sacrifier pour l'obtenir, mais au fond cette indignation qu'ils manifestent contre leurs oppresseurs, provient moins de leur amour pour l'affranchissement, que de l'envie de voir dominer leur culte.—Les Grecs modernes, je ne balance pas de le dire, ne verraient dans une révolution que le triomphe de leur religion, sans s'embarrasser beaucoup de plus ou moins de liberté publique.'

From this the Doctor would infer, for we do not charge this conclusion on Mr. Hobhouse, that it is vain to give them what they would use to so little, or so bad a purpose. But granting the fact, we would ask him whether he would generally abstain from conferring all benefits, the objects of which in some measure mistook the nature, or underrated the extent, of the blessing? Undoubtedly it is not easy, for those who never felt or enjoyed it, to estimate the value of liberty, or even to conceive the benefits which it brings in its train; much less can such a people comprehend the connexion of those benefits with that liberty. Our ancestors, when they made a stand against the tyranny of the Popedom, little reflected perhaps on the ulterior advantages to be derived from the Reformation; and if none but those who looked further than to the rescue of their Church (though we would not be thought to undervalue that blessing) had been admitted to the benefit of the change, we fancy that the number, even among the best informed, would have been but small. As we therefore, perhaps unconsciously, have arrived at our present unlooked-for prosperity both external and domestic, we are not unwilling that others also should be cheated into happiness. In the mean time, our efforts should not be wanting to prepare the minds of the nation for such an eventual change. To this end we join with Mr. Hobhouse in thinking, that a well conducted Romaic newspaper, issuing from our Ionian possessions, might contribute a beneficial aid. To be able

to read the Romaic is by no means an uncommon accomplishment even on the continent of Greece; at all events there is in every village a papas, who, if not much skilled in divinity, could certainly expound the gazette to his flock, and would be glad to extend his influence by so doing, among a people still greedy of news. By degrees, a desire for further information would be excited, and the mass of the people moved to the acquisition of knowledge. Great, but we hope not unsurmountable, difficulties would indeed occur; the greatest perhaps of all would be the scarcity of books. We speak not of greater works, such as the translations of Thucydides, &c. which might be better spared; but of small elementary books of all kinds. These are entirely wanting to the Romaic, and these are of the greater importance, because, whether considered as an impure dialect of the ancient tongue, or as an independent language, it is the only mode by which knowledge or improvement of any kind can be communicated to the isles and continent of Greece, great part of Roumelia, and the coast of Asia Minor.

The importance of the Romaic in this point of view, and the contempt with which it is treated by those who study it merely for the sake of comparing it with the ancient tongue, induce us to offer a few remarks upon the subject. Compared with that, it does indeed fall lamentably short; and we agree with Mr. Hobhouse in his observation on a remark of Lord Kaimes upon its little variation from the parent language, that those who duly consider the state of the two must regret, that the variation had not been carried further; since the Italian, which differs more from the Latin than the Romaic from the Greek, finds itself amply compensated by the new beauties which it acquired in its subsequent refinement.

The fair way however of estimating the value of the Romaic, is not by comparison, but by considering its fitness in its present state for the purposes for which language itself was given. And here we find no deficiency in essentials; and, to adopt the language of Johnson, we believe that few ideas need be lost to the modern Greeks for want of proper expressions in the Romaic to convey them. That some of these would be nearly approaching to the Hellenic, while others could only be derived from distant and discordant tongues, is a matter we think of little importance. The great fault of the present language appears to us to be not in its structure and idiom, but in its pronunciation, which confounding in one common sound, and that the weak sound of the English *e*, three of its vowels, and three of its diphthongs, renders the comprehension of the spoken language difficult to an unpractised ear. Without going into the question of the right mode of pronouncing the ancient Greek, upon which Mr. Hobhouse is learned and

and diffuse, we may observe, that the present method is continually producing such errors in orthography, as must baffle the researches of those who endeavour, from the printed specimens in this country, to judge of the actual state of the language. Let us take for example, the word βρουν, which occurs in Mr. Hobhouse. It is meant for the third person plural of a verb, in its usual form εξευρω, to know, here ευρω; the third person plural of which would be ευρουν—the υ in this diphthong being pronounced like our v, and the ε lost in the rapidity of utterance, the writer has substituted the β which has the same sound, and all visible means of tracing the word to its classical origin are lost. What is most to be desired for the language in its present state, for its defect in enunciation is probably irremediable, is to fix in some degree its orthography and phraseology. The former is comparatively easy, but the latter is most difficult; not from any want of fit expressions, but of limitation to the introduction of new ones. It is still, though changed in idiom, too susceptible of unnecessary additions from the mother tongue. It suffers from that, precisely what the Turkish is daily suffering from the Arabic and Persian; the intrusion of which into the Turkish of the higher orders is so great and constant,—that it is one of the cares of our dragomen at the Porte, to watch the influx of new phrases, and to be prepared to clothe their sentiments, when before the Court, in the imported excellence of the last fortnight.

When to the affectation of learned improvement, are superadded the variations to be found in different parts of the country, and the adoption by the merchant and sailor of the terms familiar to them in the pursuit of their several employments, we shall seem to have almost yielded the point in dispute. But as we have before observed it is not for the purity of the Romaic, but for its practical utility and efficacy that we contend, and in spite of the causes which are continually operating against its improvement, we still think, that it is fully equal to the conveyance of whatever instruction it may be desirable to impart to the inhabitants of Greece and Anatolia. As we shall shortly have occasion to return to the subject of Romaic literature, we must content ourselves with merely referring to Mr. Hobhouse's work for his remarks on this head, as well as for his details on the ancient remains, and modern manners of Greece; as, though more diligence has seldom been shewn in procuring correct information on the one, or more spirit in conveying a lively idea of the other, our limits forbid us to venture upon a single extract from this part of his volume. For the same reason we abstain from quoting some very pleasing descriptions of Smyrna and its neighbourhood; at which place Mr. Hobhouse arrives from Athens in the Pylades, paying by the way a well

merited compliment to the hospitable accommodation so constantly and disinterestedly afforded to an English traveller by the naval officers of his own country.

The principal change that has taken place in Smyrna since it was described by former travellers, is for the worse, in the interruption of that social and happy intercourse among the European settlers, which procured to the Frank quarter at Smyrna, the name of Petit Paris. This, which had suffered but little from the incursions of former wars, has been wholly subverted by the malignity of Buonaparte, who suffers none of his subjects, whose conduct he can in any way influence, to hold communication good or bad with the tyrants of the seas or their allies. From this interdiction Athens and Salonika in the Levant alone are free.

From Smyrna Mr. Hobhouse proceeds in the Salsette to Constantinople. During the voyage, he takes occasion, while the absurd jealousy of the Turks detained the frigate at the Dardanelles, to visit the Troad, his account of which, and of his researches upon the subject occupy nearly 190 pages. The general result of his inquiries we shall state with little comment, in his own words, our late review of Dr. Clarke's theory having anticipated some of the remarks, which we might otherwise have here introduced. He has generally confined himself to the verification of the topography of the ancient geographers, particularly Strabo, and seems to have been unwillingly led into the question of the Homeric Troad. His researches with regard to the former are more satisfactory, but upon the latter tend rather, as might be expected, to confirm scepticism than to produce conviction. He inclines however to the sentiments of Bryant; and it is remarkable, how in the heat of pursuit, he is led to consider, in page 771, the arguments of Bryant for placing Troy near Lectum not to be got over, when he had in page 688 himself assigned, as a conclusive objection to that hypothesis, the rockiness of the whole southern shore. We confess ourselves much better pleased with the general scepticism of the following passage:

'It has been shewn, I believe, that the ancient topographers looked for the scene of the Iliad on the shores of the Straits; and that the present state of the country corresponds sufficiently with their accounts, to enable us not only to understand, but to form a judgment on the accuracy of their conclusions concerning the city of Priam and the plain of Troy. Whether the fable of the poet was founded on fact, or was altogether fiction, (a point which it has been my wish entirely to leave out of this inquiry,) I see no necessity for allowing, with Mr. Blackwell, that Homer, although he may have been acquainted with Phrygia, had a personal knowledge of the precise site of his war, or had fixed upon any distinct spot for the scene of his action. It is true indeed that an inimitable air of truth is to be found in his description; that he is simple,

ple, distinct, and every where consistent with himself; but this is a portion of his art, this is the characteristic of his genius: it is an excellence less likely perhaps to be found in a painter of real scenery, than in one who trusts altogether to his invention, and is not encumbered with the adjustment of actual localities; and the poet is equally minute, particular, and, it may be almost said, credible in his detail, when he conducts his delighted guests into the coral caves of the ocean, or the silver palaces of Olympus. It is hardly necessary to add, that he cannot be affected by any of the difficulties attendant upon the examination of the question, and that there is no confusion in the descriptions of the Iliad, except when they are compared with the topography of the Troad.

'The author of the Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, talking of Demetrius's commentary, says, "there he ascertained the real places of Homer's descriptions, and pointed out the scenes of the remarkable actions. He shewed where the Greeks had drawn up their ships; where Achilles encamped with his Myrmidons; where Hector drew up the Trojans; and from what country came the auxiliaries." It is astonishing with what boldness these things are said, and with what facility they are admitted. If any judgment is to be formed of Demetrius's whole work, from the allusions to, and extracts from it in Strabo, he destroyed rather than established the received opinions upon the subject, and as for the particular points abovementioned, we have no hint that he touched upon them at all.

'Those who have seen the plains near Cape Janissary, or even have looked at the map of the country, may, with Homer before them, be able to find objections to the supposed site of the war, which have escaped Mr. Bryant, and other inquirers, but they may, perhaps, be inclined to think, that if the Greeks of Phrygia were wrong in their conjectures, no such discovery will ever be made of the true positions, as shall be allowed on all hands to be unobjectionable. The present plain of the Mendere towards Cape Janissary is certainly the plain of Troy of those Greeks; but the only resemblance which a three weeks residence on the spot, with the poet in my hand, enabled me to find out between that plain and Homer's scene, was that which in the eyes of Fluellin, made the native country of Alexander so like the birthplace of Henry the Fifth. "There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth."—p. 781.

'It has been remarked as a singular fact, that the map which Mr. Pope composed, merely from the perusal of the Iliad, is no bad representation of the plain of the Mendere. It would be singular if it was a fact, but it is not. The fact is, that Mr. Pope's picture (for it is not a map) bears not the least resemblance to the spot in question.'—p. 787.

After some further remarks upon the futility both of the praise and blame bestowed upon Pope by Mr. Chevalier, Mr. Hobhouse concludes, with no unjust asperity, that 'it may fairly move our spleen to behold the author of the English Iliad, the model of severe taste and just criticism, enlisted by a French enthusiast, to fight

fight under the banners of ignorance and presumption.' At the same time he pays a well-merited compliment to the integrity and correctness of delineation of the author of the Topography of Troy, and a gentleman, 'who has never called in his pencil to the aid of his pen, but with a candour and ingenuity very rarely to be met with, has in the fidelity of his representations furnished us with competent means of disproving his system.' After all, in spite of the very laudable pains bestowed upon this portion of his work, which may be considered as containing the refutation of every theory yet attempted, we cannot help thinking it the least interesting part of his volume; though our opinion may be rather unfairly influenced by the tedium which we acknowledge that we feel, in balancing arguments or rather conjectures upon a question so often brought before us, and from which we have so little hope of deriving any practical result or satisfactory conclusion.

Our travellers were detained for some time after the arrival of their firman, by the contrary winds, which for nine months in the year blow with no small violence out of the Straits. At length however they passed the Dardanelles and proceeded slowly up the sea of Marmora to Constantinople. Here Mr. Hobhouse was for some time in doubt whether to close his volume or proceed; assigning as a reason, his despair of telling us any thing not before too well known to require repetition. But he had read his Juvenal, and his publisher having handsomely engaged that there should be no lack of paper, he wisely decided that *clemency on his part would be folly*; and he accordingly proceeds to be very entertaining for 200 additional pages, upon Constantinople and Constantinopolitans. As we cannot give ourselves the same licence, we must of necessity curtail our observations, recommending in the mean time even this part of the Journey, as containing, besides what has indeed been often described, a very clear and interesting account of Selim's plans of reform, and of the late revolutions in the Turkish government, which have cut off the ablest and most efficient men from the state, and left the last of his race on the throne of the Ottomans.

There is also in the Appendix a good account of the expedition to the Dardanelles, written with a view to justify the ministry who planned it from any imputation in consequence of its failure. In this, though we should rather be inclined to throw the blame upon the admiral than the ambassador, we think he, in some measure, succeeds; but we apprehend that as far as the ministry are concerned, he mistakes the question at issue; which, in our view of it, is not whether they provided well for the success of the expedition, but whether the expedition itself was wise in its object. And here as we fully agree with him that its failure is not to be regretted,

regretted, and that to have irritated the Turks by the destruction of their capital could have produced no equivalent advantages to ourselves; he will perhaps admit with us, that an expedition, the success of which was to be deprecated, could not have been very politic in its projection. Upon one point we are glad to have confirmed from him an opinion which we formerly stated, that nothing has been lost to the English character by the failure, and that every thing he could gather upon the spot induced him to suppose,

'that there was not an intelligent man in the empire, who thought that those who had burst through their redoubtable Dardanelles, were intimidated by the cannon on the mouldering walls of the Seraglio; or who attributed the safety of the capital to any other motive than forbearance, and a disinclination from having recourse to unjust extremities.'

Having thus given a sketch of the contents of this massive but entertaining volume, we have only to add our opinion, that should the defects of which we have already spoken, be corrected in a future edition, by a little more attention to the technicalities of bookmaking, and a revision of some parts of the style, which is at times perversely or provokingly careless, the work itself will have a standard place in all collections of voyages and travels; a place which it will fully merit, by the industry and ardour of research conspicuous throughout, as well as by the spirit, vivacity, and good sense of the general narrative.

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ART. IX. 1. *The Speech of Doctor D. Antonio Joseph Ruiz de Padron, Deputy to the Cortes, from the Canary Islands, spoken in the Sitting of January* 18, 1813, *relative to the Inquisition.*

2. *Bread and Bulls, an Apologetical Oration, on the flourishing State of Spain, in the Reign of King Charles IV. Delivered in the Plaza de Toros, Madrid.* By Don Gaspar Jovellanos. Mediterranean; printed on board His Majesty's Ship Caledonia, off Toulon. 1813.

A SPEECH against the Inquisition, delivered in the sitting of the Cortes, and another on Bread and Bulls, on the degraded state of Spain, spoken in the great square of the capital, both the genuine production of native Spaniards, may be regarded among the unequivocal signs of the times.—But when we look at the spot whence these singular productions issue, in their present dress, we cannot consider them as any thing short of literary curiosities. They are translations by the officers of the Caledonia, undertaken, in all probability, to beguile the many tedious hours spent in watching

ing an enemy shut up in the port of Toulon. If the language be not always correct, nor the style highly polished, we have, at least, every reason to trust to the fidelity of the translation. But they were printed also on board this ship; and the type, the ink, the paper, and, indeed, the whole of the mechanical processes are so well conducted as to be by no means inferior to many of the best editions of the London press.

Doctor Antonio Joseph Ruiz de Padron undertakes to prove the three following propositions:

First, That the tribunal of the Inquisition is totally useless in the church of God, and contrary to the spirit of the gospel.

Secondly, That it is contrary to the wise and religious constitution which the state has sanctioned, and to which the people have sworn.

Thirdly, That it is prejudicial to the state.

It will not be necessary to go through all the proofs which he adduces to establish the first proposition. It is certain that no such tribunal as that which has arrogated to itself the title of 'holy,' entered into the plan of the Saviour of the World. It is equally so that nothing contained in the writings of the Evangelists, can be construed to sanction it, and that, of the ministers elected by divine authority for the promulgation of the gospel, none were inquisitors. 'Believe me, sir,' says the orator, 'that neither in the catalogue of the ministers of the faith, enumerated by St. Paul, nor in the council of Jerusalem, do I find one vacant place for an inquisitor.' It was not found necessary to erect a tribunal of inquisitors to punish Arius, when he denied the eternal generation of the Word—the divines of Nice were satisfied with condemning "the impious and detestable" doctrine, and with separating the author of the heresy from the communion of the faithful. The Nestorians, the Pelagians, and all the various sects, 'who moved hell itself to shake the faith of the Catholics,' shared the same fate—the Church of God trampled on all its enemies, and without the assistance of the 'holy office.' That it is not only useless but injurious to the Church of Rome, he illustrates, from his own experience, when at Philadelphia. Here, at the house of Benjamin Franklin, he used to join in the evening conversations where the ministers of the Protestant communion designated him by the appellation 'of the Papist.'

'Young as I then was,' says he, 'I was able to convince many of the supremacy which the Bishop of Rome obtains, by divine right, over the whole church—a supremacy of jurisdiction and not merely of honour—but I confess that when, all in a body, they beset me on the establishment of the Inquisition, I had not a word to say.'

Discussions of this nature, he tells us, also took place in the house

house of George Washington, but he was never able to ascertain to what sect that celebrated General belonged. The Philosopher Franklin, however, was suspected to be an Arminian. On the challenge of Franklin, to give a public proof of his sincerity, he preached in the Catholic Church of Philadelphia against the Inquisition; his sermon was translated into English; it was then preached throughout the provinces of New York and Maryland; and so satisfied were the auditors that the Inquisition was the work of human policy, and despotism, that many of the Anglo-Americans changed their faith and became good Catholics. Since that time, the Doctor tells us, no less than five bishoprics have been established in places where, had the Inquisition extended its baneful authority, there would not have been one.

Secondly, To prove that the Inquisition is contrary to the constitution of the state, the Doctor says nothing more is necessary than to take in one hand the political system, and in the other the dark and fanatical code of this tribunal—the one breathes nothing but justice and humanity; the other is an outrage on all human laws, and human feelings—a code dark, dismal, and intricate as its own dungeons, made up of cavils, artifices, and the meanest tricks, and more adapted for hunting out supposed criminals than for ascertaining real crimes.

The Constitution says,

'Within twenty-four hours the prisoner shall be made acquainted with the cause of his imprisonment, and the name of his accuser if he have one. They shall read to him, entire, all the documents, together with the names and depositions of the witnesses; and if from these he shall not comprehend them, they shall give him as much information as he may require, in order to discover who they are. That the process shall henceforward be public, in the manner and form determined by law. That neither torment nor compulsion shall be used towards him, neither shall he suffer confiscation. That no punishment imposed, whatever the crime may be, shall in any manner pass to the family of the delinquent, but shall take effect solely upon the person who committed the offence.'

But what says the code of the Holy Inquisition?

'It admits,' says the Doctor, 'into its bosom, slander, calumny, accusation, and vengeance. It inspires, or rather orders, a blind obedience to its commands, as though it were infallible, and not responsible to any one for its actions. It orders inquiries, encourages informers, and protects spies, against all the laws of confidence and nature, imperiously commanding the dearest friends to accuse each other. It signifies not whether, under the pretext of preserving the faith, the father accuses the son, the son the father; the husband the wife, or the wife the husband. Brothers, parents, and friends, all, according to the spirit of this tribunal, are obliged to watch, to inform against, and accuse

accuse each other. A commissary of the holy office, accompanied by the alguazil, and his assistants, is authorised, with impunity, to enter houses with a mysterious silence, even at midnight, and snatch a father from the bosom of his family, in the midst of their terrors, without allowing him to take a last farewel of his wife or children, condemning them to endless misery, which is the only patrimony this unfortunate father can transmit to his posterity. Whole generations before they are born, are thus sentenced, not only to poverty and beggary, but to perpetual ignominy and disgrace.' Thus it is 'that the holy office deprives society of useful and industrious citizens, and buries them in its infectious dungeons. It does more. In the edict of faith, which this tribunal publishes every year, it invites every person to accuse himself, who expects to be accused by another; and to those who comply within a certain time, it promises pardon; but to those who neglect it, it has no mercy—they are arrested, their fortunes confiscated, and they suffer the utmost punishment of its laws.'

The scenes of horror which take place at the examination of supposed criminals have often been described in novels and romances, but here we have the facts truly and distinctly stated by a Spaniard well informed of all the proceedings of this dark and sanguinary tribunal. The punishment that follows confession, and even precedes conviction, is horrible to relate.

'In the first case,' says he, 'sentence is passed after a thousand mysterious questions; but in the second, besides the confinement in dark dungeons, destitute of all human consolation, they employ dreadful torments to extort confession. A pully, suspended to the ceiling, through which is passed a thick rope, is the first spectacle which meets the eye of the unhappy victim. The attendants load him with fetters, and tie a hundred pounds of iron to his ancles; they then turn up his arms to his shoulders, and fasten them with a cord; they fasten the rope round his wrists, and having raised him from the ground, they let him fall suddenly, repeating this twelve times, with a force so great that it disjoints the most robust body. If he does not then confess what the inquisitors wish, other torture awaits him; having first bound him hands and feet, eight times does the sad victim suffer the rack; and if he persists without confessing, they compel him to swallow a quantity of water, to restore his respiration. But where this is not sufficient, the torment of the *brasero* completes the sanguinary scene, the slow fire of which cruelly roasts the naked feet, rubbed over with grease and secured in a block.'

The authority of this infernal tribunal extends even to the regions of the dead.

'How often have the inquisitors ordered graves to be opened for the remains of those whom they judged to have died in heresy, in order to commit them to the flames! Unhappy relics of the human race! Sad spoils of death! Respected shades of the departed, who, having died in innocence, have become the victims of calumny, malevolence, or vengeance,

vengeance, pardon the prejudice and barbarity of past ages! The Gentiles themselves respected the ashes of their dead; but it was reserved for the Inquisition to disturb your repose in the caverns of the earth.'

The speaker next adverts to the cunning and low policy which the 'Holy Office' has always employed to secure the court favour, by serving the government as the vile instrument of absolute power.

'Who,' says he, 'does not know that it has lent itself to the caprices and vengeance of the most infamous and voluptuous favourite (Godoy) to be found in our history? This tribunal, so overbearing in its power, so terrible to the weak and defenceless, had not the courage to exert its authority upon this impious wretch—this monster—a compound of every vice, without a single counterbalancing virtue; but it permitted, in the very face of a Catholic court and a Catholic king, not only panegyrics to be passed on him, but his loathsome image to be erected on the altar, by the side of the Cross of Jesus Christ.'

Thirdly, That the Inquisition is prejudicial to the prosperity of the state, the Doctor is of opinion, requires no other proof than the state of the Peninsula since the unfortunate epoch of its establishment—where all the useful sciences, the arts, agriculture, national industry, and commerce have disappeared—where a progressive decay and depopulation have left little more than ten millions and a half of inhabitants, the greater part of whom are poor and miserable; whereas, from the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the extent of the country, it is able to maintain more than double that number. He enumerates those men whose eminence for literature or piety has been the cause of their being buried in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and sacrificed to its unrelenting vengeance.

'Philosophers, theologians, historians, politicians, statesmen, orators, poets, labourers, artisans, merchants, even the industrious farmers, who are the support of the nation, could not escape their rod of iron—in a word, men and women, poor and rich, wise and ignorant, innocent and wicked, just and unjust—all classes of the state has this tribunal afflicted with the terrors of its power—it comprehends all—it persecutes all—it destroys all, under the pretext of religion and the support of the Gospel.'

The Second Article is an extraordinary production, and marks most strongly the altered opinion of the Spanish nation. Indeed we should have feared lest so fine a piece of irony on 'the flourishing state of Spain,' and so keen a satire on the depraved manners of his countrymen, would subject the orator to some inconvenience. But Jovellanos had already suffered the dungeon for freedom of speech, under the old order of things, and thought himself secure, amidst the recent changes, in indulging it to the utmost. At what precise time this speech was addressed to the Spanish people

people we are not told, but it was, obviously, since the period of the revolution. We shall give a few extracts from this singular and spirited production which, we think, will not be unacceptable to our readers, more especially as they are the effusions of a man who, by birth and education, by his acknowledged talents, and the high situation which he held in the state, is entitled to more than an ordinary degree of attention.

The orator sets out with the broad proposition that all nations of the world, following the steps of nature, have been weak in their infancy, ignorant in their childhood, warriors in their youth, philosophers in their manhood, legislators in their age, and, in their decrepitude, superstitious and tyrannical. These truths, proved, as he says, by all history, had induced him to conclude that Spain was arrived at the last stage of existence, and sinking rapidly into the grave; but his arrival in Madrid had happily removed all his doubts, and presented to him the most astonishing spectacle which the universe could afford.

'It offered to my sight Spain, weak and infantine, without population, without industry, without riches, without a patriotic spirit, and even without any acknowledged government: some fields waste and without cultivation; some men dirty and indolent; some people miserable and immersed in ruin; some citizens mere tenants of their city; and a constitution, which might more properly be called, an olla of all constitutions.

'It represented to me, Spain, as a child, without instruction, and without knowledge; a brutal mob; a nobility which makes a boast of its ignorance; some schools, without principles; some universities, the faithful depositaries of the prejudices of barbarous ages; some teachers of the tenth century; and some rewards destined for the subjects of the Emperor Justinian, and of Pope Gregory the Ninth.

'It offered to me Spain as a youth, to appearance, full of a martial spirit, of fire and bravery, a body of general officers, sufficient to command all the armies of the world; and, were there but soldiers in proportion, who might conquer all the regions of the universe; a multitude of regiments, which, although deficient in men, are inured to the military fatigues of curling their hair, bleaching their uniform, regulating their paces to the tune of a country-dance, expending powder in salutes in the meadows, and oppressing their fellow-citizens.

'It has shewn me Spain as a man, wise, religious, and skilled in all the sciences—a metropolis, with more churches than houses; more priests than laymen; more altars than kitchens; nay, in the dirty gateways, and in the meanest wine-houses, pasteboard puppets, images of wax, fonts of holy water, and sacred lamps.'

In this manner he runs over the deplorable state of things in which he found 'debauched young churchmen mounting the pulpit of the Divine Being,' to teach sacred knowledge;—the inspired writings

writings translated through French versions; foreign languages studied by those who were ignorant of their own; preachers and lawyers without learning, whose briefs and sermons are fit only to wrap up pepper and spices; physicians whose wisdom is proved by the wealth of their apothecaries. He found Spain, 'old and peevish, quoting law upon every occasion.' The Castilian legislature, he tells us, recognizes for its origin an age 'in which the sword and the spear were the supreme law; in which bishops commanded armies, and, instead of sheep, nourished wolves and leopards;'—but it is to Philip the Great that the legislation of Spain owes 'the many inexhaustible springs, which, from day to day, have been enriching it with more judges than laws, and more laws than human actions;' it is to him that all the 'branches of government and justice are directed by one only hand, like the mules of a coach;'—to him, that 'a new law is enforced in the twinkling of an eye, whilst the observance of an old one costs the dispute of a century; to him it owes that extraordinary circumspection of tribunals which hang twenty citizens in a day, and afterwards debate on unharnessing the mules from a carriage.' To him Spain owes its finance, its monopolies, its customs and its excise; to him, that 'every village possesses its municipal code, its municipal contributions, and its statutes, which are the basis of public happiness.'

'It is certainly,' he continues, 'a great satisfaction to set out on a journey quite unconcerned, and proceed on the road until you meet a guard, stationed for collecting the toll; to arrive pierced with cold and wet, at an inn, and there to have to look for a dinner from the monopolizers of wine, oil, meat, salt, and other necessaries of life; to lead your horse to a manger, and in addition to a payment for straw, to have to pay likewise for the right of tying him there; to procure a *fanega* of barley and to go to the corregidor to have it measured; to purchase a *pellejo* of wine, and to pay the price of a permit for taking it out of the town; not at all to know whether you shall sleep in your own bed or a gaol, because the *alcalde* has the power of making you pass a miserable night there, without assigning any reason.'

The decrepitude of Spain was presented to his view in the horrible superstitions by which the very souls and understandings of the people were chained down; in the degraded state of morality and religion;—

'But,' checking himself suddenly, 'what,' he exclaims, 'am I about? how have I transformed my office of panegyrist into that of censor; and where I had purposed to defend my country, taxed it with the most abominable defects! No, my countrymen! it is not my desire to make you blush; I only wish to shew that Spain is, at the same time, in her infancy, her childhood, her youth, her manhood, and her old age. I well know your merit; and in this august amphitheatre, where alone

age has taken off many, others have fallen victims to sorrow and disappointment. Their quiet demeanour and general respectability of conduct, materially contributed to wear out the prejudice against foreigners, formerly so prevalent amongst us; and that benevolent feeling which was excited by the distresses of the French emigrants has been extended to the natives of other countries who, from various causes, have of late made England their asylum. We trust that we shall not be considered as wanting in Christian charity if we venture to hint that this protection should not be granted without considerable caution. There are many who fatten on our bounty, who scruple not to employ the opportunities which they enjoy for the purpose of injuring their benefactors.

We are indebted to the work on the Continental System which was published in Sweden at the beginning of this year, for the composition before us. Some unpalatable truths which the Swedish pamphlet contained, have called up this literary champion in behalf of his countrymen; and we confess that until we had perused his impotent apology for their conduct, we had not given ourselves the trouble of reflecting how contemptible it has invariably been during the whole of this, and the preceding war.

'For whom,' the Danish writer asks, 'is the history of a country more particularly written, but for its princes?'—We admit that they, of all people, ought to profit by its perusal; but we would counsel him also to direct the attention of his sovereign to the fate of other nations as well as his own. Had the king of Denmark done this, or had he not, as is more probable, allowed his better judgment to be led away by the counsel of insidious and corrupt advisers, it is scarcely possible that he could have been for so long a period blind to the examples of danger before his eyes. What has been the fate of the various states who professed their intention of remaining neuter at the opening of the revolutionary war? How did Spain profit by her entire submission to the mandates of Buonaparte? What regard was shewn to Prussia whom he compelled to become neuter, or to the other princes of Germany whom he successively overpowered? Where, in fine, has he respected in any one instance, the neutrality of a country when it suited his purposes to violate it?

An enlightened minister of Denmark would have used this language to his sovereign; he would have told him further that it would be too late to prepare for war, when 'the French frontier bordered his own.' He would have pointed out to him that so far from the 'duties of a king being confined to his own country,' so far from its being 'incumbent on the sovereign of a small nation to avoid all other wars but those of immediate defence,' there are duties which he is called upon to perform as part of the commonwealth of

of Europe. We say nothing of the motives which may reasonably urge a sovereign to venture somewhat for the glory of his country. 'The oldest unsubdued crown on earth' ought not to disappear, as anticipated by our author, without some struggle for independence and renown. Had every politician reasoned like the Dane, 'the continual wars against France would indeed have been productive of the still greater warlike establishments of that empire,'—and 'the French emperor would clearly, in spite of every coalition, have broken through every barrier which might have been opposed to him:'—We are told too that 'Denmark, by her geographical position, lies out of the great road of the continental nations who come to the conflict;' if England had been guided by similar maxims, she, too, lying still more out of 'this great road,' might have been contented to witness their successive subjugation by the power of France. The truth is, that by an adherence to this cautious policy, Denmark has shared the fate of every power which has carried the system of neutrality beyond its proper extent. She is entitled to no confidence from any belligerent, for she has granted none to any of them; to no protection, for she has afforded no assistance to the cause of Europe; to no respect, for her policy has been contemptible and selfish in the extreme: and instead of acquiring by repose that vigour which may fit her for future contests, she will find, when too late, that the limbs become rigid by long cessation from exercise, and the nerves relaxed by listless inactivity.

But it may be contended that every state is the best judge of its own resources, and that those of Denmark must not be estimated on the scale of those which Great Britain has at command. Granting, to a certain extent, the truth of these positions, we have still grievous cause of complaint against our 'brothers' the Danes. The very essence of the character of a neutral is to shew no leaning to either belligerent; but their neutrality has been of so perverse a nature, that whilst they appeared dead to all feeling, and palsied on the side which was exposed to aggression and insult from France, they have been tremblingly alive to those measures of retaliation against the common enemy which we have been compelled to adopt. A very little attention to those cases in which Denmark has of late years exhibited any signs of vitality, will be sufficient to prove the truth of our assertions.

The first offensive measure taken against this country by Denmark, was the occupation of Hamburgh by 15,000 men, under Prince Charles of Hesse, in 1801. This was of course for the purpose of excluding our vessels from the ports of the Elbe. Her unusual activity on this occasion, and the large share which she bore in the war with the northern powers, which was terminated by the decisive battle of Copenhagen, it is needless to remark; that

confederacy, as our author allows, 'was dissolved by England with that energy which fixes great events;' and Denmark again relapsed into her former supineness.

From this she was roused in 1803, by the advance of the French after the occupation of Hanover: but was the energy she displayed on this occasion at all correspondent to the danger with which she was threatened? No: 'it did not become Denmark alone to call France to account for the infraction of treaties;' and with strict adherence to these ideas of propriety, not a man was added to the boasted cordon of troops in Holstein till the army of England and Sweden were in force in Hanover; and though not a murmur escaped the all-enduring Danes at the closure by the French of the Elbe and Weser, their complaints were loud and frequent of the injustice of the blockade which we were in consequence compelled to establish on those rivers.

'When Prussia, in 1806, suddenly entered upon a war with France, could Denmark,' it is demanded, 'with her force have prevented the fate of Prussia on the fields of Jena?' We do not pretend to say that she could; but if all the powers of Europe had reasoned in a similar manner, what resistance would France have experienced to her designs of universal monarchy! and no one, we should hope, but a Dane whose scale of excellence is not elevated to the highest standard, would be weak enough to produce as an instance of the tutelary aid of the Genius who presides over Denmark, that 'he prevented a war with France, though Danish blood was shed on the frontier, at the storming of Lubeck by the French!' The affair here alluded to, took place whilst the enemies of the gallant Blucher were in pursuit of the small force which he had preserved with so much skill and intrepidity from the wreck of the Prussian army. The Danish General Ewald was taken prisoner and treated with every indignity by his *friends* the French; the neutral territory violated, and several Danish soldiers killed in the skirmish; yet the Crown Prince of Denmark contented himself with a remonstrance to which no attention was ever paid, and shortly after withdrew those troops from the frontiers of Holstein which he had kept there without intermission, whilst the forces of the allies were stationed in that quarter.

We shall refrain from entering at length into the merits of the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807. The subject has undergone much discussion, and many strong assertions respecting it have been hazarded on both sides. Those who will take the trouble of perusing the parliamentary debates of that day cannot fail of being convinced that the measure was not one of mere expediency but of absolute necessity; and we are not presumptuous enough to suppose, that any arguments we have to offer could have weight either

either with our Danish 'brethren' abroad, or with those politicians at home, who profess to consider any course more justifiable than that which has been pursued by the government of their country.

We must, however, indulge in a few remarks on this transaction, which our readers will perceive are forced upon us by the perusal of the Danish letter. The grand object of dispute, the fleet at Copenhagen, is never once mentioned in this composition. Every document, however, at all relative to this subject which has since come to our knowledge, has tended to prove that it was destined (as originally asserted by those who advised its seizure) to co-operate with France in her design against this country; and of such being the general opinion in Denmark our government was early apprized by a British naval officer, who was accidentally obliged to remain in the capital during the greater part of the winter of 1806. But it seems that we did not announce our intentions with that form and solemnity which the occasion required, and the old accusation is again brought forward, that the Danish troops were stationed in Holstein, by desire of England, in order that her designs upon Copenhagen might be more easily accomplished. Whilst the Crown Prince, 'good easy man,' was 'watching, like a skilful general, the army which he had assembled on the frontiers,' and 'giving *indubitable* proofs of his determination to suffer any thing rather than yield to France; who was the first to attack him in the rear?' "Oh my prophetic soul, my uncle!"—'the king of a nation which has been praised for the faith of her treaties.' 'Let one of your friends ask Lord Howick, in parliament,' continues the eloquent Dane, 'if this is not true? It ought to have been recorded for his successors in the papers of the Department for Foreign Affairs.'

Now, without asking Lord Howick, or referring to the Foreign Office, we will venture to pronounce this assertion to be false. Preceding events had sufficiently shewn that a Danish army, even when assembled, will submit to any thing rather than come to blows with the common enemy, and the Crown Prince had recently given a pretty clear proof that fighting was not his object, by retiring before a handful of French troops without firing a shot. It cannot therefore be considered surprizing that ministers should begin to despair of any exertion on the part of Denmark, and that they should feel themselves called upon to remonstrate, as they *then* did, on so hopeless a mode of enforcing neutrality.—It is this remonstrance which has given colour to the accusation against us to which we have alluded. We were anxious to rouse the Danes to a sense of their danger, and to induce the Crown Prince to reflect on what he owed to his country; and with a due regard to the safety of his kingdom, we at the same time sent over a special minister to propose to him measures for rescuing the fleet at

Copenhagen from the hands of France, and to give it protection in a British port till the danger was over; and to be convinced that this proposal was not made by England from motives of private advantage, we have only to call to mind the conduct of Russia under similar circumstances: she too in her turn was menaced with invasion by France, and with the loss of her fleet, should the enemy succeed in his designs upon St. Petersburg; and it was then that this power, who, we were told, had for ever abandoned all trust in English faith, made us the voluntary offer of placing her navy under our protection, and without hesitation adopted that very measure which this country has with so much injustice been blamed for proposing to Denmark.

Though we have already seen with what confidence public documents are referred to in the letter under review, there are some very material ones which the writer does not appear to have consulted, or he would probably have shewn more caution in the assertions he has hazarded. He might have discovered that the account of the nocturnal meetings between Bernadotte and the Crown Prince of Denmark, so far from 'being a fable no where believed but in England,' was universally credited throughout the whole of the continent; and that the offer of Norway to Sweden, to which he alludes, did not proceed from this country, but from France, who was quite prepared to make any sacrifice at the expense of her devoted adherent, which would serve to separate Sweden from the cause of the allies.

The king of Sweden lost no time in acquainting the Crown Prince of Denmark of the treacherous proposal made to him by France, and accompanied this communication with the offer of sending 20,000 Swedish troops to co-operate with the Danes in the defence of Holstein. These succours were refused, in direct opposition to the advice of our ministers; and it is worthy of remark, that in making known to this government the king of Sweden's offer, the Danish ministers entirely concealed from it the arrangement which France had proposed respecting Norway. So much for the frankness of dealing manifested by Denmark towards England! so much for the determination of the Crown Prince and his army to die in the breach, should their country be attacked! Had such been their real intention no offer could have been more acceptable than that made by Sweden, and none, on the other hand, certainly could be more embarrassing to a general who had resolved upon the line of conduct which was afterwards pursued.

But, says our opponent, 'had England no guarantee in our interest, in our insular situation, and in the steadfastness of the king's character, that, at the worst for Denmark, France could only obtain a temporary possession of the Cimbrian peninsula?' Now

it

it is fruitless to expect that nations, any more than individuals, will always be alive to their true interest; and steadiness of character may as often be manifested on the wrong side as the right. That Bernadotte was preparing to attack the Danish continental possessions was quite evident, though it was at the time denied; and when we take into consideration the difficulty of guarding the passage of the Belt, and the *prowess* already shewn by the Danish troops in the outset, it seems very improbable, that even if they had decided upon retiring to Zealand, they would have been able to prevent the French from following them there.

We now come to the period of the Austrian war of 1809, and to the blackest spot in the escutcheon of Denmark—we allude to the junction of the Danish troops with the pursuers of Schill; and we cannot repress our feelings of indignation at the baseness with which the memory of that gallant soldier is here attacked, as it has already been in other publications from the same quarter.

Would to God that more Germans *had* possessed 'those extravagant ideas of life and duties' of which Schill is here accused! We should not now, for the first time, have had to hail that general spirit of opposition to the tyranny of France, which has manifested itself with such glorious effect throughout the greater part of the continent. But Schill was abandoned by Germany, was condemned by his king, and being unable to rouse his countrymen to equal his views, could not escape the fate that was prepared for him; 'and it was then, and not till then, that Danish valour was successfully tried against him.' Oh inglorious success! disgraceful activity! Denmark only departs from her cold-blooded and selfish policy to assist in the murder of a hero and a patriot, and in the extinction of the rising flame of liberty which flashed throughout Germany! Never was a transaction, which required every art to hide its atrocity, so lamentably defended. Such excuses as a misconception of the king's orders, or even the king's ignorance of the orders issued to his own generals, will not save those who planned the destruction of Schill from eternal reprobation, however we may be disposed to respect the feelings of the Danish soldiers, who are said to have executed the unworthy task imposed upon them with considerable reluctance.

There is another occurrence, for which the writer, with a greater display of penetration than ordinary, thinks it *possible* that Denmark may be blamed, though only by those short-sighted mortals who 'view human affairs on a contracted scale;' and this also comes under the class of untoward events which 'sometimes fall out without the knowledge of the king.' Our readers will not, perhaps, anticipate that this relates to the base attempt on the part of the Danes to prevent the embarkation of the brave Duke of Brunswick after the failure of the Austrian coalition in 1809.

Fortunately,

Fortunately, as is well known, this magnanimous scheme was executed by them with their accustomed success; but we will venture to assert, although it is doubted by our author, that the 'noble warrior,' as he is styled, would have thought quite as highly of the generosity and courage of the Danish people, if they had not attempted in so dastardly a manner to defeat the design which he so ably carried into execution.

The sudden deposition of Louis Buonaparte for his unwillingness to inflict upon his subjects all the miseries of the continental system, seems to have rendered his Danish Majesty more alive than he appears on some other occasions to what was passing in his dominions. We do not find, however, that any remonstrance was made by Denmark on the oppressive nature of the Berlin and Milan decrees, though the retaliatory measures, which we were obliged to enforce, were declared to be in the highest degree arbitrary and unjust. Our author is more than commonly obscure on this subject; but he honestly confesses, that though the British merchandize, in the Danish ports, was seized with all due form and ceremony, his countrymen 'were too poor to sacrifice to the flames what otherwise could be made useful.' The fact, we doubt not is, that the same system of collusion was practised here, which was carried on, under similar circumstances, in other countries. The French general of the district, and the merchant to whom the English goods were consigned, came to an understanding in regard to dividing the spoil; and a small bale only taken out from each package, was committed to the flames, to answer the number of those which were returned as burnt.—Although the writer has not condescended to inform us of the peculiar advantages derived by Denmark from her system of policy, yet those who are unacquainted with the internal state of that country might not unreasonably imagine that her finances at least are flourishing, and her resources free from those difficulties which a series of wars too often entails:—but national credit in Denmark is on a par with national honor, and the government has now resorted to the desperate expedient of employing the funds of the private bank of Holstein, (the only one that traded upon sure foundations,) to supply the deficiency in the public exchequer.

Though we are not at all disposed to deny the complete insignificance into which Denmark has sunk, by the system to which she professes to adhere; we cannot allow her to plume herself upon the circumstance, that, in consequence of her refusal to join her forces to those of France in the last campaign, 'not one Dane was found amongst the many nations that penetrated to the heart of the Russian empire.' The part allotted to her troops was that of occupying the duchy of Oldenburgh, when the French corps should be

be withdrawn, and for that purpose 15,000 men were secretly placed under the orders of St. Cyr; and it is perfectly well known, that, at the very time when Buonaparte was marching in full force upon Smolensko, the reply made by Denmark to Russia in regard to her intentions, was that 'she was determined to stand or fall with France.'

Our author finds some degree of difficulty in excusing so overt an act of hostility against this country as the manning four ships of the line at Flushing with Danish sailors from Copenhagen, which he confesses was done in the course of last year. If we may believe him, however, this measure entirely originated in Buonaparte's *kind* consideration for Danish feelings, and these ships were entrusted to the spirit of *revenge* of Danish seamen!'—We are willing to give Denmark full credit for the pacific disposition she has lately shewn; but it is material to remark, at what period these symptoms of returning affection were first manifested: it was not until the complete destruction of the French army had rendered an important change in the affairs of Europe more than probable, and until it became advisable to attempt a reconciliation with the rising powers.

As to Norway, it is not surprising that the Crown Prince of Sweden, whilst occupied in Germany with the greater part of his army, should be desirous of securing his western frontiers from any sudden attack on the part of so wavering and uncertain an ally as Denmark; nor was any rule of good faith or political morality violated by our agreement to support him in the demand of that district of Norway, through which his country had been formerly invaded. It will not be denied, we presume, that (Denmark being at war with this country) we were at liberty to co-operate with Sweden, or any other power, in the conquest of Norway; and, supposing that conquest achieved, we were equally at liberty to transfer our share of the right of a conqueror to our co-belligerent, to leave Norway to be garrisoned exclusively by Swedish troops, and to promise our *good offices at a peace*, to secure it permanently to Swedish dominion.

The paramount necessity of opposing an accumulation of force to the grand enemy of Europe, rendering it desirable that Sweden should not divert any part of her means towards Norway in the first instance, there could be no impropriety in our agreeing, by treaty, to give, at a subsequent period *of the war*, that aid to Sweden in its subjugation which we might have given blamelessly at the moment when the treaty was made. And if we had even bound ourselves not to make peace until that subjugation should have been effected, there would not be anything in such a stipulation of which Denmark could complain as unjust or immoral.

The policy or impolicy of such a pledge on the part of this country

country to an indefinite prolongation of the war, and the justness or extravagance of the price thus paid for the services of Sweden to the confederacy, would be matters for the consideration of this country only, and with which Denmark could have nothing to do. But we cannot forbear, in passing, to express the satisfaction which we derived from those explanations of the treaty, by which the public apprehension with respect to a 'guarantee' of Norway to Sweden was done away. A 'guarantee' is an engagement never to be lightly undertaken by a power who holds engagements once contracted as binding upon its good faith. It is one which we should almost incline to say (if there were any such thing as a general rule in politics) can never be prudently applied except to legitimate and existing rights and possessions; and which we might almost venture to say, generally, never has been applied avowedly, absolutely, and unconditionally to conquests *to be* made.

If we were gratified at the disclaimer of such an interpretation of the Swedish treaty, when the war was as far as ever from a termination, we think it doubly important now, with a view to the possibility of a negociation for a general peace. To have entered into this with the obligation to demand, as a *sine qua non* condition of peace, the dismemberment of an unconquered kingdom, would be to place ourselves in a situation of which it is easy to imagine what advantage the enemy would have been able to take.

Our author, indeed, affects to imagine that the dismemberment of Denmark, is an object which Great Britain and her allies are desirous of effecting; and he kindly condescends to warn us against the danger to which Scotland may be exposed, if Norway should become a province of Sweden, and the alliance between the latter kingdom and France, which, in his opinion, is only at present interrupted, should be again renewed. We thank him for his caution, but disclaim the design imputed to us: it is the anxious wish of England, as it is her interest, that Denmark should rouse herself from the state of degradation into which she has fallen by a servile submission to the will of Buonaparte, and again assert her rank in the scale of nations. But Sweden, her ancient rival, has established by a different line of conduct claims of no common description to the confidence of this country. Buonaparte himself has been forced to confess, in the bitterness of disappointment, that her conduct, and the system which she has adopted, have hurt him more than all the four coalitions together. When therefore we express our satisfaction at the denial of the supposed guarantee, and disclaim the imputed design of dismemberment, it must not be conceived that we think Norway, if it can be legitimately obtained either by arms, or by cession, or exchange in negociation, too great a reward for Sweden; or that we should not gladly see the Swedish monarchy

narchy raised to a scale of power commensurate with the rank which the gallantry of its army, and the fidelity and firmness of its councils so fully entitle it to enjoy. Neither Norway, nor acquisitions more valuable than Norway, would overpay the sacrifices which Sweden has made, and the services which she has rendered.

When we are accused of a deliberate project of starving Norway into submission, it is but justice to ourselves to state, that the odium of prolonging the sufferings of its brave inhabitants does not by any means rest with this country. The court of Copenhagen was repeatedly informed, that, if it would withdraw the Danish privateers from the ports of that country, or order them to discontinue their depredations, the vessels loaded with grain for Norway should be allowed to proceed unmolested to their destination; it is not to us therefore, but to their humane rulers, that the Norwegians are indebted for all the miseries they have suffered, for it was hardly to be expected, that whilst our Baltic fleet was increased to an unusual size in order to afford protection to our convoys in that sea, the commerce of our enemies should be allowed to pass free under Danish licenses, whilst that of England and her allies was exposed to continual vexation.

It is an ungrateful task, but as the Danish writer in the conclusion of his letter sums up the evidence in favour of his country, by enumerating the faults which, in his opinion, have been committed by other countries, and which Denmark has avoided by her pacific system of policy, we must summarily notice his series of omissions.

'We never invaded,' says this learned advocate, 'like the Phocians, the sacred ground of the temple of Delphi; we never, like the Austrians, the Prussians, or the Russians, have fought against the system of the equilibrium of European society.—Notwithstanding every irritation, the Danish lion never hurt the Continent till now, when he is threatened to be robbed of his young.' True; never, during the almost uninterrupted period of twenty years war, have the Danes manifested a sense of the miseries of Europe. Never, like the powers so invidiously enumerated, have the Danes maintained a doubtful struggle for their independence, in opposition to that system which their fears alone have prevented them from supporting; a system which, so far from having for its object 'the maintenance of the equilibrium of European society,' has been directed against the peace of Europe and the liberties of mankind. The oracular voice of 'the temple of Delphi' need not be invoked to predict their fate.—To triumph, or to fall with glory in a glorious cause belongs to the high minded and the brave; but whilst the eagles of Austria and Prussia, and Russia, have been fearlessly displayed in array against France, the 'Danish lion' has calmly submitted to cower in his den.

ART.

Art. XI. *A Tour through Italy, exhibiting a View of its Scenery, its Antiquities, and its Monuments, particularly as they are objects of Classical Interest and Elucidation.* By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace. 2 vols. 4to. London: Mawman. 1813.

At a time when almost every person who undertakes a journey into foreign parts, thinks it necessary, upon his return, to communicate to the public the difficulties which he has encountered, as well as the impatience with which he has borne them, it is gratifying to us to meet with a traveller, who has directed his attention to subjects more important than dirty inns, sandy roads, and surly postilions. Mr. Eustace had higher objects in view, when he visited a country more calculated than any other, except, perhaps, that of Epaminondas and Pericles, to awaken enthusiasm in a classical mind. Cold indeed must be the heart, and dull the understanding that can contemplate unmoved the 'Eternal City,' which, in the opinion of Mr. Eustace, 'has been, in the hands of Providence, the instrument of communicating to Europe, and to a considerable portion of the globe, the three greatest blessings of which human nature is susceptible—civilization, science, and religion.' How far the world has been indebted to the Cæsars or the Popes, we shall have occasion hereafter to inquire; but we readily admit, that while gazing upon the remains of those magnificent edifices, which still adorn the Roman Forum, it requires no extraordinary stretch of imagination, to marshal before us in patriotic array, those venerable magistrates, who, tranquilly seated in their curule chairs, defied the fury of Brennus, and his barbarian hordes; or to hear Cicero declaiming with honest indignation against the vices and insolence of Anthony. Ascending the stairs that lead to the Capitol, the enlightened traveller appears to be treading on sacred ground. All the heroes who illustrated the annals of the republic, rise in succession before him, distinguished by those rude and manly virtues, which he has been taught at an early period of life to regard with a veneration approaching to idolatry. Yet these exalted feelings will gradually subside, when he reflects that the glory with which they are surrounded, was purchased by the misery and degradation of millions.

True, however, to those impressions of classical taste which he imbibed in youth, Mr. Eustace contemplates the Roman character with enthusiastic delight. This indeed we incline to regard as a pardonable error, and one to which possibly we might never have adverted, had we not felt that, in the actual situation of human affairs, it is our duty to call the attention of our readers to a question of the deepest interest to the comfort and prosperity of mankind, viz. the different aspects which war assumes, when carried on from the

the desolating lust of dominion, or waged in defence of national independence.

Twenty successive years of devastation and slaughter may have led many, who are now acting a distinguished part upon the busy theatre of public affairs, to regard a state of national hostility as the natural condition of man: an opinion the most dangerous that can possibly be entertained, because it tends no less to the subversion of moral order, than to weaken our belief in the benevolence and justice of Providence. Admitting these principles to be founded in reason, no atrocity, which unsatiable ambition can inspire, will want a ready excuse. The unprincipled destruction of Helvetic freedom may then find an apology in the advantage to be derived from the occupation of a strong military position; and even the infamous invasion of Spain be no longer regarded with abhorrence.

But it is time to turn to the publication before us,—we are informed in the preface that Mr. Eustace is a member of the Church of Rome; and it is with pleasure we find him expressing himself upon this occasion with moderation and candour.

'Religion, politics, and literature, are the three great objects that employ every mind raised by education above the level of the labourer, or the mechanic; upon them every thinking man must have a decided opinion, and that opinion must occasionally influence his conduct, conversation, and writings. Sincere and undisguised in the belief and profession of the Roman Catholic religion, the author affects not to conceal, because he is not ashamed of, its influence. However unpopular it may be, he is convinced that its evil report is not the result of any inherent defect, but the natural consequence of polemic animosity, of the exaggerations of friends, of the misconceptions of enemies. He acknowledges that the affecting lessons, the holy examples, and the majestic rites of the Catholic Church, made an early impression on his mind; and neither time nor experience, neither reading nor conversation, nor much travelling, have weakened the impression, or diminished his veneration. Yet with this affectionate attachment to the ancient Faith, he presumes not to arraign those who support other systems. Persuaded that their claims to mercy, as well as his own, depend upon sincerity and charity, he leaves them and himself to the disposal of the common Father of all, who, we may humbly hope, will treat our errors and defects with more indulgence than mortals usually shew to each other. In truth, reconciliation and union are the objects of his earnest wishes, of his most fervent prayers; they occupy his thoughts, they employ his pen; and if a stone shall happen to mark the spot where his remains are to repose, that stone shall speak of peace and reconciliation.'—xl, xli.

Sentiments like these are very creditable to any man, whatever be his country, or his creed. That Mr. Eustace's political principles are equally liberal, may be inferred from the following passage:

'The constitution of England actually comprises the excellencies of all the ancient commonwealths, together with the advantages of the best forms

forms of monarchy; though liable, as all human institutions are, to abuse or decay, yet, like the works of Providence, it contains within itself the means of correction, and the seeds of renovation. Such a system was considered as one of unattainable perfection by Cicero, and by Tacitus pronounced, a vision fair but transient. A scheme of policy that enchanted the sages of antiquity, may surely content the patriot and philosopher of modern days, and the only wish of both must be, that in spite of courtly encroachment and of popular frenzy, it may last for ever.'—xii, xiii.

Mr. Eustace proceeds to inform the reader that the journey was undertaken with Mr. Roche, 'a young gentleman of fortune, who spared no expense to render it instructive.' At Vienna they met Mr. Cust, now Lord Brownlow, and Mr. Rushbroke, and 'finding that their views and tastes coincided, agreed to make the tour of Italy together.'

In a preliminary discourse our author enumerates with considerable detail, the different species of information which he deems it essential for a traveller to acquire, before he visits 'the classic regions of Italy.' That such preparation might tend to increase both his improvement and gratification, we are by no means disposed to deny, the only misfortune is, that it cannot be obtained without a greater sacrifice of time than even men of the most cultivated intellect, or extensive fortune, have either leisure, or inclination to bestow. A familiar acquaintance with the ancient Latin poets and historians will of course have been acquired in schools and universities; but without possessing the language of the nation which he visits, or being versed in its political annals, a man, as Lord Bacon very wisely observes, 'goeth to school and not to travel.' The knowledge of medals is far less important, and if it is to be procured at the expense of more useful studies, we think it may safely be omitted. A person of taste may also pass through Italy with tolerable advantage, though he never read Aldrich, Scamozzi, or Palladio. Taste and observation will equally suffice to appreciate the genius of Raffaelle and Praxiteles without submitting to the nausea of an anatomical school. We perfectly agree however with Mr. Eustace that the seductions of music are sufficiently captivating not to require preparatory lessons, because an excessive attachment to this attractive art, 'often leads to low and dishonourable connections.' The studies of an Englishman ought to be of a more masculine character; he has other and nobler roads to distinction. The nature of the government under which he lives, will, we trust, ever continue to afford to ambition the most glorious objects of pursuit.

From the general tenor of the preliminary discourse, we were induced to expect that Mr. Eustace would have directed his attention,

attention, more minutely than he appears to have done, to the political institutions of Italy; that her different governments would have been brought under review, and their various merits and errors discussed. We flattered ourselves also that we should have met with an ingenious sketch of the present state of society in that country, with respect to morals, science, and the arts. But in following his steps from Verona to Naples, we were cruelly disappointed at finding these subjects in general either discussed with too much precipitation, or viewed through the medium of prejudice. The architectural proportions of temples and churches, the attractions of romantic scenery, and the frequent adaptation of classical passages, have almost exclusively engrossed his attention; and he expatiates more willingly upon the pomp, the processions, and the pageantries of popery, than on the consequences produced by the abolition of sanctuaries, or the suppression of monasteries.

The following passage affords an useful lesson for every traveller.

'Nations, like individuals, have their characteristic qualities, and present to the eye of a candid observer, each in its turn, much to be imitated, and something to be avoided. These qualities of the mind, like the features of the face, are more prominent and conspicuous in southern countries, and in these countries perhaps the traveller may stand in more need of vigilance and circumspection to guard him against the treachery of his own passions, and the snares of external seduction. Miserable indeed will he be, if he shall use the liberty of a traveller as the means of vicious indulgence, abandon himself to the *delicious immorality* (for so it has been called) of some luxurious capital, and forgetful of what he owes to himself, to his friends, and to his country, drop one by one, as he advances, the virtues of his education, and of his native land, and pick up in their stead the follies and vices of every climate which he may traverse. When such a wanderer has left his innocence, and perhaps his health at Naples; when he has resigned his faith, and his principles at Paris; he will find the loss of such inestimable blessings poorly repaid by the languages which he may have learned, the antiques which he may have purchased, and the accomplishments which he may have acquired in his journey.'—Pre. Dis. 59. 60.

After passing a few days in the capital of Bavaria, and admiring the affability and condescension of the elector, and visiting the salt mines, in the vicinity of Salzburg, our travellers proceeded to Inspruck. We select the following passage, because it affords a favourable specimen of the descriptive powers of our author.

'We were now at the very foot of the Alps, and entered their defiles at a place called Unkin, about one mile from Reichenhall. The road first sweeps along the base of a noble eminence, covered with firs; a church spire rises on the side of the hill, and on the summit of the same hill stands a castle in ruins. Proceeding onward, we came to the foot of the precipice, which, with its castle, overhangs the road,

in tremendous majesty. We then enter a dell, a sudden turn of which presents, on one side, a vast mountain clad with firs, while on the other, the precipice, girded with a zone of forest trees, increases in height and grandeur, and, surmounted with the old ramparts walls, looks like the battlemented dwelling of a race of giants. In front an immense mass, covered with a hundred woods, and half wrapped in fogs and clouds, obstructs the view, and forms an awful foreground to the picture. Still continuing to ascend, we wind along the dell, with a torrent murmuring by the road side, and all around, in various shapeless forms,' (we profess not exactly to understand how a form can be *shapeless,*) ' increasing in height, shagginess, and horror.

' The scene was here truly tremendous. The defile is very narrow, leaving space only for the road and torrent. The mountains rise on each side so nearly perpendicular, that the vast forests growing on their sides, cast a dismal shade over the road, and loaded as they were with snow, seemed ready to fall, and bury the traveller as he passed below. Now and then a chasm broke the uniformity of this gloomy scenery, and presented an object less dark, but equally terrific, a torrent arrested in its fall by the frost, hanging from the brow of a crag in solid masses, and terminating in immense pointed icicles. The least of these icicles, if detached from the sheet above, would have crushed the whole party; and when contemplated thus suspended over our heads, *jam jam lapsura, cadentique assimilis,* could not fail to excite some emotions of terror.'—p. 9, 10.

Pursuing the magnificent road made by Joseph II, over the Rhetian Alps, our travellers arrived, without any accident, at Trent, so celebrated for the council held within its walls, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Had Mr. Eustace attended to the narrative given of its proceedings by Sarpi, one of the shrewdest of modern historians, he would not have beheld the labours of that famous assembly in so favourable a light. Without fear of incurring the reproach of temerity, we do not hesitate to declare, that an assembly which is represented as ' combining the benevolence, the sanctity, and the moderation of Pole and Sadoleti, Contarini and Seripando,' affords to the eye of the philosophic inquirer, a scene of duplicity, craft, and intrigue, which has seldom been equalled, but never surpassed, even in the tortuous politics of the Vatican.

It would be a work of time to point out all the abuses of the Venetian government, we must therefore content ourselves with observing, that its impolitic behaviour towards the dependent states of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, particularly the invidious distinctions which aristocratic pride had so absurdly created between the senatorial families and the opulent nobility of the *terra firma*, had excited a general spirit of disaffection, and paved the way for the reception of those revolutionary doctrines which prepared the triumphs of Buonaparte. Men of haughty and passionate

sionate tempers, when oppressed and degraded, are tempted to look forward with anxious expectation, to any change which promises to raise them to a level with those to whose authority they submit with reluctance, without allowing themselves seriously to consider the consequences likely to ensue. Is Mr. Eustace sure that 'the superiority of countrymen' is always endured with resignation, or that tyranny appears under a mitigated form, when exercised by men, who, excepting the accidental distinctions of birth, excel those who are exposed to their insolence and caprice, neither in wisdom, virtue, nor riches? For our own part, we confess, that among the various systems of civil polity with which we are acquainted, none appears to us so liable to abuses of every description, as an oligarchy, to which the Venetian constitution was rapidly approaching, by the gradual extinction of the patrician families; who, though daily diminishing, were unwilling to admit the wealthy inhabitants of the Lombard provinces, to the envied dignity of senators.

The unprincipled cession of Venice to the Emperor of Austria, cannot be mentioned without shame and indignation, because it imparted the sanction of an illustrious name to the jacobinical project of universal confiscation, and connected those who had proclaimed themselves the champions of religion and civilized society, with the atheistical subverters of thrones and altars, with ruffians, robbers and assassins. This contamination, however, has since been effaced, and the sword of Austria is now gloriously employed in setting bounds to the lawless ambition of a tyrant, and vindicating the rights of humanity.

The approach to Venice is thus described:

'About five o'clock we arrived at Fusina, on the shore of the Lagune, opposite Venice. This city instantly fixed our attention. It was then faintly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and rising from the waters, with its numberless domes and towers, attended, if I may be allowed the expression, by several lesser islands, each crowned with its spires and pinnacles, presented the appearance of a vast city, rising out of the very bosom of the ocean.'—p. 66.

We sincerely wish that Mr. Eustace had been more liberal in his remarks upon the government of a country, once so famous for political sagacity, and a little less so in his description of its churches; because, though we do not feel much interested in learning that the spot is unknown where the body of St. Mark is deposited, we should be happy to hear that the morals of the Venetians have been improved by adversity; that justice is administered with stricter impartiality, and that the permission to violate the laws with impunity, is no longer regarded as a fiscal expedient. Without attempting to determine the public feeling with respect

to the two nations by whom the Venetians were alternately flattered and betrayed, we will content ourselves with observing, that there is an ease and vivacity in their character, that is more likely to mix with the levity of the French, than with the distant formality of the Austrians. Had 'the same spirit and wisdom which directed its councils during the famous league of Cambray, influenced the decisions of the republic in 1797, it might still have stood; and in defiance of the power and the treachery of France, preserved, if not its territories, at least its honour and independence.'

National honour can be forfeited only by national meanness and degeneracy. The Venetian power was undoubtedly inadequate to a contest with the gigantic resources of France, and could not have preserved the country between the Adda and the Lagune, without the assistance of Austria. But the state of degradation to which she is fallen, is entirely the result of her own pusillanimity. A people corrupted by effeminate pleasures, and long accustomed to the quirks and shifts of a temporising policy, were incapable of manly exertion.

There are few subjects respecting which prejudice operates with greater effect, than in the opinions entertained with regard to the conduct of the ancient Romans and that of the modern French. No language is strong enough to express the admiration with which authors contemplate the domineering ambition of the former, while no invectives appear sufficiently opprobrious to convey their abhorrence of the atrocities committed by the latter, in the course of their sanguinary career: yet, if we divest ourselves of all national antipathies, and throw aside those impressions which a classical education excited at an age when every impression is strongest, we must be compelled to acknowledge, that the tyranny of both is stamped with the same features of deformity, and that the same unbounded and unprincipled lust of dominion, rendered both the disturbers of human repose. By the pride and avidity of the descendants of Romulus, Greece was stript of her pictures and statues; by the vanity and avidity of the directorial government and their jacobin general, Italy was robbed of those identical statues, and of paintings more exquisitely beautiful even than those of Zeuxis or Apelles. If to plunder the vanquished of every thing that can contribute to the comfort, the instruction, or the ornament of society, be an object of merited censure, and that it is we are firmly convinced, both nations are equally culpable, are equally tyrants and robbers.

Upon his return from Venice, Mr. Eustace paid a visit to the tomb of Petrarch, who is buried at Arquato, a small village near Padua, beautifully situated at the foot of the Euganean mountains. After every tribute that admiration can bestow upon the genius of the

the poet, our author undertakes, with classical enthusiasm, to rescue his character, as well as that of Laura, from the aspersions of Gibbon and other sceptical writers, who doubt whether, in the genial climate of Italy, such an obstinate resistance as that of Laura, is entitled to credit, especially as the lady was assailed by a lover of Petrarch's consideration and accomplishments.

In his way to Mantua, our traveller enjoyed the beauties of the Lago di Garda, better known to the admirers of classical poetry by the appellation of Benacus. Sirmio, which forms its principal promontory, was the favourite residence of Catullus. The beautiful scenery is thus described, with no less precision than spirit.

'The borders of the lake, towards the south, though rather flat, yet rise sufficiently to display to advantage, the towns, villages, and seats, with the olives, corn fields, and vineyards, that adorn them; and when lighted up with a bright sun-shine, present a very exhilarating prospect. The shores, as they advance northwards, assume a bolder aspect, and exhibit all the varieties of Alpine scenery. Rocky promontories, precipices, lofty hills, and towering mountains, in all their grotesque, broken, and shapeless appearances, rise in succession one above another, while the declining sun, playing upon the snow that capped their summits, tinged them with various hues, and at length spread over them a thin veil of purple.'—p. 92.

A circuitous route from Mantua, through Cremona, Placentia, Parma, and Modena, conducted our traveller to Bologna, and in his way thither, he recals to the reader's recollection many beautiful passages from the poets of ancient and modern times, as well as various circumstances of historical interest. Mr. Eustace, however, appears to be better acquainted with the situation of Italy when under the dominion of the Romans, than with its actual constitution. More minute inquiry respecting the government of Bologna when subjected to the authority of the Popes, would have convinced him that its inhabitants retained 'not the essential forms, but merely the shadow and semblance of a republic;' and that both the name and authority of the pontiff, were frequently employed for other purposes besides those 'of repressing the ambition of powerful and factious citizens, or of awing the hostility of their neighbours, the Dukes of Modena, and of their rivals, the Venetians.'

'This guarded and conditional dependence,' he adds, 'produced at Bologna all the advantages that accompany liberty, industry, commerce, plenty, population, knowledge, and refinement. The French in their late invasion, found, but did not leave, the Bolognese in possession of these blessings.'—p. 134.

Notwithstanding it is correctly true that few cities in Italy, or indeed

deed any where else, were so remarkable for plenty, population, and knowledge, yet these blessings were not the happy results of a wise and provident government, but proceeded entirely from local advantages, which a bad one was unable to destroy. The long administration of Pius VI, was an era of corruption, peculation, and favoritism: and we could, from our own knowledge, produce more than one instance, to shew, in the fullest manner, that if the Bolognese, when they voluntarily submitted to Nicolas III, and John XXII, 'reserved to themselves the management of their finances, and the administration of their laws,' these boasted privileges were so entirely lost, that although 'LIBERTAS blazed in golden letters in the centre of the national standard,' this was, in fact, the only place in which it could be said to exist.

Proceeding towards Rome by the shores of the Adriatic, Mr. Eustace employs two pages for the purpose of inquiring whether the Pisatello, the Rugone, or the Borco, (three rills which unite before they fall into the sea,) is best entitled to the classical appellation of the Rubicon; but after all his researches, he appears to us to have left the question nearly as doubtful as he found it. Delighted, however, with the idea of having ascertained a fact of so much importance to the world, he thus continues, in a declamatory strain of exultation:

'This, then, was the celebrated spot where Cæsar stood, and absorbed in thought, suspended for a moment, his own fortune, the fate of Rome, and the destinies of mankind; here appeared the warlike phantom commissioned by the furies to steel the bosom of the relenting chief, and hurry him on to the work of destruction; and here too arose the genius of Rome, the awful form of the mighty parent, to restrain the fury of her rebel son, and arrest the blow levelled at justice and liberty. Here Cæsar passed, and cast the die that decided the fate not of Rome only, of her consuls, her senates, and her armies, but of nations and empires, kingdoms and republics, that then slept in embryo, in the bosom of futurity.'—p. 148.

Eager as we feel to reach the 'eternal city,' we cannot pass Loretto unnoticed, because we are surprised to find an author, who treats the legendary tale of the travelling cottage with proper contempt, giving credit to a story, scarcely less extraordinary and incredible.

'The infidels' (says Mr. Eustace, alluding to the Turks) 'once made a bold attempt to assault the sanctuary of Loretto; but like the Gauls under Brennus, presuming to attack the temple of Delphi, were repulsed by tremendous storms, and struck with supernatural blindness. Loretto in fact in later times, as Delphi in days of old, was surrounded with an invisible rampart, which no mortal arm could force, and no malignant demon ever ventured to assail, repressed by superior power.' —p. 165.

After

After perusing this passage, it is natural to inquire what became of this invisible rampart, when the treasures of Loretto were seized by the daring hands of its late invaders. For we cannot suppose Mr. Eustace to be among the number of those, who so lately persuaded themselves that the despotic ruler of France was invested by Providence with supernatural power for the accomplishment of some mysterious purpose. Fortunately for the happiness of mankind the charm is at length dissolved; not that which protected the temple of Loretto, but which so fatally fascinated Europe, by inspiring a belief that the armies of France were invincible. That gigantic power now totters to its foundations, and we look forward, with well founded confidence, to the emancipation of nations. Yes, we shall live to see, what so lately appeared a political chimera, the balance of power once more established among the different people of Europe.

'The mistress of the world,' says Mr. Eustace with less truth than enthusiasm, as he approaches Rome, 'claims our respect and affection, on grounds which the christian and philosopher must admit with grateful acknowledgements. Besides her ancient origin and venerable fame, besides her mighty achievements and vast empire, her heroes and her saints, the majesty of her language, and the charms of her literature, *Habe ante oculos hanc esse terram quæ nobis miserit jura, quæ leges dederit.*'

'The system of Roman government seems to have been peculiarly adapted to the attainment of this great end, and the extension of its empire ordained by heaven for its full accomplishment. The despotism of the eastern monarchies kept all prostrate on the ground in abject slavery; the narrow policy of the Grecian republics confined the blessings of liberty within their own precincts; Rome, with more enlarged and more generous sentiments, considering the conquered countries as so many nurseries of citizens, gradually extended her rights and privileges to their capitals, enrolled their natives in her legions, and admitted their nobles into her senate. Thus her subjects, as they improved in civilization, advanced also in honours, and approached every day nearer to the manners and the virtues of their masters, till every province became another Italy, every city another Rome.'—195.

'Rome, in thus civilizing and polishing mankind, had prepared them for the reception of that divine religion, which alone can give to human nature its full and adequate perfection; and she completed her godlike work, when the world, influenced by her instructions and example, became christian. Thus she became the metropolis of the world, by a new and more venerable title, and assumed in a more august and sacred sense, the appellation of the "Holy City," the "Light of Nations," the "Parent of Mankind." Afterwards, when in the course of two succeeding ages, she was stript of her imperial honours, and beheld the provinces invaded and all the glorious scene of cultivation, peace, and improvements, ravaged by successive hordes of barbarians, she again

renewed her benevolent exertions, and sent out, not consuls and armies to conquer, but apostles and teachers to reclaim the savage tribes which had wasted her empire. By them she bore the light of heaven into the dark recesses of idolatry, and displaying in this better cause all the magnanimity, wisdom, and perseverance, which marked her former career, she triumphed, and in spite of ignorance and barbarism, again spread christianity over the west.'—197.

It would be extremely difficult to find in any author, possessing the candour and information of Mr. Eustace, opinions less supported by facts. Instead of admitting that mankind are indebted to Rome for civilization, science, and religion, we are rather inclined to doubt, whether either of those blessings has been derived from the capital of the Cæsars and the Popes, in a pure and unadulterated form. To examine this question at large would require more time than we can at present afford, but it strikes us as one of too general importance not to warrant a few remarks.

Had Mr. Eustace restricted his praises to the policy of Rome, instead of extending them to her justice and magnanimity, we should have readily admitted the claim. For supposing the object of a nation to be universal dominion, no constitution was ever so well calculated for the execution of that ambitious design, as that of the Roman republic. It is hardly possible to contemplate, without the profoundest admiration, the address of the patricians in extending and confirming their own authority, without exciting too much the jealousy of the plebeians; neither are the patience and moderation with which the latter submitted to the dominion of superior wisdom, less entitled to praise. Though accustomed from their cradles to military spectacles, and the use of arms, they never employed them during several centuries against their domestic enemies, even in the wildest moments of faction. The form of government, originally intended for a poor and insignificant state, expanded its views and institutions, in proportion as it embraced a wider field of operation, and aspired to the dominion of the world. Triumphantly marching from conquest to conquest, the victors imparted to the vanquished nations some portion at least of the sciences, the arts, and the comforts of civilized life; because it is impossible for barbarians long to mix with a polished people, without acquiring some degree of improvement. We are very far, however, from thinking that humanity had any share in dictating the policy of Rome, or in teaching her to regard the people, whom she subjugated, as entitled to mercy and protection. No, it was not as nurseries for citizens, but for soldiers, for the tools and instruments of more extensive conquests, that she imparted to them the blessings of civilization. War appears to have been, from the very foundation of the republic, the favourite occupation of the Roman people,

ple, and when they had no longer external enemies to contend with, they turned their victorious swords against each other. After the sanguinary struggle between Sylla and Marius, no real liberty existed at Rome; the subsequent contests were only conflicts for power between generals too ambitious to acknowledge an equal; till every vestige of freedom was ultimately extinguished by the fortune and subtlety of Octavius, a man endowed with every quality that could best enable him to overturn the liberties of his country, while he preserved the shadow of a commonwealth; and who was lucky enough to acquire the reputation of prudence and generosity, when seated on a throne, to which he had raised himself by treachery, dissimulation, and murder.

The policy of Rome, under her pontifical sovereigns, is no less an object of wonder; not indeed in the light in which Mr. Eustace considers it, but as an ingenious system of methodised intrigue, tending by slow, but certain, means, to the establishment of unbounded authority. Mild and pliant, haughty and domineering, exactly as the interest of the moment required; the supposed successors of St. Peter contrived to govern an ignorant world, with authority more absolute than ever had been exercised by the proudest and most despotic of the emperors. Fortunately however for the happiness of mankind, the era of ecclesiastical tyranny is past, and can never be restored, unless it were possible to efface from the human mind, all the ideas and impressions with which three centuries of philosophical inquiry, and widely diffused science, have enriched it. The pretensions of the popes were almost invariably regulated with the nicest discrimination according to the attainments of the age in which they flourished. When universal darkness prevailed, they arrogated to themselves, under pretence of representing the divinity on earth, an uncontroulable supremacy over all potentates, powers, and principalities. But no sooner had reviving reason instructed mankind to assert their natural rights, than it became necessary for the possessors of the triple crown to lower their claims, and gradually to descend to the common standard of humanity. The *mezzo termine*, that favourite policy of the Italians, was thenceforth adopted in their behaviour towards independent nations, and they prudently allowed their pretended prerogatives to lie dormant, when they felt it impossible to assert them with success. Hence originated all the immunities of the Gallic church, and hence too the timid forbearance of Pius VI toward the same people, during the period of their apostacy from morality and religion. That the thunder of the Vatican should have been withheld from a government which impiously proclaimed the dreadful doctrine of atheism, and attempted to eradicate every moral feeling from the breasts of a degenerate people, is an event so extraordinary, that some

some centuries hence, doubts may probably occur, respecting the veracity of the historian who records it.

With more zeal than discretion, Mr. Eustace undertakes to defend the morals of the Roman clergy, boldly asserting that there is no city in Europe, more remarkable than the capital of the christian world for decency and decorum. Supposing decency to consist in external ceremony, he is justified in making the observation; but we should be sadly disappointed if we expected to find, even among the highest dignitaries of the catholic church, that deportment which an Englishman has ever been accustomed to consider as essential to the character of a minister of the gospel.

No sooner had Mr. Eustace alighted in the *Piazza de Spagna*, than he hastened to St. Peter's, traversed its superb court, contemplated in silence its obelisks, its fountains, and its colonnades, walked up its lengthening nave, and, before its altar, offered up his grateful acknowledgments in the noblest temple that human skill ever raised to the honour of the Creator!

'Next morning,' he continues, 'we renewed our visit, and examined it more in detail; the preceding day it had been veiled by the dimness of evening, it was now lighted up by the splendor of the morning sun. The rich marbles that compose its pavement and line its walls, the paintings that adorn its cupolas, the bronze that enriches its altars and railings, the gilding that lines the pannels of its vaults, the mosaics that rise one above another in brilliant succession up its dome, shone forth in all their varied colours. Its nave, its aisles, its transepts, expanded their vistas, and hailed the spectator wheresoever he turned, with a long succession of splendid objects, and beautiful arrangement; in short the whole of this most majestic fabric, opened itself at once to the sight, and filled the eye and the imagination with magnitude, proportion, riches, and grandeur.'—202-3.

Reverting to this stupendous fabric in a subsequent chapter, he says,

'the work was carried on with feebleness and uncertainty during more than half a century, till Julius II ascended the pontifical throne, and resumed the great undertaking with that spirit and decision, which distinguished all the measures of his active pontificate. Great princes generally find, or create, the talents requisite for their purpose, and Julius discovered in Bramante an architect capable of comprehending and executing his grandest conceptions. A plan was presented and approved. The walls of the ancient Basilica were taken down, and on the 18th of April, 1508, the foundation-stone of one of the vast pillars that support the dome was laid by Julius with all the pomp and ceremony that became such an interesting occurrence. From that period the work, though carried on with ardour and perseverance, yet continued during the space of one hundred years to occupy the attention, and absorb the income of eighteen successive pontiffs.'——'On the whole, it would not be exaggeration to assert, that nearly three hundred years

years elapsed, and five and thirty pontiffs reigned from the period of the commencement to that of the termination of this stupendous fabric. The most celebrated architects of modern times had an opportunity of displaying their talents, and immortalizing their names in the prosecution of the work; and Bramante, Raffaello, San Gallo, Michael Angelo, Vignola, Carlo Maderno and Bernini, not to speak of others of less reputation, laboured successively in its promotion, or consummation. To calculate the expense with any great precision would be difficult, but from the best information that has been collected on the subject, we may venture to state, that however enormous the sum may appear, the expediture must have amounted to at least twelve millions sterling; and when we consider that the marbles, bronzes, and other valuable materials employed in its decoration, are not only not plentiful, but scarcely known out of Rome, we may add, that it would require three times as much to raise a similar edifice in any other capital.'—343-5.

Mr. Eustace proceeds to compare St. Peter's, with all the celebrated temples of ancient, or modern times. St. Paul's, St. Genevieve, and Santa Sophia, pass successively under examination. The temples of Jerusalem, of Diana at Ephesus, and of Jupiter Capitolinus, become next the objects of his research, and the result of his inquiry leads him to conclude, that

'every edifice, whether in existence, or on record only, falls far short, in some respect or other, of the Basilica Vaticana, the grand temple of the Christian Church, to render which as worthy as possible of its high destination, human ingenuity seems to have strained its powers, and art to have exhausted all its stores.'—368-9.

Making all due allowance for the enthusiasm, with which a clergyman of the Church of Rome may be supposed to contemplate the spot where the papal worship triumphs in all its splendour, we are still of opinion, that the admiration of Mr. Eustace surpasses the limits of sound discretion, almost as much as it violates the true principles of taste. He has, however, in enumerating the various beauties of this magnificent edifice, had the good sense to omit one striking property, which has been frequently blazoned forth by the ignorance of professional antiquaries as a proof of superior excellence, but which we cannot but consider in a very opposite light. We have often heard it alleged as a mark of the justness of the proportions, and of the admirable symmetry, which prevails in every part of the Basilica Vaticana, that it seems considerably smaller than it is in reality. Our dull apprehension, we candidly confess, has never been able to discover the merit which arises from diminishing effect; on the contrary, we are disposed to think that the perfection of art consists in giving ideal grandeur and elevation, of which latter excellence we have a striking instance in the Pantheon. It is not from the exactness and nicety of its proportions, that the magnitude of an edifice of such gigantic dimen-

sions

sions is apparently lessened to the sight; but it is the incumbrance of its enormous pilasters, the profusion, and sometimes the bad taste of its decorations, that destroy the simplicity of the original design. Every pontiff, who filled the chair of St. Peter, from the commencement of the work to its completion, was anxious to signalize his name as a coadjutor in the glorious undertaking; and this he believed would be most surely effected by some striking deviation from the plan of Bramante. The vanity of the architects aspired to similar distinctions. The inevitable consequence of these frequent innovations, was want of unity, and increase of expense. Even Pius VI had the presumption to imagine that, by disfiguring the front with two pitiful turrets, which rise at the extremities like asses ears, and by overloading the vault with a profusion of gold, he was entitled to rank among the benefactors of Christendom, and to blazon his folly to after-generations in a pompous Latin inscription. Yet with all its defects we agree with Mr. Eustace, that the Basilica Vaticana is unquestionably the most magnificent temple in which Christian worship was ever performed.

In the following sentiment we also heartily concur:

'Alas! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the historian, the artist, and the antiquary, all depend on the arbitrary will of a sovereign, and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew, or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected for the reception of an upstart family? The Colyseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiques? The temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles, torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepit uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew is natural, and that an oriental despot should undervalue the master-pieces of Grecian art is to be expected, though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are to be deeply lamented; but that the minister of a nation, famed for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter, and instrument of these destructions, is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius, and the title-deeds of their fame; the present, of the strongest inducement to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future of the master-pieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation.'—269-70.

We have known many of our countrymen, as eager as Mr. Eustace, to hail the imaginary portrait of the 'illustrious Roman, who opposed the ambition of Cæsar;' and return home in full persuasion, that the colossal

colossal statue which ornaments the Palazzo Spada, is in reality the figure of Pompey. If Mr. Eustace, however, had consulted Pliny, or Winckelmann, and we rather wonder he should have neglected to do so, he would have discovered that during the era of republican glory, there is no example whatever of a Roman senator represented under an heroic character,—that is, without drapery. The head is unquestionably the head of Pompey, but it is of so different a colour from the body, that it is hardly possible to believe both were formed out of the same block. Neither is it easier to explain why a republican general should have a globe in his hand, which, if it has any meaning at all, must signify that, in his own estimation at least, he held the world at his disposal. Such an allegory might flatter the puerile vanity of Nero or Caligula, but is totally inconsistent with the popular character which Pompey always affected.

The following passage is so remarkable for good sense and piety, that it would be highly unjust to omit it.

'The famous "last Judgment" of M. Angelo occupies one end, (of the Cappella Sistina.) Its beauties and defects are well known, and may be comprised in one short observation, that its merit consists more in separate figures, than in the arrangement or effect of the whole. The upper part glows with brightness, angels and glory; on the right ascend the elect; on the left, the wicked blasted with lightning, tumble in confused groups into the flaming abyss. The judge stands in the upper part, supported on the clouds, and arrayed in the splendor of heaven. He is in the act of uttering the dreadful sentence, *Go, ye accursed, into everlasting fire!* His arms are uplifted, his countenance burns with indignation, and his eyes flash lightning. Such is the Messiah in Milton, when he puts forth his terrors, and hurls his bolts against the rebel angels; and so is he described by an eloquent French orator, when he exercises his judgment on sinners at the last tremendous day. Similar representations either in prose or verse, in language or in painting, are sublime and affecting, but I know not whether they be suitable to the calm, the tranquil, the majestic character of the awful person who is to judge the world in *truth and justice.* Nothing in fact is so difficult as to portray the features, attitudes, and gestures of the Word incarnate. He was not without feeling, but he was above passion. Joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, could reach his soul, for *he was man;* but they could not cloud its serenity, or shake its fortitude, for *he was God.* Benevolence brought him from heaven, it was therefore his prevailing sentiment and may be supposed to influence his countenance, and shed over his features a perpetual expression of benignity. To obey, or to suspend the laws of nature, was to him equally easy; a miracle cost him no effort, and created in him no surprise. To submit or to command, to suffer or to triumph, to live or to die, were alike welcome in their turns, as the result of reason and obedience. To do the will of his Father was the object of his mission, and every step that led to its accomplishment, whether

whether easy or arduous, was to him the same. What poet shall dare to describe such a character? What painter presume to trace its divine semblance? No wonder then that the greatest masters should have failed in the bold attempt; and that even M. Angelo, by transferring, like Homer, the passions of the man to the divinity, should have degraded the awful object, and presented to the spectators the form, not of a God, but of an irritated and vindictive monarch.'—286-7.

After noticing the failure of M. Angelo, Mr. Eustace examines the success of his illustrious rival. 'In the thirteen arcades that compose the wing of the gallery, is represented the history of the Old, and part of the New Testament, beginning with the Creation, and concluding with the Last Supper.' The first compartment represents the Eternal Father, with arms and feet expanded, darting into chaos, and reducing its distracted elements into order, merely by his motion. The figure of the Eternal may be poetical and sublime, even as the Jupiter of Homer, but (si verbo audacia detur) it excites no admiration, and deserves little praise. In fact, if it be difficult to represent the Son of God, who became man, and dwelt among us, without impairing the dignity of his person, and degrading his majestic form, what means can the painter employ, what art can he call into play, to portray with becoming magnificence the Eternal himself, the grand archetype of perfection, who dwelleth in light inaccessible, whom no mortal hath seen or can see!

'It is true the prophet Daniel has introduced the Almighty in a visible form, and, under the emphatical appellation of the "Ancient of Days," ventured, with the guidance of the heavenly spirit, to trace a mysterious and obscure sketch of the Eternal. In this description one only circumstance, connected with the person of the divinity, is mentioned. The prophet seems to refrain with reverential awe from such a subject, and expatiating on the garments, the throne, and the ministering spirits, leaves the *indescribable form* to the imagination, or rather to the religious terror of the reader. Painters and poets would do well to imitate this holy discretion, and to refrain from all attempts to embody the eternal mind, which by confining the omnipotent energies of pure spirit within a human form, disfigure the original of all that is lovely in the heavens and on earth, by marking it with the perishable features of human decrepitude. Besides in the picture now before us, it is not the *word* of the Creator that composes the disorder of chaos. No, his hands and feet are employed to separate the warring elements, and confine them within their respective boundaries. This is an idea bordering upon the burlesque, and perfectly unworthy the lofty conception of Raffaello. How different the sentiment conveyed in the sublime language of the Scriptures! No effort, no action even, was requisite. He said, "Let light be, and light was." "He spake, and they were made, he commanded, and they were created."—290.

We

We have been tempted to devote so much of our time to the foregoing observations, that it is out of our power to accompany Mr. Eustace in his visits to the principal churches and fountains, or in his classical excursions in the neighbourhood of Rome; every step of which presents some object of interest to the poet, the antiquary, or the historian. During a short tour to Albano, Frescate, and Tivoli, he has ample scope for displaying erudition, and he accordingly illustrates the scenery by quotations from the Latin poets. This indeed appears to us the most striking feature in a work, which, though by no means exempt from religious, or political, prejudices, and which sometimes presents the most contradictory opinions, abounds in judicious and elegant remarks, and raises the character of its author very far above the level of ordinary tourists. Though intimately acquainted with the beauties of the ancient writers, Mr. Eustace's judgment respecting buildings is not equally correct, as may be inferred from his supposing, that a sepulchral edifice, standing near the southern gate of Albano, 'may possibly cover the remains of Cn. Pompeius.' The building alluded to, is usually called the tomb of the Horatii and the Curiatii, a conjecture far more consistent with the rules of probability, than that which is hazarded by Mr. Eustace, because the style of architecture clearly demonstrates that it was erected some centuries before the fall of the republic, and very probably before its foundation.

The 'rival of Cæsar' appears to be a mighty favourite with our author, who never omits an opportunity of extolling his genius, and lamenting the fate of the Roman world in losing so patriotic a leader. Without attempting to investigate a question, which it would be impossible to discuss satisfactorily, we shall content ourselves with observing, that in our estimation, no character in history has been more over-rated than that of this celebrated personage. The circumstances of the times raised Pompey to an eminence for which nature never designed him. Cicero, who was perfectly acquainted with his character, seems never to have placed any great degree of confidence either in his talents, or his virtues, though, with a laudable policy, he carefully concealed his real sentiments from all except his most intimate friends: and the opinion of Cicero appears almost decisive upon a subject, where every political feeling would naturally bias his judgment in favour of the man, whom circumstances rendered the head and hope of the party. Neither can we discover any satisfactory reason for thinking, that, if the senatorial faction had prevailed, their triumph would have been attended with happier consequences, or exercised with greater lenity and moderation. On the contrary, we are persuaded that the turbulence and corruption of the degenerate Romans required a curb more rigorous, than could be expected from the precarious

precarious ascendancy of rival demagogues; and that if a master was to be chosen for the world, the genius of Julius Cæsar pointed him out as the fittest person to be invested with that lofty commission.

From Rome Mr. Eustace proceeds to Naples, and having taken a view of the Pomptine marshes, deservedly commends the perseverance of Pius VI in draining them. The eulogium, however, terminates with the following remark, which tends much to diminish his merit:

'The principal fault at present is said to be in the distribution of the land drained, the greater part of which, having been purchased by the Camera Apostolica, was given to the Duke of Braschi. The Roman noblemen have never been remarkable for their attention to agriculture, and the duke, content probably with the present profit, is not likely to lay out much in repairs, particularly in times so distressing as the present. Had the land been divided into lesser portions, and given to industrious families, it might have been cultivated better, and the drains cleansed and preserved with more attention. The government indeed ought to have charged itself with that concern, but in governments, where the people have no influence, public interests are seldom attended to with zeal, constancy, and effect.'—*966.*

It would not be easy for the severest censurer of the papal government to display its defects in more striking colours. Of all forms of civil polity, an elective monarchy is unquestionably the most dangerous and disastrous. But all the evils attending it, are necessarily augmented in a ten-fold degree, when the sovereign must be taken from a body of men, many of whom were born in inferior stations, passed the active years of life in the closest retirement, and whose studies and pursuits have been directed to objects totally unconnected with the duties of government. That persons of this description, at any age, but particularly when their vigor and understanding are impaired by time, should be called upon to preside over the Christian republic, as the organs and vicegerents of heaven, and entrusted with authority which, for a long period of years, was without limit or control, is perhaps the most humiliating instance of the folly of man, to be met with in history. Continually reminded by disease and infirmity, that a sceptre, not always accorded to merit, must soon escape from his hand, the decrepid pontiff very naturally makes the best of his time for the aggrandisement of his nephews or his illegitimate children. Hence arise all the complicated evils of the papacy; monopolies, peculation, and nepotism, evils which cannot be remedied while the successor of St. Peter remains a temporal sovereign.

Upon his arrival at Naples, Mr. Eustace describes the impression produced by the magnificent prospect which he contemplated from his window, with adequate spirit.

'Few

'Few scenes surpass in beauty that which burst full upon me, when I awoke: in front, the bay of Naples spread its azure surface, smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided, in different directions, over its shining bosom; on the right, the town extended along the semicircular shore, and Posilippo rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines, scattered in confusion along its sides and on its ridge, till sloping as it advanced, the bold hill terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left, at the end of a walk that forms the quay, and skirts the sea, *the Castel del Uovo*, standing on an insulated rock, caught the eye for a moment, while beyond it, over a vast expanse of water, a rugged line of mountains stretched forward, and softening its features as it projected, presented towns, villages, and convents, lodged amidst its forests and precipices, and at length terminated in the Cape of Minerva, now of Surrentum. Opposite, and full in front, rose the island of Caprea, with its white clifts and ridgy summits, placed as a barrier to check the tempest, and protect the interior of the bay from its fury. This scene, illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright on the less favoured regions beyond the Alps, is justly considered as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition, which nature perhaps presents to the human eye, and cannot but excite in the spectator, when beheld for the first time, emotions of delight and admiration, that border on enthusiasm. Nor are the charms of recollection, that are capable of improving even the loveliest features of nature, here wanting, to complete the enchantment. Naples and its coasts have never been, it is true, the theatre of heroic achievements or the stage of grand and unusual incidents; but they have been the residence of the great and the wise, they have aided the meditations of the sage, and awakened the raptures of the poet; and as long as the Latin muses continue to instruct mankind, so long will travellers visit with delight, the academy of Cicero, the tomb of Virgil, and the birthplace of Tasso.'—p. 485-6.

The praises bestowed by Mr. Eustace on the Italian hospitals, are justly due to such noble institutions. The regulations observed with respect to the reception of foundlings, are far better calculated to prevent the horrid crime of infanticide, than those practised in our own country; and we sincerely wish that the governors of the Foundling Hospital would condescend to borrow a few useful hints from a people who are supposed to have carried their charitable establishments to the highest degree of perfection.

No spot in Italy furnishes a larger scope for poetical illustration than the vicinity of Naples: every step we tread is on classic ground. The Campi Phlegræi, the bay of Puteoli, the promontory of Misenus, and the retreat of Baiæ, call up recollections which every mind, awake to the effusions of poetry, must cherish with the most lively enthusiasm. No wonder then, that the classical taste of Mr. Eustace should display itself with peculiar advantage. While wandering with delight through the Elysian fields, he introduces quotations from the different authors who have immortalized

lized the spot, with uncommon felicity. The admiration excited by a visit to Baiæ, gives rise to the following passage.

'What spot in the universe, Rome alone excepted, ever united so much power, so much genius, so much greatness! Baiæ indeed, at that time, was the resort, or rather the very temple of wisdom and the muses, whither the masters of the world retired, not to dissolve their energies in effeminacy, but to unbend their minds in literary inquiries and refined conversation. Luxury appeared without doubt, but in her most appropriate form and character, as the handmaid of taste. It seasoned the repasts, where Cæsar and Cicero, Pompey and Lucullus, Varro and Hortensius, enjoyed the feast of reason. Shortly after this era of greatness and glory, the sun of liberty set for ever on the Roman world; but it cast a parting beam, which still continued to brighten the hemisphere. Augustus himself felt its influence;' (no man, we are persuaded, ever felt it less;) 'he had been educated in the principles, and inured to the manly and independent manners of a free Roman; he observed the forms and retained the simplicity of ancient times, and gloried in the plainness and even in the appellation of a citizen; he may therefore be considered as a republican prince!'—p. 566.

A republican prince! yes, of the school of Buonaparte! What a perversion of ideas have we here! For what act is he entitled to this exaggerated praise, which would have sounded ridiculous even from the lips of Mecænas?—for destroying the liberties of his country?—for consenting to the murder of Cicero, the friend and benefactor of his youth?—for transmitting his authority to Tiberius, in hopes that the crimes and vices of that execrable monster, might serve as a shade to his own? No, a more odious character than that of Octavius, can scarcely be found in the whole scope of history, or one more justly entitled to the detestation of all who reverence genius and liberty.

We sincerely believe that 'those generous passions which long made Italy so great and so illustrious, that armed every hand for the glory of Rome, still burn with vigor, even in the breasts of the populace, and want only an occasion to call them forth into action, and a leader to combine and direct them to their proper object.' But these energies will never be awakened, unless the Italians are assured that the ancient governments shall not be restored. Rather than submit to the degradation of being again parcelled out under a variety of masters, they will prefer, we fear, the continuance of their present servitude, in the hope that it may at some future period, lead to a more auspicious order of things.

After describing Naples and its beautiful environs, Mr. Eustace proceeds, in the second volume, to draw a picture of the Neapolitan court; when, to our unspeakable astonishment, we find him selecting the intellectual mediocrity of its uneducated sovereign, as the model for a royal understanding. This wonderful choice induces

duces us to suspect, that his ideas of monarchy have been derived from Esop's fables, from which he has learnt that king Log is the best and safest of masters. This opinion, too, acquires additional strength from the warmth with which he praises the Italian aristocracies, his admiration of which can be drawn from no other source.

The following remarks succeed each other in quick succession:

'The Neapolitans are by no means an ill-natured or discontented race, and till the late French invasion, they seem to have been strangers to discontent and faction; nor, indeed, was there much room for either.'—vol. ii. p. 37.

'The kingdom of Naples has for ages laboured under the accumulated weight of the feudal system, and of vice-geral administration. The former chained and enslaved nine-tenths of its population, while the latter, the most pernicious mode of government ever experienced, subjected the whole nation to systematic plunder, and ruled the country, with a view, not to its own interest, but to the interests of a foreign court, in its very nature proud, suspicious, and vindictive.'—ibid.

'In a country where the whole system is a vast shapeless heap of institutions, decisions, and customs, taken from the codes, decrees, and manners of the different nations and chiefs, who have peopled and invaded it; where abuses have grown from abuses, and where power has ever enjoyed the privilege of oppressing right; in such a country the evil is always prominent, and must naturally excite the surprise and indignation of the traveller.'—ibid.

Were we called upon to point out a form of government which furnished the most abundant cause for popular complaint, it would be precisely such an one as has just been described, as affording 'little room for faction and discontent.' Mr. Eustace, however, has assumed as an established principle, that nothing hostile to the French can possibly be wrong; nor any thing accomplished by their intervention, conducive to the happiness of mankind. Now, in spite of our contempt for the philosophy and the republicanism of the GREAT NATION, and all our abhorrence for the character of its despot, we cannot but flatter ourselves that some eventual benefit may possibly arise out of the confusion and chaos of the revolution itself; not one iota of which, however, is ascribable to the wisdom or the benevolence of those diabolical agents by whose instrumentality it was produced. No trifling advantage is likely to result from the suppression of the mendicant orders and the destruction of the feudal system, the former of which were no less hostile to population, than the latter was to agricultural improvement.

Mr. Eustace undertakes an arduous task, to rescue the Italian nobility from the charge of incontinence. Though Berlin or

Petersburgh may be equally vicious, and Paris, even under its ancient government, stood pre-eminent in every enormity, yet this has as little connection with the morals of the Italians, as with the institution of Lycurgus. Libertinism appears in Italy under its grossest form, unaccompanied by any of those delicate refinements which, decked with the fashionable appellation of gallantry, in some degree serve to conceal the deformity of the vice. We cannot blame the zeal with which our author struggles to discover a cause for the national failing, unconnected with the national religion, though his effort is far from successful. Had the evil complained of been exclusively confined to the monarchical states, we might have admitted, that in case a loftier object had been presented to ambition in the pursuit of worldly distinctions, the higher classes 'would not have slumbered in lethargic indolence, nor passed all their time in gaming and intrigue.' But as the same depravity existed in an equal degree at Genoa and Venice, when the administration of affairs was exclusively vested in the hands of the patricians, and talents were rewarded with power, it becomes necessary to recur to some other solution; and we are persuaded that the mischief in great measure arises from the scandalous facility in granting absolution. Persons living in open adultery rarely experienced the smallest difficulty in obtaining remission for their past offences, provided they devoted a week or two, during Lent, to domestic seclusion; and having thus easily wiped away all former scores, and received the sacrament at Easter, they returned again to the seductions of pleasure, with as much eagerness as before. Powerful, however, as the check of religion must ever prove, it requires the concurrence of public opinion, in order to produce its full effect. So long as women of abandoned characters shall be excluded from reputable society, England will continue the most moral of nations; but if ever that wholesome restraint shall be removed, 'and the titled prostitute be treated with the same distinction as the most virtuous and exemplary matron,' London will inevitably become as licentious as Paris, notwithstanding every divine should preach like an Andrews, and every moralist write like a Johnson.

That the voluptuous disposition of the Italians is not entirely the effect of climate, may be fairly inferred from the general character of the peasantry. A long residence in that delightful country, enables us to confirm from personal observation, the commendations bestowed upon this laborious class by Mr. Eustace; and we sincerely believe that full as large a proportion of honesty, sobriety, and industry, may be found in the cottages of Italy, as in those of the same order of men in any country in Europe.

A second visit to Rome served only to increase our traveller's admiration

admiration of its gloomy pomp and solemn magnificence, which he infinitely prefers to the bustle and gaiety of Naples. The substitution of cold and ostentatious ceremony, in the place of convivial intercourse, is very far, however, from striking us, either as a proof of wisdom, or a symptom of happiness.

We cannot discuss, with Mr. Eustace, the propriety of deriving the arts and sciences of the Romans from the ancient Etrurians, 'a singular people, who flourished in riches, power, and science, long before the Greeks had emerged from barbarism.' Of the architectural school established by Numa, and probably directed by Etrurian professors, we are not disposed to entertain a very favourable opinion; but should rather suppose that, during the reign of the second of the Roman monarchs, the best architects knew less of their profession than a common English carpenter, and that the royal palace itself was much inferior in internal arrangement, and probably not greatly superior in external decoration, to many farm-houses in this country. Mr. Eustace seems to have taken his ideas of Roman architecture from the scenery introduced in 'the Roman Father,' at Covent Garden Theatre.

It is rather singular to find Mr. Eustace extolling the Romans for a system of policy, exactly similar to that which excites his abhorrence, when practised by the French; and it is still more amusing to discover that the arguments employed by him in defence of the former, are copied, almost verbatim, from the bulletins of Buonaparte.

'The Punic wars originated from sound policy, which pointed out the necessity of keeping so powerful a rival at distance from the coasts of Italy, and were, at the same time, the unavoidable effect of two states, whose interests and views were so opposite, coming in contact.'

'The insidious policy of Macedon next engaged the attention of Rome, and the punishment she inflicted upon its temporising despots, cannot but deserve our applause.'—p. 152.

Is there a single crime of which ambition is capable, that may not be justified upon similar principles? The eulogy concludes in the following words:

'Such were the Romans; born as it were to empire, they had nationally the same elevation and dignity of sentiment, as the heirs of kingdoms and principalities are observed to possess individually.'—p. 160.

Having established this principle, which we should be delighted to find more correctly true, he proceeds to illustrate it in the following manner.

'The difference between monarchy and republicanism is, that the former, while it naturally excites and cherishes a spirit of intrigue, dissipation, and treachery, proscribes the open and generous feelings of

conscious worth, independence, and honest pride, and thus gives vice a decided advantage over virtue.'—p. 199.

This would not be likely to happen, were 'the heirs of kingdoms always remarkable for elevation of sentiment.' It is, indeed, most extraordinary to find such opposite opinions delivered with an appearance of oracular authority by the same author. Arrangement and consistency, however, are, unluckily, qualities in which Mr. Eustace is extremely deficient; and he is also far more distinguished for the brilliancy of poetical painting, than for close argumentative reasoning, as the reader must long ago have discovered.

After leaving Rome he visits Florence, and the beautiful hills that surround it. His observations respecting the happiness, which this city formerly enjoyed under the paternal administration of the Medici, are sufficiently just, as is the contempt with which he treats the vanity of Alexander, for preferring the empty title of duke to a dominion founded on the esteem and veneration of his fellow citizens.

The size and splendor of the city of Milan, once the capital of Austrian Lombardy, are more likely to be known to the generality of our readers, than the virtues of Cardinal Borromeo, who, after enjoying in this world the love and admiration of all who knew him, was raised to the dignity of a saint.

'If ever a human being,' says Mr. Eustace, 'deserved such honours from his fellow creatures, it was St. Charles Borromeo. Princely birth and fortune, the highest dignities, learning, taste, and accomplishments, qualities so apt to intoxicate the strongest mind, even in the soberness of mature, I might say, in the sullenness of declining age, shone in him, even when a youth, without impairing that humility, simplicity of heart, disinterestedness, and holiness, which constituted his real merit, and formed his most honourable and permanent distinction. It was his destiny to render to his people those great and splendid services, which excite public applause and gratitude, and to perform at the same time those humble duties, which though, perhaps, more meritorious are less obscure, and sometimes produce more obloquy than acknowledgment. Thus he founded schools, colleges, and hospitals, built parochial churches, most affectionately attended his flock during a destructive pestilence, erected a lazaretto, and served the forsaken victims with his own hands. These are duties uncommon, magnificent, and heroic, and are followed by fame and glory. But to reform a clergy and people, depraved, and almost barbarised, by ages of war, invasion, internal dissension, and by their concomitant evils, famine, pestilence, and general misery; to extend his influence to every part of an immense diocese, including some of the wildest regions of the Alps, to visit every village in person, and inspect and correct every disorder, are works of little pomp and great difficulty. This laborious part of his pastoral charge he went through with the courage and perseverance of an apostle; and so great was his success, that the diocese of Milan, the most extensive,

extensive, perhaps, in Italy, as it contains, at least, eight hundred and fifty parishes, became a model of decency, order, and regularity..... Many of his excellent institutions still remain, and among others that of Sunday schools.'

Few of our readers are probably aware that these admirable establishments are borrowed from a Roman Catholic bishop, and what is more from a saint.

'His immense charities exceeded the magnificence of sovereigns. In every city, in which he at any time resided, he left some monuments of useful munificence; a school, a fountain, an hospital, or a college..... He bestowed annually the sum of thirty thousand crowns on the poor..... The funds which supplied these boundless charities were derived partly from his own estates, and partly from his archiepiscopal revenue. The former, as he had no expensive tastes to indulge, was devoted entirely to beneficence; the latter he divided into three parts, one of which was appropriated to the building and reparation of churches, the second was allotted to the poor, and the third employed in his domestic expenditure.'—pp. 347—351.

We are sorry to see Mr. Eustace so much influenced by prejudice, as decidedly to declare that the academy of Turin was in every respect preferable, for the purposes of education, to Geneva, 'where the British youth of rank were often sent to learn French and scepticism from the disciples of Rousseau, and familiarity, insolence, and sickly sentimentality from the vulgar circles of its citizens.'—p. 405. The only excuse that can palliate an accusation so destitute of foundation, is to suppose that Mr. Eustace has taken up his opinion from the report of some bigoted friar, and that he never had an opportunity of personally judging how little that amiable and enlightened people resemble the portrait which he has inadvertently drawn. No city in Europe, of equal extent, possessed so much information as Geneva, and in none was knowledge so generally diffused. The celebrity of Bonnet and De Saussure, of Mallet and Pictet, is not circumscribed, like that of the Neapolitan literati, to the walls of their native city, but has spread to every country where letters are cultivated, and talents esteemed. Neither do we know any town, where, previously to the French Revolution, a young Englishman, if properly recommended, was likely to meet with better society and more rational conversation, or where he would have been less exposed to the seductions of pleasure.

The work concludes with a Dissertation and Appendix, comprising together about two hundred pages, and containing much interesting matter. We could wish, however, that, in his remarks upon the language, literature, and character, of the Italians, Mr. Eustace had treated those important subjects with greater impar-

tiality; because he frequently displays the zeal of an advocate, when he ought to have shewn the candor of a judge. Indeed so extravagant is his admiration of the Italian language, and his hatred of the French, that not satisfied with rendering the former the common medium of communication between nation and nation, he wishes, with something like the ferocity of Omar, to interdict the study of Pascal and Fenelon, of Corneille and Molière, because they wrote in a dialect, which has too often been used as a vehicle for scepticism and disaffection.

We might pardon an Italian for preferring the harmonious tameness of Tasso to the majestic sublimity of Milton, but are rather surprised to see from the pen of an Englishman, that the former, 'in the estimation of all candid critics, has an undoubted right to sit next in honour, and in fame, to his countryman Virgil.'—p. 481. We rather suspect that Mr. Eustace has formed his opinion of the merits of the Italian authors from the exaggerated praises of Abate Andres. For our parts, we willingly rest in the decision of Johnson, 'if the Paradise Lost be not the greatest of epic poems, it is only because it was not the first.'

Mr. Eustace appears to think theological composition the only branch of literature in which the French have excelled. Now without stopping to remark that this is a most singular pre-eminence for a nation of atheists, as he delights to term them, we must express our astonishment that he should have forgotten the variety and merit of their memoirs, as well as the excellence of their comic writers; for we can hardly imagine that he seriously intends to place the vulgar buffoonery of Goldoni upon a level with the wit and discriminating genius of Molière.

The reader may possibly experience some little difficulty in discovering the resemblance of the following portrait, at which we believe the vainest Italian would startle.

'What then is the real character of the modern Italians? It will not, methinks, be difficult to ascertain it, when we consider the part that the modern Italians have acted in story, and compare it with the part which their ancestors performed. The latter were a bold and free people. Their love of liberty shewed itself in the various commonwealths that rose in every part of Ausonia, and at length it settled and blazed for ages in the Roman republic. The former have given the same proofs of the same spirit. They have covered the face of the same country with free states, and at length beheld with a mixture of joy and jealousy, the grand republic of Venice, the daughter, and almost rival of Rome, stand forward the bulwark, and glory of Italy. The ancient Romans by their arms, founded the most flourishing, the most extensive, and the most splendid empire, that ages ever witnessed in their flight. The modern Italians, by their wisdom, have acquired a more permanent, and, perhaps, more glorious dominion over the opinions

opinions of mankind, and still govern the world by their religion, their taste, by their arts and their sciences.' (This we confess is to us an unexpected discovery, and somewhat miraculous for a people to effect, 'the treasures of whose literature are unknown.') 'To the ancient Italians we owe the plainest, the noblest, and most majestic language ever spoken; to the moderns, we are indebted for the softest and sweetest dialect, which human lips ever uttered. The ancient Romans raised the Pantheon, the modern erected the Vatican. The former boast of the age of Augustus, the latter glory in that of Leo.—The former have given us a Virgil, the latter a Tasso.—In which of these respects are the modern Italians unworthy of their ancestors?' We could almost answer, IN ALL. What follows is yet more extravagant, but we must hasten to a conclusion.

The Appendix abounds with judicious remarks, many of which we do not recollect to have met with before, respecting the nature of the papal government, the political functions and domestic habits of the sovereign pontiff, together with the duties and privileges of the cardinals.

It is hardly possible for any one to peruse this part of the work, without commiserating the condition of the unfortunate personage, who purchases greatness by the sacrifice of every thing that can alleviate the infirmities of age, or solace the ennui of retirement. In the silence and seclusion of a Carthusian convent, the monks enjoyed at least the comfort of a solitary walk; amid woods and mountains they were permitted to contemplate the beauties of nature, and to admire the bounty of Providence; but even this is a happiness from which the man, who presumptuously styles himself the vicegerent of heaven, is precluded by the forms of etiquette. Around his person is drawn a magic circle, which he is not permitted to pass. These surely are conditions upon which one might imagine that ambition itself would hesitate to purchase even unbounded authority.

The account given of the forms observed during a conclave, and of the ceremonies practised at the inauguration of a pope, are curious and interesting. We believe the character drawn of the reigning pontiff to be perfectly correct. His virtues were calculated for a less turbulent era.

Mr. Eustace concludes with enumerating the many benefits said to have been conferred upon the world by the successors of St. Peter.

'From this period (the ninth century) the Roman pontiffs assumed the character of the apostles and legislators, the umpires and judges, the fathers and instructors of Europe; and at the same time acted the most brilliant part, and rendered some of the most essential services to mankind on record in human history. Had their conduct invariably corresponded with the sanctity of their profession, and had their views always

always been as pure and disinterested as their duty required, they must have been divested of all the weaknesses of human nature, and have arrived at a degree of perfection, which does not seem to be attainable in this state of existence. But notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned from time to time by the ambition and profligacy of some worthless popes; the grand work was pursued with spirit; the barbarian tribes were converted; Europe was again civilized, preserved first from anarchy, and then from Turkish invasion, and finally raised to that degree of refinement, which places it at present above the most renowned nations of antiquity. Thus, while the evils occasioned by the vices of the pontiffs were incidental and temporary, the influence of their virtues was constant, and the services which they rendered were permanent, and may probably last as long as the species itself..... To them we owe the revival of arts, of architecture, of painting, and of sculpture, and the preservation and restoration of the literature of Greece and Rome. One raised the dome of the Vatican; another gave his name to the calendar, which he reformed; a third rivalled Augustus, and may glory in the second classic era, the era of Leo. These services will be long felt and remembered, while the wars of Julius II, and the cruelties of Alexander VI, will ere long be consigned to oblivion. In fact, many of my readers may be inclined, with a late eloquent writer, (Châteaubriand,) to discover something sublime in the establishment of a common father in the very centre of Christendom, within the precincts of the Eternal City, once the seat of empire, now the metropolis of christianity; to annex to that venerable name sovereignty and princely power, and to entrust him with the high commission of advising and rebuking monarchs; of repressing the ardour and intemperance of rival nations; of raising the pacific crosier between the swords of warring sovereigns, and checking alike the fury of the barbarian, and the vengeance of the despot.'—pp. 648—650.

This is, indeed, a magnificent idea! but, unfortunately, it is about as difficult to realise as the visions of Plato, or of Sir Thomas More.

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ART. XII. *Mithridates, oder Allgemeine Sprachenkunde. Mithridates, or a General History of Languages, with the Lord's Prayer as a Specimen, in nearly five hundred Languages and Dialects.* By J. C. Adelung, Aulic Counsellor and Professor at Dresden. 8. Berlin; Vol. I. 1806; Vol. II. continued by Professor Vater, 1809; Vol. III. Part I. 1812. Pp. 1867.

IN a universal and philosophical history of languages, the critical scholar, the metaphysician, and the historian, are equally interested. The difficulty and magnitude of the undertaking has not discouraged a variety of learned men from attempting an approximation to its execution; but the present work is, perhaps, the first that can be denominated any thing more than an approximation; and

and even this requires to be studied with all the indulgence, to which so arduous and so important a task is justly entitled. Much indeed have the authors been indebted to a compilation but little known in this country, the Idea dell' Universo of Lorenzo Hervas, a Gallician Ex-jesuit, printed at Cesenna from 1778 to 1787, in twenty-one quarto volumes, the last five of which particularly relate to languages and their dialects: but it appears to be more in the preliminary and mechanical labour of accumulation, than in the ulterior and more intellectual departments of comparison and arrangement, that this work has rendered them material assistance.

The first general treatise on languages, which is now extant, bears the same title with that of Professor Adelung, the Mithridates, de Differentiis Linguarum, of Conrad Gesner. 8. Zurich, 1555. It contains twenty-two translations only of the Lord's Prayer as specimens: but nothing which bears the name of so industrious an author as Gesner can be wholly contemptible. In 1592, Megiser printed at Frankfort a Specimen 40 Linguarum: Duret soon afterwards published at Cologne his Thrésor de l'Histoire des Langues, of which it is enough to say, that it extends to those of animals and of angels. A great addition to the diversity of specimens was made by Müller, who published at Berlin, in 1680, under the name of Lüdeken, a collection of eighty, with their appropriate characters, and to these, thirteen were added in an Auctarium: the Alphabeta appeared after his death, which happened in 1694; and the specimens were afterwards copied by various printers in Germany and in London. The next original work was that of Chamberlayne, assisted by Wilkins, whose Oratio Dominica is exhibited in 152 different forms, mostly engraved in their proper characters: it was printed at Amsterdam in 1715. Some additions were made to Chamberlayne's materials in the Orientalischer und Occidentalischer Sprachmeister, edited by Schultz at Leipzig in 1748, containing also a hundred different alphabets. It was principally from this work that Bergmann copied his collection, published in 1789 at Ruien in Livonia. Fry, in his Pantographia, has neither employed the Sprachmeister nor Hervas. Marcel's specimens of 150 languages, printed at Paris, 1805, in compliment to Pope Pius the Seventh, are principally copied from Chamberlayne, with a very few original additions.

The Glossarium Comparativum, published at Petersburg in 1787, by order of the Empress Catherine, in two volumes quarto, affords us a very extensive collection of European and Asiatic words; the African and American languages were added in a second edition, which was printed in 1790, but which is very little known, and has indeed, in great measure, been suppressed. With respect to the literature of languages, the catalogue of dictionaries and

and grammars, published in 1796, by our countryman Mr. Marsden, furnishes us with ample information, much of which has been incorporated with Professor Adelung's still more extensive enumeration of critical and elementary works.

The first, and perhaps the most important consideration in a general essay on this subject, is the system according to which its different parts are to be distributed. A perfect natural order of arrangement, in treating of the peculiarities of different languages, ought to be regulated by their descent from each other and their historical relations: a perfect artificial order ought to bring together into the same classes all those genera which have any essential resemblances, that is, such as are not fortuitous, nor adoptive, nor imitative or derived from onomatopoeia. It has been observed by Linné, that the order of nature is reticulated, while that of art passes on in a single line; and still more strictly speaking, the order of nature may be compared to a solid, which has three dimensions, and which could not be adequately represented even by a map, or a reticulated structure. In fact, wherever the human mind pursues any process of nature, it must be subjected to the inconvenience of breaking off occasionally some one train of connexion, in order to pursue another; although that system must in general be the most perfect, in which this happens the least frequently: and when our ideas are once stored up in the intellectual treasury, they seem to possess the same property which belongs to their originals, allowing themselves to be traced at pleasure according to a variety of different principles of analogy and of association.

It appears to be most convenient to consider as separate languages, or as distinct species in a systematic classification, all those which require to be separately studied in order to be readily understood, and which have their distinct grammatical flexions and constructions; and to regard, as varieties only, those dialects which are confessedly local and partial diversities of a language manifestly identical. It is however absolutely impossible to fix a correct and positive criterion of the degree of variation which is to constitute in this sense a distinct language: for instance, whether Danish and Swedish are two languages or two dialects of one, and whether the modern Romaic is Greek or not, might be disputed without end, but could never be absolutely decided. In such cases we must pay some regard to common usage in our denominations; and setting out from this distinction of separate languages, we may proceed to comprehend, in the description of one family, such as have more coincidences than diversities with each other; and to refer to the same class such families as exhibit any coincidences at all, that are not fortuitous, imitative, or adoptive. In order however to avoid

avoid too great a number of classes, which would arise from an inadequate comparison of languages imperfectly known, it may be proper in some cases to adopt a geographical character, as sufficient to define the limits of a class, or of its subdivision into orders. We are thus obliged to employ an arrangement of a mixed nature, and this is what Professor Adelung has actually done: but in the abstract view which we shall attempt to give of the subject, we shall endeavour to follow an order somewhat less geographical than that of our author, and more dependent on the nature and connexion of the languages themselves.

If the resemblance or identity of a single word, in two languages, supposed to be exempt from the effects of all later intercourse, were to be esteemed a sufficient proof of their having been derived from a common stock, it would follow that more than half the languages of the universe would exhibit traces of such a connexion, in whatever order we might pursue the comparison. Thus we find in a very great number, and perhaps in a majority of known languages, that the sound of the vowel A, with a labial consonant, is employed for the name of Father: and if this be supposed to be something like an onomatopoeia, or an application of the first sounds which an infant naturally utters, the same reason cannot possibly be assigned for the still more general occurrence of the combination N M in the term Name, which is by no means likely to have originated from any natural association of this kind. But neither these points of resemblance, nor any other that can be assigned, are universal, for besides the numberless varieties referable more or less immediately to Abba, Father, we have at least twenty different and independent terms for the same relation in the old world; Tia, Issa, Plar, Hair, Rama, Diar n, Bina, Kettem, Assainalagi, Medua, Thewes, Sünk, Njot, Anathie n, Messee, Indaa, Nu, Nam, Monung, Dengabey, Ray, Tikkob, and Oa; and almost as many for Name, besides those languages in which the version of an abstract term of this kind is less likely to have been ascertained; Ming, Tren, Diant, Sheu, Hessara, She m, Sacheli, Assia, Wasta, Ngala, Taira, Sünna, Kran, Hhili, D ng, Dbai, and Anghara. At the same time therefore that we venerate the traces of our common descent from a single pair, whenever they are still perceptible, we must not expect to find them in all existing languages without exception; and an 'Etymologicon Universale,' considered as intended to establish such a perfect community of derivation, must be regarded as a visionary undertaking. Nor must we neglect to unite, in some common arrangement of classification, those languages which have the words here specified, or any other radical words, in common, as incomparably more

related

related to each other than the Chinese to the Cantabrian, or the Irish to the Hottentot.

The gradations, by which a language is likely to vary in a given time, seem to be in some measure dependent on the degree of cultivation of the language, and of the civilisation of the people employing it. From Homer to the Byzantine historians, the Greek language remained essentially the same for 2000 years: the German has varied but little in 1500; and even the English, notwithstanding its mixture with French and Latin, has altered but three radical words of the Lord's Prayer in the same period. On the other hand a few barbarians in the neighbourhood of Mount Caucasus and of the Caspian sea, of modern origin, and ignorant of the art of writing, are divided into more nations speaking peculiar languages radically different from each other, than the whole of civilised Europe. In such cases little light can be thrown upon history by etymological researches, while with regard to more cultivated nations, we obtain, from the examination of their languages, historical evidence of such a nature, as it is scarcely possible for either accident or design to have falsified.

Without dwelling on the unnecessary hypotheses and the tedious details with which some parts of Professor Adelung's work are filled, and without animadverting very severely on the occasional display of an inflated insipidity of style, which too often assumes, in the writings of the modern Germans, the place of a dignified simplicity, we shall attempt to profit, as far as our limits will permit, by the solid accumulation of knowledge, which usually characterizes the productions of that laborious and accurate nation, among whom our author is well known to have stood in the first rank as a grammarian, a lexicographer, and an etymologist. We must however observe, at the commencement of our remarks, that there is some fallacy in the profession of having collected specimens of 'nearly five hundred languages and dialects,' a number which the publishers have promised to complete in the third volume; since many of them are merely different translations, or even different readings, in the same dialect: there are twelve, for instance, of the Memphitic Coptic only, sixteen of the Upper German, and upon an average scarcely less than two for each language or dialect considered as distinct; so that we must reduce the 362 already published to about 200 languages at the utmost: and if we suppose that there are as many more, of which specimens have not been obtained, and add 100 for the languages of America, we shall have about 500 for the whole number of dialects that have ever been spoken in any part of the globe; and of these somewhat more than 100 appear to constitute languages generically distinct, or exhibiting more diversity than resemblance to each other.

In

In tracing the pedigree of all these languages to their remotest origin, we arrive at Professor Adelung's investigations respecting the probable situation of the Paradise of the Scripture. This he places in Cashmir, between Persia, Tibet, and Indostan, in the most elevated region of the globe; a country remarkable for its soil, its climate, and for other natural advantages, which contributed to render its more modern inhabitants, before their conquest by the Afghans, distinguished for their beauty, their talents, and their luxury; and he considers his opinion as confirmed, by the situation allotted to the Indian Paradise, on the hill Meru, which gives rise to four great rivers, the Indus, the Ganges, the Burrampooter, and a great river of Tibet. According to this supposition, Tibet, on the east of Cashmir, must have been the habitation of Adam immediately after his fall, and the country occupied by the descendants of Cain. In Tibet, and in the countries immediately beyond it, the languages of 150 millions of people are still principally monosyllabic, and from this peculiarity, as well as from the singular simplicity of their structure, they are supposed to constitute the most ancient class of existing languages, though it must be confessed that much of our author's reasoning on this subject is extremely inconclusive. There is however a much more marked distinction between these and all other languages, that their essence consists, as we have already explained very fully on a former occasion, (Vol. V. No. X. p. 372) not in sounds, but in characters, which, instead of depicting sounds, are the immediate symbols of the objects or ideas, and are even imperfectly represented by the sounds, whatever difference of accent or tone may be exhibited by the most refined speaker. It is true that we have particular instances of a similar nature in our own language, as in the words Bear, Bare; Beer, Bier, Bere; Son, Sun: but these are rather to be considered as accidental exceptions, than as fair examples of the usual character of the language.

Another ancient and extensive class of languages, united by a greater number of resemblances than can well be altogether accidental, may be denominated the Indoeuropean, comprehending the Indian, the West Asiatic, and almost all the European languages. If we chose to assign a geographical situation to the common parent of this class, we should place it to the south and west of the supposed origin of the human race; leaving the north for our third class, which we can only define as including all the Asiatic and European languages not belonging to the two former; which may be called Atactic, or, perhaps, without much impropriety, Tataric; and which may be subdivided into five orders, Sporadic, Caucasian, Tartarian, Siberian, and Insular. The African and American

American languages will constitute a fourth and a fifth class, sufficiently distinct from all the rest, but not intended to be considered as any otherwise united than by their geographical situation. According to this arrangement, we shall exhibit, in the form of tables, first the principal families or genera, and then the species and varieties, accompanied by a specimen of each, in the versions of the words Heaven and Earth, where they can be obtained; these words being chosen, because they seem to be known in a greater number of languages than any other, except the name of Father, which appears to be objectionable, as often exhibiting a similarity rather accidental than essential.

## CLASSES AND FAMILIES OF LANGUAGES.

I. MONOSYLLABIC
- Chinese
- Siamese
- Avanese
- Tibet

II. INDOEUROPEAN
- Sanscrit
- Median
- Arabian
- Greek
- German
- Celtic
- Latin
- Cantabrian
- Sclavic

III. TATARIC

*Sporadic*
- Tshudish
- Hungarian
- Albanian

*Caucasian*
- Armenian
- Georgian
- Abassan
- Circassian
- Ossetish
- Kistic
- Chunsag
- Dido
- Kasi Kumück
- Andi
- Akusha

*Tartarian*
- Turcotartarian
- Mantshuric
- Tungusic
- Sagalien
- Corean

*Siberian*
- Permian
- Wogulic
- Ostiak
- Tsheremissic
- Morduin
- Teptjerai
- Samojedic
- Camashic
- Jukadshiric
- Koriak
- Kamtshatkan

*Insular*
- Eastern Islands
- Japanese
- Formosan
- Philippine
- Savu
- New Guinea
- New Holland, E.
- Van Diemen's
- New Caledonian
- New Zealand
- Easter Island

IV. AFRICAN

V. AMERICAN.

LANGUAGES

LANGUAGES AND DIALECTS.

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The Hottentots have three particular clicking sounds, made by withdrawing the tongue from the teeth, the fore part, and the back part of the palate: they are denoted by t'$^1$, t'$^2$, and t'$^3$, and the first two appear to resemble the sounds sometimes used to express vexation, and to make a horse go on.

Professor Adelung has taken little or no cognisance of the characters commonly employed in writing the different languages, and we agree with him in thinking that it is not in all cases necessary to advert to them, though it would certainly have been of advantage to have paid more attention to them in some. He has reduced the words to the German orthography, except in such languages as are usually written in Roman characters; and we have adopted his mode of spelling, except that we have omitted the superfluous c in the combination SCH. We shall now attempt to follow him cursorily through the historical part of his work.

The *Chinese* is supposed to be one of the oldest languages actually spoken at present, although the proofs of its great antiquity are more presumptive than positive: the strongest of them is perhaps the great simplicity of its structure; which, though sometimes a little inconvenient and aukward from the prolixity that it occasions, appears to be in reality more philosophical than the multifarious complications of many European languages,

which are by no means commensurate, as our author seems for a moment to imagine, to the degree of civilisation of the countries employing them. The examples of the Fins and Biscayans are sufficient to prove this; nor can we think that the structure of the Chinese language can justly be considered as the principal obstacle to the improvement of the people in literature and in arts. How far the monosyllabic languages, which are enumerated as totally distinct from each other, may be represented by, or rather may represent, a common character, Professor Adelung has not enabled us to judge with precision, although he informs us that the Chinese characters are understood by the Cochinchinese, whose language is a dialect of the Tonquinese, which to us appears to be itself intimately connected with the Chinese even in sound, though somewhat less simple in its structure. If, however, two languages had precisely the same written form, but were pronounced in a manner totally different, they might still happen to require translation, at least where foreign terms were introduced, and might so far be properly called distinct. Thus the characters, by which the Chinese would represent the name Christus, or Cardinalis, and which they would read Ki lu su tu su, or Kia ul fi na li su, being differently read by the Cochinchinese, would require to have another set of characters substituted for them, in order to produce combinations equally ingenious and satisfactory. The Chinese are said to have been in the ninth century a race of people resembling the Arabs: their physiognomy was contaminated in the thirteenth and fourteenth by a mixture with their conquerors the Mongols; but their language remained unaltered. The dialects of Cambodia and Laos have, however, received some mixture of Malayan from their neighbours. We must refer those who are desirous of further information on these subjects to a most interesting essay of Dr. Leyden, in the tenth volume of the Asiatic Researches.

The language of *Siam* resembles the Chinese in its simplicity and metaphorical structure, though less decidedly monosyllabic: but this is a distinction on which our author seems to place somewhat too much reliance: in the early ages, when all languages were written without division into words, such a distinction must have been still less marked than it now appears to be.

The *Avanese*, or Burmanish, has borrowed some polysyllabic words from the Bali, or old Sanscrit. The Peguan can scarcely be said to differ from it even as a dialect.

The language of *Tibet* has some words in common with the Chinese, but is less simple. It is at least as ancient as the religion of the country, which is coeval with Christianity.

The Indoeuropean languages we have referred to a single class, because every one of them has too great a number of coincidences with

with some of the others, to be considered as merely accidental, and many of them in terms relating to objects of such a nature, that they must necessarily have been rather original than adoptive. The *Sanscrit*, which is confessedly the parent language of India, may easily be shown to be intimately connected with the Greek, the Latin, and the German, although it is a great exaggeration to assert any thing like its identity with either of these languages. Thus we find, within the compass of the Lord's Prayer, Pida, Pitir among the Sanscrit terms for Father, Gr. Pater; Nama or Namadheya for Name, Gr. Onoma, Onomata; Radshiam, kingdom, Lat. Regnum, from Rego; Manasam, will, like the Gr. Menüo and the Lat. Mens; Stira, Earth, Gr. Era, Lat. Terra; and Danim, Dewanagara Dia, Day, Lat. Dies. There are also some singular resemblances of declension and conjugation between the Sanscrit and the Greek, as Dodami, Dodasti, Dodati, in old Greek Didomi, Didosi, Didoti. In a tablet dated 23 B. C. we find Kritico for a judge, Gr. Krites, Kriticos. A copious enumeration of such points of coincidence our author has exhibited in the form of an alphabetical table. Sir William Jones and many others have attributed to some of the works, which are still extant in Sanscrit, an antiquity of four or five thousand years, but Adelung denies the validity of any of the arguments which have been adduced in favour of a date at all approaching to this. The Sanscrit, even in its earliest state, can scarcely have been altogether uniform throughout all the countries in which it was spoken, and it has degenerated by degrees into a great diversity of modern dialects. Beyond the Ganges, it is called Bali: in Siam, it is still the language of elegant literature; and it is often employed throughout India, with some difference of construction, under the name of Dewanagara.

The dialects, derived from the Sanscrit, and spoken in different parts of the continent of India, and some of the islands, have a very decided resemblance to the original, but many of them have been distinguished by the publication of separate grammars and dictionaries, and they certainly differ as much from each other as Spanish and Portuguese. The Moors, or Moorish, sometimes called Mongol Indostanish, consists, like most of the rest, of Sanscrit, mixed with Persian and Arabic. The language of Multan has about one tenth of Persian: in that of Malabar there are in existence two copper tablets of the eighth or ninth century. The Maleiam is spoken about Cochin in Travancore: the Tamul in the Carnatic, from Cape Comorin to Paleacate: the Telug or Warug about Cuddalore and Madras: the Cingalese, which is a mixture of several of the continental dialects, in great part of Ceylon; the proper names in this island mentioned by Ptolemy are derived from the Sanscrit. The Gipsies were certainly expelled from some part of India by the cruelties

cruelties of Timur Leng about 1400, and probably they were part of the Zingans, in the neighbourhood of Multan, on the Indus, their language having a great number of coincidences with that of Multan: they have also adopted many European, and especially Sclavonian words. When they first appeared in Europe they amounted to about half a million; at present they are less numerous.

The connexion of the *Median* family with the Sanscrit on one side, and with the Greek and German on the other, is sufficiently proved by the words Abitap, Zend. Sun, Sansc. Abitaba; Dar, Ter, Pers. Door, Sanscr. Dura, Tuwara, Gr. Thüra, Germ. Thür, Thor; Dip, Pers. land, or island, Sanscr. Dihp; Dochtar, Pers. Daughter, Gr. Thügater, Germ. Tochter; Jaré, Zend. Year, Sanscr. Jahran, Germ. Jahr; and Ishk, Zend. love, Sanscr. Itsha. According to Dr. Leyden these languages are evidently derivatives of the Sanscrit. In ancient Media, Zendish was the language of the northern, and Pehlvi, or Parthian, of the southern parts: but the Zendish was more appropriated to religious purposes, and the Pehlvi had in a great measure superseded it for common use at a very early period; under the Sassanides again, from the third to the seventh century, the use of the Pehlvi was discouraged, and the Parsi, or old Persian, substituted for it. The Zendavesta of Zoroaster, which is still extant in Zendish, is supposed to have been written 520 years B. C. and Adelung follows Anquetil in asserting its authenticity, against the opinion of Jones and Richardson. The Georgian and Armenian languages, which are now spoken in the same countries, have very little resemblance to the Zendish. The Pehlvi seems to be intermediate between Zendish and Parsi; it has some affinity to the Chaldee, but is not a dialect of it: some say that it is still spoken in the remote parts of the country, about Shirwan. The Parsi is dated from the time of the Sassanides, and was current among the Persians when they were conquered by the Arabs in the seventh century: it is the language of the Shah Nameh of Firdusi, written in the tenth century, and of the Ayeen Akbery, in 1600. The modern Persian became a cultivated language about the year 1000, having received a considerable mixture of Arabic and Turkish.

The Goths are said to have inhabited for some centuries the countries about the Black Sea, and may originally have bordered on Persia: from this circumstance, and probably also from the effects of a later irruption of the Goths into Persia, which is recorded in history, it happens that many Persian words are also found in German. Professor Adelung has examined more than two hundred cases of such resemblances, and has found only one sixth part of them in Anquetil's dictionaries of the more ancient dialects. We need not remind our readers of the ingenious essay lately

lately published by a countryman of our own on the similarity the Persian and English languages.

The Kurds speak a corrupt Persian: they are probably derived from the Carduchi of the Greeks, on the Gordiaean hills. They spread into Persia about the year 1000, and are now situated on the borders of the Persian and Turkish dominions. The language of the Afghans, about Candahar, is so mixed, that it is difficult to say whether it is most immediately derived from the Persian or the Sanscrit: about one fourth of the words are Persian, and among the rest there are some Tartarian, as well as Sanscrit. The people are said to have come from the north about 2000 years ago.

The *Arabian* family is called by our author Semitic, from Shem the son of Noah, as having been principally spoken by his descendants. Though not intimately connected with the European languages, it is well known to have afforded some few words to the Greek and Latin: and it has also some terms in common with the Sanscrit, though apparently fewer than either the Greek or the German. Thus we have Bar, Chald. city, Sanscr. Bara, Buri, Germ. Burg; Ben, Hebr. son, Sanscr. Bun, child; Esh, Hebr. Eshta, Chald. fire, Sanscr. Aster; and Ish, Hebr. man, Sanscr. Isha, man or lord.

The northern nations of this family have sometimes been comprehended under the name Aramaic, in contradistinction to the middle, or Canaanitish, and the southern, or Arabic. The eastern Aramaic, or old Chaldee, is very little known: it was the language of a people situated in the north of Mesopotamia, which is now the south of Armenia: a part of them extended themselves further to the south, and became Babylonians; of whose dialect some traces are said still to exist about Mosul and Diarbeker. The old Assyrians, between the Tigris and Media, were a colony of the Babylonians, and spoke a language unintelligible to the Jews. (2 Kings, 18.) The western Aramaic has become known since the Christian era as the Syriac, in which there is an ancient and valuable translation of the New Testament. It is still spoken about Edessa and Harran. The Palmyrene was one of its dialects.

The language of the Canaanites is said by St. Jerom to have been intermediate between the Hebrew and the Egyptian: the people are supposed to have come originally from the Persian gulf; the Philistines, who are found among them, to have emigrated from the Delta to Cyprus, to have been thence expelled by the Phenicians, and to have adopted the language of the Canaanites, among whom they settled. The book of Job is considered as affording some idea of the dialect of Edom, as it contains many Arabisms, and other peculiarities. The Phenician is only known from a few coins and inscriptions found in Cyprus and in Malta: of its

its descendant the Punic or Carthaginian a specimen is preserved in the speech of Hanno in Plautus, as happily arranged by Bochart: our author is indeed disposed to doubt if this speech has any meaning at all; but his objection respecting the want of a proper name seems to have arisen from a mistake. The last six lines of the text are probably either a repetition of the same speech in the old Lybian, or a jargon intended to imitate it.

The Hebrews originated among the Chaldeans; Terah, the father of Abraham, having been a native of Ur, or Edessa, beyond the Euphrates; they adopted the language of the Canaanites, among whom they led a nomadic life, till their residence in Egypt, which must probably have had some effect in modifying their language. It appears however to have varied but little afterwards in a period of 1000 years, from Moses to Malachi: and this circumstance Adelung considers as so uncommon, that he is disposed to believe that the writings of Moses must have been modernised at least as late as the time of Samuel. The old Hebrew became extinct as a living language about 500 B. C.; 1000 years afterwards the Masoretic points were added to assist in its pronunciation, and this was done in some measure upon the model of the Syrochaldaic, which at that time was still spoken. The Chaldee had superseded the Hebrew at the time of the captivity, and was gradually converted into the Syrochaldaic, which is called Hebrew in the New Testament. The Targums and the Talmud of Babylon are in the older Chaldee, and a translation of the New Testament has been discovered in the Syrochaldaic.

The Rabbinic dialect was principally formed in the middle ages, among the Spanish Jews, who were chiefly descended from the inhabitants of Jerusalem; while those of Germany and Poland were generally Galileans, and spoke a ruder dialect of the Hebrew.

The Samaritan somewhat resembles the Chaldee; it was formed among the Phenicians and others who occupied the habitations of the ten tribes, when they were carried into captivity by Salmanassar and Esarhaddon. Our author has neglected to insert any specimen of this language, although he was well aware of the existence of the Samaritan version of the Pentateuch.

The Arabians have been a distinct, and in great measure an independent nation for more than 3000 years. Some of them were descended from Shem; others, as the Cushites, Canaanites, and Amalekites, from Ham. Their language, as it is found in the Koran, contains some mixture of Indian, Persian, and Abyssinian words: its grammar was little cultivated until a century or two after the time of Mahomet. It is certainly copious, but its copiousness has been ridiculously exaggerated. The best Arabic is spoken by the upper classes in Yemen; in Mecca it is more mixed; in Syria, corrupt.

rupt. There are dialects, which require the assistance of an interpreter, in order to be understood: at the same time it has been maintained by Aryda, a learned Arab of Syria, in contradiction to Niebuhr, that the Arabic of the Koran is still employed in conversation among the best educated of the people, as well as in correct writing. The Arabs living in houses are called Moors: and those of Africa are the best known under this name. The Mapuls, or Mapulets of Malabar and Coromandel are a numerous colony of Arabs, who have been settled there above 1000 years.

The Ethiopians are derived from the Cushite Arabs: in the time of Nimrod they conquered Babylon; before that of Moses they emigrated into Africa, and settled in and about Tigri: in Isaiah's time they seem to have extended to Fez; and at present they occupy Tigri, Amhara, and some neighbouring countries. They became Christians in 325, but retained the initiatory ceremony of the Jews and Mussulmen. The true Ethiopic is called Geez, or Axumitic, in contradistinction to the Amharic, by which it was superseded as the language of common life in Amhara about the fourteenth century, although it still remains in use in some parts of Tigri; while in others, as in Hauasa, a different dialect is spoken. It was first particularly made known in Europe by Ludolf.

The Maltese is immediately derived from the modern Arabic, without any intervention of the Punic. The island, having been successively subject to the Phaeacians, Phenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans and Goths, was subdued by the Arabians in the ninth century; in the eleventh the Normans conquered it, and it remained united with Sicily, until it became in some measure independent under the knights of St. John.

The *Greek* has no very intimate or general connexion with any of the older languages, although there are a number of particular instances of its resemblance to the Sanscrit, some of which have been already mentioned: it has also many German and Celtic words, some Sclavonian, and, as it is said, a few Finnish. It can only have been immediately derived from the language of the neighbouring Thracians and Pelasgians, who seem to have come originally from the middle of Asia through the countries north of the Black Sea, and to have occupied part of Asia minor as well as Greece and Thrace: they appear to have retained their ancient dialect to a late period in Phrygia: thus Plato observes in Cratylus, that the terms denoting fire and water are not derived from any other Greek words, but are Phrygian primitives; and it is barely possible that even the modern Albanian Buk, bread, may be derived from the Phrygian Bekos. The whole of the Thracian states were greatly deranged by the expedition of the Celts in 278 B. C. which terminated in their settling the colony of Galatia. The Dacians,

Dacians, or Getae, who principally occupied Bulgaria, extended themselves further northwards, and afterwards constituted the Roman provinces of Moesia and Dacia, which were conquered by the Goths in the third century. The Macedonians, in the time of Alexander, spoke a language which was unintelligible to the Greeks: even the Pelasgi, in Epirus and Thessaly, long retained a dialect different from that of their neighbours, and in Arcadia still longer. The Hellenes, who emigrated from Asia minor, were not sufficiently numerous to affect the language materially, although it assumed their name. The Graeci in Italy were Pelasgians, whom Dionysius of Halicarnassus includes in the denomination Hellenic: their language must have been Aeolodoric, and in this form the Latin received its mixture of Greek: the Lacedemonians also retained it till a late period, writing, for instance, instead of Pais, Poir, as in Latin Puer. The Aeolic appears once to have extended over Attica, and to have left some Aeolisms in the old Attic dialect. Of this we have an instance in the termination of the third person plural, διδόασιν sometimes being used instead of διδοῦσιν; for which the authority of the Herculanean manuscript published by Sir William Drummond must be admitted as unquestionable; nor can we imagine for a moment that so eminently judicious and candid a critic as the late Mr. Porson, if he had happily survived, would have hesitated to relinquish his opinion on this subject, when he found it combated by evidence so singularly authentic. The Attic dialect was the principal basis of the Common language of Greece at a later period, which must have been the most cultivated under the protection of the court of Alexandria. By degrees it degenerated into the modern Romaic, with a mixture of Turkish and Italian, and perhaps of some other neighbouring languages.

The *German* family is sufficiently connected with a variety of others, belonging to the Indoeuropean class, to be admitted into it upon a very short investigation. Its resemblances to the Greek, within the compass of the Lord's Prayer, besides Father and Name, are Wille, Wollen, Gr. Boule, perhaps Praat, Brot, bread, like Artos, and Freyen or Lösen, like Rhüein and Lüsein. The Germans were known as early as the time of Pytheas, that is 320 B. C. as consisting of the Jutes in Denmark, the Teutones on the coast to the east of them, the Ostiaeans next, and lastly the Cossini, Cotini, or Goths. With respect to language, our author imagines that there must have been almost an original difference between the high and low German, the eastern nations or Suevi employing the former, and the western or Cimbri, the latter: the Suevi he supposes to have been driven at an early period into the south of Germany by the Sclavonians; and some of the Goths appear

appear to have extended as far as the Crimea. The Bible of Ulphila, in the Gothic of 360, is the oldest specimen of the German language: it exhibits a considerable mixture of Sclavonian and Finnish: the translation is slavishly literal.

The modern German, founded on the higher dialect of Saxony, was fixed and made general by Luther. The alternate incroachments and conquests of the Franks, the Alemanni, and the Saxons, are pursued by Professor Adelung with tedious minuteness, and he attempts to trace a multiplicity of shades of dialect and pronunciation in different parts of Germany, which are not of the slightest interest beyond the immediate neighbourhoods to which they relate. He informs us that there are still some German colonies, which retain their language, in the territories of Vicenza and Verona; that the German Jews have a peculiar jargon, borrowed from the Polish Jews, which they write in the Hebrew characters; and that another similar mixture of dialects is spoken by the Rothwelsh, a vagabond people in the south of Germany, who have sometimes been confounded with the Gipsies.

The Low Saxon, or Platt Deutsch, is spoken about Halberstadt, and further north, in the countries between the Elbe and the Weser; it seems to be intimately connected with the Frieslandish and Danish, as well as with the English. The Frieslanders originally extended from the Rhine to the Ems, and the Cauchi thence to the Elbe: they retain a dialect materially varying from those of their neighbours. The Brokmic laws of the thirteenth century do not appear precisely to resemble the German of the same date: thus we find in them Redieva, a judge, or Reeve, instead of Richter; Kenne, kin; Sida, side, as in Swedish, for Seite. The Batavian Frieslandish approaches much to the English; there are several sub-dialects, as those of Molkwer, and Hindelop. Some of the Cauchish Frieslanders remain in the territory of Bremen: the North Frieslanders occupy Heligoland, Husum, and Amröm.

The Dutch language is a mixture of Frieslandish, Low Saxon, and German, with a little French: it appears from Kolyn's Chronicle to have been distinctly formed as early as 1156.

The Scandinavian branch of the Germanic family is characterized by the want of gutturals and aspirates, which renders its pronunciation softer and less harsh; and by some peculiarities of construction, for instance by the place of the article, which follows its noun, both in Danish and Swedish, instead of preceding it, as in most other languages. The name of Denmark is first found in the ninth century: until the sixth the people were called Jutes. Norway in the ninth century was termed Nordmanland. A corrupt Norwegian is still, or was lately, spoken in some of the Orkneys,

Orkneys, which were long subject to Norway and Denmark. In the eastern parts of Iceland the language is much like the Norwegian; but on the coast it is mixed with Danish: the oldest specimen of Icelandic is the Jus Ecclesiasticum of 1123. The term Runic relates to the rectilinear characters cut in wood, which were sometimes used by the Scandinavian nations. The Swedes are derived from a mixture of Scandinavians with Goths from upper Germany; but their language does not exhibit any dialectic differences corresponding to a difference of extraction.

The Saxons are mentioned by Ptolemy as a small nation in Holstein; whence, in conjunction with the Frieslanders, and the Angles of South Jutland, they conquered England about the year 450. The Saxons settled principally south of the Thames, the Angles north. At the union of the Heptarchy, the Saxon dialect prevailed, and the Anglish, which nearly resembled the Danish of that time, was less in use: but new swarms of Danes having inundated the north of England in 787, the Danish dialect was introduced by Canute and his followers; and it is in this period that our earliest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon are dated. The Saxon dialect again obtained the ascendancy under Edward the Confessor; and although some French was introduced by this prince, and still more by William the Conqueror, into the higher circles of society, the courts of law, and the schools, the use of the French language never became general among the lower classes, and the Saxon recovered much of its currency in the thirteenth century, when the cities and corporate towns rose into importance under Edward the first; in the fourteenth century it was permanently established, with the modifications which it had received from the French; and it may be considered as truly English from this period, or even somewhat earlier, at least if Pope Adrian's rhymes are the genuine production of 1156. It is still more German than French; in the Lord's Prayer there are only three words of Latin origin, Trespass, Temptation, and Deliver. Professor Adelung's remarks, on the simplicity of the English language, are much more judicious than the generality of his observations, on the imaginary perfection, derived from a complicated structure, in other instances.

'The language,' he observes, p. 319, 'only received its final cultivation at the time of the reformation, and of the civil disturbances which followed that event: nor did it acquire its last polish till after the revolution, when the authors, who employed it, elevated it to the high degree of excellence, of which, from its great copiousness, and the remarkable simplicity of its construction, it was peculiarly capable. It is the most simple of all the European languages; the terminations of its substantives being only changed in the genitive and in the plural, and the alterations of the roots of the verbs not exceeding six or seven. This simplicity depends in some measure on a philosophical accuracy, which

which is carried systematically through the whole language, so that the adjectives, participles, and article, are indeclinable, being in their nature destitute of any idea of gender, case, or number; and the form of generic distinction is confined to objects which are naturally entitled to it. The pronunciation, on the other hand, is extremely intricate, and foreign proper names, in particular, are much mutilated whenever they are adopted by the English.'

The *Celtic* family is a very extensive and very interesting subdivision of the Indoeuropean class. Our author observes that 'the six original European languages, the Iberian, Celtic, Germanic, Thracian, Sclavonian, and Finnish, were just as distinct at the beginning of their history as they now are:' but this assertion seems to require some little modification; for although it may be very proper to consider the Celtic and Germanic as families clearly distinct, with respect to any period with which we are historically acquainted, it does still appear, upon a comparison of the Gothic of Ulphila with the more modern languages, that the Germanic of that day did approach somewhat more nearly to the Celtic than any of its modern descendants now do. Thus the Atta and Himina of Ulphila, seem to have more resemblance to the Irish At'air and Neanih, than the modern Vater and Himmel; and Vair, for the Cimbric Fear, a man, is not found at present in German, though its traces may still be observed in the Firio barno of the Franks in 1020. It would undoubtedly be possible to produce a multitude of similar instances from others of the languages in question, but the evidence appears to be the strongest with respect to these two: and although we are far from wishing to revive the exploded doctrine of the identity of the old Celtic and Germanic, yet we cannot help thinking that they are much more intimately connected than our author is willing to allow. The resemblances of the Celtic to the Latin are too numerous to require particular notice, the immediate and extensive connexion between these languages being universally admitted; but if any evidence were desired on this subject, it might be obtained in abundance by a reference to Court de Gebelin's Monde primitif. With respect to the Greek, the terms Hael, sun, Dur, water, Deru, oak, Garan, crane, Crunn, ice, are among the Celtic words of the most indisputable originality, and their resemblance to Helios, Hüdor, Drüs, Geranos, and Krüoen is undeniable; we find also in Cimbric Bas, low, connected with Bathüs, Bara, bread, perhaps with Bora, food, Deyrnas, kingdom, with Türannis, Dyro, give, with Doreue, and Gogoriant, glory, perhaps with Gauriaon, exulting. With the German it is easy to find a number of very near approaches to identity, even in the Celtic which can be proved to be prior to the date of any known or supposed

mixture, as in Ap, Affe, Ape; Barra, Barre; Bleun, Blume; Bolgan, Balge; Brig, Berg; Brogil, Brühl; Carra, Karre; Doga, Teich; Galb, Kalb; Garan, Kranich; Gnabat, Knabe; Lancea, Lanze; Marc, Mähre; Marga, Märgel; Redya, Reiten; Rit or Rat, Rad; and Ur, Auer; terms employed either accurately or very nearly in the same significations; nor is it possible that so numerous a series of coincidences can in either case be supposed to be wholly accidental.

The Celts may be imagined to have emigrated from Asia after the Iberians or Cantabrians, and before the Thracians or Pelasgians, settling principally in Gaul, and spreading partly into Italy under the name of Ausonians and Umbrians. In 570 B. C. they undertook expeditions of conquest, but they were subdued by the Romans. Their language was current in Gaul till the sixth or seventh century, when it was superseded by the rustic Roman, which by degrees became French: in Ireland and Scotland it has been preserved in tolerable purity; in Wales and Britanny it has been more mixed. Britain must have been peopled from Gaul at least 500 years B. C. The true ancient Britons are the Highlanders of Scotland, having been driven northwards by the Cimbri, and still calling their language Gaelic: the Irish are probably derived from these Highlanders; they were originally called Scots or Scuits, that is, fugitives, from the circumstance of their expulsion; so that what is said of the Scots before the tenth century, for instance by Porphyry in the third, must be understood of the Irish. Gildas, in 564, sometimes calls them Scotch and sometimes Irish. After the retreat of the Romans from Britain, a part of them re-entered Scotland, about the year 503, and changed its name from Caledonia to Scotia minor. In 432, St. Patrick laid the foundation of the civilisation of Ireland, and in the *seventh* century, several Irish priests undertook missions to the continent. At the beginning of *this* century, some Scandinavian freebooters had visited Ireland, and in 835 they formed large colonies, which were firmly established in this country and in the Scottish Islands, bringing with them many Gothic words which became afterwards mixed with the Celtic, and which seem to constitute one fifth part of the modern Irish and Gaelic, 140 such being found under the first six letters of the alphabet only. Some of these Normans remained distinct from the Irish till the year 1102. The oldest authentic specimens of the Irish language are of the ninth century. The Gaelic of the Isle of Man is mixed with Norwegian, English, and Welsh. A Gaelic colony at Walden in Essex, has been placed by Chamberlayne in Italy, as Waldensic.

The Cimbric or Celtogermanic language was remarked by Cæsar as differing from the Gallic, although the distinction has not

not always been sufficiently observed. The Cimbrians seem to have existed as a nation 5 or 600 years B. C.; the Gauls called them Belgae; they invaded Britain a little before Cæsar's time, and drove the ancient inhabitants into the Highlands and into Ireland. Having called the Saxons to their assistance against the Scots and Picts in the fifth century, they were driven by their new allies into Wales, Cornwall, and Britanny. Their language is remarkable for the frequent changes of the initial letters of its radical words in the formation of cases and numbers; thus from Den, a man, in Britannish, is derived the plural Tud; from Vreg, a woman, Groages. Almost half of the Welsh language is German, and of the remainder perhaps as much Latin as Celtic: of the Britannish, about half is Latin or French. It seems to be uncertain whether the Armoricans were originally Belgae or Gauls; but their country was named Britannia minor from the emigration of British in 449, who are mentioned as speaking the same language with them, and who mixed with them, and in a few years became so numerous as to be able to send an army of 12,000 men to the assistance of the emperor Anthemius.

It appears from the account which has been given of the different branches of the Celtic, that they contain from one-fifth to a half of pure German: a mixture which Professor Adelung considers as secondary, and accidental. It seems to us, however, to be very questionable whether the coincidences are not too uniformly found in the same words, to be attributable to adoptions so remote in time and place, as must be admitted upon this supposition, especially when we recollect how little historical evidence there is of any influence whatever of Scandinavian incursions on the main land of Scotland (II. 98): and where it happens that no term is to be found in Irish, in Gaelic, or in Welsh, that differs from the word employed in German, we cannot help being inclined to believe that the original Celtic word must, in such cases, have been the same with the German. We have, for instance, Ap, Apa, Ir. Ap, W. Affe, Ape, German; Abal, Afal, Apfel; Angar, Aneang, Enge; Bacail, Bach, Backen; Barrad, Barr, Barre; Beoir, Bir, Bier; Biail, Bwiall, Beil; Bocan, Bwch, Bock; Brathair, Brawd, Bruder; Bul, Bwla, Bulle; and perhaps many other similar coincidences might be found, even without going further in the alphabet.

An Essay on the poems of Ossian, first published in the German Mercury for 1806, forms a very interesting appendix to the history of the Celtic languages. Professor Adelung takes up the question where it was left by the Highland Society, in their Report published in 1805; and allowing, with them, that some manuscripts of poems attributed to Ossian are in existence, and that some of these poems are very beautiful in the original, although none of

them agree exactly with Macpherson's translation, he proceeds to inquire into the only question of the least interest to an antiquarian or a literary historian, whether any of these poems are the productions of the third century, or of a period at all approaching to it: and this question he very satisfactorily decides in the negative.

It is quite certain that Gaelic manuscripts were in existence as early as the beginning of the 16th century; Malcolm, Fordun, and Elphinston searched in vain for any of the 14th or 15th; but some of the 15th appear to have been since found. Irish manuscripts of the 9th century, as our author elsewhere observes, exist in different parts of the continent. Mr. Mackenzie attempts to show, that a manuscript, which bears the signature of a certain Fitfit, must have been written as early as the eighth, because the writer dates it from the monastery of his Papa or Pope, a term supposed to have been disused, in this sense, after the recognition of the Pope in Ireland in the 8th century: but this argument is only so far conclusive, as we suppose the scribe to have been incapable of being influenced by servility or caprice. If, however, the poems attributed to Ossian were really ancient, their language could not but be antiquated: there is an Irish Leavre Lecan, at Paris, written in the 13th century, and scarcely intelligible to an Irish scholar of the present day; the oldest Gaelic manuscripts have also peculiar expressions no longer in use; while the works, supposed to be the productions of a period so much more remote, are found to be in excellent modern Gaelic, impressed with all the marks of the language of Christianity, and of that of the Norwegian invaders, whether these conquerors may be supposed to have influenced the Gaelic language immediately in Scotland, or by the intervention of Ireland.

'The Celts' (II. 131) 'were a wild and barbarous people, especially in the parts most remote from the continent (Mela). The Irish, according to Strabo, were cannibals; and St. Jerom, who lived in the 4th century, assures us that he had seen in his youth the Attacotti, a Caledonian race in Gaul, devour the softest parts of the body as great delicacies. That there were bears in the north of Scotland, we find from Martial; Nuda Caledonio sic pectora praebuit urso. The Caledonians had light and reddish hair, which induced Tacitus to consider them as Germans. They went completely naked, and tattooed and painted their bodies later than any of their neighbours. They wore rings on their arms, and round their bodies (Dio, Herodian). A plurality of wives and husbands was allowed in the interior of Britain, consequently also in Scotland (Caesar); so that the children were considered as belonging to the whole clan; and this custom was retained longer in Scotland than in England (Dio). They were ignorant of corn, and lived on barks, roots, and game. They had neither helmets nor coats of mail: their arms were a dart, a small shield, and a broad sword (Herodian, Dio,

Dio, Tacitus). They fought in chariots, Esseda (Dio). Their vessels, Curruca, were of wicker work, or of light wood, and covered with hides; they had a single small mast, and were calculated for rowing as well as for sailing (Journ. des Sav. 1764).

'The Caledonians of Macpherson's Ossian, on the other hand, who is supposed to have lived about the middle of the period of the Roman power in Britain, were nothing less than predatory barbarians; they were perfect heroes, models of generous deliverers of the oppressed, and much more liberal, modest, and goodnatured than the personages introduced by Homer. They scorned to attack their enemies in their sleep, and were inspired by sentiments of the most sublime courage: two or three of them were in the habit of encountering whole armies, and they were always ready to meet death, provided that it were on the bed of honour: while other uncultivated nations, and even the Highlanders themselves, at a later period, are known to carry on war only by surprise, to make a great show of courage, but to betake themselves to flight where they find resistance. The Caledonians hunted wild boars, stags, and roebucks, but no bears, which must therefore have been exterminated long before the time of Ossian. Black hair and blue eyes were admired, red hair disliked; of tattooing and painting their skins we have no traces; rosy cheeks, white arms, and white bosoms continually occur, even in speaking of men. They had clothes, beds, and splendid robes: they dwelt in castles, towns, and palaces with pinnacles and towers, and roofs of a hundred oaks of the mountains; they ate in spacious halls, illuminated with wax lights; and they drank out of shells. Chimnies too were in use among them, though these are known to be the invention of much later times. They had helmets of steel and polished armour: their swords were pointed, and they often used them for thrusting. Instead of darts they had long spears, they carried daggers, and fought with bows and arrows: they had no chariots for fighting; their king only displayed a splendid equipage. Fingal's carriage hung on leathern braces, like a Parisian phaeton; the sides were of polished ivory, the bits of brilliant steel, the reins adorned with gems. Of love they had the most refined and the noblest sentiments: marriage was universally introduced, and each had a single wife, whom he most tenderly loved. The ships and fleets were splendidly fitted out with lofty masts, like those of the 18th century. We have no traces of Druids, or of any peculiar religion, but the general notions of ghosts and departed souls, which certainly have afforded materials for the most beautiful images and comparisons; these, however, are mixed with imitations of Homeric and even of scriptural beauties. In short the Caledonians of Macpherson are not comparable even to the Highlanders of the middle and later ages; but they are some of the most accomplished knights of the 16th century, from the richest and most flourishing states of Europe.

'In fact the poet Ossian seems to be an imaginary personage, created by Macpherson, on the slight foundation of the existence of a warrior Oisin, the son of Fion, who is mentioned in some Irish poems. He has endeavoured to assign a date to this Ossian from the miscellaneous

pieces which he has chosen to attribute to him; in the poem Comala, Fingal fights with Caracul, the son of the ruler of the world; and in the war with Caros, Oscar, Ossian's son, is engaged: these are supposed to be Aurelius Antonius Caracalla, the son of the Emperor Severus, who made war against the Caledonians in 211, and Carausius, who elevated himself to the imperial dignity in 287, and went into Britain, where he restored the wall of Agricola. But there is no difficulty in supposing a poet of any age to have had a general idea of these facts, and to have interwoven with them the history of Ossian and his family, as well as many other fictitious embellishments. Upon equally valid grounds we might demonstrate that Ossian lived in the ninth and in the fifth century. In Fingal king Swaran invades Ireland from Lochlin, that is, Denmark or Norway; and in the poems discovered by Dr. Young, (Ir. Trans.) Ossian disputes with St. Patrick respecting the truth of the Christian religion. Now Patrick came to Ireland in the year 435; and the irruptions of the Normans into Ireland began, according to historical evidence, in the end of the *eighth* century. If, therefore, all these poems are to be literally credited, it follows that Ossian and Fingal, who are so materially concerned in all of them, must have lived to be about 600 years old.'

The *Latin* language is placed at the head of a family, rather with regard to its numerous descendants, than to its origin, being too evidently derived from the Celtic mixed with Greek, to require particular comparison. Its character as a derivative language may be observed in the adoption of insulated terms, independently of the simpler words from which they are deduced: thus we have Ventus, wind, without any Latin etymology; in the German, on the contrary, we have Wehe, blow, whence Wehend, and Wind; in Cimbric Gwynt or Vent.

The first inhabitants of Italy appear to have been Illyrians or Thracians, Cantabrians, Celts, Pelasgians, and Etrurians. The Etrurians and Umbrians were originally a branch of the Celts from Rhoetia, as is shewn by the similarity of the names of places, as well as by the remains of Etruscan art found in that part of the Tyrol: they are supposed to have entered Italy through Trent about the year 1000 B. C. and to have afterwards improved their taste and workmanship under the auspices of Demaratus of Corinth, who settled in Etruria in 660 B. C.: but on the subject of the Etrurians we are to expect further information in an appendix. Rome, from its situation, would naturally receive much of the languages of these various nations, and much of the Greek from the colonies in the south of Italy. In the time of Cicero, the Salian songs, supposed to be about 500 years old, were no longer intelligible even to those who sang them. We find in an inscription perhaps still more ancient, and approaching to the time of Romulus, Lases for Lares, and for Flores, Pleores, which is somewhat

what nearer to the Celtic Bleun: in the time of Numa, for Hominem liberum, we have Hemonem loebesom: we find also a D added to the oblique cases, as Capited, for Capite, which, as well as the termination AI in the genitive, aulai, pennai, is taken immediately from the Celtic, and is even found in the modern Gaelic.

The Latin remained but a few centuries in perfection; in the middle ages, a number of barbarous words were added to it, principally of Celtic origin, which are found in the glossaries of Dufresne and Charpentier. At the end of the 7th century it began to acquire the character of Italian, as, Campo divisum est; and in the 8th century, in Spain, we find Vendant sine pecho, de nostras terras. The formation of the Italian language may be said to have been completed by Dante in the beginning of the 14th century; and it was still further polished by the classical authors who immediately succeeded him. It contains many German words, derived from the different nations who occupied in succession the northern parts of Italy, and some Arabic, Norman, and Spanish, left by occasional visitors in the south. It is spoken by the common people in very different degrees of purity. Among the northern dialects, that of Friuli is mixed with French, and with some Sclavonian. The Sicilians, having been conquered in succession by the Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Normans, Germans, French, and Spaniards, have retained something of the language of each. Sardinia has given shelter to Iberians, Libyans, Tyrrhenes, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, Goths, Lombards, Franks, Arabs, Pisans and Arragonians: and the proper Sardinian language is a mixture of Latin with Greek, French, German, and Castilian. Corsica has also been occupied by a similar diversity of nations; its peculiar idiom is little known; but the dialect of the upper classes is said to approach nearly to the Tuscan.

Spain, after its complete subjugation by the Romans, enjoyed some centuries of tranquillity. The Vandals and Alans prevailed but for a short time: the Suevi on the north coast somewhat longer: and from these nations the rustic Roman, which had become general in Spain, received some German words; it derived however much more from the Arabic, during the domination of the Moors, which lasted from the beginning of the 8th century to the end of the 15th; and at one time during this period the Arabic was almost universally employed, except in the churches. The Spanish language advanced the most rapidly towards perfection during the height of the national prosperity which immediately followed the conquest of America: it was afterwards neglected, and again more particularly cultivated by the academy of Madrid in the 18th century.

The Portuguese is supposed to have received a mixture of French from the followers of Count Henry of Burgundy, under whom Portugal first formed a separate state in 1109: but the language is very different from that of the confines of France and Spain; and the nasal vowels of the Portuguese are not precisely the same with those of the French. Many Latin words are retained in the Portuguese, which are not found in any other modern language: the words are generally contracted by the omission of some of the radical letters of the originals.

The Rhoetians, in the country of the Grisons, were subdued by the Romans in the time of Augustus. They became part of the Alemannish kingdom, under Theodobert, in 539: their union with Swisserland took place in the beginning of the 14th century. Half of the Grisons speak the Romanish language, immediately derived from the rustic Roman, with some German; which has been particularly made known by Mr. Planta's account of it in the Philosophical Transactions: one third speak German, mixed with some Romanish words; and the rest a bad Italian.

France, in the time of the Romans, was occupied by the Gauls, together with the Aquitanians, who were probably Cantabrians, and the Cimbrians or Belgians. From the rustic Roman, mixed with the languages of these nations, the Romance was gradually formed. In the 5th century the Franks took possession of the north-eastern part of the country: they retained their language for some centuries, but by degrees it became mixed with the Romance and formed French, one-fifth of which at least is of German origin: and yet Menage ventured to write on French etymology without understanding any German. Our author however is not very happy in some of the instances of such derivations which he adduces; and it is remarkable that a great number of the German words found in French appear to have passed through the medium of the Italian. In the south of France the language remained more exempt from the influence of the German, under the name of the Provençal; and the troubadours contributed, especially from the 11th to the 13th century, to give it refinement and currency: but in later times the langue d'oui has prevailed over the langue d'oc, which is spoken by a few of the lowest class only.

The last and least genuine of the descendants of the Latin is the Wallachian, about one-half of which is German, Sclavonian, and Turkish. The original Thracians of the country must have been in great measure superseded by the successive settlements of various nations: in the third century some of the Goths and Vandals, in the 4th the Jazyges, after Attila's death in the 5th some Huns and Alans, about the end of the 7th the Bulgarians, and afterwards the Petschenegers and Hungarians established themselves in it:

and

and in the 13th century Wallachia became an independent state. The Latin part of this language has much of the Italian form, and had even assumed it as early as the 5th century: it must have been derived from Roman colonies, and more lately perhaps from the missionaries sent into the country by Pope Gregory XI. The Dacian or Hungarian dialect prevails on the north of the Danube, the Thracian or Cutzowallachian on the south: the latter is more mixed with Greek and Albanian. There is also a small Wallachian colony in Transylvania.

The *Cantabrian* or Biscayan has many words in common with the Latin, whether originally or by adoption, and was probably in some measure connected with the Celtic dialects, which were the immediate predecessors of the Latin, though still much more distinct from them than the Latin itself. The Cantabrian Aita, father, has some resemblance to the Irish At' air; Seru is not wholly unlike Coelum; Errenjaa, Regnum; and Borondatia, Voluntas: the coincidence of Gun, day, with the Tartarian, is perhaps more accidental. This language is spoken in the angles of France and Spain adjoining to the northern extremity of the Pyrenees: a spot which it is impossible to mention at this period without pride and pleasure. The same people were called Cantabrians in the north, and Iberians in the south, and extended between the Pyrenees and the Rhone as Ligurians, or inhabitants of the coast. They have adopted a few German words, perhaps from the empire of the west Goths: and they have furnished the modern Spanish with more than a hundred original words of their own. The construction of the language is extremely intricate: its verbs have eleven moods, among which are a consuetudinary, a voluntary, a compulsory, and a penitudinary: Larramendi's grammar, published at Salamanca in 1729, is called El impossible vencido.

The connexion of the Sclavonian, and Lithuanian, which we have comprehended in the title of the *Sclavic* family, with the other languages of the Indoeuropean class, is sufficiently established, without exceeding the limits of the Lord's Prayer, by the resemblance of Nebi or Nebesi to the Cimbric Nefoedd and the Greek Nephos, and of Wolja and Chljeb to the Gothic Wilja and Hlaif. The Sclavonians are the descendants of the ancient Sarmatians, who were situated north of the Black Sea and of the Danube: they were conquered by the Goths, and then driven by the Tartars and Huns into the north-east of Germany, and the neighbouring countries. Procopius calls them Spori, and divides them into the Sclavi and the Antes, perhaps the same as the Wends. They formed at an early period two principal states, Great Russia, about Novogorod, and Little Russia on the Dnieper, its capital being Kiew. The Russi were a Scandinavian branch under Rurik, to whom

whom the Sclavonians of the former state submitted in 862, whence they were called Russians; and Rurik's successor Oleg conquered Kiew. After several vicissitudes, the Russians were liberated by Iwan Wasiliewitch at the end of the 15th century; and this period was the beginning of their greatness. Their language has some mixture of Greek, Finnish, Swedish, Tartar, and Mongol. The ecclesiastical dialect was uniformly retained in all literary works in the former part of the last century, but now the language of conversation is generally adopted in writing. This language is more immediately derived from that of Great Russia; that of the church, which is called the Slawenish, rather from Little Russia, and especially from the dialect of Servia.

In 640, the Sclavonians took possession of Illyria, which before that time had been over-run by a variety of other nations, and they still retain it, under the names of Servians, Croatians, and southern Wends. The Servians are supposed to have come from Great Servia, now east Gallicia, on the upper Vistula; the Croatians, from Great Chrobatia, probably on the Carpathian mountains. Cyril first adapted the Greek alphabet to the Sclavonian language in Pannonia: his letters were afterwards a little altered, and attributed to St. Jerom, in order to reconcile the people to their use; and in this form they are termed the Glagolitic characters. The Servian dialect is intermediate between the Russian and the Croatian. The Bulgarians speak a corrupt Sclavonian, which Boscovich, from Ragusa, could scarcely understand. The Uskoks are a wild race of the Bulgarians, extending into Carniolia, and speaking a mixed language. The dialect of Sclavonia and Dalmatia is nearly the same as that of Servia and Bosnia: the churches use the ecclesiastical language of Russia. In Ragusa the orthography approaches in some measure to the Italian. The Servian is also imperfectly spoken by a small colony in Transylvania.

The southern Wends were first distinguished in 630, and were probably so named, like the Veneti, from being settled on the shores of the Adriatic, the word Wend or Wand meaning sea. They are now mixed with Germans in Carniolia, Carinthia, and lower Stiria. In Hungary there is a small colony who call themselves Slowens, and speak the Wendish dialect of the Sclavonian.

The western Sclavonians, or the proper Sclavi, use the Roman characters; but Adelung has altered the orthography of his specimens, in order to accommodate them to the German mode of pronunciation. The Poles probably came with the Russians from the Danube into the countries abandoned by the Goths: the name implies inhabitants of plains. Their language was partly superseded by the Latin in the 10th century, when they received the rites of the Latin church: but it has in later times been more cultivated.

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The Kassubians, in Pomerania, speak a Polish mixed with a little German. In Silesia, the names of places in the plains are Sclavonian; in the hills, more lately occupied, German: but German has been the language of Breslau ever since the year 1300.

The Bohemians emigrated, with the Moravians and Slowaks, into their present habitations, about the middle of the 6th century, after the destruction of the kingdom of Thuringia by the Franks and Saxons. There is a Bohemian hymn of the date 990, and a chronicle in rhyme of 1310. One-third of the Bohemians are of German origin, and speak a corrupt German.

The Serbs or Wends came about the same time into the countries between the Saal and the Oder, from the neighbourhood of the Volga or the Crim: a few of them are still left in Lusatia, under the name of Wends or Sclavonians, and some in Misnia. In Pomerania the Wendish became extinct about 1400; but the Polabes in Lüneburg, on the Leyne, kept up till lately a language consisting of a mixture of Wendish and German.

Of the Lithuanian or Lettish language, two-thirds are Sclavonian, the rest is principally German. When the Goths had removed from the Baltic towards the Black Sea, their neighbours the Aestii remained for some hundred years independent, till in the sixth century the Sclavonians incorporated themselves with them, and formed the Lettish people and language. The old Prussian was spoken at the time of the reformation, in Samland and its neighbourhood, but it is now lost: it contained more German than the other Lithuanian dialects. The Prussian Lithuanian is spoken from the Inster to Memel, especially in Insterburg. The Polish Lithuanian, in Samogitia, has a little mixture of Polish. The proper Lettish is current in Lettland and Courland; it is purest about Mittau and Riga; the old Courlanders having been Fins, this dialect has received a little Finnish from them. The account of the Lithuanian languages concludes with some remarks by Mr. Hennig, which are very ingenious and interesting.

The Tshudish or Finnish, the Hungarian and the Albanian languages have some traits of resemblance to each other: they are placed as forming the Sporadic or Scattered order of the great Tataric or Atactic class, being in some measure geographically detached from the rest; and they stand next to the Indoeuropean, as exhibiting an occasional resemblance to some of the languages contained in it, though not enough to make it certain that the connexion is essential or original: thus the Finnish is said to have some coincidences with the Greek, the Hungarian with the Finnish, and the Albanian with all its neighbours.

The term *Tshudish* is employed as comprehending the Fins, Laplanders, Estbonians, and Livonians; a race of people of unknown

known origin, but certainly having no connexion with the Huns or Mongols. Their languages are remarkable for the great complexity of their structure: their nouns for example having from ten to fifteen cases, among which are reckoned, in the Finnish, a nuncupative, a conditional accusative, a factitive, a mediative, a descriptive, a penetrative, a locative, a privative, and a negative. The Esthonian has less direct variety of termination, but several intricate combinations. There is also a great multiplicity of dialects, partly from a mixture of Scandinavian, and partly from other causes: in Laplaud almost every church has a peculiar version of the service. The Finnish is intermediate between the Laplandish and the Esthonian. The Esthonians are the Aestii of the Romans, the name implying Easterly, and being appropriate to the country, and not to the people. The principal dialects of their language are those of Reval and of Dorpat; it is also probably spoken by the Krewins in Courland. The Livonian is much mixed with other languages, and has been almost superseded by the Lettish.

The *Hungarians* inhabited in the fourth century the country of the Bashkirs, between the Tobol, the Volga, and the Jaik, perhaps as colonists, since their name signifies strangers: their language was spoken in this neighbourhood as late as the thirteenth century: in the sixth they were conquered by some of their Turkish neighbours; in the end of the ninth they were forced by the Petschenegers, a Tartarian nation, to remove nearer to the Carpathian mountains. They were then engaged in the German wars, and their country having been occupied during their absence by the Bulgarians, they took possession of the Bulgarian kingdom on the Theiss, as well as of Pannonia. Their language is somewhat like the Finnish, but the people are very different in appearance; which might indeed be the effect of a difference of climate; but in fact the language appears to be still more like the Sclavonian, with a mixture of a multitude of others; it has some words from various Tartarian dialects, German, French, Latin, Armenian, Hebrew, Persian and Arabic: but it has no traces of the Mongol, nor is it possible that the people can be descendants of the Huns, whose character and cast of features can never be eradicated. The word Coach, so general in Europe, is originally Hungarian, having been derived from the town of Kots, where coaches are said to have been invented. The Szecklers, in Transylvania, speak a language like the Hungarian: it is uncertain whether they are a Hungarian colony, or remains of the Petschenegers: but, however this may be, there is little doubt that the Hungarians are principally of Tartarian extraction, though much mixed with other nations.

The *Albanians* speak a language of which a considerable portion is Greek, Latin, German, Sclavonian or Turkish: but the rest

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seems to be perfectly distinct from any other. They are probably connected with the Albanians between Mount Caucasus and the river Cyrus, who are supposed to be derived from the Alani: some of them seem to have entered Bulgaria as late as 1308. In 1461 many of them fled from the Turks to Italy and Sicily, where they still exist near Reggio and Messina. The Clementines are an Albanian colony who followed the Austrian army in 1737; such of them as escaped from the pursuit of the Turks established themselves in Syrmia.

The languages referred to the Caucasian order have little more in common, than their geographical situation in the immediate neighbourhood of the Caucasian mountains. Except the Armenian and Georgian, they are scarcely ever employed in writing; and principally, perhaps, from this cause, they exhibit as great a diversity in the space of a few square miles, as those of many other nations do in as many thousands. Our information respecting them is principally derived from Güldenstedt, and the vocabulary of Petersburg. The interesting abstract of Mr. Ellis has been translated into French and enlarged (Par. 1797), but the additions relate merely to ancient geography and history. It is only conjectured that most of these nations are derived from the miscellaneous fragments of expeditions of various nations, left behind in their passage through the country at different periods.

The connexion of the *Armenian* with the Sanscrit and the Persian is just enough to make it equally possible, that the coincidences may have been derived from a common parent, or that one language may have simply borrowed detached words from the other. Nothing is known of the history of the Armenian before the time of Miesrob, who translated the Bible into it in 405: the historian Moses of Chorene was his pupil. The language flourished till the year 800, and is still preserved in tolerable purity in the cloisters; the common people speak a dialect more corrupt and mixed.

The *Georgians* are supposed to have derived their name from the river Cyrus or Gur, and to have formerly extended to Colchis, under the denomination of Iberians. Moses of Chorene in the fifth century mentions the Georgian translation of the Bible. The old language is still preserved in the churches, and the common dialect of the country is derived from it, together with the Kartuelish, Imirettish, Mingrelish and Suanetish, which are varieties of that dialect: the Tushetish is mixed with Kistic. The Georgians have thirty-seven letters, and among them a variety of aspirates and sibilants.

The *Abassic* nations seem to be old inhabitants of the Caucasian country: the *Circassians* are situated to the east of them, on the promontory of north Caucasus: the *Ossetes* on the left of the Terek,

Terek, north of the mountains. The *Kistic*, spoken by the Ingushan, and their neighbours, at the head of the Terek, is connected with the Tushetan Georgian. The Lesgians, east of Caucasus, on the Caspian sea, have a number of distinct dialects, or rather languages; thus the *Chunsag*, the *Dido*, the *Kasi Kumück*, the *Andi*, and the *Akusha*, have little or no connection with each other, except that the Dido somewhat resembles the Chunsag, from the which Anzug and the Dshar differ very little. The Kasi Kumück seems to have adopted some words of the Armenian, and the Audi and Akusha of the Georgian. The dialect of Kubesha resembles that of Akusha, and retains no traces of a supposed European origin.

The languages of the central and elevated parts of Asia are comprehended in the order Tartarian: they extend from the Caspian sea to the mouth of the Amur, through countries which have been in former ages the constant scenes of emigration and barbarism. The *Turcotartarians* are supposed to correspond to the scriptural appellation Magog, and to the Scythians of the Greeks. The Turks of Turkestan seem to have been the Massagetae and Choramii of the ancients; their country extended north of Persia and Tibet from the Caspian to the Altaic mountains. In the twelfth century they were brilliant and victorious, at present a few of the people only are left in the neighbourhood of the Mongols, and their language is unknown: the Turcomans scattered in Persia and Arabia, are derived from the same race. The Osmans, now commonly called Turks, separated from Turkestan in 545, and conquered Persia: they were denominated Osmans from one of their leaders in the fourteenth century; their language has been much mixed with Arabic and Persian. This language, with the neighbouring dialects, we have ventured to distinguish by the term Caspian, having already applied the word Tartarian to the whole order; several of these dialects exhibit a mixture of words from the language of the Mongols, which, as well as the Calmuck, has a sufficient connexion with them to be arranged as belonging to the same Turcotartarian family: it would, perhaps, be equally correct to consider some of them rather as distinct languages than as dialects of a single one: but it is not easy to discriminate those which are entitled to this rank. The Bucharians are situated between the Oxus and Iaxartes: they still retain some traces of a superior degree of civilisation, by which they were once distinguished: their language is little known. The Tartars were described by the terms Scythians, Bulgarians, Avari, and other appellations, before they were conquered and united by Genghizkhan the Mongol: in the year 1552, they became subject to the Russians. The most westerly are the Nogaic, or Nagaic, and Crimean Tartars: their language

guage is much like the Turkish, but mixed with some Mongol. Those of Cumania in Hungary have now forgotten their original language, and speak the Hungarian; the last person who understood the Cumanian having died in 1770: they entered Hungary in 1086, and became Christians in 1410. The Tartarian, or rather Caspian, is spoken in great purity at Kasan: a dialect somewhat different in Orenburg; and another by the Kirgishes, who occupy part of the ancient Turkestan. Among the Siberian Tartars, the remains of the kingdom of Turan, some are Mahometans; others, as the Turalinzic villagers, have been made Christians: at least, the Archbishop Philophei performed the ceremony of baptizing them, by ordering his dragoons to drive them in a body into the river: the inhabitants of the banks of the Tara, a branch of the Irtish, are said to be derived from the Bucharians. The Tshulymic Tartars enjoy the same advantage as the Turalinzic, and are considered as Christians by the Russians. The Teleutes, in Sonjor, are heathens, nearly like the Shamanites of India. The Jakuts extend along the Lena to the sea: their language contains some Mantshuric and some Tungusic: that of the Tshuwashes, on the Volga, is said to have been once distinct from the Tartarian, but is at present much mixed with it.

The Mongols are marked by their features as a race very different from the other Tartars: the character of their countenance seems to be easily propagated, and never completely effaced: they appear to have been originally situated about the Altaic mountains. The description of the Huns, found in Ammian, Procopius, and others, agrees exactly with the present Mongols, whom the Chinese still call Hiong nu; and more particularly with the Calmucks: the names of the Huns are also found to be explicable from the Mongol language. In the first century they were driven westwards by the Chinese: under Attila they penetrated into the middle of Europe: and they were little less successful at subsequent periods under Genghizkhan and Timur Leng. When they were expelled from China, after having held it in subjection for more than a century, they carried back no civilisation with them; nor was either of the languages permanently affected by this temporary mixture of the nations, although the physiognomy of the Chinese bears ample testimony of its having once existed. The construction of their language seems to be very indirect and figurative. The Calmuck dialect is somewhat mixed with Tartarian. The Tagurians, or Daurians, between the lake Baikal and the Mongol hills, are said to be of Mantshuric origin: but their language evidently resembles the Calmuck.

The *Mantshurians* are sometimes improperly called eastern Mongols; they are subjects of the empire of China. Their language

guage is rude, and not much like the Chinese, though evidently derived from the monosyllabic class: it has some words in common with the European languages; as Kiri, patient, Kirre, Germ. Cicur, Lat. tame; Furu, Furor; Lapta, rags, Lappen, Germ.; Sengui, Sanguis; Ania, Annus: but these resemblances are scarcely sufficient to justify us in forming any conclusion from them.

The *Tungusians*, in the east of Siberia, subject to the Chinese, speak a peculiar language mixed with some Mongol. Whether that of the island of *Sagalien*, opposite to the mouth of the Amur, is a dialect of the Mantshuric, or a language totally distinct from it, appears to be not sufficiently ascertained. The *Corean* has been supposed to be a mixture of Mantshuric and Chinese; the Coreans do not understand either of those languages when they are spoken, but this fact is perfectly compatible with the supposition.

The languages belonging to the Siberian order occupy the whole of the north of Asia, between the mountainous Tartarian territory and the frozen sea. At the commencement of this order we find a variety of inconsiderable nations in the neighbourhood of the confines of Europe and Asia, which have their distinct languages, probably formed in times comparatively modern, out of the fragments of others. They have almost all of them some Finnish words, but none a sufficient number to justify us in considering them as dialects of the Finnish language, although the people were very probably connected with the Fins, as neighbours, in the middle ages, on the banks of the Dwina and elsewhere. The Sirjänes, in the government of Archangel, speak the same language with the *Permians*, who are partly in the same government, and partly in that of Kasan: the Wotiaks, on the Wiatka, also in Kasan, have a dialect which seems to be intermediate between the Permian and the Tsheremissic. The *Woguls*, situated on the Kama and Irtish, have borrowed much from the language of the *Ostiaks*; they have also some Hungarian words. The *Tsheremisses*, on the Volga in Kasan, have a little mixture of Turcotartarian. The *Morduins*, on the Oka and Volga, have about one eighth of their language Finnish, and also some Turcotartarian words. The *Teptjerai* are people paying no taxes, who originated from the relics of the Tartarokasanic kingdom in the sixteenth century. Perhaps the connexion of these languages with each other, and with the Finnish, would justify us in considering them as belonging at least to one family: but the specimens are too scanty to enable us to arrange them in a manner perfectly satisfactory.

The *Samojedic* nations are situated north of the Tartars, by whom they may possibly have been driven into their present habitations. In the specimen of the Turucanish language, our author has evidently mistranslated Csonaar, 'Heaven,' instead of In. The

*Camashes*

*Camashes* are on the right of the Jenisei: they are Shamanites or Buddists: their language seems to be a mixture of several others. The Koibals have been baptized; their dialect has borrowed some Turcotartarian words. The Motors are situated on the Tuba. The *Jukadshirs* are few in number; they are between the Jakuti and the Tshutshi: they have some Jakutish words; and, it may be added, some Tsheremissic. The *Koriaks* and the Tshutshi occupy the north easternmost point of Siberia: the *Kamtshatkans* are immediately next to them on the south.

The insular order of the Tataric or Atactic class of languages must be understood as comprehending all the Asiatic islands east of Borneo. The language of the Kurilees is different from that of the neighbouring *Eastern islands*, as well as from the Japanese: but in some of them Japanese is spoken. The *Japanese* derive themselves from the Chinese; but their language contradicts this opinion: they have evident traces of Mongol extraction or relationship. *Formosa* was conquered by the Dutch in 1620, but in 1661 it was taken from them by a Chinese pirate: the next year some books were printed in the Formosan language in Holland, the capture of the island not being yet known: in 1682, it was given up to the Chinese government. The Tagalish and Bissayish, which are the principal dialects of the *Philippines*, and of the neighbouring islands, are supposed to have been originally derived from the Malayan: but their resemblance to it is in great measure lost. Some single words, as Matta, the eye, and Matte, death, are found in almost all the islands of the *Pacific ocean;* the languages of which, notwithstanding their immense distances, seem to differ less than those of the inhabitants of some very small continental tracts: they might perhaps be distinguished into a few well defined families, if our knowledge of them were more complete. The resemblance of Matte to the Arabian Mot and the Latin Mactare is probably accidental.

The number of the African languages is supposed to amount to 100 or 150, and as many as 70 or 80 of them have been distinguished with tolerable accuracy. The population of Africa seems to have been derived from Arabia, and, as our author thinks, rather from the southern than the northern parts: a great number of its present inhabitants are negros, but these cannot be distinguished from the rest by any absolute criterion. The account given by Ptolemy of the interior part of the country appears to be wonderfully accurate and extensive; although some of his measures seem to be erroneous, and not sufficiently reconcileable with the truth, even by adopting Major Rennell's hypotheses respecting them. It is however remarkable that Ptolemy followed Hipparchus in extending the eastern coast of Africa to the Ganges, although more

correct ideas of its form had been entertained at Alexandria before his time.

The Copts and Egyptians demand the priority in treating of the inhabitants of Africa, from their early connexion with ancient history. It is observable that the mummies of the Egyptians have the countenances of negros; at present the people of middle Africa in general are more or less like negros, but they are somewhat less dark, and their noses and lips are less peculiar. The Egyptians are supposed by some to have received their civilisation from Ethiopia: in later times they were much mixed with their neighbours and their conquerors. The Saracens called them Copts. The Coptic language contains much Greek: the rest is probably old Egyptian, which must be considered as a distinct language, notwithstanding some resemblances to the Hebrew and Arabic, and to the languages of Tigri, Amhara, and the Berbers: with the Sanscrit it is little or not at all connected; and the majority of its simplest roots are peculiar to itself. In some of the numerals it agrees with the Hebrew: the word Chmom, heat, resembles the Hebrew and Syriac Chmam; Chim or Chem is, to be hot, and this seems to afford a satisfactory etymology of the term Chemia, implying the Hermetic science, brought from Egypt, as a magic art, in the time of Diocletian. The Coptic language has been extinct about two centuries: the northern or Memphitic dialect is the most known: there is also a Sahidic translation of the Bible, supposed by Woide to be more modern, by others to be more ancient than the Memphitic; and a fragment has been found, in a Borgian manuscript, of a translation into a Thebaic dialect, different from either of the former, but most resembling the Sahidic. It may be hoped that some light will be thrown on the old Coptic, by the attempts of future investigators to decypher the inscriptions of Rosetta, more completely than Mr. Ackerblad has done. The bandages of the mummies, copied by Denon, present us with another interesting field of inquiry: but the characters which they exhibit are totally different from those of Rosetta: they appear to exceed thirty in number, besides some occasional variations in their repetition, perhaps intended to denote vowels, as in the Ethiopic.

The north of Africa is occupied by inhabitants not much differing in appearance from the Arabs: its three principal divisions are the coast, the country of wild beasts, and the desert. The later Arabs have expelled the earlier Africans from the first division, and partly from the second: the Berbers occupy the third; inhabiting principally the Oases or islands, scattered through the desert, from mount Atlas to Egypt, and speaking, as Hornemann first ascertained, the same language throughout this vast extent. They were first well described by Leo Africanus: they are probably the remains

remains of the Mauritanians, Numidians, Gaetulians and Garamantians: there is no foundation whatever for the opinion of some modern authors of celebrity, that their language is derived from the Punic: we even find from Sallust that the Numidian language differed from the Carthaginian, and from Valerius Maximus that it was written in a peculiar character. The language of the Canaries considerably resembles the Berber: thus milk is Acho in Berber, Aho in the Canaries. These islands were discovered in 1330, and afterwards conquered with some difficulty by the Spaniards: the inhabitants were a fine race of men, and lived in comfort and tranquillity; and they still preserve some traces of their original character and condition.

Professor Vater has entered into a minute account of the language of Amhara, the Camara of Agatharchides; he considers it as totally independent of the Geez or Ethiopic, with the exception of some adopted words, which require peculiar characters: but we cannot help preferring the arrangement of Adelung, who makes the Amharic a dialect of the Ethiopic, for to us the two languages appear to be almost identical. The Amharic has a very few resemblances to the Sanscrit, for instance, Tshegure, hair, in Sanscrit Tshicura. Macrizi tells us that there are in the whole fifty Abyssinian dialects, so that there may still be a variety of original languages among them. Dr. Seetzen has given us much information respecting some of these dialects, in the eastern part of the country; in particular the languages of Hauasa in Tigri, Argubba, and the islands Massua and Suaken: the Hauasan we have classed as a dialect of the Amharic. The Agows and the Gafats are situated in the neighbourhood of the Nile: the Falashas are Jewish, and scattered through the country, especially in Dembea. The Mek, or king of Dungola, is dependent on the king of Sennaar: the Barabras, at the confluence of the Tacazze and the Nile, are also subjects of the Mek of Dungola.

The inhabitants of the country between the desert Zaara and the Niger have a great resemblance to negros, but are somewhat different from them. In the east are those of Sudan, or Afnu, and Begirma: in the west the Fulahs: the Phellatas are a branch of these, extending considerably to the north east, with a mixture of negros.

Of the languages of the negros, strictly so called, many interesting specimens have been collected by the zeal of the Evangelical missionaries in the Caribbee islands, and published by Oldendorp in his account of the mission: but we have not sufficient materials, to enable us to trace any extensive connexions or dependences among their multifarious dialects.

There are some points of coincidence between the language of Madagascar and those of the Malays, the Philippine islanders, the

Beetjuana Caffres, and the Corana Hottentots: there are also a few words borrowed from the modern Arabic, not, as Court de Gebelin would persuade us, from the Phenician; nor can any other of the affinities be very distinctly established.

The Caffres have little of the negro character, except the black colour, and less of this, as they become more remote from the equator. The researches of Lichtenstein, to whom our author very indulgently gives great credit for his persevering industry, are said to have shown the identity of the people occupying the whole of Africa north of the Hottentots, as far as Benguela and Quiloa, all of whom are considered as belonging to the Caffres.

The Hottentots, with their neighbours the Bosjemans, speak different dialects of the same singular language in different parts of their country. The Dammaras, who are classed by Lichtenstein among the Hottentots, were considered by Barrow, apparently on better evidence, as Caffres: of their particular dialect nothing appears to be known.

The account of the language of the Hottentots concludes the first part of the third volume of this elaborate work. The publishers and the editor have informed their readers that two additional parts were very soon to appear: the one containing an account of the languages of America; the other some additions to the whole work, principally from the papers of Professor Adelung, together with an essay on the Cantabrian language, by the active and ingenious Baron Humboldt. The most valuable of the materials relating to the American languages have also been obtained from Baron Humboldt: and Professor Vater has prepared them for publication, in a much more instructive form, than that in which they were put into his hands. In this, as well as in the execution of other parts of his task, we cannot but approve his diligence, though we do not profess to feel so lively an interest, respecting languages uncultivated by literature, and unimproved by civilisation, as respecting those, of which the analogies are applicable to the verification of history, and the illustration of the progress of the human mind towards perfection.

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## JANUARY, 1814.

ART. I. *Patronage.* By Maria Edgeworth, Author of 'Tales of Fashionable Life,' 'Belinda,' 'Leonora,' &c. 4 vols. 12mo. London. 1814.

NOVEL-writing is perhaps the most remarkable addition which the moderns have made to literature. In a variety of other instances they have prodigiously embellished and enlarged the structure bequeathed to them by antiquity; but in this they have built from the ground. Every thing that we see of this kind is planned by their genius, and fabricated out of materials exclusively their own. Some miserable attempts of the later Greeks will hardly be considered as contradicting this assertion. With the single exception of the Æthiopics of Heliodorus, they consist of a few tiresome stories, absolutely void of taste, invention, or interest, without influence even upon the declining literature of their own age, and in all probability quite unknown to the real forerunners of Richardson, Fielding, and Rousseau. In fact the means of making a novel did not exist. Slavery spread a gloomy uniformity over three-fourths of the population of Greece and Rome. The free citizens were chiefly devoted to publick affairs, and their private life exhibited nothing but a stern unsocial strictness on the one hand, or a disgusting shameless profligacy on the other. To them that steady settled influence of women upon society was utterly unknown, which in modern times has given grace, variety, and interest to private life, and rendered the delineation of it one of the most entertaining and one of the most instructive forms of composition. Such persons, such feelings, and such events as our novels describe did not exist till after the united effect of religion and chivalry—of religion in purifying—and of chivalry in softening the manners of men—had re-civilized the world with a more perfect civilization than was consistent with the habits and opinions prevalent in the most polished states of antiquity. The comic theatre of the ancients, which may be supposed to give a pretty accurate idea of their domestic habits, is barren both of character and incident, and the same notions of propriety which prevented all women above the servile state from appearing among the personages of a comedy, would equally have excluded them from any other work of fiction drawn from private life. But as soon as private life acquired sufficient interest and variety to render it worth describing,

novels were invented to describe it, and following pretty nearly the improvements of society, they have now become an important and very extensive branch of literature. In number they equal, in popularity they surpass every other. The public is delighted with the good ones, and content to read those that are bad. All classes of readers find a charm in the description of scenes which every one has witnessed, and of feelings with which every heart sympathizes. We doubt, however, whether the dignity of this species of composition has quite kept pace with its popularity—whether (speaking of our own country at least) people admire enough what they like perhaps too much—whether the same quantity of talent employed with equal success in any other way, would not have produced a larger share of fame. The readers of Homer and Virgil, of Sophocles and Shakespeare, are not only delighted with the genius of these great authors, but pride themselves upon the dignity of their own occupation. Nobody is at all conversant in their works who is not aware of the rank which they hold in the republic of letters: but we are inclined to suspect that of the thousands who are charmed with the writings of Cervantes, Richardson, Fielding, and Rousseau, a very large portion are quite unaware that they are to be numbered among the most successful efforts of human wit, ingenuity, and eloquence. If there is a strong taste in favour of novels, there are also some prejudices against them. There is something undignified in their name and origin. The germ of them is to be found in those entertaining, but extravagant and unprofitable histories of giants, enchanters, knights and damsels, which were so eagerly read in a stage of society when the manners described in them were not become wholly obsolete, and when what may be called the *romantic mythology* still found a place in popular belief, but which fell into discredit at a more advanced period, and received their death-blow from the wit of Cervantes. It happened too that the earliest of those compositions to which we have now agreed to confine the name of *novels*, that is to say, the earliest fictitious accounts of probable events in private life, were of such a tendency that all grave persons were obliged, and all moral persons were disposed to discountenance them. Boccacio, who contributed so much to refine the language, did not a little to deprave the morals, of his country. He and his whole school are chiefly employed in the description of inflammatory scenes and profligate adventures. Even the greater and more recent writers are not free from some reproach. Le Sage's rogues are a great deal too agreeable and too prosperous. Richardson describes vice too plainly for modest ears. Rousseau and Fielding are also great offenders—though in widely different ways: Fielding too often makes virtue ridiculous; Rousseau tries to give dignity to vice.

But

But besides the blame justly cast upon some of the most celebrated novels for their immoral tendency, we have been sometimes inclined to suspect that this style of writing has suffered in publick opinion by a prejudice derived from that 'age of erudition' which succeeded the revival of learning. Whilst the ancients were considered (and, for some time, justly considered) as the great and only models of excellence, and whilst the successful imitation of their works was regarded as the highest point of literary ambition, a species of composition wholly unknown to them was not likely to be fairly appreciated, whatever its intrinsic merit might be. In fact, we find that Boccacio himself rested his chief title to fame, not upon his immortal 'Decamerone,' but upon some Latin books, the very names of which, though we have often met with them in the literary history of that age, we are not ashamed to say we do not recollect. The prejudice was then in its greatest force. It has grown gradually weaker, and may now be considered as wholly extinct; but if we are not much mistaken, some traces of it were observable in the literature of this country till the very age in which we are living.

In respect too of morality, we are happy to observe that a great improvement has taken place of late years. It is, indeed, true that the press in England has produced some profligate novels, and that the press of France has teemed with them. But the most popular and distinguished works have been quite free from this disgrace. We owe this improvement in a great measure, no doubt, to the increased morality, or at least decency of the age,—partly too, as we are inclined to think, to the circumstance of this branch of literature having fallen very much into the hands of the other sex, who are restrained by education, disposition, and custom within those bounds which have been too frequently passed by the celebrated writers of whom we have just ventured to complain. Indeed it is a task for which women appear to be particularly well qualified. They are, generally speaking, gifted with a nice perception of the various shades of character and manners. This faculty is cultivated by constant habit. Private life is every thing to them. The laws of society confine them within its sphere, and they are therefore likely to observe it with care and to describe it with precision. In France the most eminent writers of this class are females, and in England we can boast several who amply maintain the credit of their sex and nation—particularly Madame D'Arblay, (Miss Burney,) and the lady whose last publication is now before us.

Of this work it is our duty to render some account to our readers, but we trust we may be allowed in the first place to offer to them some general remarks upon an author already so well and so advantageously known to the world. We are the more inclined to do so, because Miss Edgeworth, with that vigour and originality

which are among the principal characteristics of genius, has struck out a line of writing peculiar to herself—a line which it required considerable boldness to adopt, and no common talents to execute with effect. Not only has Miss Edgeworth interdicted to herself all those unfair and discreditable modes of obtaining popularity to which we have before alluded, but she has also voluntarily renounced many others that may be deemed fair, and comparatively harmless. We do not mean to speak merely of the entire absence of castles, draw-bridges, spectres, banditti-caves, forests, moonlight and other scenes, which have furnished to Mrs. Ratcliffe and her school many a gorgeous and terrific tale. Her most distinguished contemporaries have been content to forego these easy embellishments. But she has made some sacrifices which, if we are not much mistaken, are peculiarly her own. Her pictures are all drawn in the soberest colours. She scarcely makes use of a single tint that is warmer than real life. No writer recurs so rarely, for the purpose of creating an interest, to the stronger and more impetuous feelings of our nature. Even love, the most powerful passion that acts within the sphere of domestic life—the presiding deity of the novel and the drama, is handled by her in a way very different from that in which we have been accustomed to see it treated in works of fiction. In them we find it represented sometimes as a guilty, sometimes as an innocent, but generally as an irresistible impulse—as a feeling which springs up spontaneously in the human breast,—now as a weed—now as a flower—but whether as a weed or as a flower, not to be eradicated. The old rule was for heroes and heroines to fall suddenly and irretrievably into love—if they fell in love with the right person so much the better—if not, it could not be helped, and the novel ended unhappily. And above all, it was held quite irregular for the most reasonable people to make any use whatever of their reason on the most important occasion of their lives. Miss Edgeworth has presumed to treat this mighty power with far less reverence. She has analyzed it, and found that it does not consist of one simple element, but that several common ingredients enter into its composition—habit—esteem—a belief of some corresponding sentiment —and of some suitableness in the character and circumstances of the party. She has pronounced that reason, timely and vigorously applied, is almost a specific—and following up this bold empirical line of practice, she has actually produced cases of the entire cure of persons who had laboured under its operation. Having mastered love, of course she treats the minor passions with very little ceremony, and indeed she brings them out so curbed, watched, and circumscribed, that those who have been accustomed to see them range at large would hardly know them in their new trammels. Her favourite qualities are prudence, firmness, temper, and

and that active, vigilant good sense, which, without checking the course of our kindly affections, exercises its influence at every moment, and surveys deliberately the motives and consequences of every action. Utility is her object, reason and experience her means. She makes vastly less allowance than has been usually made for those 'amiable weaknesses,' 'sudden impulses,' 'uncontroulable emotions,' which cut so great a figure in the works of her predecessors. Her heroes and heroines are far more thinking, cautious, philosophizing persons than ever before were produced in that character. She is, in fact, if we may be allowed to coin a word, an *anti-sentimental* novelist. Her books so far from lending any countenance to vice, even in its most refined and agreeable form, afford some of the best lessons of practical morality with which we are acquainted. They teach, not merely by dry general maxims on the one hand, or by splendid examples on the other, but by reasons put into the mouths of the actors themselves, what is the right mode of conduct in circumstances of difficulty or temptation. She is constantly endeavouring to point out by the discussion of cases judiciously selected, or ingeniously invented, what is the road by which virtue conducts us to happiness. There is hardly any good quality to which Miss Edgeworth has not contributed her powerful recommendation; but the ultimate rewards of steadiness, independence, and honest persevering exertion, are those she is fondest of setting before our eyes, and we think her choice is sanctioned by the value of the doctrines which she inculcates. She has, doubtless, observed that this mode of instruction is not adapted to those cases in which to deviate from virtue is palpably a crime. It is to the decalogue, and to the terrors of the law that we are to look for the prevention of these graver and more striking offences. But men become fickle and indolent, and rely upon others to do that which they ought to do for themselves, before they have remarked the beginning of the evil, without foreseeing its consequences, and without being able to apply a remedy. It is to guard against these bad habits of mind—the causes of so much failure, disgrace, and misery, that Miss Edgeworth has principally directed her attention, and there is scarcely a page that does not contain some exhortation—direct or indirect—by precept or example to controul our passions and to exert our faculties. There are hardly any works of the kind that young persons can read with so much benefit. To their minds she constantly presents, in various shapes, and with a thousand illustrations, this great and salutary maxim—that nothing is to be learnt, and very little to be gained without labour—severe and continued labour. But she does not forget, in order to reconcile them to this somewhat unpalatable doctrine, to shew with equal care and truth that labour becomes vastly less irksome by habit—that judiciously directed it seldom

fails of its object—that laziness, even to those whose rank and fortune skreen them from its most dreadful consequences—poverty and contempt—is in itself wearisome and painful—that the pauses and recreations of successful diligence comprize within them more cheerfulness and real gratification than are spread over the whole surface of a merely pleasurable life. With this view her principal characters are represented as persons of good, but not of extraordinary faculties; they do nothing suddenly and '*per saltum*,' and their success and attainments are no more than what half the world may hope to equal by following the same means. She deals in examples, not in wonders; her's are models of *imitable* excellence, and she rarely abuses the license of fiction to exhibit those miraculous combinations of virtue and talents, which, though they delight us for a moment with the image of perfection, serve to perplex and discourage not to guide the ordinary race of mortals.

Our readers we presume are aware, and if they are not they will be very far from doing justice to Miss Edgeworth's merits, that so far as effect is concerned, this uniform systematic preference of what is *useful* to what is *splendid*, is a prodigious disadvantage. It is upon dazzling characters, in which virtue bordering in its excess upon the contiguous fault, more resembles a generous instinct, than a quality cultivated and strengthened by reason, that the writers of novels have justly relied for securing the public attention. Discretion and a logical head, they thought by no means fit for the heroes and heroines of romance. And undoubtedly if effect were the only object, they did much better with rash courage, inconsiderate generosity, hasty confidence, and love ardent and irresistible at first sight, qualities infinitely more attractive to the bulk of mankind, than those with which Miss Edgeworth has ventured to invest the principal persons of her drama. If then, in spite of sacrifices to which hardly any one else has submitted, she has contrived to render her works highly entertaining and popular, she surely deserves double praise; not merely for having surmounted a difficulty, which, when that difficulty has been made only for the purpose of being surmounted, is a merit of a very inferior order, but because the purpose for which she voluntarily encountered it, was highly useful and important.

To the accomplishment of this task, she has brought very considerable talents and acquirements, various reading, knowledge which, though she is too judicious to display it with ostentation, seems to be both extensive and accurate; a nice observation of manners and character, both in individuals and in society; a clear, easy, unencumbered style, and a keen sense of the ridiculous. Her two strong points are good sense and humour, and it is by the buoyant power of her humour, that she has been able to diffuse among the publick so large a portion of her good sense. Nothing can be

more

more chaste and correct, and at the same time more ludicrous, than the representation of themselves, which her characters are made to give in their own conversation. That condition so indispensable to the true comic, their utter unconsciousness of the effect they are producing, is strictly observed. The hand of the author is never perceived, (as it almost constantly is in our modern comedies, to the entire disgust of all persons of tolerable taste,) but they are led in the most natural manner imaginable, and without saying any thing that they might not be supposed to say, to cover themselves with ridicule. The absolute want of colouring and exaggeration, only serves to improve the picture, and strengthens the impression almost up to that of the same circumstances in real life. We have always thought these dramatic parts of Miss Edgeworth's books, which indeed take up a considerable share of them, very much the best; and it is to this remarkable talent for humour, that she is indebted for the popularity she enjoys in spite, not only of the disadvantages to which (as we have already observed) she has spontaneously submitted, but also of some defects which we shall now, though unwillingly, proceed to notice.

In the first and one of the most material branches of novel-writing, that of framing a story, she is remarkably deficient. It must at the same time be owned, that this art when carried to its highest pitch, is a great and therefore uncommon specimen of genius and skill. Indeed if we were to mention that which, in a choice of excellences, we most admire in Fielding's great work, it would perhaps be that wonderful variety of incidents arising without improbability, and introduced without confusion, and tending through a story constantly rising in interest, to an unforeseen catastrophe. Any comparison with so happy an effort of so great a master, would necessarily be unfair; but the truth is, that in this respect Miss Edgeworth is inferior, not only to those that are generally her superiors, but to many among those that are vastly below her in every thing else. She has little fertility in contriving, and still less dexterity in combining events. It is in characters that she shines; when she attempts to give interest to events, it is almost always at the expense of nature and probability. Her narrative is hammered out 'invitâ Minervâ,' and she never would have attempted it at all, except as a convenient vehicle for sketches of life and manners.

On her morality, we have bestowed its due praise. It is of that sort which is most calculated to do real practical good; but the desire of instructing is too little disguised. The reader sees too plainly that he is under discipline. There is too much downright lecturing. The serious parts have a *prim* didactic air. The lesser rules of conduct are deduced, truly enough, but with too much parade of accuracy and strictness, from general principles. We

know how necessary the square and the rule are to the architect, but we do not like to see the chalk-marks upon the building. Morality ought not to smell of the lamp. It has been Miss Edgeworth's fancy to give all her virtuous characters a tincture of science, and to make them fond of chemistry and mechanics. We have no sort of objection to see them endowed with this useful knowledge, provided it does not prevent them from having rather more warmth, and rather more grace. To say the truth, we are inclined to think that in avoiding the common error of novel-writers who make morality depend too much upon feeling, and too little upon the understanding, she has not completely escaped the opposite fault, but has ascribed too large a share of it to the head and too little to the heart.

We proceed to what is immediately before us. The character we have given of Miss Edgeworth's writings in general is applicable, without any material alteration, to these volumes. We confess, however, that we think them inferior—(a good deal inferior)—to the best of her former productions. The length of the work makes her deficiency in the art of framing a story more conspicuous and less excusable. We are carried on easily and pleasantly for a short distance by mere sketches and dialogues, and we excuse the want of skill in a tale that is to end so soon. But when the same personages are to be kept upon the stage through four whole volumes, it is but reasonable that such a demand upon our attention should be supported by a proportionate interest in the characters and situations. We expect invention, combination, unity; and the absence of these qualities is a just cause of disappointment. They come strictly within the terms of the author's implied engagement to the reader. In 'Patronage' the persons come in and out, exhibit themselves, and describe others—in an agreeable way enough, but without our well knowing why they came or why they went—without our much caring whether or not they ever appear again. The author too begins to flag. She seems encumbered by the unsuccessful care of an unusual number of persons and events, and her powers of entertainment are less at her command. 'Patronage' is in fact another 'Tale of Fashionable Life,' almost as long as all the preceding ones put together, and yet we doubt whether more passages of distinguished merit could be selected from it than could be matched from the 'Absentee,' though it occupies three times the space. Indeed if we might venture to offer our advice to a person of Miss Edgeworth's distinguished reputation, it would be to revert to her former method, and to break down her sketches into tales of a more manageable length. She would thus better consult the convenience of her readers, and at the same time give freer scope to her own faculties in that style in which she really excels,

excels, by not tasking them for an exertion to which they are not adapted.

There are no Irish characters in 'Patronage,' (O'Brien is scarcely an exception,) perhaps Miss Edgeworth thought the subject was exhausted. We are sorry for it. Some of her happiest efforts have been employed upon the description of them. Miss Edgeworth knows the Irish nation thoroughly—not merely in those broader and more general characteristics that distinguish it from this and from all other nations, but in those nicer shades that mark each class of society. All the materials are drawn from her own stores, and she is never obliged to supply the defect of actual observation by hearsay or conjecture. Perfect acquaintance with her subject gave freedom and originality to every stroke of her pencil, and enabled her at once to delight and instruct the publick, to which, generally speaking, the peculiar manners of Ireland were less known than those of Otaheite. Her merit was not that of describing what had never been described before—it was greater, it was that of describing well what had been described ill—of substituting accurate finished resemblances, for clumsy confused daubings by the sign-post artists of modern comedy.

But when the scene is purely English, Miss Edgeworth appears to much less advantage. Like the giant, she grows feeble when her strength is no longer recruited from her native soil. Her gaiety flags as she recedes from nature and observation. Her comic scenes are diminished in number and even in spirit. For the first time, she has had recourse to exaggeration to produce interest, and tried the effect of high colouring and artificial contrasts to supply the place of those natural tints which she used to represent with so much grace.

The cause of this difference it is not difficult to explain without supposing that the talents of the author are decayed, or exhausted; or that indolence has betrayed her into neglect. The fact, if we have been rightly informed, is, that Miss Edgeworth, though enjoying the friendship of many of the most distinguished persons in this country, and the esteem of all, has taken only an occasional and cursory view of English society. Her's have been 'like angel visits, few and far between.' Characters have passed before her in rapid succession, like 'ombres Chinoises,' without giving time for the keenest eye to mark them with sufficient precision. Ireland (as we have before remarked) was a subject untouched, except by coarse unskilful hands; but in the description of English manners she has to contend with talents at least equal, and with opportunities far superior to her own. In England she can only glean, in Ireland the whole harvest was to be reaped by her.

But while we point out these defects, and take the liberty to mention

mention the cause from which we apprehend they proceed, we should do injustice to Miss Edgeworth, and ill express our own opinion, if we did not allow that even in the description of English characters, she has oftener succeeded than failed. The portraits would have been improved by a few more sittings—something as to feature—still more as to 'costume.' Or, to speak more correctly, those pictures that are designed to exhibit the characteristic countenance of a whole class, would have been rendered more like by a longer observation of a greater number of individuals. Still, however, they are, for the most part, lively and striking resemblances. But Miss Edgeworth is an observer of no common kind; keen, accurate, and impartial. Nothing is lost upon her. She possesses in a high degree what is sometimes called an intuitive judgment of character, one of those delicate and rapid operations of the mind, which is seldom analyzed even by those who perform it with the most ease and certainty; the result of a practised acuteness, by which they are enabled to catch, as they rise, at all the fine evanescent indications of habit or passion, and to deduce from them instant and certain conclusions. It is this faculty by which Miss Edgeworth has in a wonderful degree, though not wholly, made up for the want of more extensive experience, and which, added to experience, would place her at the head of one branch of her art.

Indeed, as it is, what we have to complain of in her representation of society, is not so much the inaccuracy of any particular sketches, as the general effect of the whole group. She produces an erroneous impression, not by describing a character in any particular class that is not really to be found in it, but by exhibiting proportions of good and ill in each, different from those that exist in real life; by drawing too many favourable specimens from some classes, and too many unfavourable ones from others. This is a most successful, and when it is intentional, a most insidious mode of misrepresentation, because it is not liable to a direct charge of falsehood. But we are persuaded that Miss Edgeworth has almost unconsciously displayed the genuine, though erroneous inclination of her own mind, and that if she misleads the public, she has begun by misleading herself.

We will not trouble our readers and ourselves by presenting to them an abridged account of the story of 'Patronage.' The greater part of those have in all probability read it already, and besides, the story is always the worst part of Miss Edgeworth's novel. Even to those that have not, the remarks we are about to make will be sufficiently intelligible.

There are two classes of persons whom Miss Edgeworth seems to view with no very charitable feelings—those who are engaged in

in ambitious pursuits and those who compose what is sometimes called 'fashionable company' in the metropolis. We say *seems*, for it is not a supposition capable of direct proof. We judge however by what will not be considered an unfair criterion, her unfavourable representation of the characters she draws from either. Lord Oldborough, for instance, is the principal member of a cabinet composed (with the single exception of himself) entirely of knaves and fools—who, according to an almost exploded cant, are described to be wholly occupied in plotting each other's ruin. But is even the portrait of Lord Oldborough, able indeed and upright—but stern, unjust, and a contemner of the principles of freedom,—meant for a class of English statesmen? If it is not, it is useless—if it is, we must take the liberty to question its accuracy. Factiousness, intemperance, perhaps even insincerity, may be justly laid to their charge, but we utterly deny that the want of the social affections, still less cruelty, has been characteristic of those who have enjoyed great power in this country. Lord Oldborough, whom by the bye Miss Edgeworth afterwards speaks of as a strictly *just* man, is represented as desirous, for political purposes, to marry his niece to a person of high rank and powerful connections. The lady, just before the whole affair is settled, falls in love with a young officer, and Lord Oldborough to get him out of the way, sends his regiment abroad, and, to make surer work, chuses a place in the West Indies where the fever was then raging, as the place of its destination. Again we ask, is this a mere fancy piece; neither the copy nor even the resemblance of any thing in real life? We may venture, without hesitation, to answer in the negative. Miss Edgeworth is certainly not now beginning to write novels upon a plan which must render them less instructive as well as less entertaining than the Arabian Nights. Neither is it some particular person and some particular transaction to which she means to point. That would be alike inconsistent with the rules of this species of composition, and with her own justice and good sense. There only remains a third supposition. She must mean that crimes of this sort, for crimes they are, and of a very dark dye, have been committed by English ministers too commonly, to excite any very strong feeling of self-condemnation in the mind of the perpetrators; for it does not appear that Lord Oldborough's conscience ever reproached him with what he had done. Now this we maintain to be a gross misconception, and consequent misrepresentation, of the character of an important class of men. We say nothing as to the improbability of the particular fact supposed, official difficulties, want of power in any individual, danger of detection, &c.; but speaking more generally, we are persuaded, that publick men in this country, and in this age, have not so conducted

ducted themselves as to deserve that the spirit of such a transaction should be imputed to them; or in other words, that they have been in the habit of sacrificing justice, humanity, and publick duty, to private interest or private vengeance. We know how difficult it is to *prove* a negative in a case of this nature, but that only affords an additional argument against throwing out unfavourable insinuations when they are not perfectly well founded. We should be living under a government very different from that of England, if a regiment were liable to be sent to the West Indies because a foolish girl of quality happened to fancy herself in love with the lieutenant-colonel. In another place, we have a 'diatribe' not very judiciously introduced, we think, upon the right of impressment; a subject which faction itself has hitherto left untouched, but which under proper management may one day ripen into a first-rate grievance, and become the parent of as numerous a progeny of patriots as the *borough-mongering system* itself. Miss Edgeworth, however, is quite welcome to make the most of any evils that actually exist; but she should carefully avoid employing her popularity and influence to create a belief in such as are purely imaginary.

The character of Lord Oldborough, though distorted to give it a greater appearance of strength, is much the most interesting in the book. We are inclined, however, to doubt the propriety of introducing ministers of state among the 'dramatis personæ' in a novel. Not indeed from any undue reverence or admiration for that order of men, but from reasons purely literary. In the first place, these personages are of a size disproportioned to that of the other figures, and throw those who were designed to be the principal characters, into the shade. Again, we think it adds very much to that air of probability upon which so much of the pleasure we feel in reading fictitious history depends, when the characters are drawn each from a class of persons sufficiently numerous to allow us to suppose that their prototypes actually exist in nature. With respect to a character placed by the imagination in the midst of a very small and very distinguished class of real persons, this illusion cannot exist. Our minds instantly run over the list of great statesmen in our own time—we find no person like Lord Oldborough, and a great part of our interest in his character is destroyed by constantly recollecting not only that he did not exist, but that he could not have existed.

When the class is narrowed to a single individual the objection of course is so much the stronger; the improbability of character becomes quite insupportable. But we shall be told, and indeed we believe it is generally understood, that the king and the chief-justice are portraits. So much the worse. This mixture of reality with

with fiction spoils both. The historical part suffers in dignity, and the fictitious part loses the very semblance of truth. All readers of taste are shocked by the combination. It produces an unpleasant effect resembling that of a ray of sunshine darting through a single chink into a room lighted up by artificial means. It is like the 'real cascade' playing amidst shrubs of wire, and rocks of pasteboard. The cabinet of the reigning sovereign is no fit place for the scenery of a novel. We say nothing of any other considerations that might forbid their introduction, it is sufficient that it is contrary to some of the most obvious rules of propriety and good taste which govern this species of composition—and we take the liberty to advise Miss Edgeworth, whenever she is again disposed to present to the public an unfavourable representation of the king, or a vehement panegyric on one of his law-officers, to chuse for them some more suitable vehicle than the pages of a romance. The king indeed contributes somewhat to the carrying on of the plot, but the chief-justice is introduced merely as an ornamental personage, and the story stands stock still for several pages whilst his lordship is immeasurably praised, both by the author of the narrative 'in propriâ personâ,' and in letters from Mr. Alfred Percy, a young barrister who has sometimes the honour to dine with him. Whether or not the resemblance is correct we are not ourselves able to judge, but select some of the principal 'traits' for the sake of such of our readers as are better informed. 'He is one of those lawyers who have combined judgment with wit, industry with genius, law with eloquence.' He possesses perfect conversational 'tact'—remembers Lord Chesterfield's maxims, and therefore knows how to listen as well as how to talk—is not one of those learned men that have become epicures—thinks that no man can speak well in public who does not feel it as a moral impossibility that he should say any thing vulgar. We take for granted that he is a distinguished friend to the freedom of the press, or he would hardly have obtained so much valuable praise from Miss Edgeworth, who, as appears from several passages in her writings, is animated by a more than ordinary zeal upon that subject.

It is not because 'it is disagreeable to us to listen to praises in which we have no manner of share,' which Miss Edgeworth seems to think is the only reason any one can have for disliking this long encomium, that we have expressed our disapprobation of this passage, but because we consider it as a signal departure from her usual good sense and good taste. We feel too much respect for her to imagine that it is any thing but the genuine expression of her own sincere, disinterested, though perhaps somewhat exaggerated opinion. But forcibly to transplant from real and public life such a character as that of a Lord Chief Justice into the uncongenial

congenial soil of a romance, for the purpose of bestowing upon him, and upon all that belong to him, a lengthened and elaborate eulogy, looks too like flattery—and, in an unknown or less respectable author, we should have undoubtedly considered it as flattery of no very delicate or skilful kind. Miss Edgeworth we readily and sincerely acquit of all but want of judgment.

The law and its professors occupy a share in this novel fully proportioned to that which they take up in real life. Not only is this monument to their glory raised in the description of the chief justice, but the whole story turns upon the fate of a title-deed which is lost at the beginning of the first volume, and (as might be expected) found again towards the end of the fourth. The foundation too of Mr. Alfred Percy's fame and fortune is laid in his hitting a 'point' that has been passed over by his leaders. This 'point,' we are told, so hit was, that the action had not been brought within the time prescribed by the statute of limitations. Our legal readers need not be told that this is an impossible case. In order to avail himself of the statute, the defendant must have 'pleaded' it, as the technical expression is, so that there was no room for subsequent discovery. This is not a matter of much consequence, but as Miss Edgeworth was determined to introduce law, it would have been better to make it sound law.

We have already hinted at what we consider to be Miss Edgeworth's too unfavourable estimate of London manners and society in what may be called, in the least extended sense of the word, the higher orders. From a retirement embellished and cheered by the successful pursuit of literature, and dignified by virtue and by fame, it is natural and therefore excusable, to look down with something like contempt upon the busy idleness of a less happy and less useful life. But Miss Edgeworth has allowed this feeling to carry her too far. The greater part of her characters that are not absorbed in business or buried in seclusion, are represented as foolish, selfish, worthless people. We are very far indeed from denying the power of idleness and dissipation to debase the understanding, and to harden the heart; and we at once admit that there are persons moving in the 'fashionable world,' as silly, as coarse, and as void of feeling as any Miss Edgeworth has represented. But the number is comparatively very small, and those who take their idea of life in that sphere from Colonel Hauton and his sister, Buckhurst Falconer, and the two Clays, will, we suspect, form a very erroneous estimate of it. Miss Edgeworth's division of the great world is into statesmen, philosophers, and rakes. Now the fact is, that there are few statesmen, few philosophers, and not many complete rakes. Innumerable shades, varieties, and compounds make up the mass. The crowds in which persons of fashion (we must use

use this ridiculous phrase for want of a better) assemble, in which so much physical exertion of jostling, pressing, and moving from one house to another is required, and so little intellectual enjoyment is attained, give to society an air of greater idleness and dissipation than really belong to it. This inconvenient way of meeting is rather a symptom of not understanding society, than of sacrificing too much to its pleasures; an indication that we are an awkward, shy, business-doing people, not that we are vicious and wasteful of our time. Of the persons so assembled, but a small proportion are really idle and profligate, and of those that persevere in idleness and profligacy, the proportion is still smaller.

'Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum,'

is a maxim, the spirit of which has great influence in England. Indeed our admirable form of government supplies so many inducements to exertion, that few men reach the middle of life without finding themselves, partially at least, engaged in some employment that is useful to the community. Useful occupation is half way to virtue, and by the same means that idleness is overcome, selfishness and profligacy are also kept within bounds. The vices that are excused in youth, soon become discreditable. After a very early age, all the temptations, except those arising from habit, are on the right side—emolument, credit, acceptance in society,—and in a vast majority of instances they preponderate, not only with those that altogether quit the world, but with those that still from time to time share in its dissipations. Miss Edgeworth has the same faults in her representation of female characters. Her favourites, whom she brings from charming retreats in the country, are apt to be somewhat stiff and formal, and the rest, to whom she gives a town education, are coquettes, 'intrigantes,' or at best giddy and heartless. She does not willingly admit the idea of virtue and sense except in retirement. That may perhaps be the soil in which they most delight: but though they court the shade, they do not shun the light, and sure we are, that some of the most striking examples of both have grown up and flourished in the meridian blaze of numerous and polished society.

The object of 'Patronage' is to exemplify and recommend independence—that is, reliance upon our own efforts and our own virtues, and not upon the friendship or liberality of the great. This moral, presented to us in a thousand ways, and to which all the events are too plainly and unartificially made to bend, tires us by constant repetition, and diffuses an air of uniformity, approaching to dulness, over the whole work. The vehicle for it is the history of two families—the Percys and the Falconers—the Percys, who are the independent, wise, virtuous, and ultimately prosperous—the Falconers,

Falconers, who are the *patronised*, and of course weak, guilty, and unfortunate race. It is, however, to be observed that whatever the virtuous characters want in *patronage*, is amply made up to them in good fortune. They succeed by a series of accidents, such as are much seldomer to be met with in real life than even that 'rara avis,' a steady, useful patron. The moral of the novel as arising from the *events* is, 'don't trust to the protection of great men, for if you will but forego it, and be honest and industrious, you will turn out the luckiest man alive.' We are well aware that the heroes and heroines of novels have an ancient prescriptive right to prodigious luck in every thing they undertake; but we think that the characters in 'Patronage' are 'estopped' from the benefit of it by the particular object the author had in view. Miss Edgeworth is desirous (and we give her the utmost credit for the design) to recommend independence and exertion, in preference to a lazy servile reliance upon the good will of others. But to give justice and force to the lesson she should have placed her favourite qualities out of the leading strings of fortune, and conducted them to prosperity by the common path.

'Patronage' obliges us to retract some part of that praise which, with a view to her other works, we have given to Miss Edgeworth for probability of character. The heroine is one of those 'faultless monsters' that would be so delightful in real life, where they unluckily never appear, and that are quite insupportable in a novel, where we continually meet with them. Her lover, a German Count, is equally perfect, and equally tiresome; luckily he does not appear till the second volume, soon returns to Germany, and stays there till the end of the fourth, when he comes back to England to be married. This method of doing without the perfect hero for a volume or two, and of then sending him abroad till he is wanted for the 'denouement,' is, we believe, new; but it has our most cordial approbation, and we earnestly recommend it to the adoption of all future writers who may have occasion for such a character. There are several other persons too, Mr. and Mrs. Percy, and their friend Mrs. Hungerford, who are all too good to afford either amusement or instruction. These uninteresting parts of the work, however, are redeemed by some admirable sketches in which Miss Edgeworth has displayed all that power of accurate characteristic delineation, and all that quiet, but forcible humour, which delighted us in her best performances. Buckhurst and John Falconer are of this kind, though Buckhurst is afterwards painted in colours somewhat too dark. Their father, Commissioner Falconer, has determined that Buckhurst, who is a lively, clever, dissipated young man, shall take orders for the sake of a living which he expects from one of his patrons. John, who is a dunce, is designed

designed for the army. Buckhurst (who, we must take notice, is in love with Miss Percy) feels his own unfitness for the church, and wishes to persuade his stupid obstinate brother to exchange destinations with him. This gives rise to the following dialogue between them.

'Incapable of coming to any serious decision, he walked up and down his room talking, partly to himself, and partly, for want of a better companion, to his brother John.

'"So I must pay Wallis to-morrow, or he'll arrest me.—And I must give my father an answer about the church to-night—for he writes to the bishop—and will wait no longer.——Oh! hang it! hang it, John! what the devil shall I do?—My father won't pay a farthing for me, unless I go into the church!"

'"Well then, why can't you go into the church," said John—"since you are through the University the worst is over?"

'"But I think it so wrong, so base.... for money... for emolument ...I cannot do it...I am not fit for the church—I know I shall disgrace it"—said Buckhurst, striking his forehead—"I cannot do it.... I cannot—it is against my conscience."

'John stopped, as he was filling his shooting-pouch, and looked at Buckhurst (his mouth half open), with an expression of surprise at these demonstrations of sensibility. He had some sympathy for the external symptoms of pain which he saw in his brother, but no clear conception of the internal cause.

'"Why, Buckhurst," said he—"if you cannot do it, you can't you know, Buckhurst;—but I don't see why you should be a disgrace to the church more than another—as my father says.—If I was but through the University, I had as lieve go into the church as not—that's all I can say.—And if my genius was not for the military line, there's nothing I should relish better than the living of Chipping-Friars, I'm sure.—The only thing that I see against it is, that that paralytic incumbent may live many a year.—But, then, you get your debts paid now by only going into orders, and that's a great point.....but if it goes against your conscience—you know best—if you can't—you can't."—

'"After all, I can't go to jail—I can't let myself be arrested—I can't starve—I can't be a beggar," said Buckhurst,—"and as you say, I should be so easy if these cursed debts were paid—and if I got this living of nine hundred a year, how comfortable I should be.—Then I could marry, by Jove; and I'd propose directly for Caroline Percy, for I'm confoundedly in love with her—such a sweet-tempered good creature! —not a girl so much admired! Col. Hauton—and G— and P— and D— asked me,—'Who is that pretty girl?'—She certainly is a very pretty girl."—

'"She certainly is," repeated John.—"This devil of a fellow never cleans my gun."—

'"Not regularly handsome neither," pursued Buckhurst.—"But, as Hauton says, fascinating and new, and a new face in public is a great matter.—Such a fashionable looking figure too—though she has not

*come out* yet—dances charmingly—would dance divinely, if she would let herself out—and she sings and plays like an angel, fifty times better than our two precious sisters, who have been *at it* from their cradles, with all the Signor *Squalicis* at their elbows—Caroline Percy never exhibits in public.—The mother does not like it, I suppose."

'"So I suppose," said John.—"Curse this flint!—flints are growing worse and worse every day—I wonder what in the world are become of all the good flints there used to be——"

'"Very unlike our mother, I am sure"—continued Buckhurst.—"There are Georgiana and Bell at all the parties and concerts as regularly as any of the professors, standing up in the midst of the singing men and women, favouring the public in as fine a bravura style, and making as ugly faces as the best of them.—Do you remember the Italian's compliment to Miss ******?—'I vish, Miss, I had your *assurance.*'—

'"Very good, ha!—very fair, faith," said John—"do you know what I've done with my powder-horn?"—

'"Not I—put it in the oven, may be, to dry," said Buckhurst.—"But as I was saying of my dear Caroline.... *My* Caroline!——She is not mine yet."

'"Very true," said John.

'"Very rue! Why, John, you are enough to provoke a saint!"

'"I was agreeing with you, I thought," said John.

'"But nothing is so provoking as always agreeing with one—and I can tell you, Mr. Verytrue, that though Caroline Percy is not mine yet, I have nevertheless a little suspicion, that such even as I am, she might readily be brought to love, honour, and obey me."

'"I don't doubt it, for I never knew a woman that was not ready enough to be married"—quoth John.—"But this is not the right ramrod after all."—

'"There you are wrong, John, on the other side," said Buckhurst—"for I can assure you, Miss Caroline Percy is not one of your young ladies who would marry any body. And even though she might like me, I am not at all sure that she would marry me—for obedience to the best of fathers might interfere."

'"There's the point," said John,—"for thereby hangs the fortune, and it would be a *deused* thing to have the girl without the fortune."

'"Not so *deused* a thing to me, as you think," said Buckhurst, laughing—"for poor as I am, I can assure you, the fortune is not my object—I am not a mercenary dog."

'"By the by," cried John—"now you talk of dogs... I wish to Heaven above! you had not given away that fine puppy of mine to that foolish old man, who never was out a shooting in his days, the dog's just as much thrown away, as if you had drowned him.—Now, do you know, if I had had *the making* of that puppy——"

'——"Puppy!" exclaimed Buckhurst—"is it possible you can be thinking of a puppy, John, when I am talking to you of what is of so much consequence?—When the whole happiness of my life is at stake?"——

'——"Stake!—

'——" Stake!—Well, but what can I do more?" said John—" have not I been standing here this half hour with my gun in my hand this fine day, listening to you prosing about I don't know what?"—

' " That's the very thing I complain of—that you do not know what—a pretty brother," said Buckhurst.

' John made no further reply, but left the room, sullenly, whistling as he went.'

The characters of the two Clays are excellent. English Clay we think rather the best.

' " *French* Clay, and *English* Clay, as they have been named, are brothers, both men of large fortune, which their father acquired respectably by commerce, and which they are spending in all kinds of extravagance and profligacy, not from inclination, but merely to purchase admission into fine company.—French Clay is a travelled coxcomb, who, *à propos de bottes*, begins with—" When I was abroad with the Princess Orbitella . . ." But I am afraid I cannot speak of this man with impartiality, for I cannot bear to see an Englishman apeing a Frenchman.—The imitation is always so awkward, so ridiculous, so contemptible. French Clay talks of *tact*, but without possessing any; he delights in what he calls *persiflage*, but in his *persiflage*, instead of the wit and elegance of Parisian raillery, there appears only the vulgar love and habit of derision.—He is continually railing at our English want of *savoir vivre*, yet is himself an example of the ill-breeding which he reprobates. His manners have neither the cordiality of an Englishman, nor the polish of a foreigner. To improve us in *l'esprit de société*, he would introduce the whole system of French gallantry—the vice without the refinement.—I heard him acknowledge it to be 'his principle' to intrigue with every *married* woman who would listen to him, provided she has any one of his four requisites, wit, fashion, beauty, or a good table.—He says his late suit in Doctors' Commons cost him nothing; for £10,000 are nothing to him.

' " Public virtue, as well as private, he thinks it a fine air to disdain,—and patriotism and love of our country he calls prejudices, of which a philosopher ought to divest himself.—Some charitable people say, that he is not so unfeeling as he seems to be, and that above half his vices arise from affectation, and from a mistaken ambition to be, what he thinks perfectly French.

' " His brother, English Clay, is a cold, reserved, proud, dull looking man, whom art, in despite of nature, strove, and strove in vain, to quicken into a 'gay deceiver.'—He is a grave man of pleasure—his first care being to provide for his exclusively personal gratifications. His dinner is a serious, solemn business, whether it be at his own table, or at a tavern, which last he prefers—he orders it so, that his repast shall be the very best of it's kind that money can procure. His next care is, that he be not cheated in what he is to pay. Not that he values money, but he cannot bear to be *taken in*. Then his dress, his horses, his whole appointment and establishment, are complete, and accurately in the fashion of the day—no expense spared.—All that belongs to Mr.

Clay, of Clay-Hall, is the best of it's kind, or, at least, *had from the best hand* in England. Every thing about him is English; but I don't know whether this arises from love of his country, or contempt of his brother. English Clay is not ostentatious of that which is his own, but he is disdainful of all that belongs to another. The slightest deficiency in the *appointments* of his companions he sees, and marks by a wink to some by-stander, or with a dry joke laughs the wretch to scorn. In company, he delights to sit by silent and snug, sneering inwardly at those who are entertaining the company, and *committing* themselves. He never entertains, and is seldom entertained. His joys are neither convivial nor intellectual; he is gregarious, but not companionable; a hard drinker, but not social. Wine sometimes makes him noisy, but never makes him gay; and, whatever be his excesses, he commits them seemingly without temptation from taste or passion. He keeps a furiously expensive mistress, whom he curses, and who curses him, as Buckhurst informs me, ten times a day; yet he prides himself on being free and unmarried! scorning and dreading women in general, "he swears he would not marry Venus herself unless she had £100,000 in each pocket, and now, that no mortal Venus wears pockets, he thanks Heaven he is safe—Buckhurst, I remember, assured me, that beneath this crust of pride there is some good nature. Deep hid under a large mass of selfishness, there may be some glimmerings of affection. He shows symptoms of feeling for his horses, and his mother, and his coachman, and his country. I do believe he would fight for old England, for it is his country, and he is English Clay.—Affection for his coachman did I say?—He shows admiration, if not affection, for every whip of note in town. He is their companion ... no, their pupil, and, as Antoninus Pius gratefully prided himself in recording the names of those relations and friends from whom he learnt his several virtues, this man may boast to after-ages of having learnt how to cut a fly off his near leader's ear from one coachman, how to tuck up a duck from another, and the *true spit* from a third—by the by, it is said, but I don't vouch for the truth of the story, that this last accomplishment cost him a tooth, which he had drawn to attain it in perfection.—Pure *slang* he could not learn from any one coachman, but from constantly frequenting the society of all. I recollect Buckhurst Falconer's telling me, that he dined once with English Clay, in company with a baronet, a viscount, an earl, a duke, and the driver of a mail-coach, to whom was given, by acclamation, the seat of honour. I am told there is a house, at which these gentlemen and noblemen meet regularly every week, where there are two dining-rooms divided by glass doors.—In one room the real coachmen dine, in the other the amateur gentlemen, who, when they are tired of their own conversation, throw open the glass-doors, that they may be entertained and edified by the coachmen's wit and *slang;* in which dialect English Clay's rapid proficiency has, it is said, recommended him to the *best* society, even more than his being the master of the best of cooks, and of Clay-Hall.'—p. 362.

The accounts of the ball, and of the private theatricals at Falconer Court, are extremely well done, but too long for extracts from

from a book in such general circulation. In the fourth volume Lord William —— is introduced. It is a remarkably well drawn picture of a person labouring under that morbid shyness which is so common in England, so rare out of it. The passage is not long, and we copy it with pleasure. It is in a higher style than Miss Edgeworth generally aims at, but she is quite successful in the attempt.

'Lord William had excellent abilities, knowledge, and superior qualities of every sort, all depressed by excessive timidity to such a degree as to be almost useless to himself and to others. Whenever he was, either for the business or pleasure of life, to meet or mix with numbers, the whole man was as it were snatched from himself. He was subject to that night-mare of the soul who sits himself upon the human breast, oppresses the heart, palsies the will, and raises spectres of dismay which the sufferer combats in vain—that cruel enchantress who hurls her spell even upon childhood, and when she makes youth her victim, pronounces, "Henceforward you shall never appear in your natural character.—Innocent, you shall look guilty—Wise, you shall look silly—Never shall you have the use of your natural faculties.—That which you wish to say you shall not say—that which you wish to do, you shall not do—you shall appear reserved when you are enthusiastic—insensible when your heart sinks into melting tenderness.—In the presence of those whom you most wish to please you shall be most aukward—and when approached by her you love you shall become lifeless as a statue, and under the irresistible spell of "mauvaise honte."

'Strange that France should give name to that malady of mind which she never knew, or of which she knows less than any other nation upon the surface of the civilized globe!

'Under the spell of "mauvaise honte" poor Lord William—laboured—fast bound—and bound the faster by all the efforts made for his relief by the matrons and young damsels who crowded round him continually. They were astonished that all their charms and all the encouragement they held out to him, failed to free this young nobleman from his excessive timidity.

'What a pity! it was his only fault, they were sure.—Ten thousand pities he could not be made to speak—they were certain he had a vast deal to say.—And he could be so agreeable, they were confident, if he would.—Most extraordinary that a man of his rank and fortune, whom every creature admired, should be so timid.

'True—but the timid Lord William all the time esteemed himself more highly than those ladies affected to admire him. Mixed with his apparent timidity was a secret pride.—Conscious of the difference between what he was and what he appeared to be, he was at once mortified and provoked, and felt disdain and disgust for those who pretended to admire his outward man, or who paid to his fortune that tribute which he thought due to his merit. With some few—some very few, by whom he was appreciated, his pride and timidity were equally at ease, his reserve vanished in an astonishing manner, and the man came out of the marble.'

It would be easy to multiply extracts, if it were necessary, or if our limits allowed it. But we must make an end. We take leave of Miss Edgeworth with feelings of undiminished respect. 'Patronage' is certainly not equally well written, nor equally entertaining with some of her other works: but neither is it *so much* inferior to them as unreasonable disappointment founded upon expectations, perhaps, as unreasonable, would suggest. The source of its fault is its length. Miss Edgeworth's manner is not adapted to what the French call 'les ouvrages de longue haleine.' Sketches and morality will not carry us through four volumes. There must be strong passion—which she has voluntarily renounced—or an interesting plot, with which her invention has not supplied her. At the same time it would be most unjust to call a work of so much merit as this a failure. Judging from our own feelings, we should say that the languor of some parts is amply compensated in others, by nature, vivacity, and good sense—good sense which every body imagines himself to possess—of which so many people have not one particle—and which, in the degree in which Miss Edgeworth possesses it, is a rare and admirable quality.

Her friends will, of course, tell her that this work is, what all authors wish their last works to be, better than any that preceded it; and, on the other hand, she will hear, indirectly, from ill-natured critics, from those that hope to do themselves honour by condemning loudly what they hear it is not the fashion to praise, and from those that are tired of her reputation, and think that the time is come for reducing it to more proper boundaries, that it is altogether unworthy of her. Both judgments are alike unsound. Patronage is not so good as 'Ennui' or 'the Absentee,' but it would have been vastly more admired if, in them, she had not recently exhibited models which she now finds it hard to equal. We are not afraid that she should be elevated by undue praise, but she is more likely to feel unjust censure; and if we thought that our advice would not be quite surperfluous, for the purpose of bringing an understanding like her own to a wise decision, we should, above all things, desire her not to be discouraged by the less brilliant success of this work from again appearing before the public. This wave has not reached the mark that was left by the preceding one, the next may perhaps overflow it. It may be difficult to add to the reputation which she had already acquired, but, at any rate, we will 'venture to predict,' with as much confidence as can properly belong to *southern* soothsayers, that she will never write without adding to the stock of public amusement, and strengthening those impressions that are favourable to virtue. If in our remarks upon some parts of this work we have shewn any thing like asperity, it is because they appear tinctured with prejudices unworthy of their author.

Art.

ART. II.—*Letters written in a Mahratta Camp, during the Year 1809, descriptive of the Character, Manners, Domestic Habits, and Religious Ceremonies of the Mahrattas. With Ten coloured Engravings, from Drawings by a Native Artist.* By Thomas Duer Broughton, Esq., late Commander of the Resident's Escort at the Court of Scindia. 4to. London; Murray, Albemarle-street. 1813.

THERE is little to admire in the style, and not much in the composition of these Letters. But as the writer lived three years in the midst of a Mahratta camp and, in consequence, must have had abundant opportunities of studying the character, manners, and customs of this singular people; it is next to impossible that he should be able to fill up three hundred and sixty quarto pages, without throwing in such a number of facts and observations as, by selection and arrangement, might convey to the reader both instruction and amusement. In the present state of the book, however, few will probably find themselves disposed to search for either. We are not sure that the compass of a few pages will enable us to apply a remedy; but we will at least endeavour, by lopping off redundancies, and by confining our operations to what relates to the character of Scindia and his subjects, to embrace the main points of Mr. Broughton's epistolary volume. The part which this chief has acted in the wars and politics of India, and the power which the people, as a distinct tribe, still possess on the Peninsula, will always command an interest in this country; and Mr. Broughton thinks, that, as 'the intrigues of a Mahratta durbar are matters of public notoriety and discussion, he shall be able to convey a tolerably correct idea of that policy and faith which have become as proverbial in modern India, as those of Carthage were among the ancient Romans,' and probably with somewhat more justice.

We shall first give a sketch of a Mahratta camp, and the component parts of a Mahratta army. On the ground where the troops are to encamp, a small white flag is planted to mark the spot where the Maha Raja (the great prince) purposes to pitch his own tents, and those of his family, his ministers, &c. which, collectively, are called the *deoorie*. The flags of the bazars or markets are placed in straight lines, parallel to one another, and forming streets, from the front to the rear of the army, extending sometimes three or four miles. The chief officers encamp on the right and left of the principal street, generally in the neighbourhood of some particular bazar.

'Their respective encampments are made without the smallest attention to regularity, cleanliness, or convenience; men, horses, camels, and bullocks, are all jumbled together in a mass; which mass is surrounded

rounded on all sides by others of a similar nature, in a continued series of comfortless confusion.'

The shops of the bazars consist, generally, of a blanket stretched over a bamboo, which is supported at each end by a forked stick, fixed in the ground: they are from three to nine feet high, and proportioned, in size, to the circumstances of the proprietors.

'Under these miserable coverings, not only are the goods exposed for sale, but the family of the shopkeeper resides, thoughout the year, and for many years together. The wealthiest merchants in the bazar use these tents.'

The military chiefs of the highest rank inhabit ruoters, a species of tent covered with two or three folds of cloth, closed at one end, and having a flap at the other, to keep out the wind and rain. These are somewhat more sheltered from the weather, but the inhabitants of every description appear to pass a wretched kind of life.

'They never feel even the solid and cheap comforts of a snug room, or the light of a candle; but in cold weather huddle round a miserable fire, made of horse or cow dung, or dirty straw, collected about their tents; and wrapping themselves up in a coarse blanket, or cotton quilt, contrive, with the aid of a pipe of bad tobacco, to while away a few hours of listless indolence. In this manner do the more sober of them pass their evenings; others however, it seems, retire, at the approach of evening, to the rack shop, or the tent of the prostitute, and revel through the night in a state of low debauchery, which could hardly be envied by the keenest votary of Comus and his beastly crew. Even these scenes of mirth and jollity are enacted in such tents as have already been described, and are exhibited to the eye through the medium only of half a dozen wicks immersed in thick gross oil, arranged in a dirty brass cruise, and which, together, scarcely afford as much light as a common English rush-light.'

Of the heterogeneous mass which composes Scindia's force, one of the most noted corps is a risalu, or troop, called the *barah bhaees*, or twelve brothers, from the number of leaders which originally commanded them; they are reckoned the most licentious part of the army, hardly excepting the pindaras who support themselves entirely by plunder; whereas the bhaees receive pay and plunder into the bargain.

'Another very distinguished [illegible] strictly speaking, a military or[illegible] scoundrels. They form a r[illegible] named Fuzil Khan, to whos[illegible] are the licensed thieves an[illegible] their industry, their princ[illegible] marching days they are[illegible]

porters for the Muha Raj's baggage; at sieges they dig the trenches, erect the batteries, and carry the scaling ladders. But their grand concern is the gambling houses, which are placed under their immediate controul and superintendance; and where they practise all the refinements of accomplished villany, to decoy and impose upon the unwary.'

Scindia had but two brigades of regular infantry, and these were commanded by two Portugueze, named Baptiste and Jacob. The rest were under no kind of discipline, and each individual was accoutred according to his circumstances or his fancy: they are chiefly Musselmans; and their name *(Ali-gols)* is derived from their practice of falling upon the enemy in a *gol* or mass, invoking the name of Ali. They have little pay, but to make them amends, they are allowed to plunder at discretion. Mendicant faquirs, jugglers, and dancing girls, the invariable appendages of all Indian armies, swarmed in the camp.

Wide spreading desolation and ruin attend the march of a Mahratta army; and care is always taken, whenever it can be done, to put it in motion when the green crops are on the ground. For many miles on each side of the line of march, these crops wholly disappear, the miserable inhabitants fly from their villages, which are frequently levelled with the ground: in every direction on the open plain, men, women, and children, may be seen tearing the young corn up by the roots, while their cattle are turned loose amongst it, to graze at liberty. The cavalry generally halt where the grain is most flourishing, to allow their horses to get a good feed.

The Mahrattas, as an army, are formidable to their opponents only from the great number of their cavalry. The *jinsee*, or park of artillery, is contemptible. The number of guns which Scindia had with his army, Mr. Broughton informs us, was sixty-six; 'twenty-seven with the park, of which ten were of large calibre, and the rest of various sizes and descriptions; seventeen attached to Jacob's brigade of regulars, and fourteen to Baptiste's; besides these, he has eight curricle guns, each drawn by a pair of bullocks.'

We have a curious specimen of the mode in which the Mahrattas conduct a siege, in their operations against the fort of Doonee. To demolish this place, surrounded with a mud wall, Scindia brought before it his whole army. He established a line of posts, within musket shot, entirely round the walls, with batteries against three of its sides. One of these mounted on a rock overlooked the place, from which, says Mr. Broughton, 'a six-pounder, well managed, would easily lay the whole town in ruins.' A flag of truce was then sent in, to endeavour to prevail on them to accede to the Maha Rajah's demand of a contribution; the answer

swer was, 'We defy the Maha Raja; we are but earth ourselves, like our walls, and we are resolved to stand or fall with them.' The firing then began and continued at intervals for a week, without any apparent progress being made; the garrison plastering up, during the night, the mud which had been knocked down the preceding day. A faquir then offered to take the fort for a certain sum; he advanced boldly to the walls, calling on his prophet, who ungratefully suffered a shot to strike his devotee, and break his leg. The fanatic exclaimed that his blood lay on the head of Surjee Rao, who had employed him, which so alarmed the minister, that he gave orders for him to be accommodated with every thing he might wish for. This wily fanatic, says Mr. Broughton, 'makes the best of his situation; he bespeaks the richest dinners, and summons to his presence the choicest sets of dancing girls, whenever he feels an inclination for such amusements.'

At the end of a fortnight the garrison made a sally by night and carried off a gun, which they mounted on the wall, and drove off that part of Scindia's army encamped opposite to it. Little if any progress was made by this powerful chieftain, at the end of twenty-five days, 'in the siege of a place, which four companies of sipahees with one six-pounder, would have taken in as many hours.'

After the capture of the unfortunate piece, which belonged to Mamma, the uncle of Scindia, the guns of the besiegers were regularly removed from the batteries at night, and carried back again at break of day. In this manner the siege was carried on for a month longer, when an ambassador arrived from Jaypoor, and negociations commenced, which, after another month, terminated in the adjustment of all difficulties. Among other knotty points, the gun taken from Mamma's battery was agreed to be restored.

'The gun was accordingly sent into camp on the evening of the 9th, and the troops were withdrawn from the trenches on the following morning. This important gun had not been fired at all during the latter days of the siege; and, on examination, a ball was found sticking in the chamber, from the cartridge having been put in the wrong way; a mistake which the people of the garrison were unable to remedy.'

Such is the army of Scindia, whose name has become famous and in some degree formidable in the East. However numerous the forces may be, which this restless chieftain can, in the best of times, bring into the field, (for their numbers depend on his ability to pay them,) they are utterly unable to make any effectual stand against a well disciplined body of Europeans, or of sepoys trained in European tactics and led by European officers. The Maha Raja himself, has no pretensions to the title of hero. From Mr. Broughton's account it would appear that he is addicted to every species of vicious folly, wasting his days and nights either in the most

most unbounded licentiousness, or the most frivolous occupations. The season for flying paper kites, which is a favourite amusement in all parts of India, set in during the ridiculous siege of Doonee; and Scindia was to be seen every evening, attended by large bodies of cavalry employed to keep the ground, partaking of this sport. These kites have no tails, and are in shape not unlike the ace of clubs. The flyers fight matches with them; that is, each tries to cut the other's string, which is rubbed over with a composition of pounded glass. For a supply of this article, all the empty bottles of the English residency were put in requisition by the Maha Raja; who was also at the expense of having kites and strings brought from Delhi, which is celebrated for their manufacture.

'This light-hearted prince,' says Mr. Broughton, 'is by no means insensible to the embarrassment of his affairs, or the consequent failure and disgrace which almost always attends his undertakings. But these things affect him but for an hour; a tiger or a pretty face, an elephant fight or a new supply of paper kites, have each sufficient attraction to divert his chagrin, and restore him to his wonted thoughtlessness and good humour. It is only however upon such occasions as the siege of Doonee, that he tastes of almost unalloyed happiness. Under the pretence of attending to the operations of the siege, he directed a small suit of tents to be pitched for him in a garden in the rear of the trenches, and there, surrounded by a set of parasites and buffoons, he passed his time in one constant round of the grossest debaucheries. Emancipated from his two greatest plagues, his wife and his ministers, he refused to listen to any business; and seemed to think of nothing but fresh modes of wasting away his hours, and indulging his own profligate propensities. Women and low company have been his bane; and appear to have quite corrupted a heart and mind originally meant for better things. Virgin charms have been diligently sought for, and almost daily sacrificed upon the altar of his lusts; and in the conclave of his wretched minions, scenes are said to be enacted for his amusement, so gross, and at the same time so ridiculous, as would stagger belief, and call a blush into the cheeks of the most depraved European.'

At this time Scindia was just turned of thirty years of age: Mr. Broughton describes him as about five feet five inches in height, inclined to be fat, but not largely made; his complexion rather dark and his features agreeable; but his whole appearance indicating a debauchee. What else, considering the education which he receives, can an Indian prince possibly be? All his pursuits and all his amusements will necessarily be tinctured with vice or frivolity; and we are therefore the more disposed to tolerate the latter when we find them unmixed with any of the former. The following species of diversion is not very princely; but it has at least the merit of being innocent. It is called the Hohlee, and consists in throwing about a quantity of flour, made from a water-

nut dyed red, called *abeer*. The English resident and his suite were present at it.

'In a few minutes after we had taken our seats, large brazen trays, filled with *abeer*, were brought in and placed before the company, together with a vase of yellow-coloured water, and a large silver squirt, for each individual. The Maha Raj himself began the amusements of the day, by sprinkling a little red and yellow water upon us from *goolabdans*, which are small silver vessels kept for the purpose of sprinkling rose-water at visits of ceremony. Every one then began to throw about the *abeer*, and squirt at his neighbours as he pleased. It is contrary to the etiquette of the Durbar for any body to throw at the Maha Raj. He had however been told that we had declared our resolutions to pelt every one who pelted us, and good-humouredly replied, "with all his heart; he was ready for us, and would try which could pelt best." We soon found, however, that we had not the slightest chance with him; for, besides a cloth which his attendants held before his face, he had in a few minutes the pipe of a large fire-engine put into his hands, filled with yellow water, and worked by half a dozen men; and with this he played about him with such effect, that in a short time there was not a man in the whole tent who had a dry suit upon his back. Sometimes he directed it against those who sat near him with such force that it was not an easy matter to keep one's seat. All opposition to this powerful engine was futile; whole shovel-fulls of *abeer* were cast about, and instantly followed by a shower of yellow water; and thus we were alternately powdered and drenched till the floor on which we sat was covered some inches in depth with a kind of pink and orange-coloured mud. Such a scene I never witnessed in my life. Figure to yourself successive groups of dancing girls, bedecked with gold and silver lace; their tawdry trappings, stained with patches of *abeer*, and dripping like so many Naiads, with orange-coloured water; now chaunting the *Hoklee* songs with all the airs of practised libertinism, and now shrinking with affected screams beneath a fresh shower from the Maha Raj's engine; the discord of drums, trumpets, fiddles and cymbals, sounding as if only to drown the other noises that arose around them; the triumph of those who successfully threw the *abeer*, and the clamours of others who suffered from their attacks; the loud shouts of laughter and applause which burst on all sides from the joyous crowd—figure to yourself if you can such an assemblage of extraordinary objects; then paint them all in two glowing tints of pink and yellow, and you will have formed some conception of a scene which absolutely beggars all description.'

It is remarkable that the Mahrattas, who are Hindoos, participate in most of the religious ceremonies of the Mahomedans. At the Moharam, or general mourning in commemoration of the death of Houssein, the grandson of the prophet, every good musselman clothes himself in green rags and turns faquir. Groups of grotesque figures wander about the camp, asking alms, and calling on the names of Mahommed, Ali, and Houssein. The Mahrattas mix with

with the Mahomedans; but the most extraordinary circumstance is, that Scindia himself, on this occasion, turns faquir, and roams about with a few of his confidential attendants,—not altogether, probably, for the purpose of mourning over the departed Imaun. Indeed he appears to be under little controul on account of religious ceremonies or religious prejudices, and scarcely a week passes but some of his creditors are under the necessity of 'sitting *Dhurna*' before his tent.

This curious mode of enforcing a demand is an ancient Hindoo custom, held in the highest degree of veneration. We have many instances of it, selected by Lord Teignmouth, in the Asiatic Researches. If the person sitting Dhurna should determine to fast for a week or longer, the person on whom he sits is compelled to do the same—the strongest stomach of course carries the day. It is said that the Brahmins train some of their fraternity to remain an unusual length of time without food; these are sent to sit Dhurna at the door of some rich individual, who generally accedes to their demands; for if the Brahmin should die while sitting, the punishment would be dreadful on him at whose door he was stationed. Scindia generally gets rid of the Dhurna by paying a part of the debt, and promising the remainder at some future time; but he is not very scrupulous of his word.

The manners, customs, character, and conduct, of the Mahrattas, from the chieftain to the lowest soldier, mechanic, tradesman, and peasant, evince a total want of moral rectitude, and of those rational feelings which we are in the habit of placing to the credit of human nature in every country. Every one tries to cheat his colleagues, and Scindia appears to be as unprincipled as the most expert among them. His prime minister Surjee Rao, to whose daughter he was married, was murdered in the open bazar, and his death attaches in a great degree to Scindia. His mistresses were as usual stripped of all they possessed, and his favourite one was sent for to court, and severely beaten in the presence of Scindia's wife, who added to the indignity by giving her several blows herself with a slipper. Scindia threatened her with the loss of her ears and nose, 'but contented himself with plundering her of a considerable sum in jewels and money, which she had contrived to collect during her short hour of sunshine and prosperity. There was another mistress who was plundered of property to the amount of a lack of rupees, and who remonstrated vehemently against the injustice of robbing her of what she termed 'the honest gains of her profession;' when she found this of no avail, she coolly observed, that she would recover it all again from Scindia whenever she could get into his presence, and was allowed to sing him a single song.

While

While these disgusting atrocities were passing at court,

'A discovery was made in the camp of a young girl, in disguise, who had served for some time in one of the battalions of Scindia's army; and when at last her sex was discovered, she met only with increased respect and attention from her comrades; not an individual of the corps presuming to utter a word that might be construed into an insult, nor hinting a doubt that could, in any shape, affect her reputation.

'At length her motive for enlisting and remaining in the service was discovered; an only brother was confined for debt at Bopal, and this interesting young creature had the courage to enrol herself as a common soldier, and afterwards persisted in exposing her person to the dangers and difficulties of a military life, with the generous idea of raising money sufficient to liberate this loved relation from confinement.

'When Scindia was informed of this anecdote, he liberally ordered her discharge to be made out, gave her a handsome present in money, and sent her with a letter to the Nawab of Bopal, warmly recommending both the brother and sister to his favourable notice and protection.'

We have quoted this anecdote with pleasure, because it is almost the only one which Mr. Broughton's book affords, that can be said to relieve the *sombre* strain of his general narrative, or to evince that one spark of human tenderness exists in the bosom of the Mahratta chief.

But however despicable or dissolute the character of Scindia may be, Mr. Broughton has just cause of complaint at the manner in which his account of him has been misrepresented. He does *not* (as has been affirmed) describe Scindia as 'a disgraceful liar,' or as 'unsteady in his friendships,' but as surrounded by the instigators and partakers of his youthful follies, whose characters nevertheless he had sufficient sagacity to estimate at their true worth. Neither does Mr. Broughton describe him as 'a babbling drunkard:' as far as we can discover, he does not even insinuate in any one page of his book that he was at all addicted to drinking—nor as 'despised by his enemies;' but just the contrary; as *feared by them all, with the sole exception of the English.* Quotations thus falsified, and for such an object as was evidently in the view of the writer, indicate two qualities which it is painful to observe—deep-rooted malignity, and an insolent contempt of truth. They tend to confound all individuality of character, to shake our confidence in facts, and to convert history into a vehicle for satire, and a skreen for libel.

It had almost escaped us to remark that the innumerable feasts of the Hindoos are kept by the Mahrattas with ostentatious zeal. The grand festival of the Dusera, in commemoration of the victory gained by Ram Chundra over the giant Rawan, is observed with particular

particular magnificence. On this occasion they let fly a number of jays bred for the purpose.

'When the flight of jays was discovered, the music struck up, the cannon were discharged, the horsemen fired off their matchlocks, and the crowd rushed towards a field of grain, preserved for the purpose, which they quickly demolished; every individual returning home triumphant with a handful of the spoil. This concluding part of the ceremony is peculiar to the Mahrattas, and is designed, aptly enough, to remind them at once of their origin and profession. After the salute was fired, Scindeah mounted an elephant, superbly caparisoned with massive silver chains about his legs, neck, and tusks, and returned down the line, which then wheeled into divisions, and marched off to their respective camps. Baptiste's brigade was, on this occasion, commanded by his son, a lad about fourteen years of age, very short and thick, and so fat that he seemed to move with difficulty, and who, being dignified with the title of major, appeared in an old-fashioned English uniform, a cocked hat with the flaps down, jockey boots, and a pig-tail.'

We have now had enough and more than enough of the Mahrattas. If, however, Mr. Broughton should feel disposed to give us further details concerning these freebooters, we would advise him to forego the plan of printing his remarks in 'letters to his brother,' and endeavour to digest his narrative into such a shape as to make it more readable. We would also recommend to him to lay aside the miserable affectation of spelling Indian words in a manner different from all other writers; he is not of sufficient authority to set aside the established orthography, and erect a system of his own. It was some time before we recollected our old acquaintance Scindia under the uncouth disguise of Seend,hiya;—then we have Sipayhees for Sepoys, Muha Raj for Maha Raja, Duk,hun for Deccan; and Bishnu for Vishnu; as if this were not sufficient we have a comma stuffed into the middle of a monosyllable, and, for Singh, Bhaee, &c. are directed to read (if we can) Sing,h, B,haee, and so forth. Other innovations of a similar kind might be pointed out, but we forbear. Enough has been done to mark our reprobation of the attempt, and we have room for no more.

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ART. III.—1. *The Giaour, a Fragment of a Turkish Tale.* By Lord Byron. Eleventh Edition.—2. *The Bride of Abydos, a Turkish Tale.* By Lord Byron. Seventh Edition.

WE remember an old Italian comedy, in which Harlequin, having a house to sell, appears on the stage with a sack full of bricks and broken mortar, and exhibiting these materials as a legitimate sample of his edifice, discreetly abstains from giving any information respecting the shape and arrangement of the building. He

He seems to have considered that what is solid and substantial, can receive little increase or diminution of value, from mere varieties of form and distribution; and, in like manner, it has lately been discovered, that poetical fragments may, without inconvenience, be substituted for epic or other poems. It is obvious, that to embellish striking incidents by splendid description, is the boast of the poet, and that from these exertions of his fancy must be derived the principal enjoyment of the reader. Hence it seems to follow, that the interests of both parties may be promoted, by agreeing to reduce every species of composition to its quintessence, and to omit, by common consent, the many insipid ingredients which swelled the redundant narratives of our ancestors. This practice, recommended by the example of Lord Byron, and by that of his literary friend to whom the Giaour is dedicated, would probably have been adopted by a crowd of imitators, but that the new convert, no less inconstant than eccentric, has again suddenly deserted his leader, and has exhibited, in his second Turkish tale, a model of a species of composition equally free from constraint, and equally susceptible of every degree and variety of ornament.

The Giaour has been, we believe, very generally admired; but this admiration has been accompanied by almost equally general complaints of the obscurity in which the author has thought fit, not unfrequently, to envelop his meaning; and we still doubt, whether our own attempts to pierce through that obscurity have been quite successful. It has, indeed, been urged, by persons of deep penetration, that this is solely our own fault, because the tale is, in fact, extremely simple. But this is to mis-state the objection, not to answer it. No man can have supposed, that Lord Byron has failed in rendering intelligible to his readers, a very short and plain tale, which he has related both in prose and in verse; neither is it from any abruptness in the transitions from one incident to another, that perplexity arises; but the dramatic form into which the poem is cast, being often very indistinctly traced, the reader is not always able, without a painful effort of attention, to keep his feelings in unison with the changes of scenery and character.

'The tale which these disjointed fragments present, (says Lord Byron in a prefatory advertisement,) is founded upon circumstances now less common in the east than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time;" or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprize. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion.'

And

And he adds, in a note at the conclusion of the poem,

'I heard the story by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.'

From this outline it appears that the tale in question, though partly formed on the commonest model of oriental fable, was distinguished by one striking peculiarity. In eastern love-stories the heroine is usually either preserved to her lover by means of some miraculous and preternatural agency, or consigned, with very little ceremony, to death and oblivion; because, in a country where every man is, or may become possessor of a haram, the reciter and hearer of a story will generally be disposed to acquiesce in the necessity of maintaining a severe domestic police, and in the moral fitness of strangling or drowning every female convicted of infidelity. But in the present instance, the seducer of the lovely Leila is a Christian; that is, according to the courtesy of the Mahometan vocabulary, a giaour or unbeliever, who has the audacity to form and execute the desperate project of revenging the death of his murdered mistress, by the sacrifice of her executioner. It is evident that the delineation of such a character is well suited to poetry; and it was, perhaps, further recommended to Lord Byron, by a recollection of the scene in which he first heard it, of the impression which it made on an eastern audience, and of the grotesque declamation and gestures of the Turkish story-teller.

The poem commences with a sort of prologue, intended to describe the sensations which a prospect of the shores of Greece, during a calm summer's day, would be likely to awaken in a mind duly impressed with admiration of the ancient glory of that country, and with disgust at the moral degradation of its present inhabitants. On this theme the poet expatiates with great delight; and we cannot refrain from quoting the following highly wrought and characteristic specimen.

'He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled;
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress;
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,

That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes—but for these and these alone,
Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd
The first—last look—by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Her's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth!' pp. 4, 5.

It is difficult not to sympathize with the sensibility which dictated the first of these descriptions; and although some cold-blooded readers may, possibly, be unable to discover any analogy between the human soul and the soul of a landscape, or to comprehend the species of death which the soil and climate of Greece may be supposed to have undergone, even such readers will, probably, admire the artful and brilliant metaphors by which the poet has connected these apparently incongruous images.

After this general introduction, which has received many improvements since the first edition of the poem, the reader is led to the immediate scene of action, and obtains a slight view of the reciter of the tale. This is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat in the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem; and yet, we know not why, the author has not vouchsafed to give him a formal introduction to his readers.

Scarcely has he reached the beach, when his attention is arrested—

'Who

'Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?
Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The cavern'd echoes wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
The foam that streaks the courser's side,
Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast,
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface;
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scath'd by fiery passion's brunt,
Though bent on earth thine evil eye
As meteor like thou glidest by,
Right well I view, and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

'On—on he hastened—and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew:
Though like a demon of the night
He passed and vanished from my sight;
His aspect and his air impressed
A troubled memory on my breast;
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.'—pp. 9, 10.

Every gesture of the impetuous horseman is full of anxiety and of passion. In the midst of his career, whilst in full view of the astonished spectator, he suddenly checks his steed, and rising on his stirrup, surveys, with a look of agonizing impatience, the distant city illuminated for the feast of Bairam; then pale with anger, raises his arm as if in menace of an invisible enemy; but awakened from his trance of passion by the neighing of his charger, again hurries forward, and disappears.

'The hour is past, the Giaour is gone,
And did he fly or fall alone?
Woe to that hour he came or went,
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
To turn a palace to a tomb;
He came, he went, like the Simoom,
That harbinger of fate and gloom,
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death—
Dark tree—still sad, when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

'The steed is vanished from the stall,
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall,
The lonely Spider's thin grey pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
The Bat builds in his Haram bower;
And in the fortress of his power
The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;
The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
With baffled thirst, and famine, grim,
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day—
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.—
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night.—
And oft had Hassan's Childhood played
Around the verge of that cascade;
And oft upon his mother's breast
That sound had harmonized his rest;
And oft had Hassan's Youth along
Its bank been sooth'd by Beauty's song;
And softer seemed each melting tone
Of Music mingled with its own.—
But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
Along the brink at Twilight's close—
The stream that filled that font is fled—
The blood that warmed his heart is shed!—
And here no more shall human voice
Be heard to rage—regret—rejoice—
The last sad note that swelled the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail—
*That* quenched in silence—all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill—
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.'—p. 14, &c.

We have given this long quotation, not only because it contains much brilliant and just description, but because we think that this part of the narrative is managed with unusual taste. The fisherman has, hitherto, related nothing more than the extraordinary phenomenon which had excited his curiosity, and of which it is his immediate object to explain the cause to his hearers; but instead of proceeding to do so, he stops to vent his execrations on the Giaour, to describe the solitude of Hassan's once luxurious haram, and

and to lament the untimely death of the owner, and of Leila, together with the cessation of that hospitality which they had uniformly exercised. He reveals, as if unintentionally and unconsciously, the catastrophe of his story: but he thus prepares his appeal to the sympathy of his audience, without much diminishing their suspense.

While still ruminating on the adventure of the Giaour, he hears the sound of feet, and beholds a silent procession, headed by an Emir, and bearing, in a sack, what appears to be a human body. Having offered the use of his boat, he is ordered to row them towards some rocks at a distance from the shore, where their mysterious burden, being committed to the sea, subsides slowly, and with little apparent struggle, to a depth at which it wholly eludes his gaze.

'And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to Genii of the deep,
Which, trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.
* * * * * * * * *

'As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full-grown child
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed,
Woe waits the insect and the maid,
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, or man's caprice:
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Has lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Has brush'd the brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?

No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shewn
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame.'—p. 19, &c.

The causes of the tragical event which he had thus witnessed, were soon explained to him by a general rumour, that Leila, the favourite slave of Hassan, under pretence of going to the bath on the last night of the fast of Rhamazan, had eloped in the disguise of a Georgian page, and had fled with the Giaour; and though other reports stated that the Giaour had been wholly unaccompanied in his flight, it was generally known that Leila had disappeared, and that, on her account, Hassan had deserted his haram, and was vainly endeavouring, amidst the noise and fatigue of the chase, to deaden the remembrance of his loss. That loss was, indeed, in the opinion of our fisherman, wholly irreparable. Eyes large, dark, and languishing as those of the gazelle; cheeks blushing like the blossom of the pomegranate; a neck graceful and majestic as that of the swan; hair of which the 'hyacinthine' ringlets swept the marble on which she trod; feet whiter than the snow

'Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,
It fell and caught one stain of earth;'

and, above all, a countenance beaming with intelligence and animation:—such were the charms of Leila, which Hassan now remembered with poignant regret, and despaired of finding combined in any other female. His mother thought otherwise. She trusted that a beautiful and accomplished wife would make him amends for the loss of a still more beautiful mistress. Change of scene might erase from his memory the image which his once favourite haram incessantly tended to recal; she, therefore, having discovered a maiden whose beauty she judged to be sufficiently attractive, and having obtained the consent of both parties to the match, repaired to one of his distant castles, and conjured her son to meet her there, and to send thither, without loss of time, the accustomed bridal presents. Hassan, attended by a well-armed guard of twenty Tartars, set off on his expedition: his journey lay through the defiles of mount Parnassus, which were likely to be infested by marauding parties of Arnauts. But the formidable Hassan, whose very name had often spread terror through hosts of enemies, and who was now surrounded by a band of well-proved warriors, had reason to think himself secured against any number of undisciplined and ill-conducted assailants. His party was already beginning to emerge from the defile, when three Tartars, who led the van, were laid low by an unexpected fire of musketry; and

and though no enemy was visible, it was plain that the ambush was so well concerted, that any attempt to retreat, or delay in forcing the mouth of the pass, must be fatal. Hassan instantly hastened to the van, for the purpose of heading the charge, but found that the assailants, who had now quitted their fastnesses, were drawn up in excellent order to receive him. Their leader, though unknown to his eyes, immediately recalled to his fancy every feature of one, of whom he had anxiously collected the most minute description, and in whom he now instantly recognized the object of his long meditated vengeance.

> ' " 'Tis he—'tis he—I know him now,
> I know him by his pallid brow;
> I know him by the evil eye
> That aids his envious treachery;
> I know him by his jet-black barb,
> Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,
> Apostate from his own vile faith,
> It shall not save him from the death;
> 'Tis he, well met in any hour,
> Lost Leila's love—accursed Giaour!" '

We shall abstain from giving in prose, a very dull paraphrase of that part of the poem in which the author relates the obstinate combat between the two rivals; the death of Hassan; the horror of his mother when she receives, by the hands of a Tartar, the bleeding head of her son, in lieu of the expected bridal present; and the sudden disappearance of the Giaour, after the full accomplishment of his revenge; because the account of these events in the original is no less perspicuous than it is animated.

With the death of Hassan, or with his interment on the place where he fell, or with some moral reflections on his fate, we may presume that the original narrator concluded the tale of which Lord Byron has professed to give us a fragment. But every reader, we are sure, will agree with us in thinking that the interest excited by the catastrophe is greatly heightened in the modern poem; and that the imprecations of the Turk, against the 'accursed Giaour,' are introduced with great judgment, and contribute much to the dramatic effect of the narrative.

The remainder of the poem, we think, would have been more properly printed as a second canto; because a total change of scene, and a chasm of no less than six years in the series of events, can scarcely fail to occasion some little confusion in the mind of the reader.

It seems that the fisherman, to whom we have been indebted for the knowledge of the preceding adventures, was, by some accident, conducted to we know not what country, where he met with

a Catholic monastery, and addressed, to one of the monks, the following question;

' " How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
His features I have scann'd before
In mine own land—'tis many a year,
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever serv'd a horseman's need.
But once I saw that face—yet then
It was so mark'd with inward pain
I could not pass it by again;
It breathes the same dark spirit now,
As death were stamped upon his brow."'—p. 39.

His suspicions are confirmed by the reply of the monk, who informs him that the mysterious stranger had arrived, six years before, from 'Paynim land,' and had purchased, by magnificent presents, the abbot's permission to reside in the monastery; where, however, he appeared to shun, with horror, the performance of all religious rites: that, sometimes struggling in silence under the pangs of a wounded conscience, sometimes muttering incoherent recollections of a drowning mistress, and of a dying rival, or addressing the vision of some bloody hand, which tempted him to plunge from the cliff into the water,—he was an object of unceasing curiosity, and abhorrence, and terror, to all the inmates of the monastery; whose detestation, however, was not unmixed with feelings of involuntary awe and reverence.

' " His floating robe around him folding,
Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle—
With dread beheld—with gloom beholding
The rites that sanctify the pile.
But when the anthem shakes the choir,
And kneel the monks—his steps retire—
By yonder lone and wavering torch
His aspect glares within the porch;
There will he pause till all is done—
And hear the prayer—but utter none.
See—by the half-illumin'd wall
His hood fly back—his dark hair fall—
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
As if the Gorgon there had bound
The sablest of the serpent-braid
That o'er her fearful forehead strayed.
For he declines the convent oath,
And leaves those locks unhallowed growth—
But wears our garb in all beside;
And—not from piety but pride

Gives

Gives wealth to walls that never heard
Of his one holy vow nor word.—
Lo!—mark ye—as the harmony
Peals louder praises to the sky—
That livid cheek—that stony air
Of mixed defiance and despair!
Saint Francis! keep him from the shrine!
Else may we dread the wrath divine
Made manifest by awful sign.—
If ever evil angel bore
The form of mortal, such he wore—
By all my hope of sins forgiven
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!"'—p. 43, &c.

It is plain that this fine passage, which closes a long conversation between the fisherman and the monk, is, in truth, a scene in a drama; not a portion of a narrative. This scene is followed by a series of reflections on the effects of excessive love, and on those of utter solitude; after which, we are suddenly and unexpectedly transferred to the death-bed of the Giaour, whose dying address to his confessor, containing more than three hundred and fifty lines, brings us to the conclusion of the poem.

These abrupt and capricious transitions may be easily removed, whenever the author shall be persuaded that, by thus embarrassing his readers, he cannot but detract from the interest which he wishes to excite. Such little blemishes, it is true, are more than compensated by the poetical beauties which are scattered, in profusion, through almost every paragraph; yet we confess, that even this display of talent has failed to reconcile us to the character of the Giaour; whose conduct, however reprehensible, had been at least consistent with what is called heroism, but whose feelings and motives, as described by himself, are, in our opinion, generally unnatural, and sometimes odious.

That the remorse occasioned by the consciousness of having caused the destruction of the woman whom he loved, should have haunted him without ceasing—should have tortured him even to madness, and should, finally, have put a period to his existence, is certainly not incredible. The extent of his anguish, under such a consciousness, would depend partly on the strength and sincerity of his affection for his mistress, and partly on that propensity to self-condemnation, which is generally a characteristic of the noblest minds; and which, in such minds, is most likely to create final and incurable despair. His affection is, indeed, very frequently, and very beautifully expressed; for instance,

'"But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain,
So would I live and love again.

I grieve,

I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
For him who dies, but her who died;
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave.
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed.
She was a form of life and light—
That seen—became a part of sight,
And rose—where'er I turned mine eye—
The Morning-star of Memory!"'—p. 55.

The following lines, also, are finely descriptive of his regret.

' " And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life—
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.—
Alike all time—abhorred all place,
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,
Where every hue that charmed before
The blackness of my bosom wore.—"'—p. 58.

We might easily refer the reader to many other passages which are no less favourable than the preceding, to the character of the Giaour; but we think, as we have already hinted, that the author has thrown into that character, some unnecessary shades of what we should be disposed to call arrogance and selfishness. It is surely not quite consistent with his feelings of remorse, that he should boast of his inability to 'whine or sigh,' of his determination to 'obtain or die,' and consequently to risk the life of Leila for his own gratification; and that he should justify her murder, by the avowal that he, himself, would have acted like Hassan under a similar provocation. It is after thus exculpating his rival, that he says,

' " I gazed upon him where he lay,
And watched his spirit ebb away;
Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,
He felt not half that now I feel.
I search'd, but vainly search'd to find,
The workings of a wounded mind;
Each feature of that sullen corse
Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.
Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
Despair upon his dying face!
The late repentance of that hour,
When Penitence hath lost her power
To tear one terror from the grave—
And will not soothe, and can not save!"'—p. 53.

We now proceed to the Bride of Abydos.

The

The aged Giaffir, the Pacha of the country, is seated in his Divan, and surrounded by his armed slaves; he is brooding in silence on some important project. His eye appears to express a mixture of exultation and anxiety.

" " Let the chamber be cleared"—the train disappeared—
" Now call me the chief of the Haram guard—"
With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.
" Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
Are passed beyond the outer gate,
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld
My child Zuleika's face unveiled!)
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower—
Her fate is fixed this very hour;
Yet not to her repeat my thought—
By me alone be duty taught!"'—pp. 2, 3.

Haroun is preparing to execute the order, when young Selim, apprehensive that the shortest delay in Zuleika's arrival may excite his father's indignation against her, or against the guiltless Haroun, attempts to save them by his interposition. He confesses that, attracted by the beauty of the weather, he had, at an early hour, induced his sister to accompany him into the gardens of the Haram; where, enjoying together the fragrance of the air, the coolness of the cypress groves, and the varied prospects of the Hellespont, and listening, alternately, to favourite pieces of poetry, they had loitered so long, that even himself, when warned by the sound of the tambour, had been scarcely in time to express his duty to his father at the Divan. Zuleika, possibly, might still be wandering where he left her; and if this was blameable, to him that blame must attach; but his father must not forget that, whether in the garden or in her own apartment, she was equally invisible to all eyes, but those of her trusty attendants.

The impatient Giaffir is incensed to frenzy by this apology; he treats Selim as the son of a slave, inheriting the soul of his degraded mother, incapable of aspiring to the fame, or of emulating the valour of his Turkish ancestors, and fitted only to pore over the babbling waters of a fountain, and to watch the expanding petals of a rose-bud. Having exhausted every term of contempt on the youth, he again repeats his orders to Haroun, warning him that his life depends on his vigilant guard of Zuleika.

Thus far, Selim had listened in submissive silence, but was unable, wholly, to controul the expression of those emotions which laboured in his breast. Giaffir, who had watched him with malicious attention, continued to probe his feelings by fresh insults, still gazing on him with a haughty fierceness, by which he hoped to quell

quell the rebellious spirit which he had awakened; but when he encountered the eye of his son, he read in it, not the sullen gloom of contumacy, but the steady glance of high and indignant valour. He felt himself unexpectedly awed and abashed by that child, whose effeminacy he had long despised and hated, whom his conscience had compelled him to view with some alarm, and against whom his present sense of humiliation inspired him with increasing rancour. This sentiment, however, was, for the present, suspended by the arrival of Zuleika. By her presence the sternest passions of his soul were always soothed into gentleness, and he now proceeded to greet her, with the blessing of a tender and affectionate father.

'Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast—
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest,
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt;
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel—
Affection chained her to that heart—
Ambition tore the links apart.'—p. 10.

He tells her that, for the purpose of ensuring her permanent happiness, he had consented to sacrifice his own, by transferring her from the care of a parent to that of a husband; that the man to whom her hand was destined was brave and powerful, being kinsman of the Bey Oglou; and that, by means of such an alliance, the chiefs of both families would secure their independence, and set at nought the anger of a capricious Sultan. She would, probably, care little about his age, and would be contented to know that her father had not contracted her to a boy. From that father she had long learnt the lesson of obedience; that of love would be taught her by her husband.

'In silence bowed the virgin's head—
And if her eye was filled with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,
And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped—
What could such be but maiden fears?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye
Love half regrets to kiss it dry—
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!'—pp. 11, 12.

Giaffir, full of confidence in her unrepining submission, felt no anxiety

anxiety about his daughter's present feelings. Leaving her and Selim under the care of the Kislar Haroun, he resigned his pipe, called for his horse, and proceeded, with his Moorish and Mamaluke guards, to inspect their usual exercises in the use of the sabre and jereed.

Selim, pale, mute, and motionless, his head leaning on his hand, his eye directed towards the plain where the Pacha's troops were engaged in mimic war, saw not the display of their activity, heard not their shouts of triumph. His thoughts were wholly occupied with the image of Zuleika, but he was unconscious of her presence. She sighed, but her sigh was unheeded; her anxious and inquiring eye was fixed, in vain, on his torpid and inanimate features. She wished to address him, but felt an involuntary hesitation.

'Yet speak she must—but when essay—
" How strange he thus should turn away!
Not thus we e'er before have met,
Not thus shall be our parting yet."—
Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
And watched his eye—it still was fixed—
She snatched the urn wherein was mixed
The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,
And sprinkled all its odours o'er
The pictured roof and marble floor—
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal addrest,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too—
" What sullen yet? it must not be—
Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
" He loved them once—may touch them yet,
If offered by Zuleika's hand."
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the Rose was pluck'd and wreathed—
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet—
" This rose to calm my brother's cares
A message from the Bulbul bears;
It says to-night he will prolong,
For Selim's ear his sweetest song—
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try for once a strain more glad,
With some faint hope his altered lay
May sing these gloomy thoughts away."'—pp. 14, 15.

This playful appeal is disregarded; and she beholds, with increasing astonishment and alarm, the obstinate gloom which even her caresses

caresses cannot dispel, and of which she is unable to explain the cause. Her own feelings, however, at length afford a clue to those of Selim. That Osman, to whom her father has pledged her, and whose arrival she anticipates with horror, is, perhaps, no less odious to him. Under this impression, she suddenly changes her manner, and, in a calm but determined tone of voice, deliberately binds herself, by a solemn oath, not to become the wife of any man without the free consent, and even the solicitation of him who has been the companion of her infancy, to whom her whole heart has been always devoted, and from whom she is incapable of withdrawing any portion of her affection.

Selim, starting from his trance, and catching Zuleika in his arms, claims an equal share in this oath, which, he tells her, has bound them irrevocably to each other; he exhorts her to firmness and constancy, relates the affront which he had received from Giaffir, obscurely hints at some other cause which has aggravated his indignation, confirms her in her abhorrence of Osman, conjures her to conceal the sacred engagement which she had voluntarily contracted, tells her that he has 'arms and friends' to protect her against the unworthy suitor who claims her, and cautions her not to think that her Selim is really what he has hitherto appeared.

Zuleika, though accustomed to rely implicitly on his judgment, to adopt all his opinions, to sympathize in his grief, and rejoice in his joy, was, in the present instance, bewildered by his incoherent language, and incapable of sharing the sudden and inexplicable tumult of his emotions. Why did he now receive, with such rapture, the assurance of that affection which he never could have doubted, which had never suffered a moment's change, which even from her infancy she had so frequently expressed with the same fervour and sincerity? Why was she directed to cloak in mystery a vow which she had called on Heaven to witness, which the authority of her father could not annul, and which his justice could not condemn? She wished to avow to Giaffir the solemn obligation which she had contracted, to proclaim her invincible antipathy towards Osman Bey, and, strengthened by the approval of her own conscience, to brave the indignation which her frankness might possibly excite; but, feeling that concealment and dissimulation were incompatible with innocence, she implored Selim either to recal his injunction of secrecy, or at least to explain and justify his motive for exacting it.

The appearance of Giaffir and his troop, who were now returning from the field, compels Selim to delay this explanation. He entreats her to retire for the present, and promises that he will, at night, conduct her to a more secure place of conference in the gardens of the Haram, and dispel every doubt and scruple which may

may have been awakened in her mind by his late ambiguous conduct. Thus terminates the first canto.

'The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.'

The night was unusually cloudy and dark, the moon was far advanced in the wane, and, until the late hour of her rising, no ray of light was discoverable on the shores of the Hellespont, excepting the lamp which glimmered in the lonely tower of Zuleika. There, on a silken ottoman, were thrown the amber beads of her rosary; the holy amulet, the gift of her mother, studded with emeralds, but more precious from the mystic text engraven on it; a finely painted koran; rolls of poetry, not less gaudily illumined; and the lute which, till now, she had seldom thus neglected. The lamp of fretted gold cast a light which, though faint and almost expiring, was sufficient to display these splendid objects, as well as the rich carpets of Persia, and costly Chinese vases, which diffused the sweet fragrance of living flowers, or the stronger scent of perfumes from Sheiraz. Every thing indicated luxury and opulence, but every thing wore an appearance of gloom during the absence of Zuleika, the animating spirit of this fairy mansion.

Defended against the cold by a vest of the thickest sable, but trembling with anxiety, and sometimes with fear of some unknown danger, which the moanings of the wind, and the darkness of the grove appeared to menace, she was conducted by Selim to a grotto, the favourite scene of her musical studies and of her youthful reveries. Immediately elevated above the sea-beach, and alternately presenting to her eyes the varied prospect of the Hellespont, and the fragrant gardens of the Haram, it had often suggested to her fancy, many visionary pictures of that Paradise which was obscurely promised to her sex by the koran, but which she trusted that she should share with Selim, whose bliss, even in other worlds, must be imperfect without her. Far different, however, were the visions which, at this lonely hour, the same spot was calculated to awaken. Piles of arms of uncouth shapes, some of which seemed to be rusted by the stain of blood, and a large goblet filled to the brim, but not, as it appeared, with any lawful beverage, were the most conspicuous objects that reflected the wavering and yellow flame of a lamp. Zuleika started, and, turning to her conductor with a look of inquiry, was scarcely able to recognize her beloved Selim.

IX.

IX.

'His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreath'd lightly round, his temples wore:—
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glitter'd at his waist,
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced.
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white—the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote:
Beneath—his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast—
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye—and tone and hand—
All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galiongée.'—p. 32.

Zuleika gazed on him in silent wonder, and listened, with an air of melancholy foreboding, whilst he reminded her of the hints by which he had endeavoured to prepare her for seeing him in a different character, of the voluntary oath by which she had made him the arbiter of her fate, and of the duty thus imposed upon him to guard her from the pursuit of the unworthy Osman, and to intrust her with every secret of his heart. He then, after again adjuring her to reserve the disposal of her hand, prefaced the story which he had promised to communicate, by the solemn assurance that he was not her brother.

This assurance was wholly unexpected. Selim, she was very sure, had, from the time of her earliest recollection, been always recognized by Giaffir as his son; as such, he had been educated with herself in the Haram, and had been, up to that hour, and with Giaffir's full concurrence, the constant companion of all her studies and amusements. It was true that her father had often behaved to Selim with a harshness which, to her, had appeared unnatural, and had thus inflicted on her, whose heart was inseparably attached to her supposed brother, the only miseries which her youth had hitherto experienced. She had very recently witnessed the deep resentment which rankled in the mind of Selim. Hence she inferred that herself, as Giaffir's daughter, was also become an object of that resentment, or, at least, that the affection, for which she had partly been indebted to the supposed tie of consanguinity, might

might be much diminished. This was a misfortune that she dreaded more than even death or slavery, and, in her reply to Selim, she expressed this fear with her usual frankness and simplicity, and earnestly conjured him to recollect that she remained unaltered, that she was still his sister, his friend, his Zuleika.

It was easy to relieve her from this imaginary terror, but even the most solemn vows of attachment from the lord of her affections, and the prospect of being united to him by ties which were wholly unobjectionable, were insufficient to support her courage during the recital which she was now condemned to hear.

Selim, it seems, was the son of Abdallah, Giaffir's brother, and Giaffir was the murderer of that brother. Both were distinguished by their intrepidity, by their military skill, and by the dignities which such qualities usually confer. At the commencement of Paswan Oglou's rebellion, these candidates for fame and power were amongst the first Pachas who led their contingents to the Sultan's army, and whilst they were encamped at Sophia, the insidious Giaffir caused Abdallah to be poisoned in the bath. By the artful distribution of his treasure, he procured the investiture of the pachalic which had belonged to his victim, and as his crime was only known to the agent whom he had employed, and to Haroun, the principal slave of Abdallah's haram, he was perfectly sure of impunity. Haroun, indeed, far from being able to revenge his master, had no means of saving his own life, and that of the infant Selim who was left in his charge, but by propitiating the powerful Giaffir, in which he was so adroit and successful that the Pacha, who had no son of his own, consented to adopt his nephew, and to place the child, and afterwards Zuleika, under Haroun's care in his haram in Asia Minor, to which he transferred his own residence, from the estates which he occupied on the banks of the Danube.

The same policy which prompted Giaffir to become the adoptive father of his brother's child, induced him, also, to watch over the boy's education, to debar him from all manly exercises, and to instruct him only in those accomplishments which were compatible with his confinement within the walls of the haram. It was probable that habits of luxury and effeminacy, carefully fostered in childhood, would endure through life, and that the dangerous spirit of Abdallah would never revive in the degenerate Selim. But when the Pacha, on the point of setting off for a distant campaign, thought it necessary for the security of Zuleika, to establish her within the walls of Brusa, Selim, to whom her presence had alone endeared the scenes of their mutual captivity, became impatient of his solitary prison, and obtained from the compassionate Haroun his permission to enjoy a few months of freedom, under

the solemn promise of re-entering the haram before the return of Giaffir.

From Haroun he also learnt the atrocious conduct of Giaffir, against whom he now conceived a deep and implacable hatred. But disdaining to rely for vengeance on the arm of an assassin, and hopeless of resisting, by any ordinary means, the influence and power of the Pacha, he resolved to seek, during the short period of emancipation which was allowed to him, the only instruments capable of promoting the execution of his designs. The neighbouring islands abounded with pirates, men of desperate courage, who, acting in concert, and led by an artful and enterprizing chieftain, could scarcely fail of success in a sudden attack on any individual pachalic. To these he instantly addressed himself, and soon captivated them by his boldness, by his eloquence, by his present liberality, and by the dazzling prospect of pillage and conquest, which he held out to them as the sure reward of their union and discipline. He had concerted with them, before his return to the haram, such sure means of communication, that from his retreat he continued to direct all their motions. By them were brought those arms which she had viewed with such alarm, and which were reserved for the use of some trusty adherents whom he had gained within the palace; for their lips was intended that cup from the sight of which her eyes seemed to fear pollution. They were ready at a short distance, perhaps even now within hearing, for the purpose of conveying her to the asylum which he had provided and ornamented for her reception. But her determination must not be delayed, since nothing but immediate flight could save her from the arms of Osman, or prevent the decision of the mortal feud between her father and her lover.

XXII.

'Zuleika—mute and motionless,
Stood like that statue of distress—
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother hardened into stone;
All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobé!—
But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essayed to speak, or look reply—
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flashed on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—
"Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother!"
Far—wide through every thicket spread
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand:—

They

They part, pursue, return, and wheel,
With searching flambeau, shining steel;
And last of all his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving,
And now almost they touch the cave—
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?'—pp. 49, 50.

He stood unappalled. One only hope remained. The sound of his pistol might perhaps be heard by his comrades. He fired it in the air, imprinted one kiss on the lips of Zuleika, conjured her to retire from the scene of danger, promised to respect the life of Giaffir, and, springing from the wall upon the beach, attempted to cut his way to the boat which was rapidly approaching to his rescue. Zuleika spoke not, wept not, stirred not; she was insensible to his parting exhortation, and even to his last caress; her eyes alone seemed eagerly to pursue his retiring image, and when that was lost in darkness, one wild shriek announced the termination of all her terrors. Selim, covered with the blood of his pursuers, and still unhurt by their weapons, reached the edge of the water, and was already joined by the foremost of his friends, when a shot, from the unerring carbine of Giaffir, passed through his heart.

'Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
Go—seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay—
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow—
That hand—whose motion is not life—
Yet feebly seems to menace strife—
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levelled with the wave—
What recks it? though that corse shall lie
Within a living grave?
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robbed the meaner worm!
The only heart—the only eye—
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scattered limbs composed,
And mourned above his turban-stone—
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
Yea—closed before his own!'—pp. 54, 55.

The poet has wisely abstained from expatiating on the fate of Giaffir, who, in the moment of his triumph and exultation, is thus abruptly deprived of the only object of his tenderness and hope of

his ambition, and is left, a solitary childless wretch, to endure, for the remainder of his declining life, the incessant reproaches of a guilty conscience. In lieu of this odious picture Lord Byron has borrowed, we know not whether from some eastern legend, or from his own invention, a little fabulous incident which forms a far more graceful and appropriate conclusion to the poem.

XXVIII.

'Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief;
Like early unrequited Love!
One spot exists—which ever blooms,
Ev'n in that deadly grove.—
A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale,
It looks as planted by Despair—
So white—so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem—in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again!
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears.
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour
And buds unsheltered by a bower,
Nor droops—though spring refuse her shower
Nor woos the summer beam.'—pp. 57, 58.

This miraculous rose springs, of course, from the virgin grave of Zuleika; and it seems that the feathered Selim has taken care that her remains shall not be decorated with any more vulgar ornament.

'There late was laid a marble stone,
Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!
It was no mortal arm that bore
That deep-fixed pillar to the shore;
For there, as Helle's legends tell,
Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell—
Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
Denied his bones a holier grave—
And there by night, reclin'd, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turban'd head—
And hence extended by the billow,
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"

Where

Where first it lay—that mourning flower
Hath flourished—flourisheth this hour—
Alone—and dewy—coldly pure and pale—
As weeping Beauty's cheek, at Sorrow's tale!'—pp. 59, 60.

Having devoted so much time to the contents of these poems, we have little to add by way of comment. The public, we think, are seldom very culpably prodigal of their admiration, and the almost universal, though not quite unqualified applause with which the poetical compositions of Lord Byron have been received, affords, in our judgment, an undeniable proof of his distinguished talent. The only doubt, therefore, which we have felt ourselves interested in solving, is, whether this tide of success has appeared to produce a beneficial or mischievous effect on the mind of the favoured poet; whether it has seduced him into negligence, or excited him to greater exertion; whether it has confirmed him in a love of paradox and disdain of received opinions, or conciliated in him a more charitable and tolerant spirit. It was with a view to this question that we included his two poems in this article, the reader being thus enabled to follow us more conveniently, in our examination of their respective merits.

This examination may be completed in few words, because the poems to be compared are merely varieties of a single species, being both tragical love-tales, of which Leila and Zuleika, the Giaour and Selim, are the parallel characters.

Of Leila we know nothing but that she was a beautiful Circassian slave, highly seducing, and, like most slaves, easily seduced; sufficiently adroit in devising means to meet the wishes of her lover, but finally detected in her attempt to escape with him, and drowned, in conformity to Turkish custom, by her master. Whatever interest she inspires arises, partly from the atrocious cruelty of which she is the victim, and partly from the strange effect produced by her death on the mind of the Giaour.

These effects, however, as her lover himself informs us, were the result, not of her merits, but of his own peculiar temperament. He observes that 'the cold in clime are cold in blood,' but that his passions resembled 'the lava-flood that boils in Etna's breast of flame.' Thus reduced to the alternative of satisfying all his desires, or of being consumed by them, he naturally chuses the former; and because every religion, and code of laws, and system of morality, is, more or less, hostile to the unlimited enjoyment of sensuality and revenge, he rejects them all, and adopts a scheme of ethics more congenial to his constitution. Had Leila proved refractory, it follows, from his antipathy to ceremonious love, that he must have obtained her favours by force. Had she been subsequently faithless to him, he tells us that he must have murdered

her; but, being deprived of her whilst their attachment was mutual and unabated, he pines and dies under this disappointment. In the agony of remorse he *sometimes* wishes that she had not returned his love; but the reflection which sooths him on his death-bed, and to which he recurs with exultation, is, that he had been happy—that he had possessed her.

The heroine of the other poem, the blooming Zuleika, is all purity and loveliness. Never, we think, was a faultless character more delicately or more justly delineated. Her piety, her intelligence, her strict sense of duty, and her undeviating love of truth, appear to have been originally blended in her mind rather than inculcated by education. She is always natural, always attractive, always affectionate; and it must be admitted that her affections are not unworthily bestowed. Selim, when an orphan and dependant, is never degraded by calamity; when better hopes are presented to him his buoyant spirit rises with his expectations; he is enterprising with no more rashness than becomes his youth; and when disappointed in the success of a well concerted project, he meets, with intrepidity, the fate to which he is exposed through his own generous forbearance.

Now we presume that Lord Byron, who had the option of giving the priority of publication to either of these poems, must have preferred the Giaour, from an impression that what is strange and terrific and anomalous is best suited to the higher class of poetry. But although the rapid demand for many successive editions of the work was well calculated to strengthen this impression, the author has embraced every opportunity of introducing new interpolations for the purpose of softening what was too coarse in the first sketch, or of supplying what was defective, or of explaining what was obscure. We need not inquire whether these additions were dictated by his own maturer taste, or by his deference to the sentiments of others, because the two suppositions are equally creditable to the candour of the author.

The second poem affords still more conclusive evidence in his favour, since it does not contain a single offensive passage. To us, indeed, the Bride of Abydos appears to be in every respect superior to the Giaour, though, in point of diction, it has been, perhaps, less warmly admired. We will not stop to argue this point, but will simply observe, that what is read with ease is generally read with rapidity, and that many beauties of style which escape observation in a simple and connected narrative, would be forced on the reader's attention by abrupt and perplexing transitions. It is only when a traveller is obliged to stop on his journey that he is disposed to examine and admire the prospect.

ART. IV.—*De l'Allemagne.* Par Madame La Baronne De Staël Holstein. Seconde Edition. 3 tom. 8vo. 1813.

FEW pieces of literary history are more curious than those connected with the present volumes. In themselves, whether we consider them as a review by a native of France of the vast circle of German authorship, or as the work of a woman 'de omni scibili,' (for, in truth, it is not easy to name that branch of human inquiry which does not find its place in some part or other of the following pages,)—their appearance is a phenomenon that fully justifies the interest which they have excited. Nor was it possible that this interest should not be much augmented by those singular acts of jealous power which sought to strangle in its swaddling clothes this formidable assertor of German eminence. The regular censors of the press in France (as Madame de Staël informs us, in an indignant and, to Englishmen, a sufficiently gratifying preface) were contented, indeed, to authorize its appearance with the exception of some few passages, which in the present edition are marked with inverted commas. This permission was in fact equivalent to an unqualified approbation of the whole; since the passages thus singled out are, in general, so little obnoxious either to praise or blame, so little distinguished from the rest of the work, and so easily spared from it, that the erasures may seem to have been made more from the desire of doing something than the impression that any thing was necessary to be done. Such harmless critics, whether before or after publication, are little qualified to disturb an author's tranquillity. But there exists in modern France another and a very different judge of literary questions, by whom the daughter of Necker was regarded with no kindly nor impartial eye.

> Πικρος λυτηρ νεικεων
> Ξεινος εκ πυρος συδεις σιδαρος.

The will of this patron of literature was soon made manifest, in an order from the Lieutenant of Police to destroy the whole impression which the censors had sanctioned, and on which, thus authorized, the publisher had risked his property. This was followed by a polite message to Madame de Staël herself, requiring her to surrender the original copy of her work, (a demand which how she evaded we are not told,) permitting her, at the same time, to visit foreign countries, and allowing her, at first, twenty-four hours, afterwards, in excess of kindness, seven or eight days, for the arrangement of her affairs, and to bid adieu for ever to her paternal home and her native soil. This rigorous sentence was imposed, General Savary assured her, not as a punishment for having omitted the Emperor's praises in her last work, but because the air of

France did not, in the General's opinion, agree with her, and because the French people were not as yet reduced to seek for models among the nations whom Madame de Staël admired. To these circumstances we owe the present residence of this lady in England, and the publication of her persecuted work by a London bookseller.

In all this there is nothing which, under a government like that of France, could reasonably excite surprise, except the tone and character of the publication, on account of which a woman of elevated rank, and still more elevated literary character, has incurred a treatment so severe. For, though General Savary affects in his letter to attribute her exile to her general conduct, and though 'post hoc, ergo propter hoc,' is not in logic a legitimate inference; still it is plain, from the expressions of Savary himself, that her work on Germany was the immediate cause which drew down on her head those thunder-clouds which only lowered before, and which had seemed to respect the ancient privilege of her laurel chaplet. Yet, of all publications, the present work might seem least likely to have attracted the storm, did we not recollect that eminence of every kind is hateful to despotic power. It is strictly and truly what it professes to be, a critical and philosophical treatise. On every subject which could inflame the public mind in France, or give a moment's well-grounded offence to any form of government, a guarded silence is observed; and, as we have General Savary's assurance that it is not absolutely expected by the police that every work published in Paris should contain the author's confession of his faith in the Emperor, we can only suppose what will excite, perhaps, the surprise of future generations, that it was in the nineteenth century regarded as treasonable in France to bestow any praises on, not the government but, the literary and moral character of the English and Germans.

To imitate or to extol Europeans is in China, we believe, illegal; but in Europe it would be difficult to find another instance where an author was, under pain of banishment, forbidden to criticise with fairness or favour the writings and morals of foreigners; of foreigners, above all, whose nations, in every instance but one, were at that moment the allies of her own. Yet, in truth, the policy of such prohibition is altogether consistent with the interests and hazards of an empire built mainly on opinion, and whose ascendancy relies, as that of France so lately did, on a supposed superiority over all the earth in literature no less than in arms. 'Let France,' it might be said by the sages of the Thuilleries, 'let France be brought to perceive that other nations have any thing either great or wise or illustrious which they have not borrowed from herself, and half her confidence is gone. Let the rest of

Europe

Europe be convinced that in any point they equal their masters, and the yoke is so far broken.' France is not, like Rome, so firmly seated in her empire by the prescription of ages as to afford, like that great model, to other lands the praise of science and poetry, and content herself with the monopoly of conquest and government. Her claims to eminence are not, in any one instance, so undoubted as to permit her to be careless of the remainder.

It is thus, we conceive, that the liberal opinions of Madame de Staël were accounted dangerous to the duration of the sacred empire, and that the majesty of France was alarmed on being informed that she had any thing to learn from barbarians: not that, in the present volumes, their author has in the cosmopolite forgotten the patriot, or merged in her admiration of exotic institutions or genius the natural and laudable pride of a Frenchwoman. We do not detect, in any single instance, a desire to rob of one well-earned laurel that illustrious people, from whose intellect Europe has received almost as much instruction as she has suffered of misfortune from their corruptions and their turbulent ambition. On some points, which in the course of the work it will be our duty to notice, we can even distinguish certain traces of early prejudice, and passages in which an Englishman or German would, perhaps, accuse her of partiality to the composed and uniform stateliness of the models of her own country over the more natural and original characters of Teutonic composition. But it is not, surely, the conduct of an enemy or a traitor to disabuse her countrymen of that overweening and exclusive spirit which, even more than years of usurpation, has armed against France the hostility of mankind, which shuts out knowledge at every entrance but one, and proscribes, as disaffected or ridiculous or unfashionable, all desire to profit by whatever genius or wisdom is not impressed with the stamp of *the universal language*, or which has not received the *imprimatur* of the Parisian circles. Even so far, indeed, as national feeling is concerned, a laudable partiality to the peculiar taste or more illustrious models of our native country is not likely to decline by a competent acquaintance with those of other nations. Of the few distinguished names, respecting whose precedence it is worth the while of empires to contend, the greater part present in fact but few features on which their admirers can institute a comparison. Those mighty spirits, who divide among themselves the upper seats of immortality, have mounted that proud eminence by very distinct and devious paths, and, in the rounds of fancy or of reason, in the defence of virtue or the pursuit of error, have marched, like the angelic guards of Milton's Eden,* by opposite

* Paradise Lost, Book III.

alleys,

alleys, to meet in the same triumph. There are, accordingly, two leading objects which appear throughout the present work to have occupied its author's anxiety; the first, to remove all narrow rivalry of each other's renown from the admirers of French and Teutonic literature by demonstrating the wide dissimilarity and intrinsic merit of the walks which they have respectively chosen; the second, to justify German taste and genius from the aspersions, with which the ignorant and selfish critics of Paris have for a length of years assailed them.

It would be long, and it is unnecessary, to recall the dull jests against dulness, the ignorant imputations of ignorance, which, from the reign of Lewis the XIVth to that of Napoleon, have afforded a cheap and ignoble triumph to the wits and even the graver writers of France over a nation perhaps more wise, certainly more learned and more moral than themselves. It is, however, not to Frenchmen alone that a work like the present may be serviceable, since it cannot be concealed that, even in England, and among a race of kindred language, and of genius very little dissimilar, the literature of Germany has experienced scarcely less unworthy treatment. To the learned labours of their hellenists and antiquarians our students have, indeed, been ever ready to render ample praise, but to the generality of English readers their best historians have remained altogether unknown; while their poets and philosophers, their plays and their romances, have been abandoned to the indiscriminate charge of folly and impiety, the scorn of the wise and the terror of the virtuous. The forms of contempt and religious alarm are, of all others, perhaps, the most frequent *avatars* of the mighty goddess Ignorance; and it may be reasonably supposed that many, both in England and France, were not sorry to spare themselves the trouble of acquiring a difficult language by declaring, beforehand, that it contained nothing but heresy and nonsense. There were, however, many other circumstances which, in this country, operated to depress the renown of our Teutonic kindred, and which, in the opinion of the best informed among themselves, afford no inconsiderable excuse for the hard measure of which they complain.

The period at which German literature was first introduced into general notice in England was, it will be remembered, the moment of those tremendous convulsions in the political and moral world, under whose effect (though in the hands of Providence they may doubtless lead hereafter to the happiness of all) human nature at this hour is smarting; and when the abyss of error was pouring forth all her brood of serpents to corrupt or annoy the champions of religion and order.

'Her

'Her vomit full of books and papers was
With loathly frogs and toads which eyes did lack,
And creeping sought way in the weedy grass:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has!'*

So widely, indeed, was the land overspread with this pestiferous deluge, that many of the most wholesome herbs, and the fairest indigenous flowers, received a taint in its progress; and it would be easy to instance some of the most illustrious names both in England and Germany, whose early productions were impressed with feelings which they have long since unlearned, with hopes which they soon found it but too necessary to abandon. Of these, not only the unpopular politics, but the harmless or admirable peculiarities, were regarded with unjust, though not unnatural suspicion; since the defenders of existing institutions, while every wind brought to their ears the extending death-howl of anarchy and atheism, while they past their days on the watch-tower, and slept with the sword girded and the helmet on the head, were ready to suspect in every novelty a secret as dangerous as the Trojan horse, and to treat even their own friends as enemies if they appeared in the armour of the Greeks.

But, besides this leading cause of jealousy and ill-will, there were others which contributed to increase or prolong the undue depression of the German character in England. In both countries the present generation has seen the establishment of a new school in composition, and in neither country, at the period to which we refer, had this school attained either perfection or consistency; its founders had, as yet, neither completely gained the public ear, nor perhaps very perfectly themselves understood the innovations to which their examples conducted. First essays are almost always faulty. England was obliged to submit to a long and nauseous course of diablerie and sentiment, before these morning shadows gave way to the sunshine of Thalaba and the Last Minstrel; and the eccentricities of the Robbers and Gortz von Berlichingen were, in like manner, the precursors of those mighty efforts of tragedy which have placed the Teutonic muse on a level with Æschylus, and little below Shakespeare. In both nations, in fact, the transition was of the same kind and nearly contemporary; it consisted in a reference to other models than those of France or Rome, and it is remarkable that the same was in the one attacked as English, which in the other was stigmatized as German. But, though in their native soils the heroes of the new school have been completely triumphant, their merit is still unknown or contested beyond this range, and the parts beyond the sea are to each of them 'partes infidelium.'

* Faery Queene, Book I. Canto i.

fidelium.' For this another reason may be assigned. A new style, like a new religion, seldom makes its earliest progress among the wise and learned, or those whose bundle of opinions is already made up and ticketed for reference. It always is first popular with those who read to please themselves, the young, the idle, and the ignorant; and the favour which it may acquire among judges of this description is in itself a pretty strong obstacle to its reception with graver critics. The herd of readers too, though in the leading points of genius and feeling they are almost always right, are in the adjuncts of style and language not sufficiently informed to be fastidious; and those who cater for them are often but little disposed to furnish better wares than the mass of their customers require. Accordingly, neither in selection nor execution can our English translators of the popular German authors be said to have done justice to the soil, of whose produce they brought us specimens. With few exceptions, and those not very considerable, (the Oberon of Wieland is, perhaps, the only one worth particular notice,) the stock of German literature for the consumption of London has been furnished by the vilest hacks of Grub-street, or the idlest of our dilettanti poets; to the terror of nurseries, the corruption of boarding-schools, the lamentable disparagement of the king's English, and the utter dismay of teachers, parents and guardians, who looked round in vain for the help of Don Quixote's housekeeper, in the midst of this mighty maze of forests and dungeons and songs and ghosts and post-waggons and waltzes.

All this while, we were not aware in England that the trash whose adoption we deprecated was that which our neighbours had thrown away; much less that, like the merchants in Bedlam, the rival nations were gravely bartering filth for filth:—that while we judged of them by Kotzebue, they formed their notions of us from Messrs. Thompson and Lawrence; and that the Minerva press of the ingenious Mr. Lane, 'magna mater fœcum,' was trafficking its 'tons of midnight work,'* in return for the imported offal of Leipsic and Weimar. To dispel these mutual errors is a task of little less importance than the negociation for a general peace.

Madame de Staël's introduction is chiefly engrossed in discussing the distinction of character, which she assumes as existing between those nations who formed a part of the original Roman empire, and derived their instruction from the yet pagan Capitol, and those whose introduction into the arts and habits of civilized life attended or was subsequent to their adoption of Christianity. In the first of these classes, France, Italy, and the Spanish peninsula are comprised; in the second, the Gothic and Germanic nations,

* Absalom and Achitophel.

with

with their colonies in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The nations of eastern Europe, whom she somewhat vaguely calls Sclavonian, (though Hungary, one of its most distinguished regions, be peopled by a different race,) are foreign from the present inquiry. We shall only observe, that though her assertion of the recent admission of Russia into civilized Europe be certainly true; yet both Poland and Hungary would, as well as Bohemia, appeal against this sweeping sentence as applied to themselves; and that in all these countries the German and Italian character, far more than the French, may be said to be blended with the Asiatic. It is however an undoubted fact, that these nations present to our notice very little originality of genius or composition; and that intellectual Europe may be pretty accurately divided into the Roman and Germanic families. The first of these she regards as more active, more sensual, and greater adepts in the arts of ambition; the second as more speculative and fanciful, and as deriving greater pleasure from tales of wonder and knight errantry.

'Leur imagination se plaît dans les vieilles tours, dans les créneaux, au milieu des guerriers, des sorcières et des revenants; et les mystères d'une nature rêveuse et solitaire forment le principal charme de leurs poésies.'—vol. i, p. 3.

To this distinction it has been objected, we conceive, with more speciousness than solidity, that during the middle or, as they may be called, the chivalrous ages of Europe, no difference can in this respect be traced between the inhabitants of Italy and the north; that the most renowned troubadours were of southern extraction; and that the provincial Roman was the native tongue of that style of composition which Madame de Staël considers as peculiarly adapted to the sensorium of a German warrior. It should be remembered, however, that the taste for such recitals, and the manners which they represent, had been previously transplanted from the banks of the Weser and the Elbe, and that the bards of Provence, and Lombardy, and Naples, sang to please Teutonic or Norman masters. At a very early period too we may perceive the character of the southern race predominating in their Lais and Fabliaux, which are less frequently employed in exciting terror or chivalrous interest, than in painting the domestic manners of the age, in satyrizing the monks, or recounting ludicrous stories of Hippocrates, Aristotle, and Virgil. As the memory and institutions of the northern conquerors declined, the tales of 'fierce war and faithful love' were heard with increasing indifference; and though the intercourse with Germany through the Ghibelline faction prolonged, perhaps, their reign in Italy, and gave birth to the noblest of all romantic poems, the wonderful Orlando;—yet no sooner did that interest decline, and the revival of learning afford

ford access to the imagery and allusions of ancient poetry, than the Celtic Arthur, and the Roger, Charles, and Roland of the north were abandoned, perhaps too soon, for a school congenial to the race and climate, and the field relinquished to the Novel and Pastoral of Italy, and those longwinded chronicles of courtship, the Clelias and Cassandras of more modern France.

Another fact, which may seem to countenance the notion of a very general difference in taste and habits between the rival races, is the complete success which the revival of a taste for chivalrous models and romantic poetry has met with in England and Germany, contrasted with the apparent indifference which the contemporary efforts of St. Palaye and Tressan have experienced in France. But above all, and what may be regarded as a complete and familiar *shibboleth* by which to try the question of this intellectual variety of the human species—let any of our finest northern descriptions of the wild, the marvellous, the romantic, or the terrible, selected, as it may happen, from the works of Shakspeare, Milton, or Spenser, be administered to the best judges south of the Rhine; and it will be easy to observe how little their sensibility will accord with our own, or with that of a circle of Germanic critics.

We regard then Madame de Staël's opinion of this native Teutonic taste for the marvellous and romantic, as founded in a very accurate knowledge not only of character but of history; and, when we consider the scarcely dubious connection between the Gothic and Persian nations, we cannot help being forcibly impressed by a circumstance in which they so remarkably resemble each other, and as remarkably differ from that which we may call the classical family of mankind.

As the Germans are, according to Madame de Staël, the least practical and most speculative of all the nations which compose their stock, it will follow that many traits in their character and writings will, even with English judges, appear unusual or preposterous, while, on the other hand, they may doubtless expect from us a more patient hearing than from the people to whom the present work was in the first instance addressed. More active and ambitious than the one, more studious and contemplative than the other, England may be said to form an intermediate link in the chain of which France and Germany are extremities: and, while we are frequently tempted to ridicule or neglect the phlegmatic reveries of our elder brethren, there is still so much general likeness of character and feeling, that, either in passing through German scenery and society, or reading German authors, we shall find undoubtedly less to disgust, perhaps even less to admire, than one whose taste and habits have been formed on models so totally different, and whose feelings are continually and alternately kept in play

play by the offence or charm of novelty. This observation has often occurred to us in the course of the present volumes, and in no instance more forcibly than in the following beautiful description of the general aspect of Germany; which, though it illustrates with admirable force and justice the difference between France and the provinces beyond the Rhine, might appear overcharged to a native of England, and still more of Scotland or Scandinavia, who should visit the same scenery without the advantage of so strong a contrast.

'La multitude et l'étendue des forêts indiquent une civilisation encore nouvelle: le vieux sol du midi ne conserve presque plus d'arbres, et le soleil tombe à plomb sur la terre dépouillée par les hommes. L'Allemagne offre encore quelques traces d'une nature non habitée. Depuis les Alpes jusqu'à la mer, entre le Rhin et le Danube, vous voyez un pays couvert de chênes et de sapins, traversé par des fleuves d'une imposante beauté, et coupé par des montagnes dont l'aspect est très pittoresque; mais de vastes bruyères, des sables, des routes souvent négligées, un climat sévère, remplissent d'abord l'ame de tristesse; et ce n'est qu'à la longue qu'on découvre ce qui peut attacher à ce séjour.

'Le midi de l'Allemagne est très bien cultivé; cependant il y a toujours dans les plus belles contrées de ce pays quelque chose de sérieux qui fait plutôt penser au travail qu'aux plaisirs, aux vertus des habitants qu'aux charmes de la nature.

'Les débris des châteaux forts qu'on aperçoit sur le haut des montagnes, les maisons bâties de terre, les fenêtres étroites, les neiges qui, pendant l'hiver, couvrent des plaines à perte de vue, causent une impression pénible. Je ne sais quoi de silencieux dans la nature et dans les hommes resserre d'abord le cœur. Il semble que le temps marche là plus lentement qu'ailleurs, que la végétation ne se presse pas plus dans le sol que les idées dans la tête des hommes, et que les sillons réguliers du laboureur y sont tracés sur une terre pesante.'—pp. 9, 10, 11.

To the manner in which Madame de Staël was affected by the Gothic and chivalrous monuments of Germany the same observations will apply. Those who are familiar with Wales or Northumberland will feel little wonder at the ancient castles on the Rhine or the Elbe; and if our infancy have been conducted, as generally happens to English children, to visit the raritics in the tower, we shall hardly experience 'une impression pénible' at the sight of 'warriors of painted wood clothed in their armour,' even though 'the casque, the buckler, the cuishes, the spurs, are all according to ancient prescription;' and though 'we are led up and down in the midst of these upright corpses, whose elevated arms seem ready to strike their adversaries, or who hold in like manner their lances in the rest!'

The fruit-trees, however, which are planted by the side of the principal

principal high-ways, and whose produce (though not, as Madame de Staël was led to suppose, *intended* for the benefit of travellers,) is, generally speaking, both offered with a cordiality, and plucked with a moderation most honourable to the owner and the passer-by; the whimsical and tawdry neatness of the houses, and that attention to landscape-gardening in which they imitate and, in some few instances, almost rival England:—these circumstances,—to which we may add the lazy sleekness of the horses and cattle, and the evident good understanding which subsists between the animal and rational population, are undoubtedly characteristic and amiable traits in the Teutonic coup-d'œil; which, though they may not be relished by the fastidious eye of a Winckelman, or the impatient wheels of a modern traveller, evince, as is here observed, a love of nature and hospitality far preferable to greater alertness and purer taste.

The political divisions of Germany, and the want of some such common focus of interest and intellect as, in the case of London or Paris, stamp a decided and uniform character on the general mass, make it impossible to give in one view an accurate picture of all; but there are certain traits (many of them indeed resulting from the partition of territory and the diminutive size of the smaller states) which may, to a considerable extent, be regarded as characteristic of the whole Teutonic confederacy. Of these, a want of nationality of spirit is the most obvious, and this want is conspicuous in their literature as well as in their politics. Madame de Staël considers the absence of a great and common tribunal of taste and reasoning as favourable to the essays of genius and imagination; and we are inclined to agree with her. On the other hand, as every man writes to please himself or the little provincial circle of which he is the oracle, he is often too secure of pleasing; and, conforming himself to the palate of those from whom his immediate harvest of praise is to spring, is more solicitous after novelty than taste or judgment. The distinction of ranks, and the total want of intercourse between the busy and studious classes, is in like manner injurious to both of these. The imagination, more than the reasoning faculty, is the natural forte of the Germans; and this is not corrected by that collision of solitary meditation and active knowledge of the world, which is produced by a well-mingled society.

'L'esprit est un mélange de la connoissance des choses et des hommes; et la société où l'on agit sans but, et pourtant avec intérêt, est précisément ce qui développe le mieux les facultés les plus opposées. C'est l'imagination, plus que l'esprit, qui caractérise les Allemands. J. P. Richter, l'un de leurs écrivains les plus distingués, a dit que *l'empire de la mer étoit aux Anglais, celui de la terre aux Français, et celui de l'air aux Allemands:* en effet, on auroit besoin, en Allemagne, de donner

ner un centre et des bornes à cette éminente faculté de penser qui s'élève et se perd dans le vague, pénètre et disparoît dans la profondeur, s'anéantit à force d'impartialité, se confond à force d'analyse, enfin manque de certains défauts qui puissent servir de circonscription à ses qualités.'—p. 19.

A more honourable characteristic which our author ascribes to the whole German nation is probity.

'On a vu souvent chez les nations latines une politique singulièrement adroite dans l'art de s'affranchir de tous les devoirs; mais on peut le dire à la gloire de la nation allemande, elle a presque l'incapacité de cette souplesse hardie qui fait plier toutes les vérités pour tous les intérêts, et sacrifie tous les engagements à tous les calculs. Ses défauts, comme ses qualités, la soumettent à l'honorable nécessité de la justice.'—p. 18.

The whole people may be considered as more capable of continued than sudden or vigorous exertion. Madame de Staël makes honourable mention of their power of labour and reflection in the study; and she might have added, that in the shop or the manufactory the same persevering ingenuity is easily distinguishable. But where immediate activity is required, they know not how to contend with difficulties; and, when pressed beyond their natural pace, they find difficulties in every thing. 'You hear the word "impossible" a hundred times in Germany for once in France.' A native of France indeed experiences this more forcibly, since not only the contrast is greater with all that they have left behind, but the common people, who have a mulish antipathy to being hurried by any body, are still more stubbornly inert when their tormentor is 'ein Welcher.'—Neither money nor threats will on such occasions quicken them; and as Madame de Staël herself (p. 124) appears to have suffered under their pertinacious slowness, there is something almost ludicrously candid in the consolation which she draws from it, that 'cette fixité en toute chose, est une excellente donnée pour la morale!'

We know not whether we may attribute in any degree to this tranquillity of mind and body, which naturally inclines them to sedentary and soothing amusements, that universal relish and talent for instrumental music in which the Germans so remarkably differ from their kindred in England or Scandinavia. We meet with harpsichords in the meanest alehouses; public bands perform in every town on market days; the wandering gipsies all carry harps; and the Austrian herdsmen amuse their leisure with the flute or the horn. In many parts of England we still retain the custom of those winter carols which our author supposes peculiar to Germany; but it is in the custom only and not the harmony that there is any parallel. In their church music and ours the difference is

equally striking. An organ is with them as necessary an adjunct as a pulpit; and even their Calvinists, wiser than those of Scotland, do not disdain this delightful auxiliary to devotion. It is very true that music is to a certain extent a part of general education, even in the charity schools; but, as our author sensibly observes, if there were not a predisposing genius for it, such an education would never suffice to render peasants expert performers.

Their old-fashioned Sunday-clothes, and the formal awkwardness ascribed to their manners, as they naturally arise from the provincial and scholastic tone of their societies, need not detain us long. A still more singular trait of character is the warmth of clothing and habitation to which all classes are accustomed, and the consequent reluctance with which they expose themselves to cold and hardship. Our southern neighbours have sometimes taunted us with an excessive dread of that fatal malady 'le catch-cold;' but in Germany and Scandinavia this principle is carried infinitely farther; nor is it too much to say that some valiant officers of those nations would face a cannon with as much composure as a draft of air. Even the labouring classes partake in this species of effeminacy. Their stoves, their beer, and the fumes of their tobacco form round them a hot and heavy atmosphere, out of which they breathe with reluctance; and the ingenious contrivance by which the turnpike-keepers avoid the necessity of leaving their chimney corner to open the gate or receive the toll, was one of the earliest features which attracted Madame de Stael's notice on her leaving the borders of France. She imputes these peculiarities to the nature of their climate: we would rather seek their cause, so far as the peasants are concerned, in the superior easiness of their condition to that of many other nations, which gives them both leisure and ability to attend to minuter circumstances of comfort and luxury. From whatever cause, the fact itself is singular, and it makes the ordinary class of German soldiers far less adapted to the severities of a military life than their strength and stature, their patient courage and characteristic discipline, would seem at first to promise. The army is in fact a favourite pursuit with the governments rather than the people: the marked distinction maintained between the different ranks of society, (though softened by the content of acknowledged superiority on one side, and by the national acquiescence in established forms on the other, yet) by confining all promotion to certain circles, depresses of course the military ardour of the remainder; and Madame de Staël is even inclined to doubt whether the habitual indulgence of imagination does not make danger more formidable, and the strength of domestic affection increase too powerfully the attachment to life.

She finds more satisfactory causes in the want of adequate motives

tives to martial daring, of that national feeling which a divided empire cannot have; that thirst of glory which is mainly cherished by the applauses of a numerous and concentrated society; that love of liberty which the Germans have not as yet had occasion to learn, either by its full enjoyment or its painful loss. Religion, lastly, which is the fourth great stimulus, has at present in Germany a character of dreaminess and universalism, which makes it rather a meditative than practical spirit, and deprives it entirely of those definite and exclusive features for which alone mankind are willing to fight. The studious and theoretic habits of the middling classes contribute in her opinion to increase this disinclination, and she concludes her second chapter with these memorable words.

'L'étendue des connoissances dans les temps modernes ne fait qu'affoiblir le caractère, quand il n'est pas fortifié par l'habitude des affaires et l'exercice de la volonté. Tout voir et tout comprendre est une grande raison d'incertitude; et l'énergie de l'action ne se développe que dans ces contrées libres et puissantes où les sentiments patriotiques sont dans l'ame comme le sang dans les veines, et ne se glacent qu'avec la vie.'—p. 33.

Her portrait of the German females is exquisitely, though slightly sketched; but she seems to have overlooked the principal cause of their romantic character, which may be found, we apprehend, in the provincial nature of the circles in which they live. With us, the misses of a country-town are as much occupied in love and novels as any other branch of the Teutonic family; and cards and visiting and domestic cares employ their maturer age as fully in one country as the other. Nor, even in England, are those young ladies who have never passed beyond one narrow circle remarkable for their timidity. The reserve of an English female is more commonly found among those who, to a certain extent, have been initiated into a really numerous society, and who have just seen enough of their countrymen to feel that superiority which Madame de Staël so kindly ascribes to us, but which, as it proceeds from habits of active employment or feelings of political interest, is chiefly met with in the intercourse and conversation of the capital.

In morals however the Englishwomen as yet may claim undoubtedly the preference; since the facility with which in Germany the scene may be changed from one little state to another, when scandal has made the first too hot to hold their frailty, the injudicious readiness with which divorces are granted, and above all perhaps a certain coldness of temperature, which, as it has little previous love to conquer, easily transfers that little, and transgresses not from passion but from vanity;—joined to the studies in which their youth is generally passed;—lead them to treat those occur-

rences as of very little consequence, which in England would produce heavy legal damages; in Spain the dagger or the bowl; and in Turkey a moonlight voyage in a sack from this world to the next.

The immorality of the German females resembles however the Italian rather than the French school of profligacy; the *cicisbeo* is unfortunately a too common character; the man *à bonnes fortunes*, the most hateful of all possible shapes of vice, who, wherever he is tolerated, inevitably fixes the last stamp of degradation and misery on the female name, is as yet but rarely found beyond the Rhine, where women continue to experience a degree of respect which is incompatible with prostitution, and which Madame de Staël, in an eloquent chapter, is anxious to trace from the times and feelings of chivalry. But that chivalry, which feudal forms comprize; which is exhibited in the holding of a manorial court, or the homage of a copy-holder; the chivalry of attornies and proctors, (and such only can be found in the institutions of modern Germany,)—can have no possible effect on the state of manners or morals. The simple fact is, that the one people are less depraved than the other, and the obvious cause is not to be found in any institutions of courtesy, but in the influence which religion still retains on the habits or recollections of the nation. To revive that influence, and to exclude that influx of guilt which their intercourse with France and their imitation of French manners had been daily augmenting, resistance, and the national spirit which successful resistance must engender, has been, since the resurrection of their hopes, their obvious, their honourable, and, we may exultingly add, their successful policy.

The south of Germany, it is pretty generally supposed, is inferior to the other half in literary talent; and it is certain that the most celebrated scholars, poets, and philosophers, have issued from the universities north of the Maine.

Madame de Staël is willing to suppose that this difference might not have existed if the sovereigns of Austria and Bavaria had taken any real interest in letters, though, at the same time, she would rather ascribe the deficiency of the south to its mild and equable climate.

'Il faut en convenir, les climats tempérés sont plus propres à la société qu'à la poésie. Lorsque le climat n'est ni sévère ni beau, quand on vit sans avoir rien à craindre ni à espérer du ciel, on ne s'occupe guère que des intérêts positifs de l'existence. Ce sont les délices du midi ou les rigueurs du nord qui ébranlent fortement l'imagination. Soit qu'on lutte contre la nature, ou qu'on s'enivre de ses dons, la puissance de la création n'en est pas moins forte, et réveille en nous le sentiment des beaux-arts ou l'instinct des mystères de l'amour'—p. 53.

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This is sufficiently eloquent, but we are not sure that it is altogether just. It is, in the first place, inconsistent with her complaints in the preceding page of the heavy and monotonous society of Bavaria and Franconia; since, according to her present hypothesis, their temperate sky, while it withheld the faculty of poetry, should promote that of conversation; and if climate produce any sensible effect on either, what is the material difference between the climates of Paris and Munich?

The influence of the Catholic Religion, though it exists in Germany under its mildest and most rational form, and has indeed in some of its most essential points undergone a virtual reformation, has, undeniably, retarded the progress of the southern universities, while both in literature and society their defects have been exaggerated, by their own countrymen in the north from a prejudice of religion and dialect, and by travellers, on account of the imperfect and barbarous pronunciation of French which our author has noticed: but, these circumstances overlooked, the rising academy of Munich, and the varied society of Vienna, will not yield, we think, in the comparison with the generality of their northern neighbours, nor is there any situation in which an Englishman would find less occasion to regret his native soil than one or other of these capitals.

We omit with reluctance the character of the Austrian government, a system of routine, of moderation, and of timidity, uniting and displaying all the virtues and many of the vices attendant on the old age of an empire: but we cannot refrain from extracting the following excellent observations on the impotency and ill-effect of restraint in matters of literature, which here, as in the kindred governments of Spain and Portugal, is most conspicuously exerted in excluding foreign publications.

'On défendoit à Vienne de représenter Don Carlos, parcequ'on ne vouloit pas y tolérer son amour pour Elisabeth. Dans Jeanne d'Arc, de Schiller, on faisoit d'Agnès Sorel la femme légitime de Charles VII. Il n'étoit pas permis à lire l'Esprit des Lois: mais, au milieu de cette gêne, les romans de Crébillon circuloient dans les mains de tout le monde; les ouvrages licencieux entroient, les ouvrages sérieux étoient seuls arrêtés.

'Le mal que peuvent faire les mauvais livres n'est corrigé que par les bons, les inconvénients des lumières ne sont évités que par un plus haut degré de lumières. Il y a deux routes à prendre en toutes choses: retrancher ce qui est dangereux, ou donner des forces nouvelles pour y résister. Le second moyen est le seul qui convienne à l'époque où nous vivons; car l'innocence ne pouvant être de nos jours la compagne de l'ignorance, celle-ci ne fait que du mal. Tant de paroles ont été dites, tant de sophismes répétés, qu'il faut beaucoup savoir pour bien juger, et les temps sont passés où l'on s'en tenoit en fait d'idées au patrimoine

de ses pères. On doit donc songer, non à repousser les lumières, mais à les rendre complètes, pour que leurs rayons brisés ne presentent point de fausses lueurs. Un gouvernement ne sauroit prétendre à dérober à une grande nation la connoissance de l'esprit qui règne dans son siècle; cet esprit renferme des éléments de force et de grandeur, dont on peut user avec succès quand on ne craint pas d'aborder hardiment toutes les questions: on trouve alors dans les vérités éternelles des ressources contre les erreurs passagères, et dans la liberté même le maintien de l'ordre et l'accroissement de la puissance.'—pp. 62, 63, 64.

But, whatever may be the errors and weaknesses of the Austrian government and people, the one would seem to confer and the other to enjoy more orderly, more tranquil, more moral happiness than most other regions of Europe can produce. Religion has retained a stronger or at least a more visible influence here than in the north; and in Vienna, the crowded streets and busy faces, the industry and comfort of the lower classes, and the substantial appearance of every thing which met the eye, before its recent distresses, not unfrequently put us in mind of London. The mildness and justice of the executive power supplied in no small degree the place of constitutional freedom; a practical equality of rights subsisted in the nation, which ill accorded with the usual notions of German aristocracy; and neither in the streets, the theatre, the public library, nor the Prater,

(Αλση δε τις πω τοιαδ' εσχ' αλλη πολις;)

were any of those distinctions visible, by which the nobles of France were accustomed to outrage the feelings of their countrymen. Even the follies of England and Austria are not perhaps dissimilar; and though the stimulus of political discussion and the more general attention paid to literature give a greater zest to our society than theirs, yet do not the fashionable pursuits of Vienna materially vary from those which modern taste has sanctioned in London: nor, in the morning's unvaried promenades, the neglected theatre, and, above all, in those wearisome crowds of well-dressed persons, who flock, like gregarious rather than social animals, from one drawing-room to another; do we know which metropolis can lay best claim to the cap and bells. The following pathetic description Madame de Staël may have already found but too applicable to Hanover Square as well as to the 'Herren Gasse.'—

'On perd un certain temps pour la toilette nécessaire dans ces grandes réunions, on en perd dans la rue, on en perd sur les escaliers en attendant que le tour de sa voiture arrive, on en perd en restant trois heures à table; et il est impossible, dans ces assemblées nombreuses de rien entendre qui sorte du cercle des phrases convenues. C'est une habile invention de la médiocrité pour annuler les facultés de l'esprit, que cette exhibition journalière de tous les individus les uns aux autres. S'il

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étoit reconnu qu'il faut considérer la pensée comme une maladie contre laquelle un régime régulier est nécessaire, on ne sauroit rien imaginer de mieux qu'un genre de distraction à la fois étourdissant et insipide : une telle distraction ne permet de suivre aucune idée, et transforme le langage en un gazouillement qui peut être appris aux hommes comme à des oiseaux.'—p. 78.

The parties of Vienna, it must be owned, are rendered still more insipid by the prevalent affectation of a foreign manner and language, and a fruitless aspiration after those peculiar and inimitable characteristics which make up the charm of a Parisian circle; but which when transplanted must lose their bloom, because they only please where they are characteristic and national. The general adoption of the French language in elevated society has produced an ill effect, both in banishing the men of business or letters, (who, neither from leisure nor early habit having the power of conversing in it fluently, affect to despise those coteries in which they are not qualified to shine,) and in destroying no small share of ease and raciness of conversation even in those who remained behind. For, it cannot be denied that those who converse, however fluently, in a language in which they do not think, (and few men think in any but their native tongue,) are almost inevitably driven into the barrenness of compliment and the detail of hackneyed pleasantry; or that, at best, their discourse will have all the stiffness of translation, and present but the lifeless and colourless shadows of those ideas which, in their original state, were forcible and elegant. It is this want of immediate connection between the tongue and the heart, which makes the German girl in Goethe's novel doubt her lover's constancy, because he has written to her in French. Not, as Madame de Staël incautiously suggests, that French is more adapted to deception than the subtle distinctions and perplexed construction of the German periods; but because a man, who really feels with warmth, will seldom volunteer a translation of his feelings into a foreign language.

In successful imitation of the language and manners of France, the native Viennese are far excelled by the emigrants from Poland; who, since the unfortunate fall of their country, being more attached or rather less hostile to Austria than the other partitioning powers, have flocked in great numbers to Vienna. These are in truth far better apes than the Germans can pretend to be; since, having no genius, but for imitation; no learning, but in grammars and vocabularies; no accomplishments, but singing and dancing; no principle, except animal good-nature; nor any feeling, but that of vacant curiosity; they transmit, like a colourless fluid, every tint of the surface over which they glide; and assume in the course of a fortnight whatever tone of manners may be in most request with their

entertainers. The Germans, having a character of their own to lose, as well as a foreign character to learn, are far more clumsy mimics; and, as generally happens in cases of mimicry, the Gallo-Teuton, like the Gallo-Briton, is a caricature rather than a likeness of the being whom he admires. His *persiflage* and *badinage* are as absurd and often as rueful as Malvolio's 'gravity playing at cherry-pit with Satan.' He is more frivolous, more immoral, than the real Frenchman; and, while he thinks to astonish by his acquaintance with the intrigues and pleasantries of Paris, oppresses him by obsolete *bon-mots* and anecdotes of Mademoiselle de Fontanges and Madame de Montespan. If a man of real talent, he gives up all that charm of originality which is so grateful to every intelligent foreigner. If a blockhead, he can only froth up his stupidity into the more offensive form of folly, and exchange his native and therefore not ungraceful shyness, for that confidence of deportment which (like a national domino) gives an uniform exterior to Frenchmen of all descriptions; and in them is only not intolerable, because, being the costume of their tribe, it implies no affectation in the individual. Even that peculiar sprightliness and vigour of conversation, of which Parisian society offers the perfection; (the nature and producing causes of which Madame de Staël has discussed with all the philosophy of a German professor, and all the ease and vivacity of a Frenchwoman;) that dextrous fencing with words, that science of effect, and that quick penetration into the feelings of an audience, which warns the exhibitor on what points, and how far to insist, or to be silent;—these, however graceful in themselves, can only be possessed by a people whose philosophy is to escape from painful sensations; among whom discourse is not so much the vehicle of information, as the stimulus of life; who study and meditate, not for the pleasure of new ideas, but as acquiring arms for future fields of discussion; whose highest notion of renown, is that of possessing the ear of the world; and who fear no danger, but that of being in a minority of opinions. Such accomplishments, and such a state of public feeling, it must require in any nation the lapse of ages to bestow; and such would be dearly, very dearly purchased by the surrender of originality of character, independence of sentiment, a capacity for the higher enjoyments of imagination and feeling, and that peculiar cast of humour, which is as appropriate to the Teutonic race as their language and their physiognomy; which, far different from the wit of France, is conversant not with terms but things, and is manifested not so much in readiness of retort, as in a quiet and far-sighted contemplation of the characters and passions of mankind.

The north of Germany, with its frosts and fogs, and tobacco and tardiness, does not, we have already observed, present many exterior attractions

attractions to a native of France; and Madame de Staël, whose first visit was paid under circumstances of private grief, was perhaps too deeply impressed with the melancholy of the land of her sojournment. Undoubtedly in her 13th chapter she hardly does justice to the aspect, accommodations, and general society of the north; and appears inclined to degrade considerably beneath their real level the little mercantile republics which form one of the most striking features in the country. A female like herself, whose sex and connections, and previous habits, would bring her naturally into literary or fashionable society, is not perhaps so competent a judge of the tastes and acquirements of the great body of the middling and commercial classes, as those who have been thrown into contact with both descriptions. But she might have recollected, that in a country where a general spirit of inquiry and a general knowledge of literature pervades even the inns and custom-houses, it was hardly to be supposed the merchant alone would be hermetically sealed against its influence. No traders in the world are more alive to the discussion of general politics and commercial theories, than those of northern Germany. Chemistry and mineralogy are considerably more common studies with them, than with those of the same class in England or France. Among the younger men, the love for theatrical entertainments amounts almost to a passion; and their reading clubs, though originally confined to newspapers and magazines, have been gradually opened to other works, with a liberality which, though it be far from rivalling the magnificent institutions of Liverpool, is yet highly creditable to the taste and spirit of their frequentors.

The authors by profession, however, form, beyond a doubt, the most interesting feature of northern society; and of these the little capital of Weimar, and the almost adjoining university of Jena, have presented the most brilliant and remarkable concentration that any place or period of European history can shew. Dresden, notwithstanding its beautiful neighbourhood, and the admirable opportunities of study and relaxation which its library and gallery supplied, has always been a dull gossiping town; and Berlin, though to all intents and purposes, both social, political, and literary, the metropolis of northern Germany, is doubtless a more tiresome as well as a more immoral place than Vienna. Men of letters of the very first eminence may indeed be met with in its circles; but they are lost too effectually in the crowd to impart much of their leaven to conversation; and, with all the obligations which Prussia has to Frederic the Great, (and so far as relates to her internal government, and the impulse given by him to her general improvement, these obligations are far more durable than is often allowed by those who merge the able and diligent ruler and legislator

legislator in the darker shades of his ambition and tyranny,)—the present sovereign, estimable in so many points of view, is the first who has encouraged a taste for the German language and literature. Nor was the general military character, forming the only link of that heterogeneous empire which the founder of Prussian greatness left behind him, adapted to produce an estimable tone of national manners. The young officers are, generally speaking, both idle and ignorant; the elder have formed their habits in the camp or the garrison, and find their most agreeable relaxation in dining at a table d'hôte, or lounging in clubs or play-houses: and while the prostitution of the lower and middling class of women extends to a degree which is almost inconceivable, this circumstance has taken away no small share of that respect and deference which the higher rank of females might expect, and which the sex in other parts of Germany still continue to receive. With all these drawbacks, and notwithstanding the uninteresting character of Berlin as a town where every thing is modern, and where neither buildings nor institutions offer any recollections of past grandeur, or any promise of future stability, an Englishman would, as a continued residence, prefer it to the favourite Weimar of Madame de Staël, as being a place where existence is not so dependant on the notice and hospitality of a sovereign however amiable; where literary society may be found, if sought after, in its highest perfection, without our being condemned to the incessant exercise of literary disquisition, or to that eternal chit-chat of *dilettante* poetry and criticism, of which we have heard many sensible Germans complain.

But in all these towns, and the other principal cities of northern Germany, the quantity of human intellect and the general, we might say, the national diffusion of a certain degree of instruction through all classes of men, is indeed most remarkable: and as the system of education which produces such effects must be with most of her readers an object of rational curiosity, and as the arrangements of a German university deserve in many respects to be better known not only in France but in England; we shall look we own in another edition for something more detailed than that general praise, which, however gratifying to those who are thus celebrated, is to others of very little value. In one respect alone she gives us real and valuable information. The Germans, like the English, either in ignorance or utter disregard of the sapient anathemas by which certain more northern luminaries have assailed acquirements which themselves did not possess, have made the study of the ancient languages the basis of their national education; and, though yielding to none in their successful prosecution of the sciences, continue to esteem it of more consequence to imbue the minds

minds of youth with lofty imagery and generous sentiments, than to breed up a generation of chemists, mineralogists, and mechanists. All these find their places and their followers in the universities; but it is when the previous education of their youth has sufficiently grounded them in Greek and Latin. Nor are any of these considered as the exclusive path to honours and patronage; but, as in Oxford, the career of his further ambition is left to the choice of the individual, who may, with equal prospect of honour and advantage, emulate the renown of a Wallis or a Tyrwhitt, a Wolff or an Euler. The disadvantages of a contrary system, the impoverishment of intellect attendant on mathematics, when their study is too early commenced or too exclusively followed; and the still more fatal frivolity occasioned by that premature dabbling in experiment, which, however it may amuse the eye or fill the memory, can teach neither attention nor ratiocination, Madame de Staël has admirably, though perhaps too refinedly exposed. The first, by exercising the mind in one single direction, has a natural tendency to weaken the other faculties, and the direction thus given is one which has really very little relation to the concerns of a political and moral being. The problems of real life are altogether of a different nature from those which fall under the cognizance of numbers and algebraic signs; and the most acute geometer may, in matters of interest or duty, be the worst of all possible reasoners. Voltaire observes, in his character of Des Cartes, that by mathematics nothing but mathematics can be taught; and Pascal is instanced by Madame de Staël as having deplored, in his own case, that early predilection for geometry, 'whose forms of demonstration only teach, in a thousand different ways, propositions,' so far as reason is concerned, 'identically the same.'

The experimental system by which children are taught 'to amuse themselves with method, and to study superficially,' she attacks with still more force and reason; and, long as is the following extract, we cannot refrain from transcribing her sentiments, in the hope that such an authority may discountenance a system which is the offspring of idleness and false indulgence, and which the prevalence of these two principles at one time threatened to make universal.

'L'éducation faite en s'amusant disperse la pensée; la peine en tout genre est un des grands secrets de la nature: l'esprit de l'enfant doit s'accoutumer aux efforts de l'étude, comme notre ame à la souffrance. Le perfectionnement du premier âge tient au travail, comme le perfectionnement du second à la douleur: il est à souhaiter sans doute que les parents et la destinée n'abusent pas trop de ce double secret; mais il n'y a d'important à toutes les époques de la vie que ce qui agit sur le centre même de l'existence, et l'on considère trop souvent l'être moral

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en détail. Vous enseignerez avec des tableaux, avec des cartes, une quantité de choses à votre enfant, mais vous ne lui apprendrez pas à apprendre; et l'habitude de s'amuser, que vous dirigez sur les sciences, suivra bientôt un autre cours quand l'enfant ne sera plus dans votre dépendance.

'Ce n'est donc pas sans raison que l'étude des langues anciennes et modernes a été la base de tous les établissemens d'éducation qui ont formé les hommes les plus capables en Europe: le sens d'une phrase dans une langue étrangère est à la fois un problème grammatical et intellectuel; ce problème est tout-à-fait proportionné à l'intelligence de l'enfant: d'abord il n'entend que les mots, puis il s'élève jusqu'à la conception de la phrase, et bientôt après le charme de l'expression, sa force, son harmonie, tout ce qui se trouve enfin dans le langage de l'homme, se fait sentir par degrés à l'enfant qui traduit. Il s'essaie tout seul avec les difficultés que lui présentent deux langues à la fois, il s'introduit dans les idées successivement, compare et combine divers genres d'analogies, et de vraisemblances; et l'activité spontanée de l'esprit, la seule qui développe vraiment la faculté de penser, est vivement excitée par cette étude. Le nombre des facultés qu'elle fait mouvoir à la fois lui donne l'avantage sur tout autre travail, et l'on est trop heureux d'employer la mémoire flexible de l'enfant à retenir un genre de connoissances, sans lequel il seroit borné toute sa vie au cercle de sa propre nation, cercle étroit comme tout ce qui est exclusif.

'L'étude de la grammaire exige la même suite et la même force d'attention que les mathématiques, mais elle tient de beaucoup plus près à la pensée. La grammaire lie les idées l'une à l'autre, comme le calcul enchaîne les chiffres; la logique grammaticale est aussi précise que celle de l'algèbre, et cependant elle s'applique à tout ce qu'il y a de vivant dans notre esprit: les mots sont en même temps des chiffres et des images; ils sont esclaves et libres, soumis à la discipline de la syntaxe, et tout-puissants par leur signification naturelle; ainsi l'on trouve dans la métaphysique de la grammaire l'exactitude du raisonnement et l'indépendance de la pensée réunies ensemble; tout a passé par les mots et tout s'y retrouve quand on sait les examiner: les langues sont inépuisables pour l'enfant comme pour l'homme, et chacun en peut tirer tout ce dont il a besoin.'—pp. 167, 168, 169.

When Madame de Staël, however, contrasts the perfect equality of ranks in the German universities with a supposed contrary practice in our own, she falls into a mistake very common with foreigners, who are not aware that no distinctions are known among our students in points either of discipline or instruction, and that young men of different gowns associate as familiarly with each other as if no such variety existed. The costume, no less than the whole discipline of an English university, is, even in these days of universal relaxation, beyond comparison more appropriate and sensible than that misrule which makes the streets of Halle and Wittenberg little less than dangerous to females, or those absurd and

and costly trappings, the furs, the helmets, and the sabres, by which the students of Germany distinguish their respective clubs or nations. It is whimsical indeed that societies so sober, so peaceable, and so frugal, should tolerate the many mischievous and even fatal consequences arising from this idle parade of war in the seats of learning; and it is no less singular how soon, on their leaving the university, the ardent spirits of these 'angry boys' relapse into the quiet and studious character which is the pervading tone of the nation, excepting in those scenes where we should most expect to find it.

But it is not the education of the higher ranks alone which is thus studiously attended to in Germany. The children of the poor are far better instructed than in the southern countries of Europe; and the singular system which Pestalozzi first introduced into Switzerland has emanated from his school into many of the neighbouring states, and appears peculiarly adapted to the habits and feelings of a nation so orderly, quiet, and religious, as the humbler rank of Germans. Of these institutions, and of the charitable inventions of Baron Voght at Hamburgh, Madame de Staël speaks with merited praise, but, as before, without sufficient detail to satisfy the imitative curiosity of an Englishman: and, with all our unfeigned respect for this last named gallant and unfortunate town, we cannot help observing, that the taxes in Hamburgh are not so entirely left as she supposes to the discretion and patriotism of individuals. They are indeed permitted to assess themselves, but the amount of their contribution, and the general state of their property, are known, we believe, to the ten commissioners of revenue who have the entire controul of the taxes, and are bound by an oath of secrecy. The probity of these commissioners, who are every five years chosen by the great body of inhabitants, is more fortunately remarkable; since, though they are, strictly speaking, accountable neither to senate nor people, they have never violated their oath, nor has defalcation or abuse of the public property been laid for three hundred years to their charge.

Madame de Staël commences her second section with an inquiry into the causes which have impeded the reputation of German literature in France and England; in which, as we have already given our opinions, we do not think it necessary to follow her. At the time of writing her account of the spirit of English poetry, she does not appear to have been aware of the revolution which public taste has experienced, or that the sententious and Horatian style of Pope and Addison had so completely given way to wilder and more fanciful beauties. But as we are less anxious to account for the present unpopularity of the German authors than to prove that they ought to be received into favour, we hasten to attend on the eloquent

eloquent review of their leading names which occupies the succeeding chapters.

The earliest school of German composition is, as might be expected, poetical; nor is it very materially different from that which during a corresponding period prevailed in England. The loves of ladies who are any thing but chaste, and knight-errants whose courtesy is most conspicuous in their carving; cruel sisters and master-cooks; tyrannical uncles; children deserted in infancy and afterwards recognized by a ring or a mantle; a reasonable allowance of Troy town and Alexander the Great; visions of the court of Love; and rhythmical admonitions against the seven deadly sins;—amused or edified the childhood of the one as well as the other nation. They retained to a later period than ourselves the long alexandrine verse, though their poets rarely indulged in the varieties of which it is capable; and their usual ballad metre was formed, like ours, by the solution of a long into two shorter lines, with or without alternate rhymes. The beautiful translation of the Scriptures by Luther contributed, like the version which at a later period was completed in England, to fix the standard of the language, and to improve by the gorgeous imagery of the east its capacity for eloquence and poetry; but the wars which followed retarded with the Germans that literary career which with us immediately succeeded; and in their imitation of the terse and unimpassioned style which distinguished the age of Lewis the XIVth, their authors were far less successful than those of England. In the last century however the study of Milton and Shakspeare was sufficient to open their eyes to the real genius of the Teutonic race and language; and, notwithstanding the opposite example of Wieland and the temporary discredit brought on the English school by the freaks of some of its disciples, the prevailing style of German composition is not at present very dissimilar from the rhythm and diction which characterise with us the age of Charles the First. Wieland indeed, though among the most successful of Voltaire's imitators, was not likely to be long extensively popular with a race who had much either of poetical or moral feeling. With less wit than his master, he has full as much abominable wickedness; while, in serious composition, his heart is too debased to suffer his fancy to become sublime, and he wearies as well as offends by his constant ambition after that cold-blooded *persiflage* whose delight is to destroy by the rattle of its cap and bells the interest which it has itself excited. With his own countrymen, the hoary blasphemer has already survived (for he yet lives) whatever share of reputation he once possessed. In England his Oberon, though the best of his works, has been only saved from oblivion by the genius and taste of its translator. In France his romances

mances and tales have doubtless many admirers, but we cannot and will not bring ourselves to believe that Madame de Staël is one of them. The general tenor of her volumes is a noble refutation of such a doubt, and we can only regret the indiscriminate good nature which has induced her to speak without indignation of works so different from her own.

To the formation of the present school of German literature something was no doubt contributed by the bold criticism of Lessing, who ventured to attack, even in the height of his renown, the gigantic despotism of Voltaire. But to Lessing's own dramas we cannot assign so high a rank as Madame de Staël is anxious to give them. His characters (not excepting even Nathan) are the mere common-places of sentiment and liberality, or their equally common-place opposites; and his idle prejudice against metrical tragedy, contributed for a length of time to fetter the early genius of Schiller himself. But Madame de Staël has with great good sense remarked, that the example and authority of Winckelman exerted a very extensive and beneficial influence not only on the arts but the learning and genius of Europe. That classical maniac, who hated his own country on account of its garret windows, and shuddered at the sight of a roof exceeding the Vitruvian proportions, by the accuracy of his eye and the enthusiasm of his descriptions inspired beyond doubt a taste for Grecian beauty which the world did not possess before, and by calling the attention of mankind to the original models of elegance, instead of their French and Roman copies, shook in one material bulwark the strength of that literary Babylon which the rest of Europe had till then admired with unsuspecting credulity.

The philosophic poet Haller was the father perhaps of the new school in Germany, and amply merits the praise bestowed on him. Gessner, amiable and accomplished in private life, is deficient in nerve as an author; and, although his Idylls may still be popular in France, the Teutonic race have ceased to live in Arcadia, or to find delight in scenes which have neither the charm of reality nor fancy. But from these Diis minorum gentium we turn with delight to the mighty names of Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe, a triumvirate which no country perhaps, except our own, can equal, and of whose splendours even the outermost skirts are as yet but imperfectly known by the English reader.

Of Klopstock's character, indeed, though not of his works, the purity and excellence have become familiar to our nation from the writings of Miss Smith, and the letters of his first wife to Richardson. The following account of his poems, as connected with that personal character, is one of the most fortunate paintings in the present volumes.

'Tous

'Tous ses ouvrages ont eu pour but, ou de réveiller le patriotisme dans son pays, ou de célébrer la religion: si la poésie avoit ses saints, Klopstock devroit être compté comme l'un des premiers.

'La plupart de ses odes peuvent être considérées comme des psaumes chrétiens, c'est le David du Nouveau Testament que Klopstock; mais ce qui honore sur-tout son caractère, sans parler de son génie, c'est l'hymne religieuse, sous la forme d'un poëme épique, à laquelle il a consacré vingt années, *la Messiade*. Les chrétiens possédoient deux poëmes, l'Enfer, du Dante, et le Paradis Perdu, de Milton: l'un étoit plein d'images et de fantômes, comme la religion extérieure des Italiens. Milton, qui avoit vécu au milieu des guerres civiles, excelloit sur-tout dans la peinture des caractères, et son Satan est un factieux gigantesque, armé contre la monarchie du ciel. Klopstock a conçu le sentiment chrétien dans toute sa pureté; c'est au divin Sauveur des hommes que son ame a été consacrée. Les Pères de l'Eglise ont inspiré Le Dante; la Bible, Milton: les plus grandes beautés du poëme de Klopstock sont puisées dans le Nouveau Testament; il sait faire ressortir de la simplicité divine de l'Evangile un charme de poésie qui n'en altère point la pureté.

'Lorsqu'on commence ce poëme, on croit entrer dans une grande église, au milieu de laquelle un orgue se fait entendre, et l'attendrissement, et le recueillement que les temples du Seigneur inspirent s'emparent de l'ame en lisant la Messiade.

'Klopstock se proposa, dès sa jeunesse, ce poëme pour but de son existence: il me semble que les hommes s'aquitteroient tous dignement envers la vie, si, dans un genre quelconque, un noble objet, une grande idée signaloient leur passage sur la terre; et c'est déjà une preuve honorable de caractère, que diriger vers une même entreprise les rayons épars de ses facultés, et les résultats de ses travaux. De quelque manière qu'on juge les beautés et les défauts de la Messiade, on devroit en lire souvent quelques vers: la lecture entière de l'ouvrage peut fatiguer; mais, chaque fois qu'on y revient, l'on respire comme un parfum de l'ame qui fait sentir de l'attrait pour toutes les choses célestes.'—pp. 230, 231, 232.

His whole epic is in fact a continued religious exercise, and its conclusion is celebrated by him in a strain of rapturous thanksgiving which resembles rather, we are afraid, the pious effusions of Mrs. Rowe than the sober dignity of Milton. Hymns and meditations, of which the baser alloy is often conspicuous among the genuine silver of his own genius, composed the favourite studies of his retirement; and the English reader will not fail to observe, what Madame de Staël cannot be expected to know, that when he has been led astray, as she expresses it, 'among the tombs,' his guide has not been Young, but Hervey. Of his great work, the Messiah, our author suggests with much good sense, that a more interesting poem might have been formed by embracing a larger portion of the earthly life of Christ, instead of beginning at the

the moment of the last conspiracy against him, by painting in forcible colours the character of the east, and the condition of mankind under the Roman empire; and by throwing round the person of the Redeemer himself some portion of that awful mystery which, during his residence on earth, exercised, we know, the curiosity and the fears of the mighty. The gradual development of his divine character, the suspicion, the hope, the fear, the uncertainty which both men and spiritual beings would feel as to the nature and conclusion of so awful a visit to mankind, might be described with wonderful effect, and surely without profaneness. But Klopstock had taken for the ground-work of his story the spurious Gospel of Nicodemus, which is the favourite religious novel of the lower classes in Germany, and which in its pictures of Hades has so many beauties as easily to attract the imagination of a poet, while long discourses between disembodied spirits are doubtless more easily represented than the actions and passions of men. The unearthly nature of his story will not, however, satisfactorily account for its want of interest. Milton can be charged with no such deficiency, and Southey has since succeeded in giving animation to the day-dreams of Indian mythology. But Klopstock had no knowledge of mankind, and could not describe those evil passions to which his own breast was happily a stranger, and whose demonstrations in other men he had few opportunities of studying. He could paint, indeed, with exquisite, perhaps matchless beauty, the characters of tenderness or religious hope, or the agonies of despairing penitence, the resuscitation of Cidli and Semîda, the Death-Bed of Mary, the interesting dæmon Abbadona; but to represent the horrible workings of jealousy, ambition, malice, or pride, something more is necessary than a good conscience and a lively fancy. His Pharisees, his fiends, and his Judas are all meagre sketches; and, even where he most closely imitates Milton, in describing the amusements and factions of Pandæmonium, he has drawn, instead of the warriors and statesmen of the Paradise Lost, the tamer devils of a German university or a German court, who speculate in atheism, metaphysics, and free-masonry, or amuse themselves in tactics and landscape gardening. With all these faults, however, the Messiah is a noble work; there runs through the whole a preserving spirit of piety and poetry which amply compensates for occasional languor or mysticism; nor is it too much to add, that there are some descriptions, and still more effusions of eloquent feeling which the admirers of Milton will find it hard to parallel.

The early compositions of Schiller are in a sort of bombastic prose which the influence of Lessing had made popular in Germany; less stately, but not less removed from nature, than the rhythmical tragedies of France or England. There are too in most of them

them a wildness of invective against restraint of every kind, a crazy exaltation of sentiment, and an eagerness after stage-effect and violently contrasted characters, which were in part the natural imperfections of a mighty genius not yet matured, in part the symptoms of that fermenting lava which found its vent in France, or of that morbid feeling with which Sterne, Rousseau and Diderot for a time infected Europe. Those English readers who have only known him by the Robbers, Fiesco, or Cabal and Love, will be unwilling, perhaps, to believe that the tenor of his private life was as amiable and blameless as that of Klopstock, or that the productions of his riper muse are to be ranked but little below Shakspeare. For the faults of his early compositions, the taste of the day, and the degraded state in which he found not only German but English tragedy may be allowed to obtain a pardon, while, even in the Robbers, there is a rich vein of fancy which afforded surely no unfavourable promise of the treasure which lay beneath it. These hopes were accordingly amply justified by Don Carlos, which, though too long, too perplexed, and too declamatory, was undoubtedly at the time of its appearance, the finest play which Europe had seen for above a century. At this eminence most men would have sat down contented, but the mind of Schiller was neither to be lulled nor wearied; in the height of his popularity he still regarded himself as a learner, and that may be said of him, which few voluminous writers have ever deserved, that his death came but too soon for a genius which was daily refined by meditation and study, and a fame to which every succeeding work gave a firmer foundation as well as a more extended range.

As an historical essay in the style of Sallust, his history of the thirty years war is sufficient to establish the character of a meaner man; but it is as a tragic poet that he is chiefly to be considered, and we regret that our limits forbid any more than a passing tribute to the good sense and sound criticism with which Madame de Stael has examined the general principles of the school which he thus revived. To an Englishman, indeed, such observations are less necessary, because we have not the same prejudice in favour of the regular drama, as it is absurdly called, which in France has survived the shock of every other ancient etiquette, and by the rules of which Shakspeare, no less than Schiller must be abandoned as extravagant and barbarous. We suspect, indeed, that something of this indigenous feeling may be traced in Madame de Staël herself, when she prefers so decidedly his Mary Stuart to his Wallenstein, and speaks with so little toleration of the chorus in the Bride of Messina.

In conformity with the general opinion of her country, (an opinion which a more accurate acquaintance with the poets of Greece has

has long since destroyed both in Germany and England,) she supposes that the gorgeous language and rigid character of the drama which the genius of Racine has carried to the highest pitch of excellence of which it is capable, is a copy of the ancient Athenian theatre. Yet, in truth, its most remarkable features may be vainly sought in those tragedies which it professes to imitate, while those against which it most inveighs as barbarous, have a far better claim to the prescription of antiquity. The mixture of comic or vulgar characters with kings and heroes, is sanctioned by the examples of the watchman in Agamemnon, with his jests about his lady's secret, the drunkenness of the king in the Bacchæ, the dialogue between Hercules and the servant of Adrastus, and the jocose sentinel in the Antigone. For a death on the stage, the Ajax is an ample authority, and the bleeding eyes and face of Œdipus must have presented as horrid a spectacle to an Athenian audience as the similar situation of Gloster does to an English one.

Even the unities, to the maintenance of which so much is sacrificed, are only founded on the wrong interpretation of a passage in Aristotle, and were violated by the Greeks as often as the circumstances of an open theatre would allow. The scene is changed once, if not twice, in the Ajax. In the Eumenides the hero passes from Delphi to Athens; and in the action of the Agamemnon a space of some weeks is necessarily supposed between the taking of Troy which opens the play, and the arrival of the hero in his native country which occupies the middle of the story. Nor is the uniformity of the French alexandrine less different from the variety of the Grecian anapæstic and chorus measures, and the wieldy simplicity of the iambic. If then the French drama be confined by chains, they are chains which they have forged for themselves, and for which the ancients (the Greeks at least) are nowise responsible; and those dramas which they call classical (whatever may be their other beauties, and we allow them to be great and numerous) are no more copies of the real antique than the famous statue of Hercules in a full-bottomed wig was of the Hercules of Phidias.

But if the rules of the French drama be thus unsupported by authority, they can still less recommend themselves by any inherent advantage or convenience. The illusion of the stage, which they fear to destroy by changing a scene, exists in no case, and therefore cannot be destroyed; but even if it really existed, what can more effectually annihilate it than the gross improbability which imparts the secret of a conspiracy in the street, or holds a cabinet-council in an anti-chamber? Or what more reasonable than the impatience of the Italian audience who, when a battle (according to the Horatian rule) was described as passing behind the scenes, cried out aloud to the actors 'to draw the curtain and let

them see it for themselves?' We cannot, therefore, concede to Madame de Staël that the French 'are, of all nations, the most dexterous in the management of theatrical effect,' any more than that in the set speeches and tedious details of their heroes, heroines, and confidantes they have at all succeeded in 'évitant les longueurs.' It is to these prejudices, more than to the unbending tone of the alexandrines, that we ascribe the monotony of French dialogue. In comedy the alexandrines have not prevented vivacity, variety, or feeling; and if the famous scene between Joas and Athaliah had been as much copied by French poets as the declamation in the Cid, they would have found their national measure as tractable in the one case as the other.

Another defect to which the Horatian prejudice has subjected the French drama is the necessity of exhibiting, as Madame de Staël's friend, Monsieur Constant, well observes, not so much 'character as passion.' We acquire no more familiarity with the hero than is possible at a single interview; we see him, indeed, engaged in the most remarkable action of his life; but for his general disposition we must take his own word, or the word of his long-winded confidant. Shakspeare, on the other hand, and Schiller, by throwing him before our eyes into many different situations, and by evincing the effect which he produces on those around him, make him act his disposition instead of telling it; and by those minute inadvertencies, those careless words and actions in which in real life a man is always undisguised, enable us, instead of hearing a lecture on his character, to elicit it by actual experiment for ourselves.

There is something of Parisian prejudice in the following observation, but it is one which we never met with before, and which displays a very intimate knowledge of nature as well as of her favourite poet.

'Shakespear, qu'on veut appeler un barbare, a peut-être un esprit trop philosophique, une pénétration trop subtile pour le point de vue de la scène; il juge les caractères avec l'impartialité d'un être supérieur, et les représente quelquefois avec une ironie presque machiavélique; ses compositions ont tant de profondeur, que la rapidité de l'action théâtrale fait perdre une grande partie des idées qu'elles renferment: sous ce rapport, il vaut mieux lire ses pièces que les voir. A force d'esprit Shakespear refroidit souvent l'action, et les Français s'entendent beaucoup mieux à peindre les personnages ainsi que les décorations, avec ses grands traits qui font effet à distance. Quoi! dira-t-on, peut-on reprocher à Shakespear trop de finesse dans les aperçus, lui qui se permit des situations si terribles? Shakespear réunit souvent des qualités et même des défauts contraires; il est quelquefois en-deça quelquefois en-delà de la sphère de l'art; mais il possède encore

core plus la connoissance du cœur humain que celle du théâtre.'—tom. ii. pp. 14, 15.

Of these opposite systems, if the object of theatrical poetry be, as it surely must be, to please, the following fact may decide at once the relative merits. 'En Angleterre, toutes les classes sont également attirées par les pièces de Shakespear. Nos plus belles tragédies en France n'intéressent pas le peuple.'

In none of Schiller's plays has he so closely copied Shakspeare as in the three dramas which, together, give the history of the famous Imperial Commander Wallenstein. In spite of the political divisions of Germany, the poet has succeeded in making his hero interesting to every party and every nation contained in its confederacy; and the Camp of Wallenstein, which is the first of the series, has been of late years more than once represented at Berlin, as a popular spectacle, at the beginning of a war.

'Les paysans, les recrues, les vivandières, les soldats, tout concouroit à l'effet de ce spectacle; l'impression qu'il produit est si guerrière, que lorsqu'on le donna sur le théâtre de Berlin, devant des officiers qui partoient pour l'armée, des cris d'enthousiasme se firent entendre de toutes parts. Il faut une imagination bien puissante dans un homme de lettres pour se figurer ainsi la vie des camps, l'indépendance, la joie turbulente excitée par le danger même.'—pp. 51. 52.

The Camp of Wallenstein is (Madame de Staël observes) an ingenious introduction to the two other plays; 'it fills us with admiration for the general of whom his soldiers are for ever talking, as well in their sport as in their peril; and when the subsequent tragedy begins, we retain the impression of the play which has preceded it, as if we had been witnesses of the history which the poet is about to embellish.'

She is mistaken, however, in supposing that the introduction of the Capuchin friar among this motley group is merely intended to amuse by the 'absurd and soldier-like eloquence of the preacher, and the rude and ignorant piety of those who hear him.' The friar is one of those secret emissaries whom the miserable and jealous Court of Vienna employed to sap, in its own army, the dangerous popularity of its own general; and this sermon, which begins with good advice to the soldiers, ends by calling their commander 'an Ahab, a Jeroboam, a wizard, and a King Saul.' The admirably painted riot which follows is occasioned by the contest between the Walloon or mercenary troops threatening the libeller with death, and the Croats defending and applauding him; and we thus are very artfully prepared for the dissensions which are afterwards described, and the treachery which Wallenstein meets with from the Croatian commander Isolani.

The second play, which may be properly enough called a tragedy,

gedy, and for which the heartbroken struggles of the younger Piccolomini afford a sufficient denouement, is partly occupied by unfolding the stately character and ambitious projects of Wallenstein, partly by the political intrigues of his secret enemy Octavio Piccolomini, and partly by the mutual loves of that enemy's son and Wallenstein's interesting daughter. The craft and ambition of maturer age were never more beautifully contrasted with the guileless tenderness of youth, and in the disjointed materials with which the general hopes to build his guilty greatness, we already anticipate his fall.

The third play represents that fall with its immediate causes, among which the superstitious precautions of Wallenstein are artfully made the most prominent. It comprizes the noble death of the younger Piccolomini; the retreat of the affectionate Thecla to a nunnery; and lastly the assassination of Wallenstein himself by his most confidential friends, the circumstances of which are worked up to a degree of horror which Macbeth only can excell. Madame de Staël, if we understand her rightly, supposes that the three plays were acted in one night. It may have been so on their first appearance at Weimar, but we certainly do not consider them so necessarily dependant on each other as to require it; and we apprehend so large a demand on the attention and feelings of an audience would hardly be endured even in Germany. At present they are performed as separate plays, like those consecutive dramas of Shakspeare from which they are closely and avowedly modelled.

Mary Stuart departs less widely from the usual rules of the drama than Wallenstein; but there is one scene which, though strikingly beautiful in the closet, would not be for a moment endured on an English theatre, and in Germany was only, we believe, tolerated once at Weimar. Melville, the page of Mary, has secretly made himself a priest to elude the order which denied the dying queen the comforts of her own religion, and not only confesses and absolves her, but administers the sacrament on the stage. This may be apologised for by the example of the Spanish poet Calderon, and Schiller was far from treating the subject with irreverence. But the common sense of mankind cries out against the flagrant indecency, and in spite of the modest defence which our author is inclined to make for it, the voice of the people is in all points of natural and reverential feeling, the voice of Nature and of God.

In the Maid of Orleans, Schiller has violated unnecessarily the truth of history, making her die at the head of the French army, and in the moment of victory. In William Tell he has shewn admirable taste and judgment in his principal character, whom he paints

paints as a bold and honest mountaineer who, far from a hero of romance or a talking patriot, is only roused to fury by the intolerable and immediate pressure of tyranny.

One of the most extraordinary efforts, however, of this great tragedian, and one of whose merits, we think, Madame de Staël has hardly shewn herself sufficiently sensible, is The Bride of Messina, a tragedy on the antique model, and the only modern tragedy of the kind with which we are acquainted where the chorus is any thing more than a dead and useless incumbrance. So perfectly has its author imbibed the spirit of the ancient drama, that many of the choric songs might pass as translations from some recovered fragments of Euripides; and so perfectly at the same time has he mastered its difficulties, that the chorus is throughout an efficient actor in the scene, and the general effect is as popular as it is novel and extraordinary. Madame de Staël attacks the two semichori as being composed of chamberlains, instead of which they are, in truth, the jarring factions of the city, and are just so much parties in the quarrel of its princes as to unite them with the interest of the plot. She complains with more justice of the confusion of different religions, and the vagueness of the point of time at which the poet fixes the action; though even here it may be urged, that destiny, which is the pervading principle of the drama, is the religion of all ages and nations, and that Schiller has plausibly apologised in his preface for the union of classical, chivalrous, and Moorish customs, and by the supposed situation of Sicily a few years subsequent to the establishment of its Norman dynasty. The preface, indeed, for its learning, taste, and good sense, is almost as remarkable as the play, since it is rare to see such distinct qualities united as the genius of a Shakspeare and the classical erudition of a Tyrwhitt.

After all, we are not sufficiently fond of antiquity to desire that this solitary instance of success in the revival of ancient tragedy should produce many imitators, though the full stage and gorgeous spectacle be peculiarly adapted to the colossal scale of our London theatres, and though a chorus mounted on horseback might perform their strophes and antistrophes with infinite applause and popularity. To be serious, and not only serious but melancholy, we never felt so deeply the miserable and degraded state of theatrical exhibitions at home, as when we have compared them with the contemporary productions of that stage, which the prejudice of England so long inveighed against as absurdly sentimental or impiously blasphemous. That surely cannot be a sound state of the public mind, which can turn from Shakspeare to batten on trash of which pantomimes are the most amusing as well as the most harmless specimens, or which has perverted the theatre from the

scene of rational recreation to a raree-show for children at Christmas.—But strictures like these are in no degree applicable to Germany.

Goëthe, whose character is ably depicted by our author in her first volume, is, perhaps, of all men now living the most extraordinary, if we regard the variety of his attainments and the universal pliancy of his genius. He has some traits of talent in common with Gay, with Swift many more, but in learning, and when he pleases, in pathos, neither of these writers can compare with him. With the mind of Sterne that of Goëthe has great affinity, while his poetry sometimes resembles that of Scott, and sometimes, though rarely, may be suspected to have furnished a model for Southey. His admirers in Germany are not satisfied with these praises, but claim for him the glory of having caught no inconsiderable portion of the poetic fire of Shakspeare, and his Goetz of Berlichingen is usually quoted as an instance.

For ourselves, we cannot perceive the similarity, since neither in language nor sentiment is an approach to Shakspeare pretended; and since the adoption of a chivalrous story for the foundation of the drama is a circumstance too vague to be even set on a level with the renowned coincidence, 'Good morrow to you, good Master Lieutenant!' As a writer for the theatre, indeed, except in the single play of Clavigo, Goëthe has lamentably failed. His Egmont, which Madame de Staël would gladly praise, is, even setting aside its immorality, so dull as to defy a second reading. Stella our amiable author will give up, we think, without regret, as too harmlessly absurd to effect the mischief for which it seems intended; and Iphigenia, though it contains many passages of rare merit, is as a whole even more ponderous and long-drawn than the generality of imitations of the ancient tragedy.

His smaller poems, numerous as the sands of the sea, we have neither time nor inclination to criticise in detail. Most of them have some sort of whimsical originality, many have considerable pathos, and all are more or less immoral. The marvellous is with him a very favourite source of effect, and his extensive reading has enabled him to draw largely not only on the superstition of the middle ages, but on those of classical and oriental paganism. The fancies of the German peasants furnished him with the Erl-King; the tale of the student in magic and his wooden water-bearer, is circumstantially taken from the Philopseudes of Lucian, as is the Spectre Bride of Corinth from the story of Philinnium and Machates, quoted in many old dæmonologies from Phlegon Trallianus de Mirabilibus et Longævis. Few of these, perhaps, deserve translation; and even if they deserved it better, translation would be almost impossible, where the greater part of the charm consists in a boundless

a boundless command of the German language, and an authority still more extraordinary over every species of rhythm of which that language is susceptible. Werther, his earliest romance in prose, the delightful pastoral of Hermann and Dorothea, and the marvellous dramatic poem of Faustus, are sufficient, indeed, of themselves to serve as a foundation for no common fame; and it is by these, in our opinion, and these alone, that his renown is to be extended in foreign countries, or prolonged to any remote continuance in his own.

Of Werther, we know not why, the maturer age of the writer himself has expressed no favourable opinion. The immorality of its tendency can hardly, we think, have produced this change in his sentiments, since the author of Stella and the Bayadere exhibits rather caprice than conscience in condemning his first publication; which if it really may be accused of painting suicide in too interesting colours, conveys at the same time to a well-constituted understanding, an useful and far more obvious lesson, to repress the first impulse of wandering passion, and to avoid betimes that intercourse which, however delightful, is to ourselves and to the object of our regard, replete with danger and misery. The taste, indeed, for sentiment which Sterne and Rousseau made general, has, fortunately for Europe, declined, and its thumbed and dirty volumes have descended from the drawing-room to elicit tears from the lady's maid or the milliner's apprentice. But, amid the usual faults of a young author, and all the miserable taste which was fashionable at the time of its appearance, Werther contains a spirit of vitality, which will establish its claim to notice, so long as warm description or natural feeling continue to interest mankind.

Herman and Dorothea, with some traits of the undeservedly neglected Gentle Shepherd of Ramsay, may be considered as the perfection of that style which Gay and Somervile conceived but could not execute. Without meanness, bombast, or parody, it is a real rural epic, valuable as a faithful and animated representation of the costume and manners of the lower class in Germany during the eighteenth century, valuable still more for those beauties of style and language, and those genuine lines of nature which are not confined to any age or country. The first notion of the style was given by Voss in his Louisa, but it surpasses considerably that beautiful poem in taste and simplicity of language, and the judicious rejection of those Homeric epithets which were the stumbling block of Voss, and which, when applied to rural or domestic economy, are first burlesque, and then intolerably tiresome. The Herman and Dorothea is a happy instance of what may be done by perfect simplicity of language and plot, united with good taste and feeling. It is a picture on which the mind loves to repose, and

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in every respect, except talent, most dissimilar to the third great work of this eccentric genius, the whimsical and portentous Faust.

This personage, who was a professor at Wittenberg, and is known to the learned as a competitor for the honour of having first invented printing, is familiar to the children of England as well as Germany under the name of Doctor Faustus; and his alliance with the devil was, in the time of our parents, a conspicuous feature in almost every puppet-show. Marlow, our English tragedian, composed a serious drama on his history in the reign of Elizabeth, and the name Mephistopheles, which Goëthe gives to the familiar spirit who seduces and attends the unfortunate 'Master Doctor,' is frequently alluded to by Shakspeare and other contemporary authors. The old demonologies indeed are full of his exploits, and we have seen a little Low Dutch volume, 'die Waraghtighe Historia van Doctor Johannes Faustus,' to which, or to its German original, Goëthe, who read every thing good, bad and indifferent, is, as well as Marlow, considerably indebted. But the lamentable history of Margaret, whom Faust seduces is, we believe, original; and the display of fiendish character in Mephistopheles, his infernal pleasantry, and the hideous frankness of villany with which he insults over the victim whom his arts have secured, are as novel in the conception, as admirable in the execution.

'Milton a fait Satan plus grand que l'homme; Michel-Ange et Le Dante lui ont donné les traits hideux de l'animal combinés avec la figure humaine. Le Méphistophélès de Goëthe est un diable civilisé. Il manie avec art cette moquerie légère en apparence qui peut si bien s'accorder avec une grande profondeur de perversité; il traite de niaiserie ou d'affectation tout ce qui est sensible; sa figure est méchante, basse et fausse; il a de la gaucherie sans timidité, du dédain sans fierté, quelque chose de doucereux auprès des femmes, parceque, dans cette seule circonstance, il a besoin de tromper pour séduire; et ce qu'il entend par séduire, c'est servir les passions d'un autre; car il ne peut même faire semblant d'aimer. C'est la seule dissimulation qui lui soit impossible.'—p. 179.

Such a drama is, of course, not intended for representation, and even in the conception of such a character we are not sure that a degree of immorality is not involved; but Faust, with all its horrors, may be read without danger though not without a painful feeling. The seduction of poor Grettchen inspires a degree of pity for her, and abhorrence for her betrayers, almost amounting to agony. The hatred and loathing which Mephistopheles is made to inspire, deprive his characteristic blasphemy of all power to harm; and the feeble ambition, the joyless vice, the tasteless success, and hopeless struggles of Faustus, with whom, though we pity

pity him, we never sympathize, afford a splendid and awful moral of the blindness of human desires.

Voss, whom we have already mentioned, is chiefly remarkable for his success in the use of German hexameters. His translation of Homer has all the accuracy and all the lifeless coldness of a cast taken from the features of deceased beauty. Werner, eminent in many respects, has written some very fanciful historical essays, and several very successful tragedies, in which an English reader may recognize much of the peculiar and pathetic tone of Lillo. The 'Twenty-fourth of February' only differs from the Fatal Curiosity in those peculiar circumstances of horror which suppose the family to have been accursed from generation to generation. The idea of laying the scene of a tragedy in humble or private life, though it be not novel on the English stage, is contrary to the received etiquette of the Parisian theatre; and our author, who, as we have already hinted, with all her sensibility to the beauties of foreign poetry, is not without a natural and laudable predilection for that school to which she has been most accustomed, fails not to exclaim against this injudicious condescension of the tragic muse. In her opinion,

'L'éclat du rang, et la distance des siècles, donnent à la scélératesse elle-même un genre de grandeur qui s'accorde mieux avec l'idéal des arts; mais quand vous voyez le couteau au lieu du poignard; quand le site, les mœurs, les personnages peuvent se rencontrer sous vos yeux, vous avez peur comme dans une chambre noire; mais ce n'est pas là le noble effroi qu'une tragédie doit causer.'—p. 242.

On a question of taste it is doubtless hazardous to differ from Madame de Staël, but we confess we cannot perceive any advantage in removing the illusion of the stage still farther from reality; and we conceive that the dignity of tragic horror must depend on circumstances very different from the rank of the characters represented. The domestic nature of a story may increase the poet's difficulties, since bombast is less offensive in the mouths of kings and princes, than when it proceeds from a private gentleman or a peasant among the Alps, while the opposite extreme of meanness is in every one's mouth disgusting. If, however, an author have sufficient skill to avoid these errors, and to express in impassioned and elevated yet natural language, (for in all ranks of society the language of strong feeling is eloquent,) such actions and passions as really belong to human nature in general, the costume in which he clothes it is of little importance. 'Cette tragédie,' says Madame de Staël, speaking of one which, like the Twenty-fourth of February, lays its scene in domestic life, 'Cette tragédie feroit un effet prodigieux s'il s'agissoit de personnages célèbres: mais on a de la peine à concevoir des passions si violentes pour l'héritage d'un château sur le Tibre.' And is not then the baron's castle or the peasant's

peasant's cottage as dear to the inheritor as the empire of the world to its heir apparent? or are we less interested in the efforts of Ulysses to recover his little island, than in a conspiracy which was to decide the fate of the Persian sovereignty? Wherein, if rank or power be estimated, do the heroes of Grecian tragedy excel the petty lords of English or German romance? or how, on such grounds as these, would a Parisian critic tolerate the Eumæus of Homer? For ourselves, we cannot wish that the scene of Otway's Orphan were transferred from the country house of a private gentleman to the palace of the Cæsars; nor are we ashamed to confess that we could weep and tremble over Arden of Feversham, or Ford's Witch of Edmonton, as readily as over the dangers or sorrows of all the kings and princes of Racine. Madame de Staël is, however, near the truth in the assertion that there is great advantage in taking a tragic story from history, not because the rank of the parties concerned is more elevated, but because we sympathize more keenly in the passions of those with whose name and character we are previously acquainted.

Tiech and Gerstenberg are mentioned with just and discriminating applause; but Ælenschlager, the Dane, who is rather an imitator of the French than Teutonic style, is surely out of his place if instanced among the German literati. In the review of Kotzebue Madame de Staël will excuse us from following her; he is already known in England as much as he deserves, and it must be confessed that his insipid sentiment, and noisy 'shew-plays,' to use an emphatic German expression, are admirably adapted to our present theatres, and to the taste of that public who grew tired of Coleridge's Remorse and found comfort in Aladdin.

The declamation of the best German actors is like the national character, quiet, grave, and sometimes monotonous. It resembles, we apprehend, the style which was popular in England before the time of Garrick, and which, if we believe our grandfathers, was carried to its perfection by Betterton, Booth, and Quin. They are rather anxious to impress by the general result of a part than by any more prominent clap-trap, and are generally most successful in plaintive or misanthropic characters. Schröeder, who is now dead, was perhaps a better Lear than England can boast; and, when performing the Abbé de l'Epée, made so much of even the common-place sentiment of the character, that he was always applauded by tears.

As we have already observed that the present style of German composition has many points of likeness to that which prevailed in our own country during the age of Charles the First, it will not surprise our readers to learn that Müller's Chronicle of Switzerland may, in several respects, be not unfavourably compared with the History

History of the Turks by Knolles. But Wilhelm Schlegel, amiable, learned, enthusiastic, eloquent, and patriotic is a character whom no age nor country can claim to itself, inasmuch as his store of information makes him master of all the past, and his genius renders him the common property of all future ages and countries. He is not a Burke indeed, but he is what Burke would have been had he remained professor of history at Glasgow; he has only wanted that stimulus of political ambition and opportunity which an Englishman alone can enjoy.

The musical composers of Germany are too well known to need applause. Its artists, with Mengs at their head, have undoubtedly kept pace of late with the improvement of their country in other respects, but the arts are altogether modern there. Classical ruins are not to be expected; and even their Gothic monuments (notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which Madame de Staël appears to regard them) are far inferior both in size and beauty to the cathedrals and abbies of England.

Here terminates Madame de Staël's second volume; and we must now accompany her through far more arduous disquisitions. The shades of dialectic vapour deepen round us with tenfold horror, and we confess, we did not pass without a species of shuddering regret from the meads of Asphodel through which she had hitherto led us, and the poetic spirits who inhabit them, to the thorny intricacies and palpable darkness of the philosopher of Konigsberg.

> 'Per altra via mena *la savia duca*
> Fuor della quete nell' aura che trema
> E vengo in parte ove non era che luca.'*

The prophets of old had no honour in their own country; the metaphysicians of Germany have been depreciated far more than they deserve every where but in their native land. The readers of the northern circles have indeed too good an appetite for speculations of all kinds to be easily rebuffed or disgusted either by obscurity of style or extravagance of hypothesis; and a far greater allowance of both than is found in the writings of Kant and his followers would have been endured and admired by the hardy and patient scholars whom they addressed. The blame of extravagance, however, must be confined to the imitators of Kant, since the founder of the school has undoubtedly the merit of calm and cautious investigation. He is not so free from censure on the score of obscurity, since not only is he utterly careless as to the clearness of his style, but he has embarrassed himself so terribly with new terms, or terms unusually applied, that even a native of the empire finds himself a foreigner in his volumes; and we might almost fancy, that to deter

* Dante, Inferno, Canto 3.

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the idle and frivolous from the tree of knowledge, he had purposely hedged it round with thorns. His system, however, has been unjustly represented as a mere revival of the ancient idealism, since it is rather an attempt to mediate between the principles of Leibnitz, who derived all our notions from the mind, and those of Locke, who considered them all as originally transmitted through the senses. Kant takes a middle course, and has attempted, by a more accurate investigation of the inherent qualities of the mind itself, and of the laws to which all ideas however acquired are subject, to determine what truths, if any, may be conceived by the soul without the aid of bodily perception. Leibnitz, in commenting on Locke, had observed, that when this last maintained that there was nothing in the understanding but what had been transmitted through the senses, he ought to have excepted the understanding itself: an observation, which Locke himself would hardly have combatted, excepting as a needless proviso, since, even on materialist principles, and allowing his own comparisons of the white paper and dark room to apply correctly to the soul, it is plain in either case, the recipient must have a previous aptness to admit and retain impressions; and whether the soul had any thing to meditate on or no, the faculty of thought must at least have been there. But if, as Locke no less than Leibnitz allowed, the soul were an intelligent being distinct from matter, it might be a reasonable subject of inquiry whether certain truths might not be perceived by the soul, even anterior to all aid of the senses; and if there were not in fact certain truths, of which we are conscious, and which our experience of the material world is incompetent to convey.

The ideas which Kant supposes to answer this description, are in his technical language called subjective, as those which are excited by external sensations are styled objective; and in the first of these classes he puts the simple modes and relations, as Locke would call them,—such as number, space, duration, the connection between cause and effect, possibility, reality, &c. These *categories*, to which our perceptions are all submitted, and without a reference to which we can conceive nothing, he considers as necessary notions inherent in the soul itself, not in the objects on which our understanding sits in judgment, and that the intellect in these respects gives laws to material nature, instead of receiving laws from her. On these subjects, and on these alone, he considers certitude as attainable, and to mathematics and logic only he is inclined to give the name of intellectual science. The first of these, which depend entirely on the notion of space and duration, that is, on the laws of our intellect anterior to experience, he considers as more than a simple analysis, as a 'science synthetical,

cal, positive and creative in itself, and capable of certainty without reference to experiment.' Logic, though it teach nothing of itself, yet as it depends immediately on the laws of our intellect, is in its principles incontestible, though not in the application of those principles. The principles therefore are innate, the application experimental. For want of a sufficient attention to Kant's distinctive line between innate faculties and external knowledge, he has been accused unjustly of maintaining that men could know a thing before they had learnt it. He departs, however, in fact, much less from Locke than is imagined; and the question on which they differ may be resolved into this:—whether the common modes of perception be the prism through which we contemplate objects, or the features in which all objects agree; and whether our notions of these modes be intuitive or acquired by abstraction.

The same observation may be extended to his moral philosophy. Instead of supposing that a knowledge of good and evil, a belief in the immortality of the soul, and the freedom of human agency are derived from comparison and observation of external objects and sensations, he ascribes to the soul a consciousness of its own destiny and duties, which though it be only called into action by external sensation, has yet an instinctive power of determining whether these sensations be good or evil, and which is therefore as much an innate sense of the intellect as sight or feeling are antecedent to all experience of inherent qualities of the body. To this quality of the soul, which, as it is uniform in all men, must therefore be unerring, he refers (as to the only competent judge) all those questions in which, according to his system, as they transcend all bodily experience, ratiocination must be vain; and Madame de Staël very eloquently expatiates on the noble self-denial of a philosopher, who 'forbids to the science which he himself professes an entrance into the sanctuary, and who uses all the force of abstraction to prove that there are regions in which abstraction has no place.' It was, doubtless, any thing rather than indifference to the cause of natural religion which induced the philosopher of Konigsberg to leave the arguments for and against its principles in an equilibrium whose scale was to be turned by sentiment only; but for our own parts, we confess, we have no such cowardly distrust of the powers and principles of analogy, as to doubt that the visible and tangible world affords in all its phenomena sufficient evidence that what we see and feel are not the bounds of nature; that some cause distinct from matter must be inferred from the existence of those effects which material organization is incompetent to produce; and that the principles of mutual preservation may guide in some degree both men and meaner animals to the knowledge of their relative duties. How far the soul may be capable of appreciating primitive

tive truths without the aid of external sensation, or how small a quantity of the latter may suffice to communicate their outlines, we shall not take upon ourselves to say, nor do we perceive how, in the present state of human existence, the question is to be satisfactorily determined. Locke, indeed, whom our author has on this point ably refuted in the second chapter of the present volume, was wrong in supposing that any society of human beings can be found by whom these sacred truths are unfelt or unknown; but it may still remain a question, and fortunately for human nature it is a question of curiosity only, whether this universal agreement on certain points of opinion and duty, be the effect of principles engraven on the soul, or events so disposed by nature as to produce on every soul the same impressions; whether they are the fruit, in short, of uniform instinct or uniform experience. It is not too much, perhaps, to say that no truths can be named which may not have been acquired by the latter, since no sentient being can be produced divested of external sensation. The deaf and dumb boy brought forward by Madame de Staël, had at least his eyes and fingers to guide him to truth; and those thoughtless persons whom she instances as knowing their duty by instinct, are probably in some measure indebted to an education which was, we presume, carried on through the medium of external sensations. We all know where Ensign Northerton retained the marks of Corderius; and it may admit of a doubt whether the *κοιναι εννοιαι* of no small proportion of the world have not been originally traced in bloody characters on the same honourable tablet. To education indeed, and to that universal tradition which has in every country guided education, the universal knowledge of man's duties and destiny may be boldly referred by those who regard the inferences of experience, or the workings of sentiment as the auxiliaries, but not the parents of religious knowledge; who believe that the Almighty has on certain occasions revealed himself and his will not only to the soul, but to the bodily senses of his creatures; and that all the traces of transcendental truths which the human race have retained, are derived by tradition or historical testimony from that time when the maker of the world was also its instructor.

Nor is the liberty of man in reality more endangered than the distinction between good and evil, by those who refer all knowledge to external impressions. If the sceptic urge, that while the choice is determined by external impression, the human will and human actions must follow the course of events; the answer will be, that events are so ordered that, in point of fact, no situation can be found where a rational being has it not in his power to choose between more objects of pursuit than one. It is of little consequence to urge that the course of events may enslave or blindfold us, while

Providence

Providence has so disposed that course, that his creatures are under no circumstances deprived of light or liberty.

As to the motives of human actions, and what is called by its enemies and its indiscreet admirers the selfish system, which Kant ably impugned, and which Madame de Staël has chastised through many pages of indignant eloquence; it is a dispute about words, and words only, which never would have arisen except from the poverty of human language, and the confusion of ideas excited by applying the same terms to the coarsest and the most exalted sensations of our nature. We all of us sufficiently understand what is meant by disinterested benevolence, disinterested advice, disinterested service: we apply this term to such actions as are *intended* at least to make others happy without any further reference to ourselves; and it is something very like sophistry to say that a man acts in consequence of a hope which he himself does not feel.

It may be said, indeed, that the sight of others in distress is painful, and that we seek our own ease by relieving them; and it is most true that compassion, love, and gratitude are in themselves painful or oppressive sensations which we are prompted to get rid of or lighten by the actions or expressions which naturally give them vent. But where no other gratification or ease is expected than that which spontaneously flows from the happiness of another, we are willing to give the name of disinterested virtue to such conduct and such only; because, though virtue may be said to be its own reward, the idea of the reward and the virtuous action are so inseparably blended, that we cannot think of the one without the other, and are in fact too much engrossed with the happiness of our fellow-creatures to have time to feel our own. But no action will be called disinterested which has not a reference to some other sentient being: that virtue which respects ourselves must necessarily depend on a wise and useful calculation of consequences; and so singularly are we constituted, that this calculation can only have a negative power on the impulses which arise in our hearts whether virtuous or vicious. Calculation can no more make a man a philanthrophist than it can give him a good appetite. A view of the consequences of vice may enable us to resist temptation, but will not render us actively virtuous; and even Religion, whose motives of action have been sometimes too rashly resolved into hope and fear, would very little deserve the thanks of the universe, if her influence extended no further, or if that character which a belief in her doctrines generates were not a love of God and gratitude to him which prompts the Christian to give up all for his sake. The active virtues, it should not be forgotten, are passions, not principles; and though ease be the consequence of complying with their dictates, the absence of the passion itself is

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undoubtedly not painful, nor should we despise the man who wanted it as foolish, but as unfeeling and unprofitable to society. That the pleasure arising from such stimuli is greater than the calm which belongs to their non-existence; and that it is therefore wise to acquire or strengthen the benevolent passions by the same process as that by which other passions are acquired or strengthened, is a very different proposition; and, if this were not, as it generally is, done for us in our childhood, it is thus far only, and at the very threshold of virtue and piety, that a prudential or selfish motive can be addressed to teach us, in the sentiments of Aristotle, 'to find a pleasure in those pursuits where it is for the interest of mankind, as well as for our own happiness, that we should find it.' It seems then to us equally unphilosophical to assert that self lurks at the bottom of every virtuous action, when the habit of virtue is acquired, or to deny that our own hopes and fears are the only principles which can be addressed in order to the acquisition of such a habit. It is certainly unfortunate for the patrons of an innate moral sense, that children are, till taught the contrary, uniformly selfish; and that it is by praise, by punishment and reward, that we train them up to actions and habits at first of apparent, but at length no doubt of real and genuine disinterestedness. Self is the leading-string to virtue, but if virtue be not crippled, she will by degrees be able to go alone; fear and hope are the schoolmasters, but love is the science which they teach, and though happiness follows love, yet love is too much occupied with her own pursuits to attend to the services of her handmaid.

On the question of expediency as a guide to duty, Kant pursues a line of morality sufficiently severe and positive. As the sense of duty is according to him innate and definite and unalterable, he conceives that it can want no interpreter; and he is so far from allowing that we may do evil that good may come, or, what is nearly the same, that good and evil are only good or evil with a reference to their consequences, that he would not allow a man to tell a falsehood, even to save his friend from the hands of a ruffian. Jacobi, one of the most illustrious of Teutonic metaphysicians, who, before the appearance of Kant's work, had combated the selfish system, runs into an extreme directly contrary; and while he admits an innate moral sense, differing only from that of Kant, as being blended with a visionary sort of religious feeling, he denies the existence of any fixed or definite rule, by which this interpreter of God in the heart of man is bound. He claims for the conscience in the full prerogative of royalty a dispensing power over all established law, and commits in every case the reins of the conduct to an impulse which cannot err, because it is the voice of God himself in the heart. There are many circumstances in this theory

theory which wonderfully suit the German character, and which have produced very singular fruits. In England it is not likely to be so prosperous, nor can any better antidote be given than the following excellent observations of Madame de Staël.

'Jacobi est si bien guidé par ses propres sentiments, qu'il n'a peut-être pas assez réfléchi aux conséquences de cette morale pour le commun des hommes. Car, que répondre à ceux qui prétendroient, en s'écartant du devoir, qu'ils obéissent aux mouvements de leur conscience? Sans doute on pourra découvrir qu'ils sont hypocrites en parlant ainsi; mais on leur a fourni l'argument qui peut servir à les justifier, quoi qu'ils fassent; et c'est beaucoup pour les hommes d'avoir des phrases à dire en faveur de leur conduite: ils s'en servent d'abord pour tromper les autres, et finissent par se tromper eux-mêmes.

'Dira-t-on que cette doctrine indépendante ne peut convenir qu'aux caractères vraiment vertueux? Il ne doit point y avoir de privilèges même pour la vertu; car du moment qu'elle en désire, il est probable qu'elle n'en mérite plus. Une égalité sublime règne dans l'empire du devoir, et il se passe quelque chose au fond du cœur humain qui donne à chaque homme, quand il le veut sincèrement, les moyens d'accomplir tout ce que l'enthousiasme inspire, sans sortir des bornes de la loi chrétienne qui est aussi l'œuvre d'un saint enthousiasme.'—pp. 221, 222.

It would indeed be preposterous, if it were not unfortunately so common, to observe the propensity of mankind to establish some certain criterion or foundation of morality, in the assumed existence of innate principles, or the blind guidance of temporary feeling, while they studiously withdraw their attention from so obvious a source of human obligation as the revealed will of a superior and a benefactor.

We have no room to follow Madame de Staël in her view of the principles adopted by Kant's successors, Fichte and Schelling, who have torn their master's mantle asunder, and set up each of them for himself with an opposite corner of his system. Nor can we accompany her through those effects on the national character of Germany which she deduces from the peculiarities of ideal philosophy. For ourselves, indeed, we are apt to suspect that the prevalence of a peculiar system of reasoning is the symptom, not the cause of such or such national character, and the phenomena which our author notices in the modern Teutonic character she had previously much better accounted for from the circumstances of their society and political situation.

The natural philosophers of Germany are too well known to need commendation; but Madame de Stael is by far too indulgent to such ignorant and interested quacks as the craniologist Dr. Gall, and the magnetist De Mainaduc, if she regard them in any other light than impostors. What she says however of the science, which

the former has warped into a mere vehicle of flattery, is doubtless highly reasonable, and draws a very just line between the opposite pretensions of the ideal and material systems.

'Si l'on considère les organes de la pensée comme différents d'elle-même, c'est-à-dire comme les moyens qu'elle employe, on peut ce me semble admettre que la mémoire et le calcul, l'aptitude à telle ou telle science, le talent pour tel ou tel art, enfin tout ce qui sert d'instrument à l'intelligence, dépend en quelque sorte de la structure du cerveau. S'il existe une échelle graduée depuis la pierre jusqu'à la vie humaine, il doit y avoir de certaines facultés en nous qui tiennent de l'ame et du corps tout à la fois, et de ce nombre sont la mémoire et le calcul, les plus physiques de nos facultés intellectuelles, et les plus intellectuelles de nos facultés physiques. Mais l'erreur commenceroit au moment où l'on voudroit attribuer à la structure du cerveau une influence sur les qualités morales, car la volonté est tout-à-fait indépendante des facultés physiques: c'est dans l'action purement intellectuelle de cette volonté que consiste la conscience, et la conscience est et doit être affranchie de l'organisation corporelle. Tout ce qui tendroit à nous ôter la responsabilité de nos actions seroit faux et mauvais.'—p. 154.

There is one important consideration which arises from this review of German literature. The division of labour has, in other countries of Europe, been followed during the last century with an exactness so scrupulous, that even mediocrity of attainment in more than a single branch of study is rarely discernible in a single student. In Germany, where the habits of application are severe and continual; where change of study holds the place of relaxation; and where men read not as an engine of discourse, but for the sake of those new ideas which are their own reward, no great name can be mentioned in any branch of knowledge, who has not also been eminent in others. They read all books, they think and write on every subject; poetry, metaphysics, languages, all lend their aid to make up the Teutonic notion of the 'scholar armed;' and they assail whatever subject may fall under discussion with all the hands and weapons of an Indian divinity; with authorities from all possible quarters, too often applied at random; and with subtleties of metaphysical refinements, whose frequent tendency is rather to distract than explain.

The division of literary labour has produced the better artists; but the varied store of diffused erudition must necessarily form the greater men. The works of the first are confined in their interest to the narrow limits of a profession; those of the second are the common property of intellectual nature, the storehouse whence every species of talent may derive advantage and delight. But it is only among a frugal and laborious race that such variety of pursuit is desirable, since it is only with such that it can have time

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or opportunity to bring its fruits to any sort of perfection. In England we are grown, it may be feared, too idle and too convivial to hope for eminence in more than one pursuit; and he who aims at more is in danger of a sort of encyclopedic shallowness, which can never rise beyond the fame of a drawing-room, and into which even the critics of a drawing-room very soon begin to penetrate.

From philosophy the present inquiry naturally conducts us to religion; and the religion or enthusiasm of the Germans, for Madame de Staël appears in some doubt which of these names it may best deserve, occupies the fourth and concluding section of her review. Those will be however much mistaken who expect from her an abridgment of creeds and disciplines, after the manner of Dr. Evans; and even those will be disappointed who look for a philosophical and general statement of the influence which the different professions of christianity retain on the minds and habits of the modern Germans. Among many passages distinguished by beauty of feeling and diction, many not a little tinctured with that style of oratory which the English call cant, and the French *onction*, and many more of virtuous indignation against the wicked wits and selfish politicians of the last and present century, if the reader is able to form any opinion as to the religious principles of our Teutonic kindred, it will be, we apprehend, that they have no definite principles of faith or practice whatever; and that for the confessions of Augsburg and Geneva, or the Decreta of the council of Trent, they have substituted, as a mezzo-termine, not those points in which all christians agree, and which may doubtless be a bond of charity among all, but *the sentiment of infinity, the admiration of ideal beauty*, and that sort of pantheism which finds the divinity 'in the features of a father,'—'the innocence of a child,'—'the heavenly countenance of Raphael's virgin, in music, in poetry, in nature, "n'importe!" This sort of speculative devotion is indeed far better than the shameless and grovelling infidelity; the deadness to all but the selfish impulses of animal nature; the affected contempt for patriotic or religious feeling, for all that raises man either in hopes or practice above the beasts that perish, which we have lately seen in our own country mismatched to poetical genius, worthy of a far better alliance: but both the feelings of christianity, and the experience of man's wants and weakness, would lead us to consider the German vagueness of opinion, and substitution of sentiment for conviction, as the next greatest misfortune to absolute infidelity which could befall a country.

The case is not however so bad with the Germans, as some of Madame de Staël's expressions might seem at first to imply; and there are few countries where, taking one class of society with another, a greater diffusion of religious knowledge as well as reli-

gious feeling may be found, than in the protestant districts. Yet, it cannot be denied that the piety of the higher ranks, if it may deserve a name so serious, is often an admiration of the picturesque and poetical beauties of christianity, rather than a practical sense of its truth and importance. The simplicity of patriarchal manners, and the splendour of oriental poetry; the deep and glowing faith which inspired the genius of Milton and Klopstock; the picturesque groups assembled by village devotion, and the interesting labours of the hoary pastor, are indeed not unfrequently in their mouths or memories; but they consider them, it is plain, as matters of taste and feeling only, as a species of sacred Arcadia, chiefly valuable as a subject for the arts or the muses. The parent of fêtes champêtres, and of novels, its spirit is suffered to evaporate in a little reverence for long-drawn aisles and pealing organs, or in exclamations on the goodness of providence and the happiness of all mankind, without in any material degree interfering with those peculiar kinds of happiness which the devout individual may himself prefer. Not that like the catholics, the higher ranks in northern Germany are anxious, by an attendance on religious ceremonies, to atone for the neglect of religious duties: the rites of the protestants are too few and too simple to supply to them the necessary stimulus; and though the churches in Berlin and Dresden are filled, it is the lower class chiefly who attend them. Among these a fermentation, not very dissimilar to that which during the same period agitated England, has, though in a less perceptible form, distinguished the conclusion of the last century. This has been erroneously regarded as the revulsion produced by the awful events of the French revolution; but its spirit may undoubtedly be traced in the earliest writings of Klopstock and Lavater, and it has been making a silent but somewhat rapid progress from the establishment of the Moravians in Saxony, and the first association of the Pietists at Halle. It was, indeed, the natural effect of opposite opinions which had become popular with the great body of lutheran and calvinistic clergy; and here, as in England, had materially loosened the influence of those corporations on the public mind. Infidelity, absolute and avowed, though favoured by the example of Frederic the Great, never made any wide progress in the north; but the rational theologians, as they are called, of Germany, and by far the greater number of the more eminent professors in their universities, had not only desisted in their sermons from every topic which peculiarly distinguished christianity from a code of merely human morality,—every thing which could warm the passions or interest the faith of their hearers,—but had shewn a disposition to sacrifice one by one, to a love of system inherent in the nation, and a desire to conciliate, the main points of difference between the Christian

Christian and the infidel, the inspiration of the sacred books, and the miraculous nature of the events recorded in them.

If they thus desired to gain over the deists, they were undoubtedly mistaken, since it is easier and more rational to reject the Scripture entirely than to surrender our faith to a revelation divested of all those awful evidences of Omnipotence, which it were but reasonable to expect as a stamp and characteristic of whatever discovery God might be pleased to make of himself, his nature, or his will. If God be supposed to give a law to mankind, what proof can mankind have but miracles that such law proceeds from one superior to nature? And if the circumstances of wonder or terror under which the revelation is made be resolvable into natural causes, it is apparently an imposture of the grossest kind. It is true that Christianity came forth unhurt from this philosophical crucible, and that the inquiries of Michaelis and his followers, as all inquiries must do when carried far enough, were of eventual service to the cause of truth, but they did not therefore fail to offend the majority of their countrymen; nor can it be omitted that a concealed and qualified deism was as prevalent in the German universities as it is said to be in some still more northerly; and that the rational theologians, as they were called, who in the professor's chair were the avowed defenders of, at least, a mutilated christianity, would, in their hours of confidence and conviviality, throw aside even this remaining regard to the professions and institutions of their country.

The natural reactions of these scandals, and the apparent necessity which existed for an offensive and defensive alliance between all who maintained the essentials of Christianity, have produced in Germany a somewhat more than toleration, so far as the ancient religious distinctions are concerned, which the peculiar enthusiasm of the two classes of religionists whom we have already mentioned had an evident tendency to increase. Madame de Staël calls it mysticism, and though its professors would disclaim all approach to those peculiar tenets, which from the time of Origen to that of Madame Guyon have been ascribed to, or inferred from the notions of the mystics; they apparently resemble this last in the importance attached by them to devotional feeling, and in the excessive application of animal passions to the objects of christian hope and confidence. We say the *excessive* application, because in a certain degree, and under the names of fervour, zeal, gratitude, and hope, it is the intention of every Christian community to excite them; and that is, as Madame de Staël well observes, a very dry and useless manner of teaching, which is contented with giving us rules for our practice, without communicating that force of affection and that elevation of spirit which can alone enable us to observe them. If, however, these feelings be made the principle, instead of the sti-

mulus—if devotion be founded on passion and not on conviction, and this will often be the case where more attention is paid to sentiment than opinion,—the strength thus communicated, like the refreshment of spirituous liquors to a hungry man, will not only be liable to misapplication in the first instance, but will in the end be absolute weakness.

The Moravians have much of this mysticism, but it is no necessary part of their principles or discipline; which last is in truth nothing more, as Madame de Staël observes, than the monastic system adapted to Protestant feelings, and which, as it appears at Herrnhutt, and has been displayed in its several missions in Greenland, Labrador, and Africa, has retained the esprit du corps—and the other advantages of conventual union, with few of those inconveniences which in Catholic countries arise from it. They are not in fact a sect, but a religious order, and now that they have unlearnt those wilder traits of enthusiasm, which at the first institution of their society gave rise to abominable but groundless suspicions, may deserve to be cherished, on certain accounts, as a common benefit, not only to Protestantism, but to Christianity, and to civilization itself.

The Pietists, on the other hand, whom Madame de Staël does not mention, though in many respects they deserve her notice, were only prevented by the conciliatory spirit of mysticism, and in some measure, perhaps, by the unambitious character of their founder, from becoming, like our own methodists, a powerful and fanatical party. They began at Halle, a little before the time in which the Methodists arose in Oxford, and seem to have given to Wesley many of the leading hints for that formidable system of religious polity which is, perhaps, likely to become one of the most striking features in the history of the nineteenth century. Even the stimulant of persecution was not wanting to their rising greatness. They had their confessors as well as the Quakers, and the temptations of St. Anthony were hardly more ludicrous than the buffetings which were inflicted on the venerable Franck their founder, by the profane and tyrannical wit of Frederick the Great. But Franck was supported in his opposition to the profligacy and infidelity of the age by a strong party of Lutheran clergy: he himself appears to have been very far from the ambition which is so visible amid the real virtues of Wesley; and the bands and classes into which he divided his followers, have pretty nearly fallen into oblivion. It is otherwise with the name of Pietist, which has been applied to all who maintain the strict Solifidian principles, or who incline to that mysticism which was laid to the charge of their founder.

One of the remarkable effects of mysticism has been, that some of its principal supporters in the north of Germany have gone over to

to the Roman Catholic opinions. At the same time it must be observed, that not only is the catholicism of Germany less superstitious, less corrupted than that of most other countries of Europe, but the Catholics themselves have in many respects shewn a disposition to meet the Protestants half-way, and the two churches are on better terms at present than they have been since their grand separation. All this, it is unfortunately true, may conduct to doubt or indifference; but whatever indifference exists at present to religion in Germany, may be more safely ascribed to other causes. A more reasonable apprehension is that to which many Protestants are not insensible, that the cause of popery will be eventually a gainer, from the play which its system gives to religious feeling, and that fondness which is universal with the Germans for ceremony and parade. Nor do we know any solid ground of expecting a contrary result, except it be the increased dissemination of the Scriptures both among Protestants and Catholics, by the various Bible societies which, in imitation, and by the assistance, of England, are established in most parts of the empire.

Madame de Staël is mistaken in her supposition that the sect of Anabaptists, 'being rather revolutionary than religious, and owing their existence to political passions rather than opinions, passed away with the circumstances which had produced them.' Under the name of Mennonists, and with many of the peculiar tenets of the English Quakers and the American Dunkers, they are one of the most numerous, and decidedly the most *mystical* sect in Germany. The least rigid are distinguished by a remarkable plainness of dress; the more rigorous let their beards grow, and affect in all their actions an almost savage simplicity. In Westphalia, where they abound, they are distinguished by charity and hospitality, and by the primitive custom of washing the feet of whatever guests they receive. On the other hand, the theosophy of Jacob Bœhmen, which she supposes to be still professed by many Germans, has not, we believe, a single avowed follower in the empire.

As many of the higher ranks in Germany are inclined to regard religion as a picturesque ceremony, it is no wonder that some of them should shew a disposition to elevate ceremony into a kind of religion. We did however, experience a little surprise at finding under the general head of Religion and Enthusiasm, the convivial follies of free-masonry, and the fraudulent empiricism of the Illuminati and Ghostseers gravely entered as religious or philosophical sects. The first of these is naturally popular in a country where ribbons and decorations are held in so much honour; but it is chiefly, we believe, popular among those who have little else to think of; and though the tremendous dreams of the Abbé Barruel have clothed it in dragon scales, and excited against it in many kingdoms

kingdoms of the continent a persecution as absurd as those mummeries which were the subject of alarm, free-masonry has remained in most parts of Germany as safe and innocuous as among ourselves. To deduce this association from that of the unfortunate Templars, is so completely in opposition to what we know of the history of both these bodies, that we may be well excused from refuting an opinion, which it is highly probable that Lessing its founder did not himself believe.

The Illuminati were, as Madame de Staël observes, of two very distinct descriptions. One of these, of which Weishaupt and his colleagues were the heroes, was nothing more than a revolutionary club, such as the Corresponding Society of England, but which concealed itself a short time from the vengeance of government under the external mask of free-masonry. This was soon discovered, and has been long since eradicated: indeed the progress of the French revolution so completely undeceived the public mind of Europe, that the re-action thus produced was alone sufficient for its extinction. A few individuals of no good reputation have since attempted to organize fresh institutions of the same kind, but with a motive professedly Antigallican; and a German count, who some years ago visited London, vainly attempted to wheedle money from government for the maintenance of a secret order of knighthood, whose device was a dagger, two eyes, and a mouth closed by a padlock, and whose ramifications, as he boasted, extended over Europe. The other class of Illuminati are mere vagabond empirics, the lineal descendants of Cornelius Agrippa, of Kelly and Cagliostro. They may be found in all countries, but have been more noticed in Germany than elsewhere, because in the small societies into which the empire is divided, the arrival of a magician makes somewhat more noise than in such cities as London and Paris—and because the want of a military or political career, renders the German youth, from idleness, immoderately eager after novelty.

These secret societies are not the only subjects apparently anomalous which our eloquent author has classed under the head of religion. Those who content themselves with inspecting her 'table of contents' will be surprised at finding two chapters 'De la Douleur,' and 'De la Contemplation de la Nature;' and her work concludes with a laboured inquiry into the effects of enthusiasm on the conduct and happiness of mankind. The first of these, however, will be found a magnificent picture of the superior comforts which affliction may draw from Christianity above any which the world or philosophy can afford. The second is a devout, and, at the same time, a sensible attempt to found on the examination of the material world an internal conviction of the reality of that which is spi-

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ritual, and contains passages which cannot be perused without a thrill of delight and veneration.

'Souvent à l'aspect d'une belle contrée on est tenté de croire qu'elle a pour unique but d'exciter en nous des sentiments élevés et nobles. Je ne sais quel rapport existe entre les cieux et la fierté du cœur, entre les rayons de la lune qui reposent sur la montagne et le calme de la conscience, mais ces objets nous parlent un beau langage, et l'on peut s'abandonner au tressaillement qu'ils causent, l'ame s'en trouvera bien. Quand le soir, à l'extrémité du paysage, le ciel semble toucher de si près à la terre, l'imagination se figure, par delà l'horizon, un asyle de l'espérance, une patrie de l'amour, et la nature semble répéter silencieusement que l'homme est immortel.

'La succession continuelle de mort et de naissance, dont le monde physique est le théâtre, produiroit l'impression la plus douloureuse, si l'on ne croyoit pas y voir la trace de la résurrection de toutes choses, et c'est le véritable point de vue religieux de la contemplation de la nature que cette manière de la considérer. On finiroit par mourir de pitié si l'on se bornoit en tout à la terrible idée de l'irréparable: aucun animal ne périt sans qu'on puisse le regretter, aucun arbre ne tombe sans que l'idée qu'on ne le reverra plus dans sa beauté n'excite en nous une réflexion douloureuse. Enfin, les objets inanimés eux-mêmes font mal quand leur décadence oblige à s'en séparer: la maison, les meubles, qui ont servi à ceux que nous avons aimés, nous intéressent, et ces objets mêmes excitent en nous quelquefois une sorte de sympathie indépendante des souvenirs qu'ils retracent; on regrette la forme qu'on leur a connue, comme si cette forme en faisoit des êtres qui nous ont vu vivre, et qui devoient nous voir mourir. Si le temps n'avoit pas pour antidote l'éternité, on s'attacheroit à chaque moment pour le retenir, à chaque son pour le fixer, à chaque regard pour en prolonger l'éclat, et les jouissances n'existeroient que l'instant qu'il nous faut pour sentir qu'elles passent, et pour arroser de larmes leurs traces, que l'abîme des jours doit aussi dévorer.'—pp. 381, 382, 383.

The third will not be understood till the idea which its title excites be defined more clearly. No word, indeed, has borne so many meanings as enthusiasm, and there is none which has been the object of fiercer censure or warmer praise, as it has been applied to different characters. At first, notwithstanding the sublime meaning which Madame de Staël elicits from its Greek derivation, it was employed to express the temporary delirium either felt or affected by the Pagan priests under the influence of Bacchus, Apollo, or Cybele. It was afterwards, with much propriety, applied to the different sects who have in their turn adopted the feelings, if not the opinions, of mysticism; and, above all, to those who have supposed the existence of an inward light, and conceived themselves the organs of immediate inspiration. When thus applied, there may, in enthusiasm, be much to pity, but there can surely be nothing which we should be led either to imitate or admire. There is no real

real sublimity in madness, and those who have been delighted with its scenic or poetical imitation would lose their raptures, if they were to visit those asylums where it is confined, or those conventicles where it is engendered.

But enthusiasm has been also applied to ardent affections of every kind, by whatever excited, insomuch that by a very common caprice of language the metaphorical has, in common usage, nearly superseded the original meaning. In England it is chiefly used to signify intemperate or excessive zeal for a man's own opinions or his own profession, and has been properly or improperly applied in proportion as the person who employed the term was himself of a warm or cold disposition, attached, or otherwise, to the object which excited his neighbour's eagerness. In Germany, and indeed in most parts of the Continent, it bears a still milder signification, and can only mean, in Madame de Staël's concluding chapters, a susceptibility of warm and generous affections, a thirst of fame, an attachment to liberty, to religion, to truth, and to virtue, in opposition to that spirit of indifference to the welfare of mankind, which might be expected to succeed like a deadly calm to the storm of disappointed hopes and misdirected efforts. This would, in any country, be the natural effect of a revolution terminating in despotism; and in France, where the national character is far removed from all that ardour of fancy which converts the past and future (as it has been observed by Aristotle) into a faint perception of present enjoyment, the chill which would follow an unusual stimulus was, as might be expected, little less than mortal to the finer affections of the heart. To the existence and the cause of this deficiency Madame de Staël could not be insensible, and she has expressed herself in some passages with a boldness to which we should not have hesitated to ascribe her exile, had not the Parisian censors been remarkably, perhaps wilfully, blind to the obvious tendency of her allusions. This conclusion, indeed, both in the object at which it aims, and the force of talent which it displays, is well worthy of the daughter of Necker; and if it be less avowedly patriotic than the famous chapter in Longinus, of which it frequently reminds the reader, it exceeds this last considerably both in depth and dignity of feeling. It is the melody of a bird who sings, in its lonely prison, of love and liberty; the untameable affection of those patriots who hope even when human hope appears to have perished, who, while they cannot look to enjoy political freedom themselves, recal the attention of their countrymen to those principles and virtues from which political freedom must eventually arise, who sow the seeds of a deliverance which cannot but be distant, and 'cast their bread upon the waters, that they may find it after many days.'

We shall conclude by a few general observations, not on the beauties

beauties of this extraordinary work, for on them our sentiments are, we apprehend, sufficiently apparent, but on what are much less obvious features—the faults which we conceive to pervade it.

The most apparent of these is, perhaps, the too general and unmixed character of that praise which, when so lavishly bestowed, must diminish considerably in value. We do not blame her for the warmth of her zeal in so good a cause as the honour of Germany, but we cannot help regretting that she should have expressed herself so strongly as to resemble an apologist rather than an impartial observer. A constant ambition of style, which is too fond of refining and adorning every thing to give effect to the more prominent and interesting features of her description, is a second, and, perhaps, a more important failing: and there is a want of arrangement in her topics, and a tautology proceeding from this want, which almost convince us that the eloquence of her diction is spontaneous, and that she both thinks and composes with a rapidity which will derive no disadvantage from a critical drag-chain. These are, however, but petty faults when compared with the accuracy of taste, and 'ardentia verba' which we have had occasion to notice, or with that depth of thought and purity of sentiment which pervade the present volumes, and which have made the productions of her riper understanding as much superior to those which first introduced her to the world, as the fruits of morality and reason excel the morbid and feverish dictates of capricious impulse and unrestrained imagination.

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ART. V.—1. *Some Account of the Life and Writings of James Benigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.* By Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo. pp. 180. London; Longman. 1812.

2. *The Life of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.* By Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo. pp. 238. London; Longman. 1810.

THIS pair of portraits by the hand of a learned and ingenious Catholic layman, is evidently intended to represent the features of his own church under their most benignant and attractive aspect, at a period when it has once more become a candidate for no inconsiderable portion of its ancient influence in this country.

The author has selected a couple of contemporary prelates, one the most acute and profound, the other the most elegant and devout that ever adorned the Catholic religion, in order, as it may be presumed, to demonstrate by example, that the doctrines of that church are not inconsistent with the highest reason, or its practices with the most exalted and cultivated piety. For the same purpose every thing revolting to Protestant ears or offensive to Protestant feeling

feeling is studiously suppressed. At the same time the great essentials of Christianity, in which the reformed churches harmonize with that of Rome, are very properly dwelt upon, while an avowed reservation of the authority of the church in matters of faith, silently opens the door to every abuse which the darkest ages have introduced, and closes it against every improvement which may be suggested by the most enlightened. Above all, the tone of conciliation which is maintained throughout, along with the firmest and most conscientious adherence to Catholic principle, is entitled at once to our respect and imitation. In the ensuing observations, therefore, we shall sedulously avoid the rude language and the harsh spirit of controversy, and in bestowing due commendation on these different models of excellence, endeavour to shew that while they do honour to our common Christianity, their defects alone are imputable to the church to which they belonged. In this tribute of praise to two prelates of a faith so hostile to our own, let us not be misunderstood, as conceding any thing to their cause. Nothing is more distinct than persons and principles; there is strength, however, we freely confess in the best spirit of popery to work off and defœcate its grosser parts; and the Gallican church, always the freest and most enlightened member of that great body, has ever been most fruitful in such examples. On this subject we may safely receive the testimony of one who had certainly no partialities on this subject to mislead him.

'We ought not,' says Bishop Burnet, 'to deny the church of Rome the just praises that belong to some of the bishops she has produced in this and the last age, who were burning and shining lights; and we ought not to wonder if a church so blemished all over with the corruptions of her clergy and in particular of the heads of them, covers herself from those deserved reproaches by the brightness of such great names, and by the exemplary virtues of the present Pope.* France has likewise produced in this age a great many bishops of whom it must be said that, as the world was not worthy of them, so that church that used them so ill was much less worthy of them. And though there are not many of that stamp now left, yet Cardinal Grimaldi, the Bishop of Angiers, and the Bishop of Grenoble, may serve to dignify an age as well as nation. The Bishop of Alet was, as a great and good man told me, like a living and speaking gospel.' And again—'It will be unjust for any to be uneasy at the praises given to prelates of another communion, who are to be so much the more admired, if notwithstanding all the corruptions that lie so thick about them, they have set the world such examples as ought indeed to make others ashamed that have greater advantages. They have built and endowed seminaries for their dioceses, in which a number of young ecclesiastics are bred at studies and exercises suitable to their profession; and as they find them well prepared,

* Innocent the XIIth.

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they are by the several degrees of the pontifical led up to the altar, and kept there till benefices fall, and so they are removed from thence as from a nursery, into the several parts of the dioceses. By this means the secular clergy of France have in a great measure recovered their reputation.'*

We shall begin with Bossuet. As this prelate was, beyond all controversy, the ablest advocate whom the church of Rome ever possessed, bold, eloquent, subtle, and learned, his first great work, the Exposition of the Doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, was received by his own party as 'absolutely free from error;' and by his adversaries, as an artful attempt 'to disguise the tenets of the Roman Catholic church in order to make them more palatable to Protestants.'

'But surely,' says Mr. Butler, 'this charge cannot be supported. When a body of men so numerous and respectable as the Roman Catholics, (what candid Protestant does not allow them to be both numerous and respectable?) declare, without a single dissenting voice, that a particular work expresses their tenets fully and unequivocally, it is indecent and unfair in the extreme to charge it with disguising them. Should not those who make the charge rather acknowledge that they had misconceived them?'

To find that the old undisguised doctrines of their church were capable of receiving such a varnish, was no doubt matter of exultation to the whole body. The landscape which once was rugged, squalid, and unsightly, or what is worse, deformed and distorted by all the perversities of what our forefathers a century ago denominated taste, is changed in an instant, by 'the omnipotent magician of fashion;' he levels the asperities, removes the prominent parts, elevates the depressed, conceals the unsightly, directs by his wand the lines of light and shade, and in short produces one of those magic scenes of which in our days so many have arisen in this country. What a beautiful landscape has the earth-painter produced!—No—it was always the same, but you failed to perceive it. The Catholic religion being always the same, and M. Bossuet's Exposition absolutely without error, it never had the deformities which you accuse him of having thrown into the shade; your own eyesight is in fault—'your conduct is disingenuous and unfair in the extreme.'

But we hasten to a subject of much more importance. M. Bossuet and his biographer were too acute and too great masters of controversy not to perceive the futility of contending, severally and in detail, for the peculiar doctrines of their church, which have been rejected by Protestants as irrational or unscriptural, when, by maintaining a single outwork, the body of the fortress would be unassailable.

* Burnet's Life of Bishop Bedel, A. D. 1685.

assailable. This outwork is the authority of the church to prescribe to the understandings and consciences of Christians in matters of faith.

In stating this question we will endeavour to abridge, as far as the argument will permit, a conference which took place between Bossuet and M. Claude, one of the most acute and learned of the reformed clergy in France, entreating, however, the reader to bear in mind, that the statement is that of an adversary, a candid however and temperate adversary, and therefore to be suspected of no other misrepresentation than what involuntarily adheres to the spirit of party as it exists in the most upright and unprejudiced minds.

'Bossuet, in preparing the minds of his friends for this conference, undertook to prove three propositions—first, that "the Huguenots acted as if they believed the authority of their own church to be infallible"—secondly, "that though they acted in this manner it was a maxim among them, that every individual, however ignorant, was obliged to believe he understood the Scriptures better than all the rest of the church"—thirdly, "that it was an article of the Huguenot creed, that there was a period of time during which a Christian was obliged to doubt whether the Scriptures were inspired by God; whether the Gospel were a truth or a fable; and whether Jesus Christ were an impostor or a teacher of salvation."

It was impossible that, preserving any semblance of the reality, the doctrines of an adversary should, by any sophistry, have been placed in a situation so disadvantageous for the defendant. It remains to be seen how this exquisite dialectician maintained his ground, and how his attacks were parried by the dexterity of his antagonist.

'Bossuet began by asking, if it were not among the articles of the reformed church of France, that disputes on faith should, if possible, be determined by the Consistory; if not, by the National Assembly: and that those who refused to acquiesce in the determination of the last, were to be declared out of the pale of the church, and excommunicated. He further asked if the circular letter of the reformed churches, when they sent their deputies to the National Assembly, were not expressed in the following words: "We promise before God to submit to all that shall be resolved in your holy assembly, convinced as we are that God will preside over it, and guide you by his holy spirit into all truth and equity by the rule of his word." The facts were admitted by M. Claude; but he denied the conclusion. He said, that the different assemblies had different degrees of jurisdiction, but that in all it was a jurisdiction of discipline, and that the intrinsic value of their decisions, and even of the decision of the National Assembly, depended solely on their conformity with the word of God; and thus, according to M. Claude, an ultimate power of enforcing discipline, but no infallibility in doctrine, was vested by them in the General Assembly.—Bossuet now said, that if he understood M. Claude rightly, submission was only

only conditional, that is, if the party thought the determinations of the church conformable to the will of God.—To this Claude assented.—Then, said Bossuet, the profession of submission might equivalently be couched in these words: "I swear to submit to what you shall decide, if I think your determination conformable to the word of God." What does this really amount to? A short silence ensued. Bossuet renewed the conference by saying, you believe that an individual may call in question the doctrines of your church, even when your church pronounces in the last resort.—No, Sir, answered M. Claude, it should not be said that an individual may lawfully doubt in such a case, as there is every appearance that the judgment of the church will be right. To say that there is an appearance, replied Bossuet, is to say that there is a doubt.—But, answered M. Claude, there is more than an appearance; Jesus Christ hath promised that they who truly seek shall find him. Now, it should be presumed in favour of the assemblies, that they seek him truly, and will therefore be certain of finding him. If, however, it should appear that there are cabals in the national synod, the confidence in it might be lessened, or absolutely withdrawn.—Then let us leave these factions and cabals, said Bossuet, out of the question; let us suppose that there is nothing improper, must its decision be admitted without examination?—M. Claude admitted that the right of examination existed.—Then, said Bossuet, you admit that every individual may and ought to believe that it may happen to him to understand the word of God better than a national assembly, or even a council assembled from the four quarters of the world. For, on what can this right or duty of examination depend but that the individual may justly conceive, that he himself understands (may possibly understand) the word of God better than those whose decision he has a right to examine.—This was the second point.—Bossuet now considered that he had set M. Claude between the horns of a dilemma. If M. Claude contended for the duty of submission to the sentence of the National Assembly on pain of excommunication, Bossuet opposed to him his acknowledgment of the right of individuals to try the propriety of that sentence by their private judgments; if Mr. Claude admitted the right of private judgment in an individual, Bossuet opposed to him the assembly's right to excommunicate him for exercising it. The conference, however, proceeded. Surely, said Bossuet, this right of examination, which you recognize in every individual, must be accompanied with the highest individual presumption.—No, said M. Claude, for when the synagogue declared that Jesus Christ was not the Messiah, would not an individual who believed him to be the true Christ have judged better than the synagogue? Could you accuse such an individual of *presumptuously* believing that he understood the Scriptures better than the synagogue?—A more able reply (this is the candid admission of Mr. Butler) cannot be conceived.—After a moment's silence, Bossuet rejoined—When an individual *now* sets up his private opinion against that of the whole church, he sets it up against the highest authority upon earth, as the earth contains no authority to which an appeal from that authority can be made. But when the synagogue condemned Jesus

Christ, there *was* on earth a much higher authority to whom the individual might appeal. Truth itself *then* visibly existed among men; the Messiah himself—it was not therefore presumption—it was duty to disobey the synagogue, and to believe in Christ. 'Bring back to me Jesus Christ in person, and I no longer want the church. But do not take the church from me unless you give me Jesus Christ in person. When he returned to his Father he left us his church, and we are bound to obey her voice.

'This, according to Bossuet's account, set his antagonist within a second dilemma; if he said that the sentence of the National Assembly was not to be questioned, Bossuet proved that the Huguenots acted as if they thought the authority of their church infallible. If he allowed that the sentence of that assembly might be questioned, Bossuet's assertion, that the Huguenot Church maintained that every individual might believe that he understood the Scriptures better than the highest authority in his communion, was equally proved. With much apparent reluctance, M. Claude veered to the latter position.

'M. Bossuet's last proposition was, that in the opinion of Huguenots, there is a period during which a *Christian* is under a necessity of doubting whether the Bible be inspired by God, whether the Gospel be truth or fable, and whether Jesus Christ be a teacher of truth or an impostor. On this head, Bossuet asked, if a Christian, when he has the Gospel put for the first time into his hand, must necessarily doubt whether it be divinely inspired, before he can make an act of faith of its being the word of God. M. Claude replied, that in such a situation, a Christian does not doubt, but he is ignorant; and permit me, said he to Bossuet, to put the same question to you, substituting in my question, the church, wherever in yours you introduce the gospel. I therefore ask you, whether a Christian, who has the authority of the church for the first time proposed to him, must not, before he makes an act of faith of it, necessarily doubt and examine the grounds of that authority?

'The disputants were now fairly at issue on two points, first, whether in respect to the Gospel, M. Claude, by acknowledging the right of private examination, admitted, that while that examination lasted, a Christian must necessarily doubt that the Scripture was the word of God, secondly, whether in respect to the church, the same arguments should not force a similar confession from Bossuet.

'I aver, said the latter, that according to the principles of your church, there is a moment, (I mean the period of examination,) in which a Christian (I do not speak of an infidel) must doubt of the gospel and of Christ. I have said, M. Claude answered, that he is ignorant, he does not doubt. Can he, then, said Bossuet, when the gospel is thus for the first time presented to him, make an act of faith, that the book presented to him is the word of God? He cannot, said M. Claude; he can only believe it on the authority of his parents, or of some other person; he is a catechumen. No, said Bossuet, he is not a catechumen, he is a Christian; he has been baptized, and the alliance (covenant) which baptism externally sealed on him, has been internally

internally sealed by the Holy Ghost. On that point, said M. Claude, there are two opinions: but M. Claude ingenuously added, I admit it. Then, said Bossuet, it follows that, in virtue of the faith infused into him at his baptism, a Christian who has attained the use of reason, is qualified to make an act of faith when it is presented to him:—I therefore ask you, whether, before he had examined the gospel, a Christian can make this act of faith? M. Claude said, that after the Christian had read the scriptures, he believed it to be the word of God, by divine faith, but that until he had read it, he could (not) be led to this conclusion by human reasoning only. But human reason, said Bossuet, is always fallible: and thus, according to your principles, there *is* a moment, (that of examination,) during which the *Christian* necessarily doubts, or, if you prefer the expression, is ignorant of what you call the fundamental article of faith, that the Scripture is the word of God, and therefore, during the whole time of examination, he is an infidel.'

Long as this citation must have appeared to our readers, it is no more than the abridgment of an abridgment; but as the authority of the church over the understandings and consciences of men in matters of faith, and the consequent duty of implicit submission to its decrees, is the foundation on which the church of Rome has erected that mighty superstructure which has so long oppressed mankind, we will first consider the doctrine itself, and secondly, the three propositions by which, with so much subtlety and sophistry, M. Bossuet endeavoured to sustain it.

It does not appear that the faculties of man were given for any other purpose than to be exercised; they were all intended to be cultivated, disciplined, restrained, but in no case to be annihilated. The requirement, therefore, of the church of Rome, that the reasons and consciences of men shall implicitly submit to the authority of the church, is contrary to the general analogy of human nature. But, in the next place, the thing itself is impossible; for what, we would ask, governs the conduct of the most devoted child of Rome, in making this submission? Not instinct, not intuition, but a previous act of the understanding and conscience (misinformed, indeed, but still understanding and conscience) teaching the inquirer that it is his duty so to do.

Waving, however, this argument, it may be contended, that implicit submission destroys the very idea of authority: for why do we believe ourselves bound to submit to the decrees of other men in matters of faith, but because we believe these to be the conclusions of sound understandings, diligently and conscientiously applied to the investigation of the sense of Scripture? But those who have acted upon the principle of submission, have submitted to the same voluntary annihilation of conscience and intellect required of us, and therefore are no more authority for us than we are for posterity. In ascending this long chain of authority and submission,

where shall we stop? Assuredly no where, till we arrive at the first step, that is to say, where investigation ended, and where the demand of submission began.

Neither does this argument annihilate, but confirm authority, when properly understood. What, for example, is the authority of the church of England, and what are its effects upon individual judgment and conscience, compared with that of the church of Rome? They differ precisely as servitude differs from rational and enlightened freedom. 'The Bible,' we repeat with our excellent Chillingworth, 'is the religion of Protestants,' and in interpreting the Bible, though in the last resort every man must be determined by his own judgment, yet in conducting the inquiry, authority, with every well constituted mind, will have a very powerful moral influence. But why in this case, and not in that of the church of Rome? Because, in the latter, the individuals who compose that body, acute, and learned, and conscientious in other respects, as they may be, are mere machines, blindly impelled and impelling. The authority of an entire church for ages together, under the influence of this principle, is no more than the indefinite addition of cyphers; whereas, in the former, every honest and intelligent subscriber to its doctrines, adds an unit to the great sum of influence which consists of the aggregate of conscience and understanding, possessed and exercised by all the individuals who have maintained them. Thus the authority of Bossuet himself, the acutest and most profound reasoner which that church ever knew, is reduced to a level with that of the blindest bigot, in the darkest age of his church, because he was antecedently bound to shut his eyes against absurdity, and employ his faculties in varnishing what, if this veil of authority had been removed, he might have exposed as an imposture. And what if an understanding like his sometimes rebelled in secret? But the powerful principles of hope and fear were at hand:—there was merit in submission, while even reflection was rebellion.

Why then, it may be asked, is not authority, so far as its influence extends, equally pernicious to the Protestant and the Papist? This question will best be answered by the proper reply to another: 'What is the nature and extent of that influence which is produced by the authority of Protestant churches?' It neither trenches upon the exercise of the understanding nor the conscience; it invites inquiry, but it imposes upon rashness and presumption a strong moral restraint. In short, it operates upon the inquirer's mind in this manner.—Here are many wise and good men, some of them under the strongest personal inducements to prevaricate, who have thus determined concerning the sense of the holy Scripture: it has pleased God to bestow upon me as well as upon them, reason and

and conscience; but as I am in modesty bound to believe, reason less acute, and a conscience less enlightened than theirs. If, therefore, I am tempted to differ from them, I am under a moral obligation to conduct the research with all possible diffidence and caution: but if, after all, I am invincibly led to a conclusion of my own, I have at least followed that light which was born with me for the direction of my steps.—If, after the tyranny of the church was removed from the consciences of our countrymen, the *moral* influence of authority over free agents had been duly respected, few indeed would have been the separatists from our own establishment, for few indeed have been the leaders of separation who appear to have conducted their inquiries with the temper, and on the principles here laid down.

To those, however, who have made so frank a cession of their intellectual faculties to the church of Rome, it ought, perhaps, to be matter of thankfulness, that the yielded right has been exercised with so much reserve. For though a pretty liberal demand upon common sense has been made in the article of the real presence, and some other particulars, yet some acknowledgment is surely due to those who have indulged themselves in virtually abrogating only one commandment of the decalogue. In fact, authority and submission being equally unlimited, there is no conceivable extravagance to which ignorance or arrogance might not have extended them. The danger, indeed, is now at an end, since the Council of Trent, perceiving a flood of light to pour upon them, while they boldly perpetuated the errors of the dark ages, wisely placed a barrier in the way of future additions.

We will now examine the three propositions by which M. Bossuet endeavoured to support the authority of the church, and in which, no doubt, his followers believe him to have succeeded.

The first was, that the Huguenots acted as if they believed the authority of their church to be infallible. Now it must be acknowledged that the language held by that Church was extremely indiscreet.—'We promise, before God, to submit to *all* that shall be resolved in your holy assembly, convinced, as we are, that God will preside over it, and guide you by his Holy Spirit into all truth by the rule of his word.' This, however, if proved, instead of affecting the general question, could only have fixed upon the Huguenots a charge of inconsistency in setting up an infallibility of their own against that of the church of Rome. In his answer, however, M. Claude took an impregnable position, from which he very unskilfully departed, and by that means gave his adversary an advantage of which he failed not to avail himself. He candidly admitted the facts, but denied the conclusion. He said that the different assemblies, mentioned by Bossuet, had different degrees of jurisdic-

tion, but that in all of them it was a *jurisdiction of discipline* merely, and that the intrinsic value even of the decisions of the National Assembly depended solely on their conformity to the word of God. This was the proper answer. It was *a jurisdiction of discipline.* But as M. Claude neglected either to explain or follow it up, we will endeavour to supply the defect. The existence of all ecclesiastical society depends on the observance of certain fundamental rules. By these every member is either explicitly or virtually bound. If he can no longer conscientiously observe the rules, or if he presumptuously transgresses them, he must either withdraw himself, or it will become necessary for the society to remove him. And this, as has been shewn by Dr. Balguy, in his Discourses on Church Government, is the origin of excommunication, which, armed with civil pains and penalties, has since assumed so terrific an appearance in other churches than that of Rome. This, therefore, M. Claude very properly calls a jurisdiction of discipline, in submitting to which, the Huguenot only undertook as follows:—'Believing, as I do, that you have the Word of God for your guide, and the ordinary assistances of the Holy Spirit to lead you into all saving truth, I promise that, *while I continue* a member of your congregation, I will not, by propagating any private opinions of my own, disturb your peace. When I can no longer agree with you, I will withdraw myself.' This is precisely the jurisdiction of discipline inherent in every society. It implies no infallibility, it merely imposes on every member the obligation of not breaking the peace of his own congregation.

How then does this differ from the language and discipline of the church of Rome?—Thus; 'You,' say they, 'presume to oppose your own individual opinion, or the doctrines of your schismatical congregation, to the faith of the infallible Catholic Church. We therefore not only remove you from our assemblies, but, after you have ceased to belong to us, we will pursue you beyond our pale with pains and penalties; or if, from certain accidental circumstances, this may happen to exceed our power, we do at least deliver you over to Satan, to execute, in our name and stead, what we are unable to do for ourselves.' This is not a jurisdiction of discipline but of vengeance. From this vantage-ground, however, M. Claude unhappily departed, and, after a vacillating and unsteady defence, half admitting and half retracting his admission of something like infallibility in his own church, he was at last driven, by the dexterity of Bossuet, to the necessity of allowing a right of private examination in the last resort.

This led to the second proposition. 'Then,' said Bossuet, 'you admit that every individual may believe, and ought to believe, that it may happen to him to understand the Word of God better than the

the National Assembly, and even than a general council.' This was a fair inference from M. Claude's last admission, subject, however, to one condition, that the honesty of such assembly or council shall be equal to its skill.

The proposition, however, translated out of the language of party, amounts to no more than this;—that no terms of church communion ought to be imposed which require the sacrifice of understanding and conscience; that no one can avoid annihilating these gifts but by acting as if he believed that the church to which he belongs may err, and that by an honest and diligent use of his faculties, he may attain to the knowledge of the truth. In this case the presumption lies in the abuse, not the use of these faculties. Another question which must occur is, whether we are *safe* in an absolute cession of our faculties; for we must *account* for the employment of them: and if the modest inquirer and the slave of authority are both in error at the last, we may humbly trust that he will be in a better condition who has been diligent, though unsuccessful, in informing himself, than he who has slothfully deposited his conscience with some arrogant neighbour. But the surest test of any opinion is to try it by its consequences. If the right of personal examination is to be annihilated by the charge of presumption, where shall we stop? Error will remain for ever as it is, and truth at best can receive no addition. But whence originates the right of limiting the understanding? The language of inspiration is, 'Search the Scriptures, for in *them* ye have the words of eternal life.' We are called upon to 'prove all things,' and some were even reproved for their backwardness in not 'judging of themselves what was right.' It is, therefore, an usurpation of uninspired men arrogating to themselves an authority greater than that of apostles. But the consequences of this doctrine are equally absurd when extended to physics. We know what was the end of Galileo; and had it not been for the Reformation in this country, Newton might have ended his days in a dungeon, or at a stake, and the Principia been proscribed by some expurgatory index.

The last of Bossuet's propositions is, if possible, more sophistical, than either of the former: 'That, in the opinion of Huguenots, there is a period during which a *Christian* is under a necessity of doubting whether the Bible be inspired by God, whether the Gospel be truth or fable, and whether Jesus Christ were a teacher of truth or an impostor.' These assertions, tremendous as their first aspect may be, shrink into nothing when it is understood that by the word *Christian* is meant a person who has been baptized in his infancy. For as those doctrines are not intuitive truths, baptized infants, Catholic or Protestant, must be equally

ignorant of them when first proposed. And there is this difference, and this only, between the intellectual process in the two cases—that the Catholic, if he believes at all, by an act of authority and submission, passes at once from total ignorance to blind assent; the Protestant, on the contrary, is allowed and encouraged to inquire for himself. In short, the proposition amounts to no more than this, that all inquiry implies some degree of preceding doubt, and all rational faith implies previous inquiry.

The *valet consequentia et argumentum* of this long deduction is highly illustrative of the French character: 'Thus Bossuet professes to have performed his promise to *Mademoiselle de Duras.*' It is extraordinary that so sensible an Englishman as Mr. Butler, did not perceive the air of burlesque which the intervention of a French mademoiselle threw over a grave theological debate.

Would our limits have permitted it, we should animadvert with freedom on the most exceptionable chapter in the whole book containing the account of Bossuet's celebrated work, the 'History of the Variations,' and the uncandid insinuations against the Wickliffites and Lollards as branches from the old stock of Manicheism, in which connection they are to be regarded as remote authors of the late tremendous revolution in France. To this, for the present, we shall only oppose a simple denial, while, on the behalf of the Church of England, as well as of the Protestant churches through the world, we call upon him to make good his charge. On the subject of the Variations we shall only say, that were every tittle which Bossuet has asserted positively proved, the great points at issue between Papists and Protestants would remain unaffected; that differences and dissensions are evils necessarily resulting from the use of private judgment; and that unity purchased by the sacrifice of reason and understanding is worse than all the divisions of the reformed churches.

The next chapter contains an interesting and curious account of an attempt made towards the close of the seventeenth century for the reunion of the Lutheran and Catholic churches. In the prosecution of this work, the zeal, the authority, and the activity of Bossuet, compelled him to take a leading part: the pricipal agents on the part of the Lutherans, were M. Camus, and after him the celebrated Leibnitz. Great indeed were the concessions which these men are represented as disposed to make, and great in proportion are the panegyrics which our authors bestow upon them: but no Protestant will regret that the plan came to nothing, when he is informed, on the authority of Bossuet himself, 'that the Church of Rome was ready to make concession in point of discipline, and to explain doctrines, but would make none in respect to defined

defined articles of faith, and in particular to any which had been sanctioned by the Council of Trent.' While therefore the Church of Rome declares any mitigation of her most obnoxious doctrines to be impossible; any invitation to Protestant congregations, to return into her bosom, is only a proclamation to fugitive slaves to place themselves once more under the roof and rod of a tyrannical master.

The next chapter, on the subject of the Regâle, which drew on the memorable contest between Louis XIV and Innocent XII, on the rights and immunities of the Gallican Church, though drawn up with that correctness and precision which are so conspicuous in all Mr. Butler's writings, is chiefly remarkable, as illustrating one trait of the human constitution; for here we have the same Bossuet, the high unqualifying assertor of the right of Holy Church—the stern imperious demandant of implicit submission—in the new character of a patriot and a courtier, boldly withstanding the claims of his ecclesiastical sovereign.

Placed as he now was between the jarring obligation of serving both masters, he chose the former, by a preference, we doubt not, as honest as it was discreet. On this occasion, the conduct of Bossuet was at once faithful to his king and respectful to the head of the church. The consistency of the principles which he maintained on this occasion, with those which he pressed on M. Claude, may perhaps be doubted. From a discourse preached by him on this occasion, before a general assembly of the church of France, we extract the following propositions.

1st. 'St. Peter was reproved by St. Paul for not walking in the right path according to the Gospel.' The inference plainly intended is, that a portion of the successors of St. Peter may err in like manner and receive a similar rebuke.

2d. 'That a Council held at Lyons, in 1025, stood up against a privilege obtained from Rome, which was thought to be contrary to order.' The Court of Rome therefore may violate the order of the church in a moment of surprize.

3d. 'John the Eighteenth gave a sentence contrary to the rule of the church.' Is infallibility then liable to surprizes—if it be, we should wish to know how often, to what extent they may consist with that quality, and who is authorized to detect them?

4th. 'The decisions of the Pope, in questions of faith, extend over the universal church, and each church in particular; but unless they have the consent of the church they are not irreformable.'

The inference meant to be drawn from this proposition was, that they may be impugned by a particular church even when supported by the church in general, otherwise the proposition was impertinent and inapplicable to the existing circumstances of the church

church of France—and if this be true, a national church may, and ought to believe that, in matters of faith, it may be a better judge than the universal church, which is altogether inconsistent with our author's own proposition when applied to individuals and national councils.

The next chapter is devoted to Bossuet's Funeral Orations—a species of composition neither greatly admired nor cultivated in this country.

On this topic our author's remarks are highly judicious, and he allows that, with some brilliant exceptions, they are the least pleasing compositions to be found in French literature. The truth is, that recent grief, exasperated by all the pomp and circumstance of artificial mourning, is not to be trusted with the expression of its own feelings;—a congregation so predisposed, may be melted into tears by mere puerilities—'αυλήρος δε χορος χρυσειοιο γοιο, and what to the hearer seemed pathetic, may to the cooler reader become ridiculous. The following apostrophe to the Prince of Condé, in the oration pronounced at his funeral, is adduced by Mr. Butler as a specimen.

'There (as seen in his last moments) I shall behold you infinitely more triumphant than you were at Friedberg or Rocroy. Transported with the view, I shall pronounce the beautiful words of the Apostle, "The victory which conquers this world is our faith"—may this be your history—may you enjoy it eternally—may the eternal sacrifice which is now offered for you give you the immediate enjoyment of it—Accept, Prince, the last effort of a voice which was known to you—yes, you shall close these discourses. Instead of bewailing the deaths of others, I shall henceforth endeavour, in imitation of your example, to sanctify my own end. Happy if taking warning from these grey hairs of the account which I must soon render to God, I shall dedicate to the flock which he has committed to my charge the remains of a voice which begins to fail me, of a flame that must soon expire.'

'This,' exclaims the biographer, who for a moment suffers himself to be carried away by the same spirit, 'is the true sublime, the sublime of nature, the sublime of taste, and what crowns all, the sublime of religion!'

This sally of our author is however quickly redeemed by the honest and patriotic contempt which, in defiance of religious prejudices, he expresses for the following passage of his eminence Monseigneur le Cardinal Maury, in his Essai sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire.

'An Englishman (however he may endure what his Eminence says of the superiority of the French over the English in pulpit eloquence) must smile at the following exclamation which the Cardinal Archbishop addresses to the English nation on the general merit of their oratory:

Illustrious

Illustrious Insularies! I try to discover an orator, a real orator among your sacred ministers, your writers, your members of parliament of the highest celebrity. Be it said without offence to your glory, I find no one among you worthy of that name. The intrepidity of this address (they are Mr. Butler's words) is the more striking, as by the Cardinal Archbishop's own confession he is wholly ignorant of the English language.'

Enough of such a profligate apostate.—We proceed to the 'Life of Fenelon.'

This, which as to the facts is principally an abridgment of a much larger work of M. de Bausset, seems to have been an afterthought: but it forms a very proper accompaniment to the life of Bossuet, with great part of which it is inseparably connected. Many of the remarks which would have presented themselves had the present volume appeared singly, have been anticipated by the former, and some which have arisen from the perusal of it, have been reserved for this part of our article. If there is a literary character, which, in compassion to our readers and ourselves, we should wish to hold up to admiration, it is that of a successful abridger; languid diffusion, endless detail, and a disposition to think every subject entitled to a bulky volume, being among the plagues of modern biography. To the dulness or the rapacity of such merciless encroachers on the time and attention of mankind, we oppose, as a lesson and a rebuke, the little work before us. Compiled from two bulky volumes, with equal powers of selection and compression, clear, brief, animated, and sometimes even sublime, at the expense of a short perusal, during which attention will never languish, and curiosity never be suspended, it will put the reader in possession of one of the most illustrious characters that ever adorned the church of Rome. In short works of this nature, the French, with all their incapacity for general history, must be allowed to excel. The simplicity and exactness of their language, eminently adapted to narrative, without much depth of reflexion, would render them the most agreeable biographers in the world, were it not that they are too often unfortunate in the choice of their subjects, and the frivolity or depravity of the characters whom they undertake to adorn. But Fenelon was a man instinct indeed with all the vivacity and fire of the French character; yet devout, profound, discerning and judicious: but as there is always a point beyond which the most exalted virtues have a tendency to verge towards some homogeneous vice, the exalted piety of Fenelon had an unhappy tincture of fanaticism, the story of which and the calamities which it brought upon him, we select out of much interesting matter which our limits compel us to pass over, both as a specimen of our author's powers in stating a theological controversy,

controversy, and of the importance of the subject itself. We shall take it for granted that our readers are acquainted with the spiritual reveries of Madame de Guyon—if not, we must refer to Mr. Butler's text. With respect to the doctrines of mysticism, as they are reduced to some semblance of reason by their more intelligent professors, they may be included in the following propositions.

1st. 'To love God for his own perfections, without any view to future reward or punishment, is the highest effort of the soul. The Quietists professed that they had attained to this habitual state of divine love; they scarcely acknowledged any other virtue.

2d. 'The contemplation of the Deity raises in the soul conceptions and feelings which she can neither express by language nor embody by thought. When these are at their highest elevation, a devotional silence ensues, the most profound act of homage which a creature can render to its Creator. All explicit acts of devotion, even of the purest or simplest faith, respecting the Trinity, the Incarnation, or the particular attributes of the Deity, were below this sublime devotion.

3d. 'A constant spirit of conformity to the Divine will is the duty of every Christian, and enters into every virtue; but, inert and inactive, the Quietist presented himself to the Deity. A formal petition for good, a formal deprecation of evil was, in his view, a degradation from the general submission which he owed to the Divine will, and fell very short of that abandonment of himself to it, which the soul owed to her Creator.

4th. 'That resignation of the soul, which relies on God's infinite mercy for eternal happiness in the next life, and for as much of the good things of this life as is consistent with his welfare, was beneath the virtue of a Quietist. His resignation was a sublime indifference, both for temporal and eternal things, he was to look on both without desire or alarm. Indulging himself in the impossible supposition that such a sacrifice could be acceptable to God, he offered himself to reprobation in this life, and to eternal punishment in the next.

5th. 'So strange a sacrifice was to be followed by as strange a reward. The soul of the Quietist was, even in this life, to assume a new existence, to be transformed into the divine essence, and to be so far individualized' (Mr. Butler's own word) 'with the Deity, as to lose the consciousness of her existence separate from him.'

On this representation it is both curious and important to observe how completely unconnected these extravagancies appear to have been with the peculiar tenets of popery. In fact, they may be traced to an higher and more universal source; the principle of fanaticism in the human heart and understanding, which, instead of being affected by particular modes of truth and worship, is of such an overwhelming influence as to absorb them in itself. The enthusiasm of methodists and papists has been compared by a prelate of our own church—but it was little more than a comparison of identity—the happy stillness of the one being no other than the quietism

quietism of the other, and both being discoverable under different appellations in every mode of religious fanaticism. Warm imaginations, bodily severities, and pertinacious meditation, more especially when the two latter are applied to subdue a constitution naturally and strongly turned into an opposite direction, are almost sure to produce it.

But it is worth while to examine these strange propositions, the lamentable aberrations of a fine understanding and excellent heart, a little more particularly. It must be acknowledged that the love of God is the first and great commandment, and an ability to contemplate supreme excellence, without any selfish consideration, but purely and for its own sake with the highest degree of complacency and delight, is perhaps the surest test by which to try the heart whether it be rightly constituted, and disposed to its Maker.

'The question (says our own profound and devout Bishop Butler, a man not inferior to Bossuet in penetration, or to Fenelon in deep and solemn views of religion) which was a few years ago disputed in France, concerning the love of God—answers in religion to the old one in morals—and both of them are, I think, determined by the same observation, that the very nature of an affection, the idea itself necessarily implies resting in an object as an end.'

So thought, and truly thought, this excellent man; but the error of the quietest plainly consisted not in indulging the love of God as the highest object of contemplative delight, but in excluding, as motives of conduct, every selfish consideration—all hope of reward and fear of punishment: for this species of self-renunciation is completely done away by the conduct of the deity to his accountable creatures, as discoverable by natural religion, and as actually declared by revelation. He has, in fact, promulgated a code of reward and punishment—he administers the world even at present, though imperfectly, by that code—we are therefore not only permitted, but required to be influenced by it. But, in the next place, an opposite conduct, whatever a distempered understanding may be wrought to on the subject, is unnatural and impossible. We have heard indeed of an amiable, but unhappy poet, of our own country, who, in addition to this strange opinion, really believed himself doomed to eternal misery, and thought he had attained to such a pitch of submission as not to wish a reversal of the sentence. But it is with such cases, as with insensibility to bodily pain. It is only by insanity that the imagination can place itself in a situation of perfect neutrality without the immediate prospect of pain and pleasure—more especially of such pains and such pleasure (intense in their degree and eternal in their duration) as are held forth by the Christian Scriptures.

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The fifth proposition, besides being pregnant with mischief of another kind, surpasses all the rest in absurdity,—a personal union with the deity—so as to lose all consciousness of other existence separate from him. In what does this self-renunciation end?—in an horrible blasphemy, that every adept in quietism is transformed into the very and eternal God. Let it be remembered that the Son himself always expressed a consciousness of a separate existence from the Father, in which his personality consisted. But fanaticism never stops till it places the disciple above his master.

These enormities (countenanced as they unhappily were by a prelate so beloved as Fenelon) excited an universal alarm in the church of France, and they were examined with great attention and ability by the prelates of that country. In this investigation Bossuet, as might be expected, took the lead—and here we earnestly recommend to every inquirer into human nature, as in the former instance, to watch the progress of fanaticism; in the present, to attend to that of religious bigotry. In the course of this dispute, Bossuet, from the friend and patron, became by degrees, the inquisitor, the accuser, the persecutor, and the calumniator of Fenelon. We say the calumniator, for to the shame of human nature, his rage and rancour were at length wrought to such a pitch as to attempt to blast the moral character of one of the most angelical men upon earth. In this prosecution, the conduct of Louis XIV. who for obvious reasons hated Fenelon, is equally odious and contemptible. To see an abandoned debauchee governed by women, (whose interposition in matters so far above them, perpetually disgusts an Englishman in the perusal of both these volumes,) who knew no love, but that of the world and the flesh, eagerly interposing in a dispute concerning the love of God, influencing the decision of his own national church, and finally intimidating the Pope himself, must sicken the warmest advocate for the interference of princes in matters purely spiritual.

Thus brow-beaten, however, the sovereign Pontiff, Innocent the XIIth, a man of ability and virtue, acted with a dignity and forbearance which became his situation. The subject was repeatedly and ably debated in his presence, and the final sentence of condemnation, which was unquestionably right, dictated by a spirit of tenderness and consideration due to the virtues of Fenelon.

The whole story is related by Mr. Butler with great clearness and precision—and his reflection is unquestionably just, that the only person implicated in the contest, who escaped without imputation, was the Pope. Of him it must be acknowledged, that he held the theological balance with an equity and steadiness worthy of the common Father of the Churches. Of the two leaders, he affirmed with equal wit and truth, that the one erred from too much

much love of God, the other, from too little love of his neighbour—to which may be added, that the one had a strong head, the other an excellent heart—that the one was more skilled in the rugged paths of positive theology, the other, in the elegant pursuits of polite literature; but that though Bossuet was more haughty and retired, Fenelon more affable and condescending—both in the midst of study and incessant meditation were active and attentive ministers of religion. In this, and in every view but one, they may be commended as examples to their brethren in our own church.

We take leave of the subject by repeating that the purpose with which these elegant little volumes have been given to the world, at this particular crisis, is sufficiently obvious, namely, to represent, by two illustrious examples, the doctrines and the practices of his own church, in the most amiable and attractive point of view. But, alas! 'decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.' With equal effect, that is with none at all, we might oppose in *their* church the names of Maury or Talleyrand to those of Fenelon or Bossuet; and in our own a long catalogue of illustrious prelates, from Cranmer, whom Bossuet has calumniated, to Bull, whom he praised.* The merits of the cause, however, depend not upon examples. Popery, by the confession of all who understand it, contains the essentials of Christianity, and a few such men as these great prelates will ever be found by toilsome perseverance in removing the incumbent mass of rubbish, to reach the vein of pure and shining ore at last: while the bulk of the people content themselves with poring on the surface, mistaking every grain of marcasite for gold, and contented to accept as such every substance on which their superiors have impressed the stamp or bestowed the denomination.

Meanwhile, as Protestants, we appeal 'to the law and to the testimony,' the only assay by which the ore of Christianity can be distinguished from the rubbish, the metal from the dross.

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ART. VI.—*Zur Farbenlehre. On the Doctrine of Colours.* By Goethe. 2 vol. 8vo. Tubingen, 1810, pp. 1510; with 16 coloured Plates in 4to.

OUR attention has been less directed to this work of Mr. von Goethe, by the hopes of acquiring from it any thing like information, than by a curiosity to contemplate a striking example

* In a work of so conciliatory a nature as the present, we are at a loss to conjecture why the biographer should have suppressed Bossuet's letter to Bishop Bull, in the name of the Gallican church, to compliment him for the Defensio Fidei Nicænæ.

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of the perversion of the human faculties, in an individual who has obtained enough of popularity among his countrymen, by his literary productions, to inspire him with a full confidence in his own powers, and who seems to have wasted those powers for the space of twenty years, by forcing them into a direction, in which he had originally mistaken his way, for want of profiting by the assistance of a judicious guide. Having failed of exciting the attention, and obtaining the approbation of mathematicians and philosophers, he has revenged himself for their neglect, by obloquy and invective: and calling in his powers of versification to the aid of his weakness in argumentation, he has overwhelmed the young gentlemen and ladies, who have been in the habit of reading the almanack of the muses, with epigrams and satires, equally demonstrative with the present elaborate work; equally instructive, and equally poetical.

We shall exhibit the symptoms of this curious case of 'hallucination,' in the words of the patient's own very amusing 'Confession,' after premising a sketch of the plan and contents of the work, which forms so prominent a feature in the malady.

In the first, or 'didactic' part, the author professes to consider colours, with respect to their physiological, their physical, and their chemical properties. Physiological, or 'subjective' colours, are ocular spectra, coloured shadows, and, as he is inclined to believe, the halos seen round candles, especially when the eye is weak; but to us, these coronae appear to depend on particles floating on the surface of the eye, and derived from the secretion of the eyelids, and not to be immediately connected with the physiology of the nervous system. As allied to affections of this kind, Mr. von Goethe mentions the morbid state of the organ, which he calls acyanoblepsia, or the incapacity of perceiving blue light, by which he explains some cases of the confusion of colours, in a manner somewhat analogous to the hypothesis of our countryman Mr. Dalton on the same subject. Physical colours our author thinks little more real than physiological colours, and often merely apparent and transitory. He divides them into dioptric, either by simple transmission, or by refraction; paroptic, sometimes called colours by inflection or diffraction; and epoptic, or depending on the properties of surfaces, as the colours of thin plates. Chemical colours, he observes, are the most permanent; and here he considers the chemical effects of different colours, as nearly related to the subject, together with the chemical properties connected with dying and bleaching. The other divisions of this part contain a 'connected sketch of the doctrine of colours;' a discussion of the relation of chromatics to other departments of science

science; and an examination of the effect of colours, with regard to the fine arts.

Colours, in Mr. Von Goethe's opinion, are intimately connected with the phenomena exhibited by the magnet, the tourmalin, the electrical machine, the galvanic battery, and the processes of chemistry. In all these phenomena, as well as in those of colours, there exists, he says, 'a hither and thither, an inductive separation, a discharge by reunion, an opposition, an indifference, and in short, a polarity; in an elevated, a diversified, a decided, an instructive, and an improving sense.'—Anz. p. 2.

But if we may venture to interpret his opinions into intelligible language, the most elementary of them seems to be, that red is generally and essentially derived from the perception of light, and blue from that of darkness, viewed through a semitransparent medium; a fact by no means universally admissible, and which, where it actually occurs, may be referred to a combination of much simpler causes.

Our author asserts, that colours are the joint production of light, and of the substances exposed to it, or an effect of the modification of light, produced by partial darkness; a modification which, he says, has been overlooked by the authors of the received theories.

The 'polemical' part, which follows the didactic, is a minute and detailed examination and discussion of the optics of Newton, which our author considers as grossly deficient in satisfactory demonstration, and wholly inadequate to prove the compound nature of white light. In this discussion, he has certainly shown no small portion of courage, though little of the better part of valour. He gives us, for instance, in his third plate, a number of coloured objects to be viewed through a prism; in his fourth, a representation of the same objects, as seen through the prism: one of the objects is a space, of which one half is coloured red, and the other blue; and in the representation of the prismatic appearance, the two halves are still placed side by side, and terminated by the same rectilinear outline. This is an 'experimentum crucis:' we have looked through a prism, at the identical figure of the third plate, and it does NOT appear as Mr. Von Goethe has represented it in the fourth; but the blue image is manifestly more displaced by the effect of refraction, than the red.

The second volume of the work is occupied principally by a historical abstract of the discoveries and opinions of all philosophers, ancient and modern, respecting light and colours; in which the author has exhibited some industry, but little talent, and less judgment. He does not fail to triumph over the 'detestable Newtonian doctrines,' on occasion of the discoveries of Dollond; and although he is disposed to admit, that an accident may have

given rise to the experimental error of Newton, he still very truly infers from the circumstance, that 'a great philosopher may have a phenomenon completely within his view, and yet suffer it to escape his observation.' He attempts a 'moral solution of the problem, how so extraordinary a man could have been so egregiously mistaken, as Newton was, with respect to light, and should have continued to labour on the subject of his error, until the end of his life, with self-complacency, with diligence, and with obstinacy, in spite of all warnings, both internal and external; to establish its popularity, and to carry with him, in defiance of reason, so many men of distinguished talent and celebrity.'

We will not compliment him so far, as to hint that his own case may afford anything like an illustration of the supposed paradox; but we shall exhibit his feelings, respecting himself, in an abstract of his 'Confession.'

'The public is not unwilling to allow any man the credit of possessing talents, which he has employed with industry, and with a certain degree of good fortune; but if he wishes to diversify his occupations, and multiply his powers, by the pursuit of different objects, he appears to violate the right which he has allowed the public opinion to acquire over him, and his exertions, in a new capacity, are therefore very seldom received with favour and approbation. There may be some foundation for this disposition, in truth and reason; since every beginning must be imperfect, and so far is one man from being able to make improvements in a multitude of different departments, that the united labours of many men are required, in order to bring any one to perfection. On the other hand, it is certain that some branches of human knowledge are in absolute need of assistance from others, and that a man must possess, within himself, a combination of various faculties, and of various virtues, in order to advance, as far as possible, in the pursuit of intellectual cultivation.

'My poetical attempts had been received with partiality, though I had followed no rules of art: I meditated long, and executed rapidly; a habit which has perhaps given some animation and energy to my productions. But wherever I attempted to seek assistance from the existing rules of art, I found them either wholly wanting, or absolutely useless. I was therefore desirous of finding some other department, connected with my immediate pursuits, in which technical precepts had done more to assist the progress of a student; and I made choice of the fine arts, and of painting in particular; for which, having no natural talent, I was the more in need of rules, and was even the more zealous in the study of them: for it is perfectly certain, that a false taste will often incite a man to more passionate exertions, than a true one; and that *he often takes much more pains in a pursuit which must unavoidably fail, than in another which might easily succeed.*

'From a wish to improve myself in the study of painting, I was induced to undertake a journey into Italy. Here I had to unlearn all that

that I had before learned, relating to the arts, and to begin from the most elementary principles; and by the time that I was obliged to return from my travels, I found myself just far enough advanced to begin to be able to profit by them.

'Respecting the theory of colouring, however, I could form no distinct idea: I found that the practice of the best painters was governed by their taste only; their taste, by custom; their custom, by prejudice; and their prejudice, by a peculiar turn of mind or of study. I heard indeed of cold and warm colours, of colours that relieved each other, and the like; but all this was confined within very narrow limits, and even within them was very imperfectly understood. In order to relieve the monotony of my conversations with my friends on the subject, having observed the feeble effects of blue tints, I undertook *to maintain a paradox*, that blue was no colour; and I had the *pleasure* of having my assertion universally *controverted*. Angelica only, who had before obliged me by executing a painting in the old Florentine manner, completing the chiaro oscuro in grey, and covering it with transparent tints, which produced an uncommonly pleasing picture, though the eye could not discover the manner in which it was painted; Angelica now approved my paradox, and promised me to paint a little landscape, without a particle of blue; and she executed accordingly a very agreeable and harmonious composition, nearly resembling the appearance which the objects would assume to an acyanobleptic eye; and the picture may possibly still be in the possession of some amateur, who may be interested in the anecdote.

'The experiment however served only to furnish a transitory subject of conversation, and I felt the necessity of considering the nature of colours, as an object of physical research; never doubting the truth of the common opinion, that they were all contained in light. I had indeed formerly attended courses of lectures on natural philosophy, and well remembered the experiments exhibited in them; but for want of sunshine at a proper time, I had not seen those which are commonly employed for the illustration of the Newtonian doctrine of colours.

'In order to supply this deficiency, I had borrowed some optical instruments of Mr. Büttner, of Jena; but having long neglected to pursue the investigation, I was about to return them in great haste. I determined however to look once through a prism before I sent it away. When I took the prism into my hand, I expected, from the impression that I had received of the Newtonian theory, to see the whole of the white wall of the room coloured in different degrees, and the light, returning to the eye, divided into a multitude of coloured lights. But with no small astonishment, I perceived that the wall remained white as before, and that the colours only appeared in the neighbourhood of a dark part. I was immediately convinced that a limit was necessary, in order to the production of colours, and asserted without hesitation, that *the Newtonian doctrine was false.* I then determined to keep the apparatus, and pursue the experiments.

'Having no experience in researches of this kind, I requested a natural philosopher, who resided in the neighbourhood, to examine the

results of my arrangements. I had communicated to him my doubts respecting the Newtonian theory, and was in hopes that the first glance would convince him of the truth of my opinion. But what was my astonishment to find, that although he attended to my experiments with complacency and approbation, he at the same time assured me, that the appearances were perfectly well known, and were completely explicable upon the Newtonian theory! That the colours belonged only to the light, the darkness merely affording an opportunity for their separate exhibition, while the white in the middle was a compound of coloured lights, gradually succeeding each other; and that the whole effect was explained by Newton himself, and by other authors who adopted his principles! Nor would he allow the least weight to my objection, that violet was not more refrangible than yellow; nor to any other reason which I adduced.

'I was deeply interested in the pursuit, and I sought for companions in it: but I found the whole world prepossessed with incredulity of my capacity for the investigation; *every one appeared to entertain an aversion for my labours, which assumed so much the more the form of displeasure, and almost of enmity, as the individual was the more learned, and the better informed.*

'I have indeed to acknowledge, with gratitude, the kindness and confidence of the Duke of Weimar, Duke Ernest and Prince Augustus of Gotha, and the Prince Primate, who was at that time at Erfurt; as well as of many celebrated anatomists, chemists, scholars, and moralists; but not of a single natural philosopher. I corresponded long with Lichtenberg: for a time he answered my letters; but when I became more urgent, and expressed more violently my abhorrence of the nauseous doctrine of the Newtonian white, he abruptly dropped the subject, and notwithstanding our intimacy, he had not even the friendship to mention my essays in the last edition of his Erxleben.

'Being thus left to myself, I examined, at leisure and in detail, the experiments and reasonings contained in Newton's Optics, and the Lectiones Opticae; and I became more and more convinced that the phenomena, so much misunderstood, depended actually on a separation and an opposition, which is best expressed under the comprehensive term of polarity, and which appears to take place wherever colours are concerned. I had again arrived at the subject of physiological colours, which was immediately connected with the first objects of my investigation; and in pursuing this subject, I had the happiness of proceeding in concert with my friend Henry Meyer, to whom I had before been indebted for much instruction in Rome; who now undertook to execute a series of coloured drawings, in order to verify the principles which we had before deduced from reason and experience; and who has since, in a second journey to Italy, particularly studied the subject of colouring. The result of his observations are contained in two essays, published in this work; the one speculative or hypothetical, respecting the origin of the art; the other historical, giving an account of its progress in different schools of painting.

'Having now arrived at the end of my Confession, I should hold myself

myself inexcusable if I concluded it without mentioning the name of Schiller, in terms expressive of the strongest sense of the magnitude of my obligation to the friendship and talents of one, whose loss can never be repaired; and without repeating my acknowledgments for the patronage and protection of the reigning Duchess of Weimar, without whose assistance and encouragement, my labours could not have been reduced into a proper form for appearing before the public at large.'

Much as we have been entertained by the singularity of this statement, we cannot think it necessary to make any serious remarks on it, and shall now take our leave of Mr. von Goethe's work, as far as his own discoveries and opinions are concerned: but we cannot omit to give some account of two short contributions of his friends, which appear to us to be by far the most valuable part of the compilation. The one is by Mr. Meyer, (II. 350,) entitled a History of Colouring, from the time of the revival of the arts: the other by Dr. Seebeck, of Jena, (II. 703,) containing experiments on solar phosphori. It may be necessary to premise to Mr. Meyer's essay, that the harmony of colours, on which so much stress is laid, seems to consist in the choice of such as are complementary to each other, so that the whole of the tints employed, if blended together, should form a neutral or grey mixture, without any preponderant colour. Mr. von Goethe admits also of some latitude for the introduction of 'characteristic' tints, which are separated in the circle of colours by a certain interval, standing next but one to each other; while colours immediately contiguous, as blue and green, like discords in music, have a less agreeable effect when viewed together. We are not prepared to decide positively, how much either of originality or of truth there may be in these opinions; but it was observed in this country, at least twenty years ago, 'that probably those colours, which together approach near to white light, will have the most pleasing effect in apposition.' Ph. Tr. 1793.

'Whether Cimabue, Guido of Siena, or Berlinghieri, was the first, that in the 13th century began to copy nature more closely, it is certain that Cimabue made the most essential improvements in the art, and that his colouring, or rather his colours, though whitish in the lights, and brown and dirty in the shadows, are still more agreeable, clear, and lively, than those of his contemporaries. His scholar, Giotto, introduced warmer carnations; and his shades are somewhat less dirty, and sometimes of a greyish cast. Among the pupils of Giotto, Gaddi's colours were stronger and more contrasted: Memmi made no improvements. Giottino introduced more harmony, together with more blooming and more varied tints, and stronger shadows. Lorenzo di Ricci was fond of clear and lively colours, and kept his local tints pure, and delicately shaded off into each other, so as still to

preserve their distinctness. Massolino improved the art of observing light and shade, and was the first that succeeded well in foreshortening. His scholar, Masaccio, was more correct in his carnations, and employed his colouring in a masterly way, to assist the expression of his figures: his light and dark masses are tranquil, broad, and well distinguished. Giovanni da Fiesole seems to have derived from nature his lovely delicate tints, and a general harmony, which pervaded every part of his pictures. His pupil, Gentile da Fabriano, was still livelier and more blooming, and Filippo Lippi was more energetic: but the reddish shadows of Massolino were too much adopted by all his immediate followers.

'The improved employment of oil colours, by John Van Eyck, produced a greater softness and fulness of colouring: the shadows became more forcible, more transparent, more dignified, and more animated; so that more shadow was generally introduced, and paintings assumed a darker complexion. This artist was correct and diligent, but little more; and his contemporaries, Schön and Wohlgemuth, are of a similar character.

'The Venetian school now begins to rise into importance. Some of the latest works of Bartolomeo Vivarino appear to have been in oil: his tints possess a dignified clearness, and already afford a specimen of the characteristic beauty of the school. Bellini had still more bloom and vigour.

'To return to the Florentines; we find Pietro Perugino, the pupil of Verocchio, adopting a more delicate style than any of his predecessors; but so far inferior to Bellini, as his shadows are greenish and reddish. Leonardo da Vinci, another pupil of the same master, effected a very important improvement, by an accurate attention to light and shade: his colouring has somewhat of a cheerless and feculent appearance, but his middle tints are delicately expressed, and exhibit correctly the relief of the parts; and his shadows have an unprecedented degree of force. Hence the energetic colouring of Bartolomeo was immediately derived; and the Venetian school was not left behind hand. Giorgione employed, with shadows equally strong, still more glowing tints; so that his fellow student and follower Titian had scarcely a step further to advance, in order to arrive at the highest excellence of colouring with which we are acquainted.

'The admirable works of Raphael and Andrea del Sarto are less distinguished for their colouring, than for their other beauties; and a similar remark may be applied to A. Dürer, Holbein, and L. Kranach. Dürer's light carnations are sometimes very successful; but his shadows are either faint or greenish. Holbein was more delicate, managed his pencil with greater art, and seldom allowed his precision to degenerate into hardness. Kranach's colouring was still better, and perhaps the best of any artist's out of Italy: he had probably studied Titian with diligence, and had approached near to his manner.

'Although colouring, considered as an imitation of nature, may be said to have been brought to perfection by Titian, yet the harmony, obtained by a judicious selection of colours, was not altogether so completely understood in the Venetian school. It was not however neglected;

neglected; and attention was paid to a proper distribution of the reds, which are the most striking of colours, and were the most generally employed, either near the middle of the picture, or in nearly equal proportions throughout its extent. Yellows and browns were the next in order of frequent introduction; greens and blues were but little used, and only for variety, in order to relieve the others. From this preponderance of "active" colours, the whole character of the piece becomes warm and "tranquil:" but the eye is not relieved by the cheerful effect of the harmonious introduction of the whole circle of colours. The Venetian masters observed, almost without exception, the rule, to employ unmixed colours in the draperies, for the more effectual relief of the mixed tints of the skin; and Titian added to this the artifice of constantly introducing a white drapery of linen, between the skin and a coloured drapery of any kind. In the carnation tints, this school was never excelled; but the general effect of colouring was still improved by Correggio.

'Correggio's principal study was the effect of light: he has excelled all others in his soft transitions from light to shade, in the distinct separation of his masses, in the clearness of his shadows, and in the accuracy of his reflections; and he seems to have been the first that attended to the harmony produced by an artificial juxtaposition and opposition of colours. Hence his colouring has more variety, life, and cheerfulness than that of Titian: and the Lombards, who followed him, distinguished themselves in general by the force of their shadows and colours; they employed, as may be exemplified in the works of Parmeggianino, less yellow and purple, but more blue in their draperies, whence their pictures derived a character of seriousness, and vigour of colouring.

"Barocci's manner, though cheerful and agreeable, is rather a caprice than an extension of the art. He employs in his draperies the strongest and most brilliant colours: in the skin, his lights are too yellow, his middle tints too blue, and his reds too gaudy. In many of his pictures, the large masses of light are too much divided. He introduced the mode of endeavouring to remedy a want of general harmony by throwing a yellow tint over the whole picture. Bassano often used varnish colours, especially in his draperies. The works of Paul Veronese exhibit the liveliest play of colours, and those of Tintoret the effect of very dark shadows; but in other respects these artists followed, with little variation, the improved methods of their school.

'The Florentine painters had acquired a mannered style, with unnatural forms and faint insipid colouring, which was in some measure corrected by Chimenti and Cardi, and still more by Allori, whose painting of St. Julian is so justly admired. But about this time the three Caraccis gave to Bologna a decided superiority in all the essential perfections of the art, though their style of colouring was neither new nor peculiarly characterized.

'Caravaggio adopted, without selection, the forms presented to him by nature; his colours were stronger than those of any other artist: in general he introduces more shadow than light, and his beams of light

are confined, and derived from an elevated point. Spagnoletto was one of his most spirited imitators, and employed his local tints with still greater accuracy: but he often descended below the dignity of a great artist.

'Quercino or Guercino, though of the school of the Caraccis, adopted the manner of Caravaggio; but his forms and his ideas were more dignified. A simple and affecting loveliness is often combined in his works with force and expression. His colouring is more delicate and pleasing than that of Caravaggio.

'The great Guido too, at first, employed very extensive and forcible shadows, accompanied by lighter and more delicate carnations than even those of Guercino. He afterwards represented his objects as situated in a more open space, and a fuller light; and extended, if he did not improve, the art of colouring, by the introduction of a prevailing silver grey middle tint. His contemporary Albani painted too in a full light, with tints as lovely and blooming as any other artist in the school of Bologna. Dominichino has no peculiar merit in colouring; although in fresco his style was agreeable.

'In the middle of the seventeenth century the Flemish school had made colouring one of its principal objects; and Rubens and Van Dyck stand in the foremost rank of those who have excelled in it. Rembrandt too is a great master of this art, and still more of that of the management of light, and of shadows interrupted by reflections. Teniers, Ostade, Gerard Douw, Metzü, Terburg, and many others, have also acquired deserved celebrity in this department of the art.

'The principal merit of the Flemish school consists not in the execution of the separate parts, for in this the Venetians were superior, but in the tone and harmony of the whole piece, acquired by the observance of a prevalent colour, which produced an effect similar to that of viewing the picture through a coloured glass. This style was first introduced by Barocci, but oftener employed, and much improved, by the Flemish painters.

'About the same time, the French school had attained its highest degree of perfection, but none of the French painters was particularly distinguished for his colouring. Claude is indeed in the highest degree animated, delicate, and true: but landscape allows much less scope for colouring than historical painting.

'Among the Spaniards, Velasquez and Morillo may be ranked with the greatest masters of their age. Mengs attributed to Velasquez a power of representing the air, and detaching one object from another, not inferior to that of Rembrandt. Morillo was forcible and natural, and his best pieces are in the style of colouring of the Venetian school.

'Returning again to Italy, we find Pietro da Cortona inexhaustible in his invention, and rapid, agreeable, and diversified in his execution. In the distribution of his colours for promoting the effect of general harmony, we are disposed to maintain that he is unrivalled. The Venetians, as we have already observed, were somewhat monotonous: Correggio felt the power of the harmony of colouring, but not being aware of its proper foundation, he attempted to obtain it by mixture of colours,

lours, and by a judicious gradation of his lights, or what is termed keeping: and the Flemings substituted a general tone for a perfect harmony; nor has Van Dyck been completely successful in his attempt to supply its place, by the arbitrary introduction of lights and shadows, where an appropriate colour would have answered his purpose much more effectually. Pietro da Cortona had acquired a true sense of the efficacy of a proper variety in producing this harmony: and he knew how to modify it so that the effect should be either melancholy or tragical: but he always placed near each other colours which are naturally allied, and avoided all disagreeable contrasts, as is well exemplified in his picture of St. Paul receiving his sight, at Rome. He appears, however, not to have been capable of communicating his art to his pupils, if we may judge from Ciro Ferri, the most celebrated of them. His contemporary Andrea Sacchi is considered as having painted in a soft and harmonious style; but it was more from the employment of a general tone, than from the adoption of a well assorted variety of colouring.

'Sacchi's pupil, the celebrated Carlo Maratti, has often introduced full and rich colours, which have destroyed the harmony and tranquillity of the piece: and latterly, when he used lighter colours, he was unable to avoid an insipid tameness of effect. Luca Giordano is often a good colourist; but when he has succeeded in producing a harmonious picture, it has been rather from a general tone, than from an artificial distribution of colours.

'In the beginning of the eighteenth century, a perversion of taste in the arts had pervaded even Italy itself. Piazzetta, Corrada, and Solimena, though men of good talents, were so far led away by it as to introduce the wildest confusion into their pictures. Solimena is often grey, cold, and full of disagreeable contrasts; and the greatest of his numerous faults is his neglect of good colouring and harmonious tints. Romanelli, Cignani, Franceschini, Lutti and others, have committed fewer errors, but have been distinguished by no peculiarity of excellence.

'In France, Rigaud and Largilliere were considered as great masters of portrait painting; but they were obliged to adopt the harsh and boisterous tints of the day; though they would probably have done but little more in any case, with respect to harmony of colouring, than we observe in the works of Coypel, Watteau, Lancret, Restout, and others. Jouvenet, one of the most respectable of the French school, has only acquired that degree of harmony, which is derived from a yellow tone, and well blended tints.

'In Germany the French manner was partly imitated, and partly a darker style was adopted, for instance by Cupezky: Gran and Holzer were among the best of the historical painters: they were followed by Dietrich, who was too fond of introducing a discordant variety of colours, except where he imitated the Flemish style of a harmonious tone. Oeser, who was a little later, certainly possessed great talents: but the harmony of his pictures is only derived from the faintness of his colours.

'The

'The exertions and example of Mengs, which have acquired him immortal fame, brought back the art of painting to a correct and classical style, especially with regard to drawing. His colouring is warm and beautiful: he was fond of lively, strong, and brilliant tints; but he exhibited no great skill in their distribution, although he sometimes introduced very happily, instead of it, a yellow tone pervading the whole piece. His scholars and imitators, Knoller, Unterberger, the younger Conca, Maron, and others, were also fond of bright colours: but they employed them with so little judgment, as to produce either a discordant and motley, or a cold effect, except where they kept them down by the prevalence of a yellow tint. Angelica Kauffman adopted a style nearly similar: but her natural talents, and her mildness of disposition prevented her carrying it to excess; so that her pictures are always cheerful and agreeable, although the harmony is often interrupted by too bright colours in the neighbourhood of her carnations. Battoni, the rival of Mengs, adopted the "academical" style of Sacchi and Maratti: his colouring is powerful and lively, but leaves the eye too little at its ease.

'Among the English artists, Reynolds may certainly be considered as one of the best portrait painters of the last century; and West has produced some highly meritorious performances. Reynolds appears to have possessed great powers of colouring, and to have particularly studied the effect of light and shade: but of the merits of these painters, with respect to harmonious distribution of colours, we are unable to give an opinion. Fuseli employs an energetic and often gloomy style of colouring, with deep full tints, in unison with the scenes of terror which he is in the habit of representing: he cannot be considered as holding a distinguished rank among colourists; but he has at least the merit of not offending the rules either of colouring or of harmony.

'The insipid sweetness of Boucher, and the sentimentality of Greuze have been succeeded, in France, by the more serious and dignified style of David. He has studied the contrast of the strongest colours, diffused in large masses of light and shade, rather than the quiet harmony of cheerful tints well assorted with each other; and a similar taste seems to have been adopted by the best painters of Italy, and even of Germany: although *a young artist* at Rome has excited great attention by pictures of a different character, with tints more moderate, more natural, and more delicate; and from the approbation which he has obtained, there is some reason to hope, that other painters will again seek rather to cultivate an agreeable manner of adding to the attractions of beautiful and dignified forms, than to depend on the violent effect of harsh and striking contrasts; and that they will of course feel the necessity of a harmonious arrangement of their colours, and employ themselves in the study of those principles, which are essential to their success in this department of the art.'

We doubt not that such of our readers as are either engaged in the study of painting, or deeply interested in its advancement, will be gratified by the perusal of these original and ingenious, though, perhaps,

perhaps, somewhat fanciful, remarks; and we trust that those, who may be disposed to think the abstract unnecessarily prolix, will consider the inaccessibility of the original work to the English public, as a sufficient apology for its admission here: and, for a similar reason, we shall insert all that is essential of the observations of Dr. Seebeck on solar phosphori, that is, on such bodies as are rendered luminous by exposure to light, so as to remain for some time visible in the dark.

'I employed,' says Dr. Seebeck, 'several kinds of solar phosphori; the Bolognan, prepared according to Marggraf's method, which afforded an orange-coloured light: a similar preparation from sulfate of strontia, made with tragacanth, and exposed to the open fire of a wind furnace, giving a sea-green light, and some pieces a faint blue: and Canton's calcarious phosphorus, of burnt oyster shells, some affording a bright yellow light, others a rose-coloured, and others a pale violet. In a very faint light, however, they all appeared to acquire a pale colour, scarcely distinguishable from white.

'All these substances were exposed in succession to the different colours of the prismatic spectrum; they immediately became luminous in the blue and the violet light, but their appropriate colours remained unaltered: the Bolognan phosphorus exhibited in the dark an orange-coloured light, the strontia a sea-green, exactly as if they had been exposed to the full light of the sun. In the blue they were a little less luminous than in the violet; and just above the violet, where scarcely any light was visible, they assumed as bright a colour as in the violet itself. In the green they became considerably less brilliant than in the blue; in the yellow still fainter, and in the red their light was the weakest of all, and scarcely distinguishable from white. Below the red, too, they often became, in some degree, luminous. When the quantity of the sun's light was diminished, the red produced no effect at all, while the blue and violet afforded the usual luminous appearances.

'When light was admitted through a thick blue glass, which only allowed bright objects to be seen through it, the phosphori assumed their usual orange colour; but when an orange-coloured glass was substituted for it, through which all objects could be distinctly seen, they exhibited no luminous appearances, however long they remained exposed to the light.

'This orange light had also manifestly the power of extinguishing the luminous appearance of the phosphorus; for a piece, which had before remained visible for ten minutes, lost its light in two by exposure to these rays. The effect was the more marked as the sunshine was brighter; and when the light was condensed by a lens of four inches focus, the extinction was almost instantaneous; while the blue light, similarly concentrated, produced an illumination as rapidly as the brightest sunshine. The prismatic red, also, as Wilson, "Davy," and Ritter have observed, has the effect of diminishing the light of solar phosphori, at least when it exceeds the intensity which would arise from an original exposure to this light only.

'When

'When two similar pieces of phosphorus were placed in a blue and an orange tube, at the distance of an inch from the balls of a universal discharger of electricity, the piece placed in the blue tube was illuminated by the discharge of a jar, while the other piece remained perfectly invisible. The luminous appearance of these phosphori in the dark is evidently only a continuance of an effect which had commenced in the light; for if we take a piece of Bolognan phosphorus, which exhibits the property in one part only, and expose it to light transmitted through a thick blue glass, it will appear bright and of an orange colour at that part, and blue or violet at all others; so that this emission of light seems to resemble the resonance of an instrument which has been struck, and of which the sound dies gradually away.

'Zanotti long ago obtained results nearly similar. (Comm. Bon. vi. 205.) Beccaria, on the contrary, found the light under blue glasses blue. Wilson repeated his experiments without success. Beccaria himself seems to have found that he had been mistaken, although some collateral authority has been advanced in support of his experiments; but the evidence on the other side is manifestly the stronger, even independently of these experiments.'

Grosser too, as well as Dr. Seebeck, found that even the red light of solar phosphori became most vivid in the blue rays, (Rozier xx. 270); and from his experiments on diamonds, as well as from much earlier observations, it seems difficult to believe that the general cause of these phenomena can be any change of a chemical nature, although the effect of violent ignition in contact with borax, which seems to have produced the phosphorescence, in diamonds which did not before possess it, rather favours the suspicion of some chemical agency.

'It was observed by Scheele, that the blackening of the muriate of silver took place more rapidly in the violet than in the red light of the spectrum. Sénébier compared the times required to produce a given effect; and Ritter discovered that there appeared to be rays beyond the violet, capable of reducing the metal still more rapidly, and that the orange and red had a tendency to re-oxydate that which was already reduced. I have found the colour reddish brown in the violet, and somewhat above it; about the place of the yellow, little altered; and generally pink in the red, and also somewhat below it, at least in such prisms as produced the greatest degree of heat below the red rays. These tints extended several inches on each side, where a faint light was still visible, though without the range of the ordinary spectrum. If we employ muriate of silver which has acquired a grey colour in the light, and is still moist, it becomes darker in the violet and blue light, and lighter in the red; not much lighter, but distinctly and decidedly. If we mix the violet and red of two prisms, the colour often becomes a bright crimson.

'The effects of coloured glasses were nearly similar: when inclosed in blue or violet glasses, the substance was darkened as in the open light, when in yellow and yellow green, very slightly, although the colour

lour was faint: in dark orange it remained long unaltered; but by exposure for weeks to the sun's light in a moist state, it became slightly reddish; and when it had previously been blackened as much as possible, it was soon rendered lighter, and in six hours became yellow or reddish.

'In the open day-light, the colour is at first yellowish, then pale red, afterwards grey, brown, and black. In order to illustrate the dependence of these changes on deoxydation, I inclosed some red oxyd of mercury in three different glasses, dark blue, orange, and white, and exposed them, moistened with distilled water, to the sunshine and the day-light for several months. In the white and the blue glasses the substance was completely deoxydated, partly becoming grey, and partly being reduced to a metallic globule; while the portion contained in the orange-coloured glass was scarcely altered in six months, except that its colour became a little lighter. The colourless nitric acid also, if kept in blue or violet-coloured glasses, becomes yellow; in orange-coloured it retains its natural appearance; and a similar difference is observable in Bestuschef's nervous tincture, [an ethereal preparation containing iron,] which is whitened in the open day-light, or in a blue glass, but remains yellow in an orange-coloured one.

'In this case, too, it may be shown, as in that of solar phosphori, that the action continues after the cause is removed. This is true in the case of the muriate of silver; but it may be more distinctly exhibited with the muriate of gold: if we apply a little of the solution to two pieces of paper, and having removed the one immediately to a dark place, expose the other for a few minutes to the light, so that it may acquire a very slight change of colour, and then lay it by with the former for half an hour, the difference between the two will be much more marked; and it will increase from hour to hour, until at length the one will have assumed a violet colour, while the other retains its original golden hue.

'It appears, also, from the experiments of Sénébier and Tessier, that plants assume their natural colours in the light which is transmitted by blue glasses, while in a deep yellow light they are blanched or etiolated, as if they grew in perfect darkness.'

We see no reason to call in question the general accuracy of these experiments; and as Mr. von Goethe has remarked on occasion of Sir Isaac Newton's error respecting dispersion, that an excellent philosopher may be mistaken in the observation of a simple fact, so, on the other hand, the example of Dr. Seebeck, who professes himself an Anti-Newtonian, may be sufficient to show, that a bad theorist is sometimes capable of making correct and valuable combinations of experimental investigations.

ART.

ART. VII. ΕΡΜΗΣ ὁ ΛΟΓΙΟΣ Η ΦΙΛΟΛΟΓΙΚΑΙ ΑΓΓΕΛΙΑΙ, περιοδος Α. εν βιεννη. 8vo. pp. 437.

THE volume before us, being part of a periodical publication, does not naturally come within the pale of our jurisdiction; but several reasons induce us to think, that by extending in its favour the limits of our original plan we shall render an acceptable service to our readers.

To maintain the empire of good taste at home is doubtless the first of our duties: but it is also one, and not the least important, of them, to direct the public attention to the state of learning in foreign countries, and to promote, by all the means in our power, its improvement and expansion. The early productions of an obscure and illiterate people must ever afford matter of interest to those who love to trace in the efforts of unassisted genius the rudiments of future excellence: but this will be materially increased, when we are called upon, as on this occasion, to consider a nation, once among the most powerful and enlightened of the earth, awakening, through a recollection of its illustrious origin, to a sense of its present degradation, and struggling to escape from the intellectual bondage in which it has so long been held.

Our interest was the more strongly excited by the work in question, as it is the first systematic attempt made by the modern Greeks to turn the thoughts of their countrymen to original composition. Hitherto their efforts have been confined almost exclusively to translation, that 'great pest of speech,' as it is called by Dr. Johnson, which, far from reforming the language, has rather tended to render its barbarisms more numerous and inveterate. But considering the prevailing ignorance and absolute decrepitude of the nation, it was, perhaps, most prudent for those who undertook the task of reformation to begin by laying a foundation of foreign materials. It would be vain to attempt the restoration or improvement of a language, without previously diffusing a general taste for literature amongst those by whom it is spoken. There is a period in the education of every one, when he must be contented to rest implicitly upon the opinions of others. We are disposed to hope that the modern Greeks have already passed this period; and that henceforth they will continue to strengthen their minds, and to amend their language, by thinking and writing for themselves.

The Philological Journal 'was undertaken,' we are told, 'at the instigation, and partly at the expense of the Philological Society lately established at Boucorest. Its chief objects are to afford information upon all matters of science and learning,—to remark upon the Greek language, comparing the ancient and modern idioms with

with a view to the purification of the latter,—and to notice such new publications, whether in Greek or other languages, as have any connection with Greek literature, or tend in any way to the promotion of learning.' The studious among the Greeks are encouraged to contribute to the work by the promise that their lucubrations will be published once a fortnight under the names, and in the very words of the respective authors.

The volume now in our hands, the first and, as we believe, the only complete one of the series in this country, comprizes all the numbers successively published in the year 1811.

Of its contents the first, and perhaps the most interesting, is an account of the formation and proceedings of the Philological Society of Boucorest, which, as we are informed, was set on foot in July, 1810, by Ignatius,* the metropolitan bishop of Moldavia and Wallachia, and is composed of the clergy, nobility, physicians, schoolmasters, and principal merchants of those two provinces, at that time annexed to the Russian empire.

The purpose of this society is not merely to promote the object announced in the 'Hermes,' but to superintend a school (ΑΤΚΕΙΟΝ) previously established at Boucorest, and already, in November, 1810, consisting of 244 students; each of whom is instructed in one or more of the following branches of learning; viz. mathematics, experimental philosophy, chemistry, ichnography, metaphysics, logic, ethics, natural history, geography, rhetoric, poetics, history, archæology, as well as in the ancient Greek, Latin, French, German, and Russian languages.

We will not trouble our readers with the detailed account given in the 'Hermes' of the system of education adopted at this respectable establishment. It will suffice, for the credit of its founders, to say, that the discipline and plan of instruction laid down by them would not suffer in a comparison with those of our first schools and universities. To consult the different capacities of the pupils—to open the mind by well regulated gradations—and to stimulate exertion by the hope of distinction, rather than by the fear of punishment, are the leading principles of their system.

When a scholar has completed one branch of learning, he receives from the master a certificate, which he is to produce at the public examination, occasionally held in presence of the society. If his answers to the questions which are put to him on that particular branch, are approved of, his certificate is sealed by the president. A general certificate, or διπλομα, is in like manner granted to the scholar, who leaves the school after having gone through the entire course of education with credit.

* This prelate is a Lesbian Greek of considerable talent and erudition.

In

In the regulations above mentioned a considerable share of attention has been directed towards the means of improving the language, and of ultimately restoring it to its ancient purity; and for this end very particular instructions are given with respect to the manner and order in which the classics are to be read, and also with regard to translations, compositions, &c. This, indeed, forms the principal theme not only of many original essays contained in the 'Hermes,' but also of most of the speeches made at the different meetings of the Philological Society.

And here we propose to our readers the novel entertainment of a modern Greek harangue addressed by the bishop, in his character of president, to the scholars of the ΛΥΚΕΙΟΝ, on the occasion of a public examination:—

'Κύριοι Μαθηταί!

'ΤΟΥΤΟ τὸ σύστημα, ὅπερ τώρα βλέπετε εἰς τὴν Σχολὴν δὲν εἶναι ἄλλο, παρὰ προοίμιον ἐκείνων, ὅσων μετὰ ταῦτα μέλλει νὰ γένωσι. Δὲν ζητεῖται ἄλλο παρ' ὑμῶν, εἰμὴ ἐπιμέλεια, φιλοπονία, ὑποταγὴ εἰς τοὺς διδασκάλους, καὶ ἤθη χρηστά, διὰ νὰ καταξιωθῆτε ἄξιοι ὀπαδοὶ τῆς φιλοσοφίας. Αὐτὴ ἡ δεξιά, ἥτις σήμερον, εὐλογεῖ τὰς πρώτας ὑμῶν, θέλει σᾶς στεφανώσῃ μίαν ἡμέραν μὲ δάφνην. Αἱ Μοῦσαι δὲν λησμόνησαν τὴν παλαιάν των κατοικίαν, τὸν Ὄλυμπον καὶ τὸν Παρνασσόν. Ἐκεῖ θέλουν πάλιν ἐπιστρέψει ὕστερον ἀπὸ ἕνα τόσον μεγάλον γύρον, ὅπου ἔκαμαν εἰς τὴν Εὐρώπην. Ἂν οἱ μαθηταὶ τῆς Βλαχίας γαθῶσιν ἱκανοὶ νὰ τὰς συντροφεύσωσιν ἕως ἐκεῖ, ὁποία δόξα αἰώνιος θέλει εἶναι δι' αὐτοὺς, καὶ τόσον μέγα κλέος διὰ τὴν Βλαχίαν! Σεῖς ημπορεῖτε νὰ ὀνομασθῆτε δικαίως εὐτυχεῖς, ἐπειδὴ ἔχετε νὰ διατρέξητε ἓν στάδιον τόσον λαμπρὸν, ὅπου οἱ προγενέστερούσας, δὲν τὸ ἠξιώθησαν. Φιλοτιμηθῆτε λοιπὸν νὰ φανῆτε ἄξιοι τῆς οὐρανίου ταύτης δωρεᾶς, τῆς προστασίας, καὶ τῶν ἡμετέρων κόπων.

'Ἡ πατρὶς προσμένει παρ' ὑμῶν τὴν βελτίωσίν της, καὶ οἱ γονεῖς προσμένουσι περὶ θάλψιν εἰς τὸ γῆρας των. Ὁ κόπος καὶ ἡ ἐπιμέλεια ὑμῶν, ἔστι τὸ μόνον μέσον, τὸ δυνάμενον ἀποκαταστῆσαι ὑμᾶς εὐγνώμονας καὶ εἰς τὴν πατρίδα, καὶ εἰς τὸς γονεῖς ὑμῶν. Εἴθε νὰ σᾶς ἰδῇ ἡ πατρὶς μίαν ἡμέραν δαφνοφορεῦντας! Εἴθε νὰ λάβωσι διὰ Σᾶς οἱ γονεῖς καὶ οἱ συμπολῖται σας τὴν ἰδίαν χαρὰν καὶ ἐυχαρίστησιν, ἥτις ἐλάμβανον ἄλλοτε οἱ γονεῖς καὶ συμπολῖται τῶν Ὀλυμπιονικῶν!'*

This

* Young Gentlemen,

The system which you now see established in the school is but a prelude to further proceedings. Of you nothing more is required than diligence, labour, submission to your masters, and good morals, whereby you may prove yourselves worthy disciples of philosophy. This hand, which now blesses your progress, will one day crown you with laurel. The muses have not forgotten their ancient abodes on the summits of Olympus and Parnassus. Thither, after having traversed the whole of Europe, they will once more return. And if the students of Wallachia are able to keep pace with them, what eternal renown will they not acquire, what glory for Wallachia! You, indeed, may be called truly fortunate, who have to run this illustrious career to which your fathers were not summoned. Strive, therefore, to shew yourselves worthy of this heavenly gift, and of our patronage and labours.

From you your country expects the improvement of its condition, to you your parents look for consolation in their old age. By labour and industry alone you can prove your gratitude both to your country and to your parents. Oh may your country one day see you crowned with laurel! May your parents and your fellow citizens enjoy the same

This volume abounds also with notices of new editions of the Greek classics, of translations from some of the most approved modern works, both literary and scientific, in the different languages of Europe, and of some original writings. We are assured that the greater part of the expense attending these publications is defrayed by a few public-spirited individuals.

The rest is taken up with a variety of essays, from different persons, under the heads of rhetoric, general history of arts and sciences, medicine, natural philosophy, poetics, philology. The latter subject is treated exclusively with reference to the present state of the Romaïc language, and to its means of improvement.

The severest critic must confess, that whatever these compositions may want on the side of ingenuity or argument, is amply supplied by honest zeal and national enthusiasm. And although the learned Greeks appear to differ in opinion as to the most eligible process for restoring the debased metal to its original standard of purity, they all agree that their language is neither more nor less than Greek; a point, upon which the Society of Boucorest, at their second meeting, came to the following decision, which we, *οἱ βάρβαροι*, can hardly presume to set aside without hesitation.

'The language now spoken is not modern, as the Europeans term it, but the ancient dialect, called ἡ Κοινη, which is proved by the usage of writers, with respect to the rules of grammar; and, indeed, it bears a great resemblance to the old Ionic. It is a national language which has long since undergone great changes, arising from political circumstances, and of which the idiom is not inferior to the Attic. Wherefore there is nothing in it essentially barbarous, or that ought to be rejected, except some few barbarous, that is foreign, expressions, which have been introduced by intercourse with many other nations. Although the sufferings of the Greeks have been severer than those of the Italians, the Hellenic language has not suffered like the Latin, which has ceased to be spoken in Italy, and is found only among the learned; whereas the former, though uncultivated for so many ages, is still spoken by an entire people.'

Some persons will, perhaps, be as much startled at this assertion as the worthy citizen, who, on landing at Calais, discovered that French was fluently spoken by the children in the streets. Strange, however, as it may appear, such is the fact, although we will not go the length of asserting that the Greek of Pera is quite as pure as that spoken at the assemblies of Aspasia.

To enter into all the details with which the subject abounds, and to deduce historically the gradual decline of the Hellenic language from its original purity to its present corrupted state, would re-

same pleasure and delight which was formerly participated by those whose relations and children were victorious in the Olympic games!

quire much more time and learning than we can bestow upon it, besides carrying us a great way beyond our accustomed limits. Our remarks must, therefore, be considered as a mere index to some more elaborate work; and, indeed, we have reason to hope that this interesting subject will ere long be presented to the public, in a manner worthy of its importance.

As language is the expression of the mind, and therefore will naturally follow the intellectual improvement or depravation of the community speaking it, it is no wonder, after the lapse of so many succeeding ages, during which the Greeks have been exposed to every vicissitude most calculated to vitiate and debase human nature, that their language should be reduced to the same extremity as themselves:—yet, in neither case, is the identity impaired. The edifice is, indeed, fallen, but the original materials remain, and skilful architects are only wanting to restore it to its ancient form and proportions.

What some writers have termed dialects of the Romaïc, are in fact only so many modifications of its corruption, and these are as various as the different circumstances and accidents of situation into which the individuals adopting them are thrown. A thousand specimens of the language, as it is written and spoken, might be given, without its being possible to fix upon any single one as the true standard. The fact is, there can be no standard but the old Hellenic, which is, indeed, the most decisive proof that the language is not essentially new, but only in a state of corruption.

The chief variation observable in the declension of nouns consists in the substitution of the accusative case with the preposition εἰς, for the old dative, the use of which, in common conversation, would seem pedantic, though it is not unfrequently employed by persons of education in their letters.

In some instances the place of the original nominative has been usurped by the accusative, or its distinctive termination has been dropped, or changed for another; as ἡ γυναικα for ἡ γυνη; το κεφαλι for το κεφαλιον, &c.

The accusative with the preposition ἀπὸ is continually used in the sense of the Latin ablative; as, απο την πολιν, *ab*, or, *ex urbe*. The genitive, which the ancients employed in the same sense, is now only made use of in a strictly possessive sense; as, ἡ ψυχη τῦ ἀνθρωπυ.

But the most objectionable abuse is that which has crept into the nominative plural of feminine nouns, where the article αἱ is changed into the dative ταις; ἡ γυναικα, for instance, makes in the nominative plural, ταις γυναικες. In addition to this the ancient termination of the same case is always converted into ὶς or αἱς; as αἱ μυσαι into ταις μυσες or μυσαις.

The

The declension of masculine nouns in the nominative plural is marked by an equal peculiarity. Thus ὁ δεσπο῀ης, (a title now applied only to the dignitaries of the church,) which, according to the old rules, would make οἱ δεσπο῀αι, produces the sonorous appellation of οἱ δεσπο῀άδες, and the genitive, in conformity to this example, is lengthened out into τῶν δεσπο῀άδων.*

Most foreign names, whether of persons or things, when adopted by the Greeks, are made to undergo the same corrupt regulations. Indeed, in this respect they are not more despotic than their forefathers, or the modern Gauls, whose arts of torture on this head are as remarkable as their other ingenious qualities.

Of this we cannot give a better example than those which are contained in the following extracts from a Greek newspaper, published at Vienna, under the title of ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΟΣ ΤΗΛΕΓΡΑΦΟΣ, 'The Grecian Telegraph.'

'Ἰδοὺ ὁ λόγος, ὅπου ἔγινε τῇ 7 Ἰαν. ἐν ὀνόματι τῆς βασιλικῆς γαληνότητος τοῦ Πρίγγιπος Ρεγέντου, ὅτι ἠμπήχθη το παρλαμέντον ἀπὸ τοὺς ἰσπιτρόπους, τοὺς λόρδους Κάμδεν καὶ Βιστμορελάνδ, τὸν Λορδ Ἐλδὸν τον ἀρχιγραμματέα, καὶ τὸν ἀρχιεπίσκοπον Καντουαρίας.

'Ἄνδρες εὐγενεῖς καὶ Μιλόρδοι! κ. τ. λ.

'Τῇ 8 Ἰανουαρίου. Χθὲς ἠνοίχθη το παρλάμεντον, ὅπου ὁ μὲν Λορδ Κοχράνης ἀφείδισε καλὰ πολλὰ τὸ φέρσιμον τῶν Μινίστρων, εἰς τὴν Ἱσπανίαν καὶ Σικελίαν, ὁ δὲ Βίβρεάδιος (Whitbread, pronounced Vitvray-áthios) ἐλάλησε διὰ την ἀκουψίαν τοῦ πολέμου μεταξὺ Ἀγγλίας καὶ Αμερικῆς κ. τ. λ.

'Δουβλῖνον, τῇ 23 Δεκ. Σῆμερον ἰσυνάχθησαν οἱ πρῶτοι τῶν Καθολίκων τῆς Ἰρλανδίας εἰς τὸ θέατρον κατὰ την φισχαμπλιστράταν (Fish-Shamble street.')

In considering the verbs, we shall be obliged to notice a much greater variety of barbarous innovations. The use of the dual number is exploded. All the nice distinctions so laboriously arranged by the ancient grammarians, the delicate shades of first and second future, the paulo post futurum, first and second aorist, the participles, &c. &c. are entirely obliterated. The present tense and the first aorist, with a very slight variation, alone stand erect, like single columns, amid the general ruin. It is in the substitute adopted for the future, and the preterperfect and preterpluperfect tenses that the change is most deplorable, and in it we see a very near approach to the idioms of modern Europe by the adoption of the verbs θέλω and ἔχω, as auxiliaries.

Take the regular verb γράφω for example.

In the present tense indicative the only difference is in the third person plural, where γράφουν is put for γράφουσι.

The several modes of expressing a past action are,

1. Ἔγραψα, which varies from the old aoristus primus only in

* We now speak of the language as used by the vulgar. In the address quoted in a former part of this article, the ancient usage οἱ μωροι is preserved.

the penultimate of the second person plural; ἐγράψεῖε, standing for ἐγράψαιε.

2. Ἔχω γράφει or γράψει, I have written.

3. Εἶχα γράφει or γράψει, I had written.

In these last cases the auxiliary verb alone is conjugated, the new invented participle of the principal verb retaining, unchanged, its barbarous form throughout.

The future and conditional are formed nearly upon the same imperfect model, by means of the verb θέλω.—Thus,

θελω { γράφω or γράφει / γράψω or γράψει } used indifferently, according to each person's taste, expresses, I shall or will write:—ἤθελα γράφω or γράφει, &c. I would or should write.

But in common conversation or careless writing, θα, a particle unknown to the ancients, is used, apparently for the sake of brevity, in the place of θέλω. In this case the principal verb is conjugated. Thus, θα γράφω, I will write; θα γράφουν, they will write.

The above is all that has survived of the indicative mood. The remaining moods, with the exception of the infinitive, of which there is no trace, are, as might be expected, still more defective.

The following extract from Koray furnishes us with an example in point:—Μήτε τὰ παραδείγμαΐα ταῦΐα, μήτε ἡ ἀσθενής μου φωνὴ ἤθελαν εἶσθαι ἱκανὰ νὰ διεγείρωσιν εἰς μίμησιν τῶν καλῶν τὸ γένος, ἐὰν, &c. where ἤθελαν εἶσθαι takes the place of what, in the ancient language, would have been expressed by the present or future optative of the substantive verb εἰμι; and νὰ διεγείρωσιν (in the subjunctive) performs the part of the old infinitive διεγειρειν. In fact it is almost solely in this instance that the subjunctive is used, and we presume it is so in obedience to its governing particle νὰ, which is evidently a corruption of ἱνα.

The imperative has but one tense of which the second persons singular and plural are the same as formerly. The remaining persons are expressed by the corresponding ones of the present indicative preceded by the particle ας, ex.—ας γράφουν for γραφεῖωσαν.

The potential is marked by a new auxiliary which is altogether of spurious and uncertain extraction, ἐμπορῶ or ἐμπορεῦμαι, and is an equivalent for δύναμαι. In its various inflections, such as ἐμπορεῦσα, I could, it follows rules peculiar to itself. So also does the substantive verb εἰμι, which is even still more irregular. Similar variations are observable in the passive voice. But as our object is rather to awaken curiosity than to satisfy it, we shall pass over many particulars worthy of mention elsewhere, and close this part of our subject with a few words on the colloquial peculiarities of the Romaïc tongue.

These peculiarities are different, in different parts of the Turkish empire.

empire. Almost every society has a set of corrupt phrases peculiar to itself. At one place the habits of civil and commercial intercourse with the masters of the country have introduced many Turkish words and expressions. At another the language has taken its complexion from the French or Italian interlopers settled in the neighbourhood. At a third, particularly in the Fanal at Constantinople, a greater acquaintance with the classical authors of antiquity has given to conversation a higher, and, perhaps, a more correct, tone. The diversity is most striking at Smyrna, in the Ionian islands, and in those of the Archipelago, where commerce and the vicinity of foreign nations facilitate the progress of corruption. In short, to use the comparison of Koray, the modern Greek, as it is found in the mouths of the vulgar, resembles the garment of Minerva patched with the rags of Irus. To seek it in the form most approaching to the ancient, we ought probably to repair to some of those sequestered spots in the mountainous regions of Greece, which from their remoteness and insignificancy have hitherto escaped the prying eye of the antiquary no less than the hand of the destroyer. This is an investigation to which we think the diligence and curiosity of our excursive countrymen might be profitably directed.*

The translation of Goldoni would supply us with innumerable examples of the sort of barbarism to which we have just alluded; but we conceive that the relation of a few instances which have come under our own immediate notice will answer the purpose still better.

A young lady of Pera confiding to another her reasons for disliking one of her admirers, expressed herself in these words: Να χαρω το μαλια μυ, djanum, δεν ἐμπορω να τον sofriro; τετοιον mpondala δεν εἰδα πωλε, και να συ πω την αληθεια, ἐχει ταις gambes γραθες. It is needless to point out that this short sentence is indebted to no less than three foreign languages. The answer was worthy of it:

* Not long ago we should have expressed our unqualified regret at the scanty information afforded us respecting the modern Greeks by those who have visited the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. From most of our travellers we have heard only a tale twice told, that they are degraded and oppressed;

'pulli viles nati infelicibus ovis;'

and the only care seems to be to retort upon them the title of barbarians, which their ancestors so liberally bestowed upon all other nations of the world. But latterly some instances of a better-directed zeal have appeared, and the inhabitants of Greece seem in a fair way of rising to something like a level with the inanimate relics that surround them. To Mr. Hobhouse, and Mr. Douglas, the country is indebted for many valuable facts, and many intelligent observations illustrative of their present state, and it may be hoped that the example of those gentlemen will not be long without followers. Much remains to be learnt: and in proportion as we are assured that the Greeks improve, and are likely still further to improve, we become anxious for means of watching their progress, and calculating the chances of their success.

Αχ, κοκονα μου, τι μας λες τι *mortificatzione* δια τον καϊμενον. τι sikleti οπου εχει να τραβαι οταν δα ακουσει τα *sentimenta* του.

The following is in the style of the polite circles of Zante: O *milordos* οπου μου *erecomanderistekate* ηλθον εδω σημερα; μα ενγαινωλας απο το σπηλι, εικε την *sbentoura* να *glistrai*, και *ecascarise* καλα, καὶ εσπασε το *braccio* του.

The next examples are of a more favourable sort. A Greek boatman, meeting an old friend who, he thought, had died of the plague, exclaimed—Πόθεν ἔρχεσαί συ? δεν ἀπέθανες? Οχι, ὄχι, ἐγελασα τον χαρο, was the reply. It may here be observed that the negative particle δεν, evidently a corruption of ἤδεν, has usurped the place of ου or ουκ.

A Greek of the Morea, pointing to the *pearls* and *rubies* which adorned the dress of a Pasha, infamous for his extortions, exclaimed—Ιδου τα δακρυα και το αιμα της Ελλαδος! *Behold the tears and blood of Greece!*

A Cephaloniote sailor, upon being asked what sort of treatment he had experienced on board a Turkish ship of war, replied—O Θεος δεν εμπορει να μετρησῃ ταις ξυλιαις οπου εφαγα. '*Heaven cannot number the cudgellings that I have swallowed.*' Here the most prominent corruption is the application of οπου, which, from a mere adverb of place, is exalted into a relative as universal in its acceptation as the Italian *che*, or our *that*.

With respect to accent and pronunciation, we are at a loss for a fair standard by which to decide the claims of the modern Greeks to correctness. It is in vain to look for one in our imperfect means of ascertaining ancient usage; and to refer them to our own practice is at once to condemn them unheard. Our learned professors will say they must themselves be right because they are impartial; the Greeks will assert the contrary because the language is their own. We are disposed however to think that the former approach nearest to the truth on the side of accent, and the latter on that of pronunciation; and that Homer, were he to come to life, would be as much surprized at hearing his famous πολυφλοισβοιο pronounced *polooflοisboio* by us, as at finding it called *pŏlĭfleesvĭŏ*, by his unmusical descendants. The accentual marks remain exactly as they were, but they have survived to the destruction of metrical harmony; for, in reading poetry, the modern Greeks lay a most indiscriminate and unrelenting stress on every accentuated syllable; and in their own poetical compositions they have entirely abandoned the ancient metres, for rhyme and jingle.

A very few words will suffice to point out the modern way of pronouncing the letters.

α is always broad, as in *glass*.

η, ι, ει, οι, υ, have all the same power, namely, that of our double *e*.

αι is like *ay* in *hay, may,* &c.

ου is pronounced like *oo* in *hoop*.

αυ, and ευ, are, according to position, either *af, ef,* or *av, ev*.

β is sounded like our *v*. The Roman *b* has no corresponding letter in the Romaïc alphabet, and is expressed by the awkward combination of μπ: for instance, *Bob* in modern Greek would be μπομπ; *mpomp*.

γ is a slight guttural; χ may be represented by *ch* hard; δ is *th* hard, as in *that;* our *d* is expressed by ντ.

ω is confounded with ο, and pronounced like our *o*. The rest of the alphabet is pronounced in Greece as in England.

From the language of the modern Greeks, and their recent attempts to improve it, our thoughts are involuntarily led to the contemplation of what must chiefly determine the success of those attempts—their political condition, and the probability of amendment on that side. This is no new subject. For many years, much longer perhaps than the Greeks themselves have entertained any settled hope or thought of change, the principal governments of Europe have continually nursed, or viewed as practicable, the project of redeeming them from the dominion of the Turks. There is little doubt, that the Empress Catherine, when she gave the name of Constantine to the youngest of her grandsons, intended to designate him as the future emperor of Greece. Nor is it surprising that the splendid ambition of restoring to light and life and liberty, a country endeared to all but its oppressors, by such great and tender recollections, should have thrown a veil over its real motive—the lust of empire. To this enthusiasm we must in charity refer the various singular measures which have been adopted from time to time, as fair and honourable instruments of effecting so specious a purpose.

Hitherto, the only power that has decidedly developed its design, far from improving the condition of the Greeks, or clearing the way for their emancipation, has left them after a bloody and disastrous struggle,—with fresh difficulties to encounter, and increased sufferings to endure. The effects of an unsuccessful insurrection must ever be to render the oppressed more painfully alive to their subjection, and to exasperate the jealousy of the oppressors. In addition to these natural results both Turks and Greeks have retained an equal apprehension of Russian interference.

The French, under their successive forms of government, republican and despotic, have been obliged to make their views in this quarter subordinate to the grand scheme of universal dominion.

Even 'in their high and palmy state' they could find no convenient opportunity for throwing off the mask. Intermediate obstacles were to be removed; and the successor of Charlemagne was not to advance to the throne of Constantine but over a continent previously submitted to his will. Buonaparte's extempore and abortive attempt, during his Egyptian campaign, to erect the standard of revolt in the Morea, may be discarded from the calculation. To lull the suspicions of the Porte, to conciliate and make themselves necessary to the Greeks, to multiply their points of connection with the country, and, to use a revolutionary phrase, *travailler les esprits*, is all they have yet ventured to do. That they have been in a great degree successful, partly owing to their own address and the natural influence of power, and more, perhaps, to the unfavourable impression created by others, is not to be denied. They seem, in general, to have the faculty of assimilating themselves with foreigners more readily than any other nation; and if, in their designs upon Greece, they have not the advantage of a common religion, like the Russians, they have found, perhaps, a more available one in the diffusion of their language. With the Greeks, too, upon whom, from long habits of subserviency, forbearing and respectful manners are, for the most part, thrown away, their high imposing tone, that last miserable remnant of abused liberty, is not without its effect. It is quite amusing to see the style of sovereignty which the meanest of the French vice-consuls in the Levant assume in every transaction with the natives, even with the officers of the Porte. The Christians are treated with a tone of lofty condescending protection; the Turks with the most insolent presumption. And though it may not be strange that the former should find their account in being so protected, yet it is not a little singular that the faithful, who are themselves no retail-dealers in big words, should bear such conduct with any degree of patience: nevertheless, it frequently happens, that a certificate issued from any consular chancery, with *Sa Majesté L'Empereur et Roi*, in large letters at the top, and the Imperial Eagle displayed with corresponding majesty at the bottom, is sufficient to shelter the most bare-faced acts of fraud and piracy from the inquiries of the Turkish officers. We are happy, however, to learn, that the present Sultan has, on several occasions, shewn himself far from blind to the insidious designs of the French. A year or two ago he adopted one of the most effectual measures to check their progress, by prohibiting the French ambassadors, in common with the representatives of other courts, at Constantinople, from granting protections to any of his subjects; a privilege which had opened to them as wide a field of abuse as could be imagined.

The English and Austrian governments have generally pursued a similar

similar line of conduct with respect to the Greek subjects of the Porte. Whether from the real moderation of their views, or from a consciousness that in the scramble of partition, France and Russia would have greater means of aggrandisement than themselves, they seem to have been content with counteracting their respective rivals, on the one hand by exciting and sustaining the vigilance of the Porte, and on the other by encouraging an opposite interest among the Greeks; with this difference, however, that, as far as we have heard, England has not to reproach herself with ever having courted the condescensions of the Porte by any such treachery as that which characterized the surrender of the patriotic and unfortunate Riga.

It is impossible to pursue this subject without being met by a consideration which, natural and obvious as it seems, has, nevertheless, been sometimes strangely overlooked. When we talk so freely about the subversion of the Mahometan empire in Europe, are we quite sure that we are not reckoning without our host, and that Montesquieu's prediction of its durability is not as correct at this time as it is now proved to have been in his own? Even when the Turkish power, consolidated by a succession of great princes, was most formidable to Europe, many, who had opportunities of inspecting it closely, observed, with satisfaction, that, gorgeous as it was without, the main principle of its subsistence was one of weakness and corruption. But the pleasure of this discovery was checked by another of very different result. It was soon perceived that the empire of the infidels would find in the jealousies and contentions of the Christian world a cheap and lasting security against the effects of internal rottenness. 'The divisions of the neighbouring states are the ramparts of the Turkish empire,' was an observation made by Sir Thomas Rowe, one of our early and most able ambassadors at the Porte. The Sultan, as it seemed, had only to soften the great precept of Mahomet, which prescribes to his followers a system of incessant aggression and boundless usurpation, into the milder policy of obstinate defence, and preservation of territory, in order to render his throne as solid as it was formidable.

That the above-mentioned cause continues to operate with unabated force, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, and the revolutions of power, there is no reason to doubt. Of this the conduct of Austria during the last negociations between the Courts of St. Petersburgh and Constantinople affords a sufficient proof. And if Russia has been allowed, from time to time, to nibble off the extremities of her gigantic neighbour, that limited success may be attributed rather to the opinion of its insignificancy, and to the extraordinary convulsions of Europe, than to any such alteration in the

the views of other states as may be expected to facilitate her further progress. In proportion as France subsides towards her ancient limits, a jealous and watchful attention will naturally be directed to the North. Even the remotest nations will not look with indifference to an empire which has grown, under the most depressing circumstances, and the revenues of whose government, like Pharaoh's treasury in the years of famine, increased prodigiously during the stagnation of commerce that followed the peace of Tilsit.

Besides, it must not be forgotten, that European Turkey possesses by nature abundant means of defence. Of these, not to enter into a description of the country between the Danube and the plains of Adrianople, some notion may be formed when we remember the brilliant manner in which the Grand Vizir, Jusuf Pasha, during the campaign of 1810, resisted the Russian troops by the strength of his position at Shumla; and more particularly when it is known that, in the following autumn, in consequence of General Kutusoff's skilful manœuvres, the Vizir's effective army was for some time reduced to 10,000 men—nay, probably to half that number. There was no other army between Rudshuk and the Capital. But the bulwarks of nature intervened; and as the whole male population in Turkey, Jews and Christians excepted, is always armed, the Russians might justly be unwilling to provoke and to encounter the last convulsive struggles of a nation of fanatics, without a very much larger force, both naval and military, than they were then able to employ in that direction. On the Dalmatian side, the country is very strong and difficult of access—barriers of rugged unproductive mountains, peopled by a hardy and warlike race, whose governors, disobedient as they are in ordinary times, would still be ready enough in the hour of danger to rally round the fountain-head whence they derive their authority.

Notwithstanding these advantages, the Turkish empire can have no patent of eternity; in common with the mighty of other times, its days are numbered; and sooner or later, let the manner and the causes be what they will, the period of dissolution must come. The dear-bought experience of the last twenty years will have been most lamentably wasted upon us if we do not endeavour to prepare for every important event within the range of reasonable probability.

Those who fondly imagine that the Greeks require only the removal of the Turkish yoke to start up at once into a ready-made power, can be but little acquainted with the state of that people, and still less with the history of mankind. In the moral as in the physical world the principle of elasticity, at first overpowered, is subsequently reversed in its direction by protracted compression;

and

and the nation which, at one period, has sunk 'with compulsion and laborious flight,' at another has found the task of reascending equally difficult, and equally repugnant to its disposition. But the Greeks were prepared for centuries of the most grinding subjection by many previous years of gradual debasement; and their living tomb was not thoroughly closed upon them by the hand of the conqueror until they were almost accustomed, if not reconciled, to their fate by a long series of sufferings and disgraces.

We have too much respect for the prevailing enthusiasm concerning Greece, of which we also in moments of feeling and exalted fancy have partaken, to examine how far the present race of inhabitants is entitled to compassion as the descendants of those immortal heroes and sages who opened the paths of glory in the western hemisphere. Let the veil of sentiment and imagination, with all its blooming tissue, still rest upon them. It is enough that they till the same soil; that they breathe the same air, and speak a language, if not exactly the same, yet one which, even in the last stages of decay, has preserved a mournful resemblance of its unrivalled parent. It is enough, exclusive of these tender claims upon our sympathy, that they who dwell amongst the ruins of Athens and Lacedæmon, are groaning under the yoke of no common oppressor. Our only business, at present, is with their capability of becoming, either with or without assistance from abroad, an independent body-politic.

It is not at this period, when the sublimest example of what may be done by national courage, unanimity and perseverance, is swelling into perfection before our eyes, that the efforts of a nation in behalf of its freedom can be undervalued. But let the situation of Spain, when invaded by France, be compared with that of Greece. The former, with all the recollections of independence fresh about it, embodied by the habits of ancient establishment, impaired, indeed, in its energies, but retaining the subsistence and regularity of its original constitution; having to cope with only a part of the military force of its assailant, and preserving much, perhaps the most important, of its resources untouched, some even secure from attack: the latter, with no incentive but suffering, and the fame of a remote ancestry; with the whole bulk and body of its oppressors, civil as well as military, stretched upon its prostrate limbs; without the union as without the resources of a nation; having all to overcome, all to learn, and all to create. Yet even with such comparative advantages, there is little doubt that Spain would have sunk if she had not been supported by an empire itself the rival and counterpoize of her invader. How then, we ask, can it be expected that the Greeks should replace themselves in the rank of independent states by any exclusive exertions of

of their own? It is true that there are some parts of Greece, some insulated spots, a mountain, or a valley, whose rude inhabitants, having inherited a memorial rather than a remnant of liberty, still cling to the inestimable relic with an ardour of attachment which, well diffused among their countrymen, might kindle into a flame, extinguishable perhaps, but only with the nation itself. Such was the spirit that animated the little clan of Sulium, and enabled it to hold out so long against the arts and arms of Ali Pasha; the same that has for ages glowed amongst the rocks of Maina, but with a savage and unsociable influence that, while it feeds the flame, obscures its brightness. The Turks, though they have not removed, are careful to prevent the expansion of this combustible principle. Their manner of dealing with it is similar to their policy respecting the Romaïc churches, allowing the old edifices to be kept up as long as time and chance will permit, but forbidding any new one to be erected even on the site of one accidentally destroyed. Poverty, and the unfrequency of communication, with its consequent train of prejudices and animosities, are ever at hand to assist and confirm the operations of Turkish jealousy. Even the heroic struggles of the Servians are, for the most part, regarded with indifference.*

Perhaps there is no point of resemblance on which the modern Greeks might, with greater confidence, risk the legitimacy of their descent, than the spirit of distinctiveness and rivalry that characterizes them no less than the ancient possessors of the country. To see the marked difference in appearance, manners, and disposition, between the inhabitant of Athens, and the native of the Morea, the Albanian, and the Greek of Constantinople, one might be tempted to believe that the laws of Solon and Lycurgus were still in force, or that Byzantium was even now a remote colony, surrounded by fierce unconnected tribes of barbarians. It would seem as if Providence had implanted a principle of disunion in the very nature of the country, and had imposed upon its inhabitants a perpetual obligation to flourish only in knots and detached associations. At all events, it is clear, that Greece has ever shone with brightest lustre when divided into a number of independent communities, and that, as an empire, or as part of an empire, she has always been feeble and inglorious. One, though not perhaps the only cause of this peculiarity, may be found in that restless activity of mind for which the Greeks, from the earliest times, have been remarkable. When separated into republics, the emulation of

* Since writing this passage, we have learnt that the province of Servia is totally subdued. The greater part of the Greek population has been butchered by the Turks, and the remnant with Czerni George at their head have taken refuge in the Austrian dominions.

neighbouring

neighbouring states, the desire entertained by each of being foremost in the arts of peace, as in the honours of war, afforded to all sufficient employment for that activity. But when the common freedom sunk beneath the ascendancy of one, and tyranny from within or from without spread alike over all, the same busy disposition, deprived of its usual objects, fastened upon food of a less wholesome and invigorating nature. The noble contentions of national virtue, and national glory, were transmitted to a degenerate posterity under other names, and unworthy shapes, till at last the soul of fire that once quickened and inspired the whole frame of Greece, could be traced only in the unmeaning faction of a dissipated populace, or in the vehemence of theological controversy. It may possibly be urged that the diversity observable among the Greeks is singular only in appearance, in as much as several nations, essentially distinct, are concealed by the uniformity of religion, in a country where religion is the chief distinction. But in answer to this it may be said, that the same diversity is clearly discernible among the inhabitants of Greece, in its old and strictest sense. The intervention of a mountain or a river, is often sufficient to make two distinct races. It is a curious fact that the commander of the Greek regiment lately raised in our service was obliged, for the sake of discipline, to form his men into companies according to the districts from which they came.

The Greeks being in themselves thus destitute, as it seems, of the quality most essential for a successful attempt against their tyrants, we must either abandon the prospect of their deliverance, as an empty, though pleasing dream, or seek some other foundation for our hopes. Such a foundation can be found only in the assistance of some foreign power, which may afford them time and scope for assembling such means as they possess, and serve to supply, what they most want, a general bond of union, whence their exertions may receive one common impulse and direction. Notwithstanding the obstacles which we have already mentioned, and which must always render the issue extremely doubtful, it is not difficult to conceive that at some well-chosen moment a general insurrection of the Greeks, thus aided and directed, might prevail. But still, to whatever degree it might relieve their sufferings, it is a question with us whether the triumph would advance them a single step towards independence. The contest, however glorious in its termination, would doubtless be long; nor would it fail to leave even the victorious party in a weak and exhausted condition. The moral energies of the people might, indeed, be exalted to the highest pitch by a conflict at once so arduous and so noble; but a wasted country, and a population miserably reduced, would be the certain attendants of their emancipation. Even now their numbers,

bers, when compared with the extent of territory over which they are scattered, are those of a sect rather than a nation; and the latter term is applied to them more as a title of courtesy, conceded to the memory of what they were, than as a name which properly belongs to their present situation. The remnant of the Musulman race, though completely overpowered, could hardly be turned to account. It is true that we have, within the limits of our own empire, to say nothing of the Crimea, a pretty convincing proof that submission to christian sway is not wholly incompatible with the pride of Mahometanism. But the subjects of the Grand Signior, especially the European Turks, are the haughtiest of the faithful; and so completely is the contempt of every thing Greek incorporated with their habits, that it is almost impossible to imagine how the meanest of them could ever endure a yoke in their estimation so perfectly hateful and ignominious. One might as easily picture the ancient warriors of Sparta crouching at the feet of the Helots, or the noble families of Rome receiving conditions from their rebellious servants, instead of driving them back into obedience with the lash. The probability is, and the whole question is one of mere probability, that the Turks would defend themselves with the obstinacy and confidence of men accustomed to be masters, and that, in case of being worsted, those who escaped the sword, would rather take refuge with their families in Asia, than remain on their native soil as bondsmen to their former slaves.

Under such circumstances, it is but reasonable to think, that the subversion of the Turkish empire would be to the Greeks a mere transition from one foreign dominion to another. Too feeble to stand alone, they must continue to lean upon the same protecting arm that had raised them from the dust, even if we suppose the protecting power so unusually disinterested as not of itself to seek a recompense for the toils and expenses of war in the possession of a country which more than any other has, in all ages, excited the cupidity of the powerful and the ambitious. The proportion of advantage accruing to them from the change would, of course, depend upon the temper and constitution of the government to which they would thus be transferred. One consequence may be anticipated. Their *nationality*, which has hitherto been preserved by the discordant unassimilating nature of their conquerors, upon coming into contact with customs and manners more suited to their own, and recommended to their adoption by recent events and superior civilization, would gradually melt away, and at last entirely lose its distinctive character.

Little more than a year ago we should not have hesitated to fix upon France as the power most likely, not only to undertake, but to succeed in undertaking, the conquest of Turkey. There is now scarcely

scarcely a doubt that Buonaparte intended, had he been successful in his invasion of Russia, to march his victorious troops at once from Moscow to Constantinople; and then, if ever, the enterprize would have been crowned with triumph. The credit of a mighty name resplendent with fresh achievements, Russia crippled and humiliated, the other states of the Continent among the instruments of usurpation, the Porte engaged in dragging its enfeebled frame out of an exhausting and dispiriting war, would, all together, have formed the most promising coincidence; and Buonaparte is not the man to have resisted the temptation. But Providence ordained it otherwise. Europe, in the course of a few months, has been relieved from the gathering darkness of twenty years; and France, so lately the object of dread, is destined, henceforward, to deprecate the vengeance of insulted nations, and to contract its proud desires and gigantic plans into the humbler labours of self-defence.

The immediate consequence of this reverse is obvious. The balance of power will again be something more than a name; and mankind gladly sinking into repose, the rights of independent states, for a time at least, will owe to the convenience of all that protection which would be claimed in vain from the justice of each. Turkey, in such a state of things, would naturally partake of the common security; and the Greeks alone would be insensible to the deliverance, as they have been to the dangers, of Europe. But if we carry on our views a little further, we may easily foresee a period when the necessity of agitation, or the satiety of repose, will give rise to fresh quarrels, and they in their turn to fresh convulsions. Here two events, the least unlikely of several improbabilities, occur to the imagination; viz. the partition of European Turkey by Russia, France, and Austria; and its conquest by Russia alone. The latter can only happen, we conceive, in the case of Russia attaining a preponderance equal to that which has so frequently, and at last so successfully, united the nations of Europe against France. The former might owe its birth to the same cause that has occasioned a similar catastrophe within our own recollection—one of the few crimes within that period not chargeable to the French. The leading powers of the Continent, each conscious of the same designs, and fearing to be anticipated by the superior boldness or activity of a rival, might deem it more prudent to secure a share of the spoil by severally dividing it, than to risk the loss of all by grudging or coveting too much. The law of self-preservation would easily supply a pretext for the compact of spoliation, and a combined attack would, of course, be the readiest way to execute a measure imposed by so sacred a law.

Of the two cases, as they affect the interests of England, it is clear

clear that the latter would be preferable, as being the least likely to derange the balance of power, her best and noblest safeguard; but with respect to conduct, both justice and policy seem to point out the same in either.

As long as the maxim of the Turkish government was perpetual war, it was undoubtedly the right and duty of Christians to combine for the expulsion or extirpation of their common enemy; nor was it without reason that the alliance between Francis and his contemporary Soliman was stigmatized as a reproach to Christendom. But the principles of the Porte are changed. No power is now less disposed to appeal to the sword. For centuries the princes of Europe have rivalled each other in courting the friendship of the Sultan; and the curtain which general consent has, at all times, closed around the Herculean infancy of empires, when once matured by establishment, can hardly be withheld, or rather withdrawn, from the unambitious successors of Mahomet. We are, perhaps, the more charitably disposed in this instance, as the severest inquisition of their rights would be attended with so little assurance of benefit to those who have most reason to lament their admission into Europe.

In a commercial point of view the Turkish empire may be regarded as a vast non-conducting barrier between the East and the West. On no part of the world has nature bestowed a more various profusion of marketable commodities; and never were the pride and indolence of man more successful in thwarting her bountiful intentions. To let in the light of heaven upon these hidden treasures, and to render them accessible to the daring industry of European commerce, however specious in the abstract, is an undertaking of too much risk to be permitted on such general grounds. Resources which, at present, sleep harmless beneath the shade of Turkish ignorance, might endanger our very existence when transferred to the hands of an active and aspiring enemy. Russia mistress of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and France in possession of the shores of the Adriatic and Archipelago, are objects which, even at a distance, cannot be contemplated by this country without some degree of apprehension.

But as all our endeavours to prevent those contingencies, endeavours, as it would seem, prescribed by interest no less than duty, may ultimately fail, it is fortunate that we are not altogether without the means of counteracting their effects. The islands of the Archipelago, and perhaps the Morea, are always within the reach of our fleets. And if the experiment was not made during our last war with Turkey, the omission can only be attributed to that generous system of maintaining the ancient order of things, which we have so rigidly pursued, in opposition to the destroying fury of the

the Revolution. Upon those islands, several of which are furnished with excellent harbours, and other naval resources, a maritime dominion, connected with the main empire by Malta and Gibraltar, and sufficient, perhaps, to counterpoize the new acquisitions of our rivals, might be securely established. One difficulty may be apprehended. The islands in their present state do not produce corn enough for their own consumption. But, besides that the possession of the Morea, which even now supplies the deficiency, and the improvement of the larger islands, would speedily remove that drawback, the advantages of the whole establishment, in the case supposed, would amply repay the expense, and the means would not be difficult, of provisioning it from without. There, as in the British isles, our position would secure us from attack, while our naval superiority would enable us to command the surrounding coasts. Half the commerce of Constantinople would be at our mercy, while so many points of connection with the neighbouring continents would not fail to open new and wider channels of trade to the activity of our merchants. The Greek, whose busy temper finds something congenial in the speculations of traffic, would naturally attach himself to the power most able to gratify his propensity, and to protect the fruits of his labour. The mildness of our laws, and the equity of our administration, would afford him the best atonement for the loss of national independence; and England would willingly surrender every feeling of commercial jealousy to the noble pleasure of promoting the welfare of men, to the example of whose ancestry she may be said to owe a portion of her own prosperity.

It is here, if any where, that the mind may amuse itself with an Utopia of Grecian regeneration, not realized in the possession of empire, but in the revival of literature, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, the improvement of the intellectual powers, and, perhaps, the restoration of the language. Where could such patriots as Coray, and those who, like him, aspire to raise a well-earned fame on the literary advancement of their country, find a home more adapted to their feelings, or more favourable to the progress of their labours? Where could the genius of Greece expect a more congenial element? An air so pure and elastic that to breathe it is a sensual enjoyment—the keen perception of freedom recently obtained—the energy of new institutions—the protection, example and encouragement of England, would not fail to inspire the human mind with unusual vigour and alacrity.

If any one part of Buonaparte's policy be more disgusting than another, it is the systematic suppression of every thing peculiar and characteristic. At his approach the customs of ages, the memorials of past times, the modifications of government and so-

ciety, even language itself, and all that constitutes a nation, must disappear. The laws of nature, it would seem, are not made for the pretended conqueror of the world. Wherever he turns the deluge of his dominion, the land, like the ocean, must present one plain unvaried surface.

In this, as in every other respect, we trust the conduct of England will ever display a contrast to his. How far it may be practicable, or expedient to lay a foundation for our future establishment in the Archipelago, by applying to the Ionian islands already in our possession such a system of government as would be suited to that establishment, whenever it might be required, we leave to the decision of higher authorities. Nor will we take upon ourselves to determine how far it may be possible to combine such a system of conciliation towards the Greeks as may be eventually useful to ourselves, with that line of policy towards the Porte which our present and prior interests demand. Much might be done by a judicious choice and distribution of our agents in the islands and maritime provinces of Turkey. In general, it may be remarked, that in proportion as England extends her communication, and strengthens her influence in the ill-connected parts of the Turkish empire, she will find herself able, in the decisive and inevitable moment, either to sustain the courage of the Porte, or to prevent the spoiler from engrossing the whole of his prey. This peculiar advantage she derives from the general loyalty of her principles, and the little inducement which she evidently has, either by nature or the genius of her government, to authorise any scheme of dismemberment.

With respect to the volume which has led to these cursory remarks, we have confined ourselves to a simple report of its plan and general contents, without going into any critical examination of its merits in point of execution. The fact is that we wish to give every possible encouragement to so meritorious a work, and feel inclined rather to trust to time and experience, for the correction of any errors that may appear in it, than to appeal for a more hazardous remedy to the severe hand of criticism. Its faults are the faults of youth, and we may confidently hope that a riper age will remove them. That it is only by a steady perseverance in pursuits of this sort that the Greeks can hope to arrive at their favourite object of political emancipation, is confirmed to us by the evidence of a traveller, whose remarks we have already had occasion to commend. 'Weak and untutored minds,' says Mr. Douglas,* 'are seldom able to support with steadiness the sudden glare of reason: the event of the French revolution may inform us that

* Essay on the modern Greeks, pp. 197, 198.

a gradual

a gradual progression is necessary, and the seeds of rational liberty will never prosper in a soil not prepared by proper cultivation to receive them. The Greeks have commenced, however, with moderation and wisdom; and if the wild fancies of politicians and enthusiasts do not hurry them out of the course in which they are advancing with cautious but accelerated steps, another age may witness the glorious period when the torch of knowledge shall conduct them to the enjoyment of happiness and freedom.

'Τὸν δι, πορὸν γενεᾷ θαυμαςὸν ὕμνον,
Ἐκ λειχίων ἀνάγει φάμαν παλαιὰν
Ἐυκλειῶν ἔργων· ἐν ὕπνῳ
Γὰρ πίσιν. ἀλλ' αἰνιγμορμένα
Χρῶτα λάμπει, Ευσφόρος θα,
πῖδς ὡς, ἄςροις ἐν αλλοις.'

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ART. VIII. *The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle. A Poem. In Five Cantos. Supposed to be written* by W—— S——, Esq. First American, from the Fourth Edinburgh Edition. 8vo. pp. 238. London; Cawthorn. 1814.

IT was to be expected that in the process of time an American wag should make his appearance. In a nation derived from so many fathers it has justly been matter of wonder that there should hitherto have existed so tame a uniformity, and that the composition of such various elements should produce the merest monotony of character that the world has yet seen. It is not our business to inquire into the cause of this phenomenon, or to trace why the thoughtless, dissolute, and turbulent of all nations should, in commingling, so neutralize one another that the result should be a people without wit or fancy. We will only observe that when the vulgar and illiterate lose the force of their animal spirits they become mere clods; and that the founders of American society brought to the composition of their nation few seeds of good taste, and no rudiments of liberal science.

As population thickens however, and intercourse spreads, the arts and manners of polished society must arise, and it may be safely prognosticated that America will in time produce poets, painters, and musicians.—But we must attend to the work before us.

An intelligent observer of our theory will have anticipated that the first effort of American wit would necessarily be a parody. Childhood is every where a parodist. America is all a parody, a mimicry of her parents; it is, however, the mimicry of a child

'tetchy and wayward in its infancy,' abandoned to bad nurses and educated in low habits.

The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle resembles the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' as small beer does champaign:—nor are the poetical powers of the parodist shamed by the soundness of his judgment. More than half the volume consists of notes, (under the name of Walter Scott,) giving, in a kind of tiresome drawl, rendered yet more oppressive by an affectation of smartness, a miserable detail of petty squabbles in huts and hamlets, of which neither the name nor the knowledge ever crossed the Atlantic. The story we can scarcely discover; the tendency is sufficiently clear—to calumniate the naval officers of Old England, and to libel its own countrymen of New England. The cause of hatred to Great Britain is obvious enough; the grounds of enmity to the New Englanders is the complimentary and, we believe, the just accusation of having approached more nearly than the other states to the feelings and manners of European society.

How the author contrives to combine his satires upon British naval officers and New-York innkeepers, we cannot (though we have read the poem with great diligence) presume to guess. The writer is, we perceive, very angry and very scurrilous; but we are not sufficiently versed in the scandal of American faction to be able to ascertain the objects of his individual attack. We only know that every Englishman is a '*Sir*,' or a '*Childe*,' and every American innkeeper a '*Lord*;' but what the humour of this liberality of titles is we have not discovered. When we do understand any of our author's lucky hits, 'we hold it very stuff o' the conscience' to set them forth. Our readers therefore have the satisfaction of learning, that Sir John Warren (whom, for his sake, we are glad to find an object of American dislike) is pleasantly denominated Sir Bolus. 'Marry why?' aye, *that* indeed is worth inquiring. The worthy admiral was, it seems, not only christened John, but *Borlase;* and by dropping *r*, and changing *ase* into *us*, we have the ingenious *logogriphic* title of *Sir Bolus!*

Admiral Cockburn's name likewise affords the author some elegant allusions, though he has not been able to fashion it into so humorous an appellative; but he intimates that a '*cock*' is a bird of spirit, and that there can be no '*burn*' without fire. *Childe Cockburn*, therefore, must have the fire of a hero and the spirit of a cock. This is admirable; but the author has yet a higher stroke of wit in store: a cock has a red comb, and fire which burns is red, and therefore Admiral Cockburn's prime personal ornament must be a '*huge fiery-red nose.*' This is a theme of unbounded pleasantry throughout the poem, and as it is really the best joke of all, it would be unjust not to say that we ourselves have seen Admiral Cockburn,

and

and are enabled to assever that the 'huge fiery nose' is an invention, of which the whole credit belongs to our American genius. His own modesty, indeed, leads him to intimate that he borrowed the idea from Sir J. Falstaffe, who calls Bardolph 'Admiral' because 'he carries the lanthorn in the poop;' but we cannot permit him so to undervalue his talents.

There is, however, one of Sir John's commentaries on the nose of his friend of which he might have made use. 'Sblood,' says Bardolph, when he could no longer bear the knight's sarcasms—'I wish my nose were in your belly.'—'God 'a mercy!' replies Sir John, 'so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.'—We quote this for the sake of observing, that there occurred a practical joke 'germain to this matter;' for this fiery-nosed Cockburn, we are assured, got into 'the very bowels of the land;' in consequence of which, the town of Havre-de-Grace and some others were destroyed, not by a metaphorical, but a real and bona fide conflagration. On this subject our parodist is very indignant; and totally forgetting who first invaded their neighbour's territory, he puts into the mouth of an old woman the following *tirade* against the outrageous determination of Great Britain to go to war with America, who had already—gone to war with her.

'As tottering near the smoking heap
The houseless matron bends to weep,
Methinks I hear her sighing say,
As turning in despair away:
" Are these the gallant tars, so long
The burthen of their country's song?
These they, whose far resounding name
Fills the obstreperous trump of Fame?
Who lord it o'er the subject wave,
And France and all her prowess brave?
These, the great " bulwark" to oppose
Peace and Religion's deadly foes?
These, who are destin'd to restore
Repose to Europe's harass'd shore?
God help the while! if such they be,
What glorious times we soon shall see

" If such they be—God help the while!
Where send the peaceful sons of toil,
Who take no part in that fell strife
Which in ambition's land is rife,
But harmless trade industrious ply,
Nor trouble aught beneath the sky—
To what lone scene must they retire
To 'scape the Briton's wrathful fire?
Where shall the matron refuge seek?
The infant that can hardly speak?

Where the bed-ridden and the old
Retire from reach of Briton bold?
Who comes in pious christian ire
To purify the earth by fire;
Who labours for the world's repose
By heaping up a world of woes;
Who points our hopes to realms of bliss,
By making us heart-sick of this;
And thus, as farmer Caleb saith,
ACTS AS THE "BULWARK OF OUR FAITH."'—p. 118, &c.

This passage affords a fair specimen of the author's powers: it is the peroration of his poem, written with peculiar care, and for poetry, pleasantry, satire, good sense, and good logic, equals, if it does not surpass, any other that we could select. The old lady, however, might, we think, have been more fairly made to complain, that it was Mr. Madison's invasion of Canada which doomed to destruction her distant cottage, and that a spark from the fire which the Americans lighted on the shores of Ontario, spread the conflagration to the banks of the Chesapeake.

Bad reasoning we can equally forgive in an American old woman and an American poet; but when that poet turns statesman in his notes, we think we have a right to expect some distant respect for common sense. To this couplet

'And universal patriots grown,
Feast for all victories but their own.'

he subjoins the following note.

'Mr. S—— is supposed here to allude to the following resolution, which was put by Mr. Quincy, in the senate of Massachusetts, and agreed to.

'"Resolved, as the sense of the senate of Massachusetts, that in a war like the present, waged without justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner that indicates that conquest and ambition are its real motives, it is not becoming *a moral and religious people* to express their approbation of military or naval exploits, which are not immediately connected with the defence of our sea-coast and soil."

'It is somewhat remarkable, that the very same individuals, who thus thought it unbecoming "a moral and religious people" to rejoice in the victories of their country, feasted most lustily for the Russian victories.'—p. 218.

By this admirable piece of ratiocination the author thinks he proves that those who deemed it unbecoming a moral and religious people to wage unjustifiable war, or to express approbation of exploits prompted by a spirit of conquest and ambition, must *therefore* think it unbecoming to rejoice for the ill success of unjustifiable war, and for the successful defence of native and national independence.

Our

Our readers are tired of this stuff, and so are we. We have waded through the text with weariness, and through the notes with contempt for the author's powers, and indignation at his principles: he is the libeller of every thing in America that is not mean and wicked; and we regret that we cannot ascertain distinctly the objects of his abuse, as we should be satisfied by this evidence, that they were worthy men and good citizens.

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ART. IX. 1. *Resolutions of a General Meeting of the Committee of Ship-Owners for the Port of London, held the 9th April,* 1812.

2. *Various Returns of Thames and Indian-built Shipping, Prize-Ships, &c.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed in the Session 1813.

WE anticipated the extension of a few months which has been given by parliament to the indulgence of admitting Indian-built ships to a registry in Great Britain, in order to allow time for fixing finally, in the present session, the future fate of those ships. Meanwhile the London ship-builders have not been idle. By the circulation of papers among the members of the House of Commons, by tavern resolutions, and by various other means which wealth can command, they have endeavoured to excite alarm, and to prejudice the public against building ships in our Indian territories, or admitting those already built to any share of the commerce of the United Kingdom. We have heard, with very sincere regret, that some of those to whom commerce owes many benefits, are about to become advocates for this exclusion; for we are persuaded that this measure, if carried into effect, will give to one of its most valuable branches, a cruel, perhaps a mortal blow. Be this as it may, we would entreat a moment's attention to a brief and plain statement of the question at issue.

It will hardly be denied, we conceive, that all Indian-built ships (but we shall at present confine our observations chiefly to those built at Bombay) are entitled to all the rights and privileges of British-built ships, without further interference of the legislature. The principle of our navigation laws, as set forth in the 12th Charles II. chap. 18, and 7th and 8th William III. chap. 22, extends certain rights and privileges to ships built in Great Britain, or in lands, islands, colonies, plantations or territories belonging to his Majesty, or in his possession; and grants to foreign nations the right of importing the produce of their respective territories into Great Britain

in their own ships: a subsequent act (26th Geo. III, chap. 69,) specifies the terms on which such ships may be *registered*.

In the 12th Charles II, our eastern possessions were confined to Bantam, Amboyna, and a few factories on the continent of India; those in America were in their infancy, and peopled chiefly with men not well affected to the restoration of the monarchy; yet still it was deemed but just to secure to them, in this act, the rights of fellow-subjects.

In the reign of William III, when the navigation act was amended, we had acquired from the crown of Portugal the island of Bombay, which was then, as it still is, held by the East India Company immediately of the crown, *as part of the manor of East Greenwich in the county of Kent*, on the payment of £10 per annum, in gold, which sum continues to be regularly so paid. Ships built at Bombay, therefore, are indisputably entitled by law to all the rights and privileges which attach to ships launched from the banks of the Thames, whether at East Greenwich in the county of Kent, or Blackwall in the county of Middlesex. But these rights are not confined to Bombay; as all the provinces and islands since obtained in India, whether by cession or conquest, are included in the description of 'territories belonging to or in his Majesty's possession.' These were in fact expressly declared to be so, in the act of last session, which granted them to the East India Company for a limited time, (a twenty years lease,) to be held without prejudice to the undoubted sovereignty of the crown of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and we think it will hardly be contended that the British born subjects resident in those territories were meant to be included in that lease, and turned over like the serfs on a Russian estate, or the live-stock on one of our farms. On the contrary, with these facts before us, we shall be borne out in asserting that the native inhabitants of those territories have thus become our fellow-subjects, acknowledging the same sovereign, protected and governed by the same parliament, and submitting to the same laws, except in those cases where parliament has thought it wise and just to leave them subject to their own actions, laws and customs. Those laws are administered in the principal settlements by British courts of justice, under judges appointed by the King; the revenues of the country are applied to defray the charges of those courts, and the defence of the country, under the management of the East India Company and the controul of parliament for a limited time, when the surplus revenue, if any, will be accounted for with the British government.

It is not indeed denied that, under the navigation acts of Charles and William, India-built ships have the right of importing into this country the produce and manufactures of the country in which they were actually built; but by an omission in the act of 26th Geo. III, chap.

chap. 69, which regulates the registry of ships, or rather we should say by a quibble in the interpretation of this act, they are debarred from the enjoyment of those privileges which were unquestionably intended to them in common with those granted to other foreign possessions of his Majesty. By this act it is provided that the governors and principal officers of his Majesty's revenues or customs, in places abroad, should register and grant the certificates of registry; but as the governors and principal officers of customs in India are under the East India Company and not officers of the crown, and therefore not described in the register act, such certificates have been withheld. To us, at least, this appears to be somewhat absurd. These governors *must* be approved by the king, and *may* be recalled by him; and the officers of the customs are remotely officers of the British revenue, the surplus revenues being applicable to the state after certain expenses have been discharged. These opinions are not merely ours, they are those of our ablest statesmen:—of the late Mr. Pitt, Lord Melville and Lord Dartmouth; the Marquis of Wellesley and Lord Grenville.

Let us examine the grounds then on which the ship-builders or, which is nearly the same thing, the ship-owners, of the port of London, petition parliament, 'that in future East India-built ships may be prohibited by statute from being admitted to registry, and to the privileges of British-built ships.' We shall find them all set forth in the Resolutions of their committee of the 9th April, 1812.

In the first of these Resolutions it is stated, that while they contemplate the advantages which they expect to reap by a free intercourse with India, they look with the 'utmost alarm to the dangerous and destructive consequences from the great influx of East India-built ships.' From this dreadful shock it might be supposed that whole fleets of these 'black-ships' had been introduced into the general trade of the nation. Among the Returns laid before the House of Commons the last session, is one of all the ships built in India and admitted to registry from 1st January, 1794, to 5th April, 1813; from which it appears that the total number is 76, and the measurement 48,438 tons.

Of these ships

| | | Tons. |
|---|---|---|
| 16 | are now employed by the East India Company, trading with the country in which they were built,—their measurement . . . . . | 12,928 |
| 34 | have been taken, burnt, lost, or worn out . . | 20,438 |
| 11 | are now in India . . . . . | 8,234 |
| 1 | in his Majesty's service . . . . . | 886 |
| 14 | unaccounted for, being small ships, and supposed to have been sold in England . . . | 5,952 |
| 76 | Ships . . . . . | 48,438 |

It

It appears from this authentic document, that in a period of 19 years, the ' great influx of India-built ships' consists of 14, measuring 5952 tons; these and no more have been sold into the general trade of the country; and eleven only, or 8234 tons, remain in the hands of the owners, employed generally in the country trade in India, and sometimes bringing home cargoes the produce of that country, which they have a right to do under the most unfavourable construction that can be put on the navigation laws: yet building ships in India for sale in this country, is represented as a serious grievance to the Thames ship-builder!

From another return laid before the House of the number of ships, not Indiamen, launched in the Thames from the year 1770 to the end of 1812, it appears that the total number was 913, of which 848 were of less burthen than 350 tons each, and consequently under the size of those which, by the new charter, are permitted to bring cargoes from India. With these 848 therefore, India-built ships cannot be brought into competition; and their only interference with the Thames builders would be in the remaining 65 ships, which in 27 years is on an average 2 ships and $\frac{11}{27}$ per year.

A third return consists of the ships launched in the river Thames for the service of the East India Company, from 1770 to 1812. From this return we collect the following statement:—that in 24 years previous to the period when complaint was first made of India-built ships being admitted to a registry, namely, from 1770 to 1793 inclusive, 132 ships were built, measuring 112,156 tons; and that in the 19 succeeding years (from 1794 to 1812 inclusive) 99 ships were launched, measuring 98,794 tons; the former period giving an average of $5\frac{1}{2}$ ships, measuring 4672 tons a year; the latter $5\frac{4}{10}$ ships, or 5194 tons a year. The conclusion to be drawn is obvious: that the clamour raised about the decrease of ship-building on the Thames is unfounded,—since it results from the above statement that although the decrease in number is *one-fourth* of a ship per year, there is an actual increase of tonnage equal to 522 tons a year, which arises from the Company employing a larger class of ships than formerly.

But we have yet a return to produce which the ship-builders on the Thames will contemplate perhaps with no peculiar pleasure. It is that made to the House of the number of prize-ships, with their tonnage, admitted to registry, and which were in existence and actually belonging to the British empire on the 30th of September in every year from 1792 to 1812. On the 30th of September, 1811, this number was 4,023 ships, measuring 536,240 tons; and on the 30th of September, 1812, 3,809 ships, measuring 513,044 tons. Now the smallest of these numbers exceeds four times the number of vessels built on the Thames for the merchant service,

service, (exclusive of Indiamen,) in a period of twenty-seven years, and is equal to the average building for a whole century. This is, indeed, an interference with the employment and profits of the British ship-builders. The fourteen India-built ships, of 5952 tons, brought into the general trade in nineteen years, and which have created such alarm, compared with these prize ships, dwindle into nothing. We might ask how it happens that all mention of them has been avoided in the 'Resolutions?' It was not quite convenient perhaps to bring forward the question of right of these prize-ships to registry, because it involved another question of policy, which affected the interests of our brave seamen, and which would be universally scouted. The committee chose rather, therefore, to direct their attack against an object not worth their notice—the fourteen ships in preference to the 4,000—though they could not be ignorant that the former were brought into the market by a few private traders, whose distant residence might not always allow them the opportunity of asserting their rights.

The third Resolution embraces matter of which a great part seems rather beyond the sphere of a ship-builder. It states,

'That the consequences of continuing to admit ships built in India, which are navigated by natives of that country, to a participation in this trade, will prove ruinous to the various classes of the people interested and employed in the building, repairing, and equipment of British-built ships; thus sacrificing great national interests and establishments to support one of dubious utility, and of unquestionable danger in the East Indies, where the most confident politician cannot be secure that at no distant period it will not be made a powerful engine of annoyance to the mother country, which so imprudently admitted its establishment and since has raised it to its present dangerous state.'

If there were really any grounds for apprehending that the India-built shipping would materially affect the general interests of the ship-builders, and the employment of British ships, we should be the last to recommend a measure of such pernicious tendency; but when we consider that there has been a demand for 500,000 tons of prize ships for the general commerce of the country, a supply which, on the return of peace, must wholly cease; that these prize ships are some old, others ill built, and all of them fast wearing out; and that the ships now employed as transports are pretty much in the same predicament, we greatly doubt whether the Thames builders will be able to supply the demand for ships below the tonnage permitted by the new charter to double the Cape of Good Hope. Above that tonnage, the fewer they construct the better. We have long been of opinion that the Directors of the East India Company would best consult the interests of their constituents, and, what is of more importance, the general interest of the

the nation, by engaging no other ships in their employ than those of teak built in India. Notwithstanding the boasted superiority of the Thames ship-building, we can venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that the best of them fall short, both in materials and workmanship, of a Bombay-built ship. The builders of that place require no instruction from us, the giving of which is set down, ignorantly enough, as one of the measures of 'dubious policy.' On the coast of Malabar ship-building was known and practised ages before a ship was seen in the ports of this country; at a time when, to use the words of one of their anonymous advocates, 'our fighting ships were fly-boats, and our merchantmen cockle-shells; and when a mariner, who had the hardihood to venture out of sight of land, was deemed a hero of the first class.' Ten centuries ago we know, and ten centuries before that, we believe, that ships built on the Malabar coast not only navigated the Persian and Arabian gulphs, but proceeded as far as Canton, among the rocks and shoals, and subject to the tremendous typhons, of the China sea, so fatal to many of our Thames-built ships. We can also assure the British builders, that whatever improvements may have been made by means of the arts and sciences in Europe, they have not been neglected by the artificers of India. The native builders of Bombay may boast of having constructed ships which excel, not only in good and substantial workmanship and durability, but also in neatness, any that have yet been constructed in the ports of this kingdom.

It is almost needless to say that the teak timber is peculiarly adapted for ship-building; that its durability exceeds that of the best oak; that it requires little seasoning and never shrinks; that it does not splinter when struck with shot; that it bears exposure to the heat of the torrid zone, and to the cold of the frozen ocean, without injury; and is, therefore, perhaps the only timber in the world that can stand the changes of climate to which ships are subject when employed on long and distant voyages. But what renders it more peculiarly adapted for ship-building is its quality of preserving iron in consequence of its containing a considerable quantity of oil and no ligneous acid. Every body who has been in India knows this perfectly well. Yet the Thames builders attempt to set aside these well-known facts; they have discovered that iron bolts will rust in teak ships. We have seen some of those bolts so rusted, and the very manner in which they are corroded in regular channels through the whole length, makes it sufficiently obvious that they had originally been ill-driven, and that the corrosion was occasioned, not by the action of the wood upon the iron, but of the salt water which had insinuated itself along the whole length of the bolt.

We

We proceed to the proofs of the superiority of India-built ships over those launched on the Thames. The East India Company, before the renewal of their charter in 1793, had almost entirely confined themselves to the employment of ships built in the river; and it was then boasted that, in the memory of the oldest seaman, not one of their ships had been known to founder at sea. A melancholy change, however, has taken place in this respect. Within the present century (1800,) our recollection furnishes us with the following list of Thames-built ships that have actually foundered at sea without (excepting in one case) a single soul, out of at least 2,000 persons, being saved.

| Name. | Built. | Tons. | Foundered. |
|---|---|---|---|
| True Briton . . . . | 1790 | 1200 | 1809 |
| Earl Talbot . . . . | 1796 | 1200 | 1800 |
| Ganges . . . . . | 1797 | 1500 | 1807 crew saved. |
| Calcutta . . . . . | —— | 800 | 1809 |
| Jane, Duchess of Gordon | 1804 | 800 | 1809 |
| Bengal . . . . . | 1799 | 800 | 1809 |
| Lady Jane Dundas . . | 1800 | 800 | 1809 |
| Experiment . . . . | 1802 | 500 | 1808 |
| Lord Nelson . . . . | 1799 | 800 | 1808 |
| Skelton Castle . . . | —— | 600 | 1800 |
| Ocean . . . . . | 1802 | 1200 | 1810 |
| Prince of Wales . . | 1803 | 800 | 1805 |

We can venture to assert that, with one solitary exception, *there is no instance on record of a Bombay-built teak merchant-ship having foundered at sea;* and the ship which furnishes the exception struck on the second bar in the river of Canton when deeply laden, proceeded, without examination, on her voyage, and is supposed to have gone down.

If such weak and defective ships are constructed for commerce by the Thames builders, how much more unfit are their boasted establishments to build ships for the navy! We have already exhibited a few specimens of those mercantile men of war on home service: let us now see what figure they have made in the Indian seas. The Victorious* and Arrogant† were sent to India in 1796. After undergoing expensive repairs, the Victorious, in 1802, was sent home as unfit for further service; she had fine weather until her arrival in the chops of the Channel, when a slight gale compelled her to bear up for Lisbon, where she was condemned. The Arrogant, in the same year, in her passage from the Malay islands to Bombay, was obliged, in the finest weather, to keep all her pumps constantly going; and being found, on survey, incapable of being

* Built on the Thames. † Built at Harwich.

repaired

repaired to make her sea-worthy, was reduced to a sheer hulk in Bombay harbour.

Two other new ships of the line, the Sceptre* and Albion,† were sent to India in 1803. In three years both these ships were unfit for service. Though they never encountered bad weather, nor were ever engaged with the enemy, they were actually found, on survey, in so weak and leaky a state, that the admiral on the station was blamed for risking the lives of their crews on a passage home: having fine weather they arrived safely, and were paid off; their defects being such as to require from £30,000 to £40,000 to make them good.

The superior quality and abundance of the teak timber of India, and the naval establishments in that country, are available resources for keeping up our naval strength far too valuable to be held of 'dubious utility.' The supply which the forests of India yield, if not made use of in ship-building, must, like many other resources of India, be lost to the nation. It is rather too much, we think, that in the event (which the advocates of the Thames ship-builders seem rather complacently to contemplate) of India passing into the hands of our enemies, it should be recommended to us to leave, to whatever nation may gain possession of it, those advantages which we had neglected; whilst, with the composure of an Indian Brahmin, we witnessed an improvident consumption of our own oak, till we found ourselves without resources for continuing the contest, and in danger of falling from that pre-eminent station which alone can ensure the salvation of the empire.

At present, however, in spite of their forebodings of 'unquestionable danger in the East Indies,' we feel no alarm in that quarter; but, looking foward to another maritime war, it is by no means unlikely that the first blow may be struck in our most distant possessions. At any rate a fleet must be sent to India. If the dock-yards there should be suffered to go to decay, where are the damages of that fleet to be repaired? Will the Sceptres and the Albions and the Arrogants maintain our naval superiority in those seas, even with the help of Indian dock-yards? But these establishments cannot be kept up if native ship-builders be discouraged; and our navy will thus be deprived of those important advantages which it has hitherto enjoyed. Encouragement to artificers to enter into any new line or profession is the more necessary in India, in consequence of the prejudices of the natives, who consider it as a general, though not an indispensable rule, that the son should follow the profession of the father.

* Built on the Thames by Dudman, 1803.
† Built on the Thames by Perry and Co. in 1802.

In a commercial point of view, the advantages of admitting teak ships to a registry are obvious. They are allowed, even by the Thames builders, to be strong and durable, and being so, it must also be allowed that the lives of seamen are more secure in them than in ships more liable to decay, and that they are best fitted for the conveyance of valuable merchandize on long voyages. At present we enjoy nearly the commerce of the whole world; but the time is at hand when we must engage in competition with foreign nations. Such ships, therefore, will then be forced into the trade of our rivals, if excluded from our own, and will thus give to them a decided advantage over us in a point of the first consequence to our success.

It is impossible to say what events are hatching in the womb of time, or what may be the future destiny of India; but if any just apprehension could be entertained of a separation from this country, it ought to operate as an additional motive for us to take advantage of the possession we now have, and to apply its resources to our ultimate benefit, by making use of its valuable timber at a time when we have little of our own; and by thus supplying ourselves with durable ships for the use of war and commerce, husband our domestic resources against a time of need.

The naval department, convinced of the policy of such a measure, and that the 'utility' is not 'dubious,' is very properly availing itself of the supplies which the coast of Malabar affords for adding to the naval strength of the kingdom. Against this measure also the Thames builders are raising an indirect clamour. A brief sketch of India ship-building may enable us to judge of the extent of the 'interference' which has called it forth.

The merchant-ships that have been built at Bombay in the last thirty years amount to about thirty, or, on an average, one a year; and, let the demand be ever so great for merchant-ships, it has not the means, nor the conveniences for constructing more than two ships a year, there being only two building slips; and it is doubtful whether more could be provided without an enormous expense. The dry docks are the great object in this port, but they are reserved for the purpose of repairing Indiamen, or building and repairing ships for the navy. The quantity of merchant-ships, therefore, which Bombay could furnish, can scarcely justify so great an outcry, though the quality of them may, in some measure; as not one built within the last thirty years is yet worn out, or likely to be so for as many years to come. The builders are natives of India, and servants of the East India Company, from whom they receive a regular but small stipend for superintending the building and repairs of the King's and Company's ships, and also a compensation from individuals for the building

and

and repairs of their ships. All these works are carried on within the Company's dock-yards. For permission to build private ships the proprietors pay to the Company ten rupees or 25s. per ton; the workmen are hired, paid, and victualled by the proprietors at certain rates per day (subject to be called off, whenever required, for building or repairing the King's or Company's ships). The quantity of work performed by an Indian shipwright is not one-fourth of what an English shipwright can do, but it is carefully and skilfully done, under the inspection of the master builders, and their assistants. The timber and all other materials are also provided by the owner, who takes care that the first be of sufficient scantling and fit for the purposes to which it is applied, and that the ship be well constructed throughout before she is launched.

In Bengal the system is different. On the river Hoogly, as on the Thames, building yards have been constructed by individuals, where ships are built on contract or for sale, and teak of an inferior quality and other kinds of timber less durable are introduced. These ships, though excellent, are, of course, not held in such estimation as the Bombay-built ships.

If the same precautions were observed in the construction of Thames-built ships, we should no longer hear such complaints against them. There was a time when these ships were held in estimation; but the builders were then regularly brought up to the business, resided in their building yards, superintended the work themselves, and took care to have a certain stock of timber on hand. Content with moderate gains, and emulous of acquiring and preserving an estimable character, they inspected minutely every part of the machine. Many of them gradually accumulated wealth; and their success stimulated others of larger capital, but unacquainted with the business, to embark in these concerns. The wealth, power, and influence of these new men have driven the old builders out of the market. The building of a ship is now done by task and job; the superintendance of the work is left to the hired builder; who, being interested only so far as to get the ship out of hand, follows the example of his employer, and indulges in ease and relaxation. The same principle extends downwards to the youngest apprentice; the workmanship is slovenly performed, and the ship is shaken to pieces or founders in the first hard gale of wind. But the materials are generally as bad as the workmanship. They contract to build ships while the timber is still growing in the forest. We verily believe that when the ten 74-gun ships were contracted for in 1805, there was not sufficient timber in the whole of the private yards to complete a single ship.

Apprehensions are expressed by the builders that the admission of India-built ships will occasion the emigration of our shipwrights to

to foreign countries. This would indeed be 'ruinous;' but we have shewn that their interference has yet had no such effect—what it may have will probably depend on themselves: let their ships be built with proper care, and increased employment will be found for this valuable class of men; nor would the builders themselves suffer by a judicious application of this additional labour, as the value of their ships would be greatly enhanced: let them also be contented with prices less than those of which the extravagance is said to have driven the East India Company and the merchants of London to build ships at the out-ports of the kingdom.

After all, this dreaded emigration of shipwrights is a bugbear. It appears from 'the Report of the Committee on the Apprentice Laws,' presented to the House of Commons the 5th of May, 1813, that a great number of the artificers employed in the Thames' yards are *not* shipwrights, or such as have served an apprenticeship to that trade. The modern builder, it seems, prefers taking men who can handle an axe, an adze, or an augre, whether millwright, wheelwright, house-carpenter, or joiner, on the pressure of the moment, to bringing up regular apprentices to the trade; so that there may be some truth in the assertion of the builders that there are not now one-half the apprentices which there used to be formerly. These auxiliary workmen being the least useful, will, of course, be the first discharged; but it will not by any means follow that such discharge will occasion the emigration of either description: the real shipwright will have more employ and encouragement, and the discharged artificers will revert to those branches of carpentry in which they were originally brought up. And to what country, we would ask the Thames builders, will they emigrate? Not to America, for there they have more shipwrights than can find employment; not to France, because there they have already twice the number of ships they can man.

On the whole, we are confident that a recurrence to the old system would afford far greater relief and encouragement to the real shipwright than any arbitrary exclusion of a few 'black ships' from those rights to which they are unquestionably entitled. It is satisfactory however to learn, from the document we allude to, that in times of emergency the aid of various descriptions of carpenters can at once be brought into action with effect, and that every man who can handle a tool may be employed under the superintendance of those more immediately acquainted with ship-building. This is not the case in India; ages would there be required to restore a ruined establishment.

The next Resolution objects to the India-built ships on the ground of their being exempt from contributions to the revenue to which British-built ships are subject. This is surely a gratuitous

assertion. The timber and petty stores used in ship-building are subject to customs or duties in India in *addition* to those to which the builders in this country are subject. On the articles sent from this country, which include nearly all the necessaries for ship-building, the same duties are paid as by the Thames builders; added to which, the India builders have to pay the customs outward imposed on them by parliament, and the customs on importation into India, besides the freight, insurance, damage, &c. We cannot therefore but think the advocate of the Thames builders somewhat injudicious in adverting to the subject of their exclusive and 'large contributions to the revenue.'

One of the most ingenious of these advocates, who signs himself 'Alfred,' has endeavoured to create an alarm among the 'numerous classes of the king's subjects whose trades are dependent on the equipment and employment of British-built shipping.' Mines, manufactures, colonies, agriculture, are all piled together with their several dependencies in a kind of structure resembling 'the House that Jack built,' beginning with the ship-builder 'all forlorn,' and proceeding, by a beautiful gradation, from the grower of oak timber to the vender of birch-brooms, from the anchorsmith to the pinmaker, and from the Baltic merchant to the retailer of old rope and oakum, all marshalled in aid of the ship-builder, 'who derives his knowledge from the arts and sciences!' It happens, however, unfortunately that, with the exception of timber, brooms, tallow, and candlewicks, the whole of the articles thus laboriously brought together, are sent out from this country (mostly in a manufactured state) for the use of the ship-builders of India; and generally in Thames-built ships. But such is the inconsistency of men who seek to make 'the worse appear the better reason,' that another of these advocates adduces the loss of the Java frigate, (which had on board the materials for fastening the Wellesley,) as an instance of the impropriety of building ships in India, from the liability to accident of those articles which are indispensably necessary in their construction, and which *must* be sent from Europe!

A third attempts to raise an alarm by telling us that India produces in abundance iron, copper, steel, lead, tin, and tar, cheap and excellent hemp, beef and pork, &c. It is certainly true that, in the interior, iron is made, but of so bad a quality as to be unfit for a hinge, much more for the bolts and fastenings of a ship. The East India Company send out annually many thousand tons of iron, and have this year exported upwards of 4,000 tons, in addition to what is carried out by individuals. It is also true that they make steel, but in small quantities, and at a most exorbitant price: we are not aware that this article is much used in ship-building. It is not true, however, that copper is the produce of India. A supply of

it

it is occasionally received from the mines of Diabeker, but the Indians have no means of converting it to the purposes of ship-building, for which the whole consumption is sent out from England in a manufactured state. Neither is it true that they possess either lead or tar. Tin is the produce of the Malay islands; but in whatever shape it is used in India it comes in that shape from England. Hemp indeed they have; and plenty of beef and pork, neither of which, however, they have yet been able to cure so as to keep at sea. Could this be done, we may be permitted to doubt whether the ship-owners and ship-builders of the Thames would be proof against the advantages of laying in their beef and pork in India, instead of lumbering their ships (as they now do) with these articles, not only for the homeward-bound voyage, but also to sell there for the use of India-built ships bound for Europe.

The fifth Resolution asserts that the employment of India-built ships will annihilate the principal market for British timber, discourage its cultivation, and render the supply of his Majesty's navy more precarious. This resolution involves a strange contradiction, on their own premises. The more timber there is consumed in building short-lived ships in the Thames, the sooner will the stock be annihilated, and, by the extravagant prices occasioned by scarcity, the more will the cultivation of it be encouraged; and on the contrary, the less timber there is consumed in the construction of merchant ships, the more will remain for the use of the navy.

The species of timber used for large Indiamen, is precisely that which, if left to grow some forty or fifty years longer, would be fit for line-of-battle ships; and therefore the surest step for preventing a supply of timber for his Majesty's navy becoming 'precarious,' would be that of restricting the building of large Indiamen in England, and resorting to our Indian territories, for as many of them as the limited means of that country will furnish. If, as the Thames builders assert, there is abundance of good native oak, which does not meet with a ready sale, the cheapness of it must give them so decided an advantage, as to drive India-built ships from all competition with theirs; if, on the other hand, there is a scarcity, with what justice can they object to a supply of shipping from our own territories, where it may be had in great abundance and of the first quality?

If there be no scarcity now, there certainly was none in 1805, when the state of the navy made it necessary to contract with the merchants for ten sail of the line. Since that time the consumption of oak timber has been prodigious; we may safely venture to state it at three million loads, (we believe it to be nearer six;) yet these very persons, before any part of this enormous consumption

took place, on the ground of an alleged scarcity, advanced the price of building from £24 10s.* to £36 per ton, being a rise of £47 per cent. or £20,700 on every 74-gun ship of the ordinary size. As tradesmen they may, for aught we know to the contrary, claim the right of taking advantage of the state of the market; but, having made a good bargain with the public, it is not very decorous to turn short round on their customers and tell them, after completing no less than forty-two sail of the line at the advanced price, that the idea of a scarcity is ridiculous, and that the introduction of fourteen India-built ships into the general commerce of the country in the course of nineteen years, is likely to 'annihilate the principal market for British timber.'

The advocates for the Thames builders adduce neither proof nor argument against the alleged scarcity of oak timber. What however they seem to consider as equivalent to both, is a statement of the secretary of the admiralty, in the House of Commons, of there being three years consumption of oak timber in the dock-yards:—just before, the member for Westminster had asserted that in one of the principal of them there was not enough to build a 74-gun ship. We mean not to question the correctness of either of these statements,—there may be as *many loads* of all kinds of timber as are required for three years consumption, but not as much of that particular kind as would complete a single line-of-battle ship, without having recourse to the expedients mentioned in a former article (to make small timber available where large was once considered indispensable.) But these advocates either do not or will not understand the difference between the consumption of the *dock yards* and the consumption of the *navy*,—the former having, of late years, been only about one half of the latter.

The sixth and last Resolution seems to have very little connection with the subject of ship-building. It is, in fact, a sop thrown out to those directors of the East India Company who are affected with the dread of colonization. The admission of a few black ships will 'estrange (they say) the affections of the parties engaged in it from the mother-country, make India the commencement and termination of their voyages, and render more equivocal and precarious the continuance of British influence and British power in that quarter of the globe;'—how it will produce these effects they do not condescend to tell us. Whether the ship of a merchant in India be English or India-built, her voyage will naturally commence where the owner resides; if in India, she returns there, and the owner, being on the spot, is better able to form a judgment of what will answer for the return voyage, than an owner residing in England,

* The Victorious was contracted for at 24*l.* 10*s.* in December, 1803;—a little more than twelve months afterwards, ten ships of the line were contracted for at 36*l.* per ton.

who

who would look entirely to the merchandize required for the homeward voyage. The merchant in this country has the advantage of knowing what produce of India is most likely to be profitable for him to import, whilst the merchant in India has a similar advantage in the return cargo. The nation has therefore an equal interest in both—one is calculated to supply the wants, the other to take off the surplus of the United Kingdom.

With all the difficulties which have hitherto opposed the remittances of fortunes made in India, we do not find that the affections of the parties engaged in the Indian trade have been 'estranged from the mother-country.' However unwilling men may be to leave the place where the bulk of their property is situated, the natives of Great Britain ultimately return to the country where they first drew breath.

In conclusion, it is paying an ill compliment to the good sense of the nation to hold forth, as the shipping interest pretend to do, 'the advantages likely to ensue from a free intercourse with the countries to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope,' and, in the same breath, to apply to the legislature to impose restraints and arbitrary laws on a class of His Majesty's subjects entitled by their birth-right to the same privileges as themselves, and without whom the 'advantages to be derived from a free trade' would be confined to a few London merchants, ship-builders, and ship-owners, frequently united in the same persons. Whether we view the subject as a matter of right or of expediency, we cannot but conceive that the builders and owners of India-built ships have a just and legal claim to participate in the commerce of the United Kingdom —a claim which, instead of being narrowed, ought, by all possible means, to be encouraged and enlarged, on the ground of carrying on a valuable branch of commerce in the best ships that are procurable, and thus giving to the British merchant an advantage over rival nations, into whose hands those ships and that commerce must otherwise inevitably fall.

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ART. X.—*Dépêches et Lettres interceptées, &c. Copies of the Original Letters and Dispatches of the Generals, Ministers, Grand Officers of State, &c. at Paris, to the Emperor Napoleon, at Dresden; intercepted by the advanced Troops of the Allies in the North of Germany.* 8vo. pp. 382. London. 1814.

THIS publication has, we must confess, disappointed us. We had understood that many public and private communications of great importance and interest had been intercepted in their way to and from the French head-quarters, by the light troops of the allies,

and we had been taught to expect that the volume now under observation would contain some of these valuable documents. The editor, who is, we believe, one of the suite of the Crown Prince of Sweden, appears by his preface to think that he has fulfilled this expectation. We cannot be of this opinion—there is, we admit, some curious and some entertaining matter in the collection, but nothing that is very important, and not much that we might not, without any great degree of sagacity, have anticipated.

It is stated, indeed, that the majority of these papers were found on a single courier, and it is not surprising, that considering the circumstances of the times, no very important matter should have been entrusted to such a conveyance; yet we cannot help suspecting that something more valuable must have been obtained by the interception of any single courier than is here published, especially when we observe that the editor confesses he has suppressed much of the correspondence; and that these 'papers have been selected from a great quantity of others *less interesting*.'

Now really we cannot well conceive what can have been thrown aside as *uninteresting*, when we look at the majority of pieces that compose this volume. We observe too, that almost all the private letters are mere extracts, and that almost all these extracts are without the slightest public interest; we do not therefore quite understand how the intelligent author of the preface, which is otherwise very well drawn up, could assert that 'the harvest' of the interception 'was rich,' and that he thinks 'he does not go too far in affirming, that these pieces form a *tolerably complete* picture of the present state of France, and of the countries subject to her system of government at the period they were written.'

This sentence indeed, and the whole tone of the preface, induce us to believe that the author had, when he wrote it, a much larger and more important publication in view; he had prepared the canvass of a much more magnificent picture than he was afterwards permitted to paint, or to use another metaphor, the vestibule in which he first receives his reader, was planned for a greater edifice than he had afterwards will or power to erect.

The collection, as it now appears, is divided into several heads. 1st. The papers which relate to the Napoleon family and the greater affairs of state. 2. Diplomacy. 3. Military service. 4. The ministry of the interior and finances. 5. Extracts from private letters; and lastly, the Reports of the Police.

In the first section we find a blustering public dispatch, and a whining private note of his late Royal Majesty Jerome Napoleon, descriptive of his situation, at that luckless time when General Chernicheff and his Cossacks penetrated into the *kingdom* of Westphalia, and drove Jerome from his capital: these letters are not worth

worth much—they corroborate indeed what was before well known, the extraordinary activity and enterprize of the allied light troops, the miserable confusion of the French partizans in Germany, and the absolute nullity of character of poor Jerome. Amidst the mingled emotions, the hopes and the horrors excited by the Saxon campaign, we are not much inclined to derive entertainment from events merely ludicrous, but we cannot help being amused at the impotent activity which Jerome ascribes to his regiment of French hussars, which conducted itself with great valour, but of which his Majesty was so unlucky as to lose the greatest part, because 'malheureusement, n'ayant pas l'habitude du cheval,' they tumbled off when they attempted to charge the enemy.—

Some letters from Madame Murat to her husband are creditable to her good sense and to her conjugal feelings—she takes a great deal of trouble to furnish his Neapolitan Majesty with a pair of felt boots, which will, she assures him, be 'commode pour la voiture:' nor is her Majesty less attentive to the comforts of her august brother: she begs her husband to present him 'her respects and a box of refined liquorice.' She is a little disturbed at the 'affair' of General Vandamme; but she consoles herself with a consideration (which probably did not long continue to console her) that 'the Emperor knows how to repair all, and that nothing can resist him.' We fear, however, that neither these sweet words nor the box of refined liquorice restored that affectionate cordiality between the brother and sister which we had heard had been before interrupted.

We shall select a passage, as it does credit to the tender feelings of this illustrious lady. She went, it seems, a-boating in the bay of Naples, and was so sea-sick, that but for the assistance of the minister of finance (M. de Mosbourg) 'she verily believes she should have died.' One death however the occasion produced—

'Poor Monchelet fell a sacrifice to it; for, seeing me so weak, and having been able to find neither horses nor carriage, he determined to mount the hill a-foot, in the midst of a tremendous storm of rain, to procure me some broth, of which I stood greatly in need. Here the poor fellow got a defluxion of the chest, followed by a putrid malignant fever, and, in short, was carried off by it in two days, before one knew, as it were, that he was ill. This has agitated me; he had been so long attached to our service, and was so distinguished for his zeal and fidelity, that I could not preserve myself from a *certain* impression of melancholy.'—p. 30, 31.

Kind-hearted lady! for this old and attached friend, who perishes in consequence of his personal attentions to her—elle ne peut se défendre d'une *certaine* impression de tristesse. Who would not die for such a mistress?

Her Majesty gives us, in a confidential postscript, a little insight

into the manufacture of French victories, and the composition of official bulletins; she complains that one of his Majesty's couriers kept back her letters one night, 'which produced the worst consequences,' because

'For instance, Julian wrote that they had taken so many colours, so many pieces of cannon, so many prisoners, and he did not make them amount to the *quarter* part of what you told me; so that, next day, when they read the Moniteur, they falsified, by Julian's letters, what I had caused to be inserted in it according to yours. This has a bad effect, and destroys confidence. If these gentlemen choose to announce victories, let them—nothing better—but let them not give the details; let them not specify numbers, either for more or less, so as to contradict those I receive from you. Look to this.'—p. 32, 33.

We beseech our readers to observe that Julian's rhodomontade —colours, cannon, prisoners—is censured only because it did not amount to one-fourth of the modest report of his Majesty the King of Naples!

The minister of finance, who had been found so useful at the awful moment of her Majesty's qualms at sea, next addresses the king:—the king, it seems, was displeased with M. de Mosbourg for suffering three emigrant Neapolitan families to return from Sicily. M. de Mosbourg defends himself at great length, and with the vilest adulation; but we have nothing to do with his intrigue, we only advert to his letter for the account which (flatterer as he is) he cannot help rendering to his angry master of the state of the Neapolitan public mind.

'Just about this time the public opinion appeared to have taken a formidable direction. Your departure had been the signal of alarm to all the friends of government, and of hope to its enemies.

'Affairs are somewhat changed since. The news of the victories obtained by the grand army—the splendour of your personal exploits, which swell the pride of the Neapolitans—some vague hope of peace; —all this seems to have revived and set right the public opinion. But we must not be deceived: your Majesty knows your subjects: the impressions to which they abandon themselves are equally lively and transient. They are easily raised to a pitch of enthusiasm, and as easily depressed. Your presence inspires them with so much confidence, that your Majesty, when in your own kingdom, may depend upon them under all circumstances; your absence discourages them to such a degree, that they dare not even depend upon themselves. You must therefore expect, that, if any change takes place on the theatre of war, your Majesty's kingdom will experience it, as well as the rest of Italy. A great number of good people would remain faithful to you; but they would be so, possibly, with less energy, finding themselves deprived of the support which constitutes their strength. The ill-intentioned would, on the contrary, be full of presumption.

'What

'What I was just now saying to your Majesty, of the rapidity with which the opinions and dispositions of the people in this place are frequently changed from one point to another, is illustrated by what has this instant happened. Only a few days since, the greatest enthusiasm was excited by the news of the 26th and 27th: people manifested the most cheerful hopes, and all were eager to rally round the government. But less favourable intelligence having transpired, it is received with just as much eagerness as the former; it is exaggerated; factious discourses abound; the ill-intentioned display a degree of assurance; those who are well disposed alarm themselves, and are silent; and, as is always the case, the mob follows those who talk loudest. We flatter ourselves that new advantages will soon occur to alter this unfortunate direction which men's minds have taken, but which is not yet sufficiently marked for any but attentive observers to perceive it.'—pp. 45—47.

Observations of this nature, considering the quarters whence they come, and to which they are addressed, are surely of considerable importance with reference to the re-establishment of the monarchy.

Next comes 'Son Altesse Sérénissime Monseigneur l'Archi-Chancelier de l'Empire,' whose communications to His Imperial and Royal Majesty are the most trumpery productions of the whole collection: he is the veriest cipher of that collection of automata whom Buonaparte calls Ministers, and which is presided over by —a person who appears *as null*, to borrow a French phrase, as the most null of the ministers,—the Empress Queen Regent; as the following extracts will testify.

'Your Majesty's Ministers were assembled to-day in the palace of St. Cloud, in presence of Her Majesty the Empress Queen Regent.

'This sitting has presented nothing very remarkable. I shall render to your Majesty a summary account of the most essential reports.

'It is become necessary to fill several places of mayors and their deputies, which have become vacant within these few months. The Minister of the Interior submits a list of candidates. The order of service not having determined whether the nominations should be made by the Regent, we have thought that it would be proper to *reserve for your Majesty* the disposition of the mayoralty of the great towns and, by way of exception, of some of the smaller places; Versailles, for instance, as being an imperial residence; and Liege, which in so many respects may be considered as a place of importance.

'A Bishop, *in partibus*, is dying of hunger at Rome. He is 84 years old. The local authorities demand assistance for him, and the Minister of Religion proposes to grant him a pension of 1200 francs. This proposition is infinitely indulgent: *but, as it is a question of disposition of funds, the report will be comprised in our dispatches.*

'Count Mollien has presented a project for the application of the sum now to be distributed, which amounts to about 69,000 francs. This disposition being a *matter of right* the project of the decree will be presented to Her Majesty the Empress for signature.

'We

'We have *reserved for your Majesty* a report of the Minister of Finance, relative to the demand of General Meynier, tending to procure him the remittance of a sum of 32,000 francs, for which he is accountable for the price of a house re-sold on his being unable to make good the sum he had bid for it.'—p. 53 to 55.

We shall add, as a curiosity, the formula in which His Serene Highness concludes his letters to his former friend and colleague, as it is of course the most approved model for polite letter writers in France.

'Je suis, avec le plus profond respect,
Sire,
De Vôtre Majesté Impériale et Royale,
Le très-obéissant, très-dévoué et très-fidèle
sujet et serviteur,
L'Archi-Chancelier de l'Empire,
CAMBACERES.

The section of this publication which relates to 'la Diplomatie,' is miserably barren. Here we strongly suspect that the worthy editor has thought it prudent to make large suppressions, and we cannot but lament, as a very serious loss, the papers which might have opened to us so curious a picture, such a scene of hope and fear, dissimulation and intrigue, as the courts of Buonaparte's tributary princes must at that eventful crisis have exhibited; we should have been curious to see how many shapes of servility hatred could take, in how many court-suits of gratitude and devotion the hope and spirit of vengeance could disguise itself. But we see nothing of this, the section is all a blank; except one or two passages of no great value, indeed, by which it appears that the poor Poles, who had been so unfortunate as to trust to Buonaparte and to follow his fortunes, had been abandoned by their magnanimous protector to absolute indigence. It appears, also, that the Spanish traitors, who had pursued (with far less excusable motives than the Poles) the same course, have been equally deserted.

'Dépourvus,' say the Poles, 'de santé et de tout moyen, il nous est bien pénible de nous addresser à votre Excellence dans ce besoin urgent.' The great favour which these poor people ask, is the receipt of certain small pensions 'très gracieusement accordées' but very tardily paid.

'Nous sommes tous,' say the Spaniards, 'dans la plus grande misère.' We cannot pity them; and we own we should not have been pleased to find them made an exception to that law of nature, as we may venture to call it, which condemns traitors to the neglect, suspicion, and scorn even of those for whose sake their treason was committed.

The dispatches relative to the military service are equally unimportant.

portant. We have details, indeed, of the difficulty of obtaining men, and means of transport; but they are of no value. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that among the deficiencies of the levy of the Imperial Guards, in the arm of the *Chasseurs* alone, one of 1555 men is stated, because *several of the departments did not contain individuals of the requisite height and age.* The levy for all France was to be only of 12,000: the qualities necessary for a Chasseur are not very rare: to what a condition must the population of that country be reduced when one-eighth of such a levy fails 'faute de sujets ayant les qualités requises!'

The section relative to the ministry of the interior is occupied with a very tedious history of a simple, though in one view, curious fact.

'The city of Cherbourg, enriched by your bounties, called to a high destiny through the works ordered by your Majesty, comes to implore a favour which would crown all those she has already received: she is ambitious of bearing the name of her sovereign.

'The Municipal Council, in declaring this wish, has, at the same time, expressed the desire of being permitted to convey it to your Majesty in the midst of your camps.

'I take the liberty of laying before your Majesty the deliberations of the Municipal Council, and of beseeching your Majesty to make known to me your commands. May I flatter the city of Cherbourg with the hope of seeing its wish fulfilled? May I venture to authorize the departure of its deputation?'—pp. 177, 178.

So writes the minister of the interior.

Then follow the copies from the registers of the proceedings of the Mayor's court; the ballot for the deputation; the vote of money to defray the expenses; in short a minute history, even down to *francs* and *centimes*, of the whole transaction.

We shall select two or three sentences from the address of these worthy citizens to their august master.

'It was in the midst of camps and in the tumult of arms that your Majesty conceived the sublime idea of causing a great military port to be excavated in the rock of Cherbourg.'

'More than a century ago a glorious but unfortunate event had impressed the necessity of having on the waters of the channel a port and a roadstead capable of sheltering the most numerous fleets: but the project was too bold not to fail under the weakness of the last dynasty; it required a soul accustomed to triumph over every obstacle to dare to undertake the subjugation of Nature herself, and to open gulphs where she had elevated mountains.'

'Deign, Sire, not to despise it, and give to your city of Cherbourg a new pledge of the paternal affection with which you honour it, by permitting that, from the name of its creator, the city and port which you

you have founded may bear henceforth the name of *Napoleonbourg*.'—pp. 181, 182.

The monstrous impudence of these assertions almost confounds us. The weakness of the last dynasty! Napoleon the creator of Cherbourg! It is well known to all who have ever heard of Cherbourg, that the plan, and, to a formidable degree, the execution of that plan, belonged to the old dynasty. Napoleon has added nothing to the idea, and less to the execution than twenty years would probably have produced in any other reign.

What then, our readers will ask, can have induced the inhabitants of Cherbourg *voluntarily* and *gratuitously* to approach Buonaparte with such base falsehoods? One of the intercepted private letters from M. Chaulienque to M. Le Comte Roederer (page 305) clears up the mystery. The *voluntary* and *unprompted* loyalty of the good city of Cherbourg required it seems to be quickened by an *invitation* from the minister of interior! in other words, the whole was an arranged piece of mummery in which the puppets of Cherbourg were forced to play the part which the police was pleased to assign to them; and this, we dare say, is the true history of all the addresses under which, for the last six months, the French press no less than the French people has groaned.

The department of Finance affords us but one letter,—it is the confidential report of the stock exchange to the Emperor; and it will seem to those who may have heard of certain late transactions in London, a strange coincidence that the channel of Buonaparte's stock-jobbing report should be one *Berenger*. Berenger however on the 29th September congratulates his master that 'the depreciation had at last stopped, (p. 183) and that the 5 per cents. which had gone down *as far* as 63, were beginning to rise.' We should like to know with what face Berenger reported to his imperial employer, that the 5 per cents. were sold (to the sound of the cannon that thundered his victories of Craon over Paris) at 49½.

We have already observed * upon the organised system of fraud and public deceit upon which, we hesitate not to repeat it, the throne of Buonaparte is built; we had before a perfect view of the system in its external appearance—we have now some of the details of the interior. The present government of France is the true reign of terror; on one side the base fawning or the sullen caution of the suspected; on the other the contemptuous protection, or the jealous vigilance of the suspicious. There is no trust in any man; no confidence any where: there is what the logicians might call a *sorites* of 'espionage.' The Empress Regent is watched by the Minister of Police, and the Minister himself by some still meaner agent, and

* No. XI, Art. XIV. No. X, Art. VIII.

the

the latter again (for infinite are the degrees of baseness) by some more wretched and more confidential reptile; but all these reports are equally addressed to the despot himself, who alone sees the net that he has spread round them all, and can measure the links of that chain which binds together because it enslaves his empire.

He is the sun of the system of 'espionage;' all his tributary planets roll unerringly around him, occasionally eclipsing, but always balancing each other, and each, in its own little sphere, attended by obscure satellites which betray its position and its phases; or to use a more appropriate illustration,—France is a practical exemplification of Mr. Jeremy Bentham's pantoptical prison, in which the jailer (the most unhappy wretch of all) sits in the center of his transparent dominion, and sees to the utmost recesses of its crimes and its filthiness, all the proceedings of his aggregation of slaves. The poets give us a terrible idea of eternal *solitude;* but eternal solitude is paradise to *society* under such everlasting inspection. The pantopticon would soon become Bedlam, the keeper going mad first; and France herself could not have borne such a discipline, no, not for a week, if she had not been previously reduced to the lowest ebb of existence by the purging and bleeding of twenty years of revolution and war.

It is curious to find addressed to M. Le Baron Fain, 'Secrétaire intime of H. M. the Emperor and King,' such loose gossip with regard to 'H. M. the Empress and Queen,' as the following.

'*Report of Wednesday, Sept.* 29, 1813.

*Supposed chagrin of Her Majesty.*—A report prevailed this morning that Her Majesty, the Empress Queen and Regent, had received no persons at St. Cloud; and as it was not added that Her Majesty was any way indisposed, the cause assigned was, that Her Majesty had received some unpleasant news from the army.

*Journey of Her Majesty the Empress.*—It is said that Her Majesty has a journey in immediate contemplation; and the prevalent report is, that it is Antwerp which Her Majesty designs to honour with her august presence. Some persons, who pretend to know, say it is Mentz.'—p. 343.

It is evident that there was a *daily* report of this sort of stuff from the fellow, whoever he was, appointed by the Great Napoleon to watch the daughter of Austria, who, nevertheless, was so far removed from her circle as to doubt whether she was proceeding to the Scheldt or the Rhine, to Antwerp or Mentz!

His august brother *Don* Joseph Napoleon, King of Spain and of both the Indies, who lives at a little villa called Morfontaine, is, in spite of his total seclusion and aversion from public affairs, an object of 'espionage'—so keen is the appetite of suspicion.

'The Minister of Police is the affectionate channel through which Buonaparte

Buonaparte receives news of his family; but what precisely the Police Minister says of Don Joseph we cannot discover, because it was necessary to write it in cypher: but how plain does not this cypher speak—that the Minister of Police has observed something in the King of Spain which he does not venture to communicate in the common mode to his Majesty's imperial brother!

M. Le Senateur Comte Roederer, in a private letter to M. Le Comte Dumas, tells him that he had passed two days at Morfontaine, (or as this great scholar chuses to call it, *Morte*fontaine,) and he gives a shrewd hint that poor Don Joseph knows that he is in 'surveillance.'

'The King maintains himself strictly incognito from all the world, and receives neither ministers, nor senators, nor counsellors of state, nor military men; in short, nobody. You must perceive that his present situation, and the Emperor's absence, render this conduct, in some sort, necessary.'

Since the happy days, however, in which Roederer describes Joseph as 's'accommodant de la vie privée de *Mortefontaine*,' it has suited Buonaparte's purposes to drag the puppet from his retirement, and turn him into a reviewing general, a kind of chief of the staff of the new levies that defile through Paris. It is a picture ridiculous and yet not unaffecting to see this poor man—who has been an attorney, a commissary, a deputy to the assembly, a senator, a prince, a king of Naples, a king of Spain, and finally a country-gentleman buried in the deepest retirement,—hurried to the 'place du Carousel,' to perform the odious duties of a superintendant of the conscription.

A few instances more of the system of 'espionage.'

Every person who enters or departs from Paris is reported to the Emperor, and often by name.

'PARIS, 29 Sept.—Arrived - - - - - 8 trades-people.
Departed - - - - Major Lachaux, to Vesoul.
M. Villeneuve, to Château-dun.
31 Country-gentlemen, public officers, trades-people and couriers.'

A letter picked up in a hackney coach is transmitted for the perusal of his Imperial Majesty Napoleon the Great—

'*Holland. Libel.*—A Commissary of Police at the Hague picked up in a public coach a paper, which seems to have been dropped out of the pocket of a passenger who was there before him.

'It was a Dutch libel, containing good wishes for the enemy, and abuse of France.

'This coach had conveyed some conscripts, and some guards of the company of reserve.

'Search

'Search is making to discover which among them dropped this paper.'—p. 253.

A pedlar sells a caricature—more matter for the imperial ear.

'*Jura; Pedlar, Picture of the Pope.*—A pedlar travelling through the canton of Arinthoz, Arrondissement de St. Claude, has been selling a picture of the Pope, represented with his hands chained.

'He had left this canton before the gendarmerie was informed of it.

'It appears that the local authorities took no steps against him. He is sought after.'—p. 255.

A poor writing-master at one of the parish schools hangs himself; the emperor must be made acquainted with it.

'The Sieur L'Enfant, aged 20, writing-master at the Napoleon Lyceum, who lodged at No. 25, *Cour de Commerce*, hung himself in the parlour of his apartments. This young man was of a gloomy disposition.'

We are however obliged to the police for one anecdote which it has intercepted;—the subject is Mademoiselle Bertin, long the most famous milliner in Europe; who, having adorned and turned the heads of all the fine ladies in France, lost her own and her life in a singular, and we think, an affecting manner.

'On the third Sunday of the fetes at St. Cloud, she made one among the immense multitude of spectators assembled to behold the Empress. *Certain* recollections crowded upon her memory, and her lively emotion bathed her cheeks in tears. Her head became giddy and heated with visions. She was brought back to her house, where she was seized with a violent fever. In her delirium, she incessantly repeated, "I have seen the *Queen* again—I have seen my benefactress once again. Nothing remains for me now but to die." On Thursday she gave up her last breath. Her name, which was for a long time associated with the ridiculous, will be rendered honourable by gratitude.'—p. 338.

Old Grétry the musician dies—the theatre Feydeau gives an entertainment to celebrate his obsequies. No collection of people without the Emperor's knowledge! the whole affair is detailed to his majesty! From three several spies he is informed that numbers were turned away from the door, for whom places could not be found. The very taste of the scenery is described; 'on the curtain was painted a *sun*, with the name of Grétry in the centre;' and general Count Hulin, governor of Paris, (an attendant, *to speak softly*, on the last moments of the Duke D'Enghein,) reports in his dispatch to the Emperor on this important subject, 'that for two days past all the world could talk of nothing else!' Merciful heaven! on the 27th and 28th of September, 1813, while Napoleon was consigning to foreign and dishonourable graves, 300,000

300,000 of the youth of France, 'all Paris could think of nothing, but a painted sun with the name of Grétry in the centre!'

But is not this tremendous police as efficacious for the punishment of *crimes* as for the detection of private feelings and opinions? The following fact will answer this inquiry.

A monster who confounded all the ties of nature by an incestuous commerce so abominable that the law had not provided for its punishment, is detected;—for this enormity a penalty of 'détention pendant six mois' is proposed, and approved! The poor wretches that dropped the Dutch pasquinade or sold the Italian caricature, would probably have expiated their crimes with their lives; but an offence, which dissolves, as the Editor remarks, the most sacred relations of society, is censured with six months detention. ''Sblood,' (as Hamlet says) 'there's something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.'

Having seen that Buonaparte subjects his wife and brother, two of the least intriguing and most inoffensive beings in France, to the *surveillance* of the police, it is not surprising that the correspondence of individuals through the post-office should be intercepted; but it is surprising that he should find time or appetite to read such trash as is collected for him from this source.

The Duchess of Albufera writes to her husband, one of Buonaparte's own creatures: well,—her letter is opened; it contains nothing but her congratulations on the successes of the Marshal, which the Moniteur had before trumpetted; it is nevertheless sent to the Emperor!

M. Schreiber, a sub-spy to Marshal Soult, acquaints his Excellency, that the Prefect of the Gironde on one occasion when all the company were praising his Excellency, preserved the most profound and provoking silence, and took the first opportunity to change the conversation. M. Schreiber reports also, that Generals Clausel and Tirley criticise some of Marshal Soult's operations;—the whole is stopped at the post-office and transmitted for the perusal of the master-critic and master-spy, the Emperor himself.

We amuse ourselves with thinking how much this publication will fill up the chasms of French correspondence, and how delighted Messrs. Soult, Clausel, and Tirley must be to find so exact a record of their mutual sentiments.

Of the private letters which have been collected, we need say but little: they all bear one character of intense anxiety for the safety of the friends of the writers in the army; deplorable pictures of the internal misery of the families of France, and the most ardent prayers for the restoration of peace. We shall select one or two specimens which shew the ignorance in which the dearest relations of even officers of high rank were kept concerning their fate.

'*To*

'*To Baron Larrey, Chief Surgeon to the Grand Army.*

*Fontenai, 26th Sept.*

'I live here always in suspense, but the news give me no hopes of seeing you this winter. I imagine, that, although better informed than myself, you are not, on that account, more happy. This is not living, my poor friend; this is dying. Where are you at present? I know not. We are all here in a state of painful suspense.'

'*To the Baron Finot, Director-General of the Engineer Park.*

'*Avallon, 25th Sept.*

'. . . . . I must then give up the hope of seeing you so soon. If, however, there were winter quarters, would you send for me? I hope so. In fine, here are four couriers, and I have no accounts from you. I am absolutely ill with anxiety about it, especially in such a vile city as this, where so many idle stories are in circulation. . . . . .

. . . . . I am tired of this life: one does not live; it may be called dying a thousand deaths daily. They tell me, from Paris, that a report of peace is circulating there. Ah, if that should prove true, what happiness!'

That these were the sentiments and this the tone of the universal French nation, even before the battle of Leipsic, there is abundant proof. What must its feelings now be, after the loss of 300,000 men, the invasion of her territory, the occupation of one-fourth of the country by hostile armies. La paix, pour l'amour de Dieu, la paix!—is the only exclamation which has reached the ears of the English couriers in their way through France. Happy could France venture to speak out what France, with every rational being, must think, that Buonaparte and war are almost inseparably connected, and that the basis of true tranquillity and lasting peace would undoubtedly be the restoration of a legitimate government, and a recurrence to the ancient principles of civilised Europe!

But though good sense and good feeling concur in this conclusion, yet if Russia, Prussia, Austria, the Germanic States, and Sweden, should resolve to make peace with Buonaparte, no one, we presume, would seriously propose that Great Britain should continue the war *alone*, for the avowed purpose of forcing on France a sovereign chosen in this country, like a Lord Mayor, by acclamation of the good citizens of London.

Peace, under such circumstances, might not, perhaps, be popular, but it could not be unwise: and, in any case, it is some consolation to believe, as we gladly do, that its durability will depend, in no small degree, upon ourselves. We may enter into relations of peace with France, without abating one jot of our instinctive vigilance; and it would be degrading to our national character to doubt that we shall decline from the firmness which we

have hitherto manifested in action, or from the confident spirit which has actuated all our deliberations.

Of the translation we can say little good. It is, as our readers will have perceived, a hasty performance. The words indeed are English, but the idiom is generally French; and in many passages we look in vain for the true import of the original terms.

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ART. XI. *Inchiquen, the Jesuit's Letters, during a late Residence in the United States of America; being a Fragment of a Private Correspondence, accidentally discovered in Europe, containing a favourable View of the Manners, Literature, and State of Society, of the United States; and a Refutation of many of the Aspersions cast upon this Country, by former Residents and Tourists.* By some Unknown Foreigner.—New-York, 1810.

ON the 2d of November last, a Mr. Macon, deputy to the Congress of the United States, brought up a 'Report concerning the conduct which has been observed by the English during the War.' In this Report the British government, its naval and military officers, its seamen and soldiers, are indiscriminately accused of every thing that is base, cowardly, treacherous and inhuman; such as ill-treating American prisoners; violating flags of truce; pillaging and destroying private property; exciting the savages to murder their prisoners, and to commit outrages on their dead bodies; burning houses; profaning and destroying churches, through motives of avarice and vengeance; 'carrying off articles of value, and destroying all that could not gratify their insatiable cupidity;' violating women, &c. &c.; together with many other horrible and atrocious deeds, all asserted to have been committed by the example, under the sanction, and in the presence, of the officers commanding his Majesty's forces by sea and land; and the Report concludes with a resolution, 'that the President of the United States be requested to *collect* and lay before the House, during the continuation of the war, the proofs of all the infractions by the enemy of the laws of war in use among civilized nations.' From the character given of Mr. Madison* by his own countrymen, and apparently justified in some small degree (it must be owned) to a hasty or prejudiced observer, by sundry of the speeches and proclamations of that venerable chief magistrate, and from the shameless audacity which marks all the averments of this Report, we should not have been surprised if the framers of it, instead of confining their worthy

* Quart. Rev. No. XV, Art. XIII, p. 193.

president

president to the humble task of *collecting* materials of hatred against Great Britain, had plainly spoken out, and directed him to *invent* so much of such materials as might be wanting to complete a case for so laudable a purpose. Much, however, may be understood that is not distinctly expressed. We will venture to say that candour itself cannot mistake the object and intention of the Committee, and that if they are disappointed in the fulfilment of that intention, it must be from *their* having 'mistaken, all this while,' the guileless nature of the personage upon whom they have imposed so odious an office.

Two days after this Report was made to Congress, the Prince Regent, in his speech from the throne, was pleased to declare,

'I am at all times ready to enter into discussion with the government of the United States, for a conciliatory adjustment of the differences between the two countries, upon principles of perfect reciprocity, not inconsistent with the established maxims of public law, and with the maritime rights of the British empire.'

Such a declaration is in itself something more than magnanimous: and what a contrast does it furnish to the proceedings of the government to which the olive branch is thus tendered!

To refute the calumnies of that government would be no difficult task, and may perhaps be ours hereafter; unless indeed the sober and more enlightened part of Congress, consulting their own dignity, and having ascertained the documents *collected* for their use, to be forgeries, shall compel Mr. Macon to put his report into the fire. In the mean time the book, whose title we have prefixed to this article, having opportunely reached us from New York, has suggested to us that it might not be uninstructive or unamusing to inquire a little into the character of the people whom its government are thus inflaming into unextinguishable hatred against us, and whom we are so desirous of 'conciliating.' Such an inquiry will enable us at once to appreciate the probable chances of an accommodation, cordial and sincere, with 'our kindred on the other side of the Atlantic,' and to console us for the failure of our various attempts to effect it;—we mean of course, by the only consolation which such a case admits—the conviction that the failure is not owing to any fault or indisposition of ours.

In this sketch, though we set out under the conduct of 'Inchiquen the Jesuit,' we do not, however, profess to take him for our only guide, nor to abide, in all cases, and quite implicitly by his authority. We shall avail ourselves of many partial and scattered hints towards a correct portrait of the United States' people, which are to be found in the works of their own artists, as well as of foreigners, who have preceded our jesuitical author. To which of these classes

he belongs would have been immaterial, if he had not assumed a character opposite to the truth. We can conceive no motive for this disguise, professing, as he does, to give 'a *favourable* view of the manners, &c. of the United States.' But the truth, we understand to be, that although the stale conceit of picking up the manuscript on a 'bookseller's stall in Antwerp,' is resorted to in the preface, the 'Unknown Foreigner' is a well known American of the name of *Ingersoll.* In passing, we would just hint to him, that his summary mode of 'refuting the aspersions cast upon the country by former residents and tourists,' in a single note, and by a general attack upon almost every author who has gone before him, is no refutation at all; that though the newspapers of the United States may be the 'mere organs of faction, ribaldry, and sedition,' the majority of them are patronized by the government, and are its instruments; that though ours may be occasionally scurrilous and factious enough, yet some of them are by no means backward in vilifying their own government, and bestowing on that of the United States unmerited praise. Our Jesuit's unqualified abuse of other writers, but of Mr. Moore in particular, is as coarse, as we believe it to be unjust. We proceed to his book.

Of Washington, he says, 'The sovereignty of his country was asserted by his energy, and secured by his moderation.' If by 'sovereignty' is here meant a firm and efficient executive authority, that he did *not* secure it, was the great error of Washington's government. The new constitution which, after a long discussion, was adopted in the United States, was far from being satisfactory to those who were principally concerned in framing it. They considered it merely as an experiment; they saw its defects; they perceived the seeds of destruction that were sown within it; but democracy and Franklin prevailed. Washington, and Hamilton, and Adams, saw and foretold the feuds and animosities that would spring up among families and friends, in consequence of the 'people chusing their king.' They were aware too of the evil arising out of the anomaly of each state having its separate government and legislature, while all of them were required to merge their separate interests in the general mass for the good of the whole. These interests were of a nature so heterogeneous, that it was utterly impossible they should ever amalgamate; so discordant, that it was apprehended a foreign or domestic war would at once dissolve the whole union; but it was hoped, at the same time, that by conferring gradually a little more power on the executive, and by consolidating the separate state authorities into one efficient government, a foundation might be laid for permanent tranquillity and prosperity.

Washington was a man of firmness, of rigid virtue, and strict integrity; but finding himself unable, with the limited power given

to

to the chief magistrate, to stem the torrent of party violence which began to overspread the land from the first breaking out of the revolution in France, he prudently withdrew from the contest, to close a well-spent life in the tranquillity of domestic retirement.

It is well known that the friends of Washington had determined to support Mr. Adams, as candidate for the presidential chair, and Mr. Pinckney for the vice-presidency, as the most likely means of strengthening the federal government, and saving the country from a factious democracy. By some unworthy jealousy on the part of Mr. Adams and his friends, the plan failed; and the consequence was, that though Adams succeeded as president, Jefferson was elected vice-president. This gentleman soon obtained a pernicious influence over the president—insomuch that although Mr. Adams had for some time resolution enough to support the measures of Washington, to inspire his countrymen with a just sense of the insults, the injuries, and the outrages which they had experienced from France, he was, at last, prevailed upon to submit to the humiliation of sending envoys to prostrate his country at the feet of the revolutionary demagogues. 'This measure,' says Mr. Hamilton, 'sunk the tone of the public mind, impaired the confidence of the friends of the government in the executive chief; distracted the public opinion, unnerved the public councils, sowed the seeds of discord at home, and lowered the reputation of the government abroad.'

The weakness of Mr. Adams made the way the more easy for Mr. Jefferson to the supreme power; though he had to push for it, as our author says, 'through clouds of imputations.' The accession of this person, in 1801, put an end to all the measures of Washington, and 'the axe of innovation thundered from his strokes.' The United States, which had hitherto been divided between two moderate political parties, the federalists and anti-federalists, were now arranged into two violent factions;—the democrats, who were denominated the French party; and the federalists known by the name of the English party, not because they positively bore any love towards England, but because they hated the English less, in proportion as the opposite party professed to love the French more. Mr. Jefferson, if we may trust to the concurrent testimony of many writers who have treated of the characters of the great men of the new world, had in early life acquired a smattering of metaphysics, sufficient to confer on him a certain degree of notoriety among the planters of Virginia, and was particularly distinguished as an admirer of that new species of philosophy which was destined to overturn the ancient government of France,—'the foul philosophy that sins by rule.' In the rebellion of the colonies against the mother country, he was among the earliest to blow the blast of discord, though he did not think it expedient to buckle on his armour.

He never appeared on the stage, but he prompted the actors behind the scenes; and when a small party of English cavalry made an irruption into the state of Virginia, he is said to have abandoned his post, as secretary of that state, leaving to the mercy of the enemy, the public functionaries, the treasure, and the official papers. Much in the same manner he forsook General Washington, in 1794, on finding that an insurrection was on the eve of breaking out in Pensylvania, and resigned the office of government secretary of state.

'The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard of rebellion against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country, the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.'* Such is the construction put by Moore (whom we have already noticed as a particular object of our 'Jesuit's' hostility) upon the extraordinary rancour displayed by Mr. Jefferson towards this country: as though his object in fomenting the discontents of the colonists had been the cancelling of debts to British merchants, and as though it were difficult even for a professed universal philanthropist to forgive those whom he has injured. Certain at least it is, that in every act of his public life he has shewn, and so far as has been in his power (which unfortunately has been to a great extent) excited, a spirit of hatred against England. He has invited and encouraged her most inveterate enemies to settle in America. Any Irish rebel or traitor who had the ability to draw up a scurrilous paragraph, was certain of the protection of Mr. Jefferson, and of finding employment at some of his printing presses. Emmett and Sampson and Mac Nevin were received with open arms; and a fellow of the name of Duane, who had formerly stolen into Calcutta and was there secretly labouring to create an insurrection, but was fortunately detected and shipped off by Lord Teignmouth, was, on his arrival in the United States, particularly distinguished by the American president. Mr. Jefferson gave him a colonel's commission in the American militia, and placed the Aurora newspaper under his direction.

By these means, aided by plausible address, and, no doubt, by considerable talents, Mr. Jefferson has kept together a powerful faction. Professing a perfect and impartial toleration of every religion, he avoided giving offence to any of the numerous off-sets of presbyterianism, until the unlucky publication of a letter which he had written to the worthy and enlightened Tom Paine appears to have raised a question, whether his boasted impartiality to all re-

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* Moore's Epistles, vol. i. p. 174.

ligions

ligions might not proceed from his indifference to any.* In that letter he cordially invites this loathsome and blasphemous outcast to the bosom of his country, with 'prayers for the success of his *useful* labours.' An indignant American, who signs himself 'a native Virginian,' thus concludes a well written and sensible appeal to the 'citizens of the United States.'

'To sum up then, my fellow citizens, in a few words, the whole of this shameful and atrocious act, it would stand thus:—that the traiterous officer, the infamous and ungrateful slanderer of our Washington, the reviler and scoffer of our holy religion, and one of the most debauched and immoral beings in existence, has been solicited by Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States of America, to spend the remainder of his days among you, with prayers "for the success of his useful labours."

It has been matter of surprize to many, that the atrocious barbarities committed by the French, their sudden change from wild democracy to stern despotism, and the insults and robberies committed against America both by the democrats and the despots of France, should not have cured Mr. Jefferson of his fondness for 'that gallic garbage of philosophy.' We feel no sort of surprize at such infatuation, having long been persuaded that real jacobinism is an incurable malady. The patient may be boiled, and sweated and blistered into a temporary sanity; but the disease will break out afresh whenever its true key-note is touched;—no matter whether it be the jacobinism of democracy, or the jacobinism of despotism; the mania of a single tyrant, or of ten thousand.

Among the plausible theories, the offspring of 'brilliant heads and worthless hearts,' engendered by the French revolution, that of Condorcet, which contemplated the 'perfectibility of the human mind,' seems to have caught the fastest hold of the Virginian philosopher. He saw, or thought he saw, the millennium rapidly *progressing* in America. The happy condition of that country, under a pure and perfect democracy, had been triumphantly anticipated some four and twenty years ago, in a national work, ushered into the world by Jedediah Morse.

'Here,' says the inspired Jedediah, 'the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements; here civil and religious liberty are to flourish unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny; here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge, and in planning and executing a form of government which shall involve all the excellences of former governments with as few of their defects as is

* See his Notes on Virginia.

consistent with the imperfection of human affairs, and which shall be calculated to protect and unite, in a manner consistent with the natural rights of mankind, the largest empire that ever existed.'

Now, whoever will give himself the trouble to cast his eye over the inaugural speeches, messages to Congress, proclamations, or other state-papers of Messrs. Jefferson and Madison, will find a steady and systematic adherence to the terms of this oracular anticipation; they will see therein a constant reiteration of the set phrases—'a great and powerful empire'—'a free and united people,' and with true republican humility they will find them assuming to themselves the character of 'the most virtuous, free and enlightened people on the face of the earth.'* We shall see in the course of our inquiry to what extent this prophecy has been fulfilled.

We will not go out of our way to discuss with the 'Jesuit,' what number of generations must pass away before the descendants of those, whom he calls 'vagabonds, mendicants and convicts,' may be considered to be thoroughly 'purged of the foul crimes' committed by their ancestors. A French naturalist asserts, that a voyage to Botany-bay has had the wonderful effect of converting London thieves into honest and industrious citizens, and London prostitutes into virtuous matrons. We mean not to retrace the steps of history beyond those happy days of holy enthusiasm and philanthropic sensibility, when citizen Genet inoculated one half of the 'virtuous' citizens of the United States with Gallic insanity; when the 'enlightened' students of Williamsburgh beheaded the statue of their benefactor Lord Bottetourt, and the 'free and united' mob hanged that of Lord Chatham who had pleaded the cause of their rebellion; when the Exchange-alley of Boston was converted into *Equality-lane*, and the *Royal stem* of an oak into *Liberty-stump;* when little children lisped 'La Carmagnole;' and when moon-stricken poets wrote, and the citizens and *citoyennes*† sung through the streets of Boston, verses such as these:

'Englishman no bon for me,
Frenchman fight for liberty.'

Looking only at the present generation, we will take the citizens of the United States as we find them, not turning aside to canvass the general proposition of the 'Jesuit,' that 'history affords no in-

* For fear of giving umbrage to the French Convention an address from the house of representatives to the president was softened down to 'a free and enlightened people;' but Mr. Jefferson soon resumed the superlative.

† The Americans had some difficulty in translating 'Citoyennes;' the contest lay between *Citizeness* and *Citess:* the one was too long and the other too short; but, of two evils they chose the least, and *Citess* was the adopted word.

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stance of a nation formed originally on such principles or of such materials as the American.' To begin with their legislature.

It would be contrary to the true spirit of democracy to consider wealth, talent, or reputation, distinguished probity or cultivated talents as exclusive, or even preponderating, qualifications in a candidate for the representation of the people. In America the 'man of the people' is one who frequents the grog-shops, smokes his segar and harangues the populace with violent and inflammatory abuse of the hostile faction. The writer who called himself Peter Porcupine tells us, for instance, of a man who had married a free black woman in the West Indies, had several children by her, robbed and left her; went to the United States, married another wife, and with all these blushing honours thick upon him, was elected a member of the senate![*] But the attornies are the men who mostly succeed in representing these 'virtuous citizens.' There is not a village, not a hamlet, throughout this vast extent of country that has not its attorney, and if not, it advertises for one.[†] 'Strife,' says a writer who knew them well, 'is in every village; some petty-fogger is sure to put his poisonous paw into every man's mess.' Next to the 'lawyer,' some conductor of a democratic newspaper, or some needy adventurer who can stoop to the level of the mob and pander to their passions, is the 'man of the people.' Every *freeman* in America, aye and *free woman* too, is a voter, and every one is *free* who declares himself to be worth fifty pounds; none thinks of boggling if required to swear to this qualification; none more expert at an evasion or equivocation than a citizen of the United States: besides a man must be of little value if he is not *worth* fifty pounds; he would fetch that sum as a *redemptioner*.[‡] 'The electioneering spirit,' says one of their writers, 'finds its way to every fire-side, pervades our domestic circles and threatens to destroy the enjoyment of social harmony; the seeds of discord are sown in families, among friends and throughout the whole community.'[§] Yet, after all, the popular representation in the United States is a great fallacy, and a complete fraud on the people. 'It appears to me,' says the Jesuit, (speaking in the character of a Greek,) 'to be absurd to talk of representing the people when, in fact, the representative, improperly so styled, is chosen, not by the people, but by a small number of electors who are themselves variously appointed, many of them not by the people,

[*] Porcupine's Works, vol. ix. p. 354.

[†] 'Wanted in a thriving town in *Kentuck* an acute attorney of democratic principles, who will meet with suitable encouragement from the citizens attached to that party.'

[‡] The name given to those unfortunate emigrants who sell their persons to pay their passage across the Atlantic.

[§] *Hillhouse*—Propositions for amending the constitution.

but

but by other electors; who again do not, in all instances, emanate directly from the community at large; and who, for the most part, never saw, and never may see, the object of their selection.' We agree with him, that the Turkish constitution which calls a leader to his post by acclamation, may just as well be called a popular representation.

The lawyers who principally compose the house of representatives, unite the professions of attorney and barrister. To get into Congress is the surest means of bringing themselves into practice; but they are not shy in asking for jobs and in underbidding each other. In the lower house, each individual has his desk,* at which the lawyers may study their briefs, and the traders their bills of parcels; an accommodation which ought to have at least one advantage, that of keeping them quiet.

At times, nevertheless, the harmony of the house is interrupted by some turbulent Irishman, or some back-settler whom a keg of brandy may have sent to Congress, which in these wild and almost desolate regions is an irresistible canvasser; for 'grog is cheap and its influence is mighty.'—It may be remarked, by the way, that most of the members of the western states may be said to be the representatives of peach-brandy and rye-whiskey: nothing tended more to strengthen the democratic party than the removal of the tax on distilleries; a moral effect, on which Mr. Jefferson is said to have calculated to a degree of certainty.—In such cases, the debates being conducted on principles of true republican freedom, the members have been known to descend to broad personal scurrility and abusive language. Those principles allow a greater latitude of speech than could be borne in a less 'enlightened' state of society; but, we confess, it appears to us as if even that license was abused when the members proceed to *voies de fait*, and actually spit at, and kick each other. A man of the name of Matthew Lyon had been returned to represent in Congress the 'virtuous and enlightened' part of the citizens of Vermont; this Lyon, it seems, was one of those emigrants from a sister island, who, desirous of seeing the world, had sold his person to pay his passage across the Atlantic:—this servitude he commuted for service as a soldier, but, having less of the leonine nature in his heart than in his name, less even than the royal beast whom Bully Bottom tutors into tameness in the Midsummer Night's Dream, he deserted his post in the moment of danger, and was drummed out of the corps with a wooden sword fastened to his side. On some allusion being made in Congress to this 'wooden spit' by one Roger Griswold, a member from Connecticut, Matthew incontinently

* Wansey's Excursion to the United States.

let

let fly a volley of tobacco spittle in the eyes of the said Roger; it was some time before the organs of vision could be purged of the offensive matter, and in the mean time the assailant had prudently withdrawn.* A motion was made for Lyon's expulsion, which, after being referred to a committee, ('as in similar cases,') and after a debate which lasted fourteen days, was set aside; and this beastly Irishman, by the support of Livingston, Gallatin, Smith, and all the democratic party, kept his seat, the numbers being only fifty-two for the expulsion, and forty-four against it; and the constitution requiring that, to expel a member, there shall be a majority of two-thirds. Mr. Griswold, however, was not thus to be appeased. He went down to the House, armed with a stick of stout but pliant hickory, and, in the midst of the august assembly, belaboured this man of spittle, till he laid himself down at full length on the floor, and roared, not with Bottom's gentleness and restraint, 'an 'twere any nightingale,' but with such thorough and hearty good will as must have extorted from his audience, the encouraging exclamation, 'Well roared, Lyon!' This man was afterwards convicted of seditious practices, and of libelling the president; was put in jail; was re-elected while there; and again escaped expulsion by the active support of the democratic party. 'Happy the nation,' says Cobbett, 'where there is but one step from the condemned hole to the legislature.'

We are told by the 'Jesuit,' that 'the appeal to duels for the decision of private disputes is more frequent in the United States than in any country whatever;' and that 'these private combats are conducted with a scientific ferociousness, and terminate, in general, with a fatality unknown elsewhere.' It would appear, that this termagant spirit of chivalry is sometimes spurred and goaded by the most public and unsparing provocation. We observe, for instance, in the Georgetown Federal Republican, now before us, the following notice:

'*TO THE PUBLIC.*

'William Jones (who is Secretary of the Navy) having been guilty of a flagrant breach of trust towards me, and having declined giving me that satisfaction which I have a right to demand, I declare him to the world an unprincipled villain, and a base coward.

'Signed ——————.'

In a correspondence between Wilkinson, a general officer, and Randolph, a distinguished senator, the former coolly observes, that he hears Mr. Randolph had avowed his opinion that he (Wilkinson)

* *Ashe* says he was present at this disgraceful affair. Vol. i. p. 141. If Ashe be an impostor, the Knight of Bridge-street is answerable for him.

son) was a rogue. To which the Honourable John Randolph replies,

'In you, Sir, I can recognize no right to hold me accountable for my public or private opinion of your character, that would not subject me to an equal claim from Colonel Burr, or Serjeant Dunbaugh. I cannot descend to your level. This is my final answer.'

The *General,* however, was not to be so put off, and writes to the senator as follows:—

'Sir,—I have received your letter of the 25th instant, by mail, in which you violate truth and honour, to indulge the inherent malignity and rancour of your soul. On what "level," pray, Sir, shall we find the wretch who, to masque his cowardice, fabricates falsehoods, and heaps unprovoked insults upon unmerited injuries? You "cannot descend to my level," vain equivocal thing! And you believe this dastardly subterfuge will avail you, or that your lion's skin will longer conceal your true character? Embrace the alternative still within your reach, and ascend to the "level" of a gentleman, if possible; act like a man, if you can, and spare me the pain of publishing you to the world for an insolent, slanderous, prevaricating poltroon.

(Signed) JAMES WILKINSON.'

There is an N. B. by way of postscript, to tell the senator that 'the *sacred respect* due to the station he occupied in the councils of the nation alone protected him from the chastisement of his cane.' The General kept his word; and when Congress was assembled, the following notice was stuck up in the corners of the streets, and in all the taverns:—

'*HECTOR UNMASKED!*

'In justice to my character, I denounce to the world John Randolph, Member of Congress, a prevaricating, base, calumniating scoundrel, poltroon, and coward.

'JAMES WILKINSON.'

Language and conduct so unbecoming the high public characters of generals and senators, is certainly not the less reprehensible because we find it countenanced by examples in the courts of justice themselves. We are told by a writer whom we have already quoted, and whom we believe to be worthy of credit on these points, as speaking from personal observation, that a certain Judge Livermore accused a Mr. Lee, of Boston, of unfair practices in his profession as a merchant, and that the latter posted up a public notice, in which he averred 'Judge Edward St. Loe Livermore, Esq. of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to be guilty of a scandalous and malicious falsehood.' A boxing match was the consequence. The judge caught Lee by the throat, and had nearly strangled him, loading him, at the same time, in the midst of the rabble assembled in the street, with the epithets of 'assassin, coward, and scoundrel.'

scoundrel.' They were with difficulty separated, and the wrath of the judge admitted of no mitigation until he was assured that he had given Lee a pair of black eyes.*

Such a picture does not raise any very strong presumption in favour of the general judiciary system of the country in which it was exhibited. We regret that the 'Unknown Foreigner' has not thought it necessary to his 'Favourable View' of the United States, to particularize a little more than he has done, the beauties and benefits of this branch of their constitution. We are told by him, indeed, that 'the judges, in their robes of solemn black, are raised on seats of grave mahogany,' that 'ladies,' and 'Indians,' and 'old generals,' saunter in the hall, and that 'ruby-faced lawyers, without robes,' make speeches of three days long. This, surely, is a subject which ought not to be passed over so lightly. The pure administration of the laws is the true safeguard of liberty of person and security of property. The best criterion of a good government is justice flowing in an even, pure, and uncorrupted current; and the surest way of securing so invaluable a blessing to the community, is to make those, to whom the administration of the laws is confided, independent of the executive power. The judges in America are not thus independent. Being elected by the president and the senate, and receiving only an uncertain 'compensation, at stated periods, for their services,' instead of 'adequate and permanent salaries,' as contended for by Mr. Hamilton, they become, in fact, the creatures of the president and senate; and the test of their 'good behaviour' is their acting, in all political matters, conformably with the views of government. Their non-compliance would infallibly forfeit their seats. In the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, such men will not always act with impartiality; in many cases they cannot. A judge may be a candidate for the office of president, governor of a state, or member of Congress, and may be an elector of any or all of them while he holds his seat. Disappointed in his object, and continuing on the bench, with what confidence can those who have opposed him submit their cause to his decision?

Where the minds of all are so warped by politics, we are the less surprized that crimes of the grossest kind frequently escape with impunity; and that, where party is not concerned, a total indifference prevails in bringing criminals to justice. When Farmer Grimes shot a man for walking across his plantation, it was only considered as a joke, and the murderer was acquitted as insane, though no symptoms of insanity appeared before or after his trial.† Cobbett

* Porcupine's Works, vol. ii. p. 36. † Parkinson's Tour in America, vol. i. p. 44.

states

states it as a notorious fact, that a man, imprisoned for an assault upon his wife, was forgotten in one of their cells, and when recollected, was found dead, and *half-devoured by rats!* Another man for a libel on Jefferson, was suffered to die in jail, because, without conviction, bail to such an amount was demanded of him to keep the peace, as he was not able to procure.* It is no unusual thing for a juryman to slip out of the box, and thus save a man from the gallows by vitiating the trial. There are few countries in which more murders are committed in proportion to the population, and perhaps none where so few executions take place. They make a boast that 'there is no gallows in Pensylvania:' it would be more creditable if they could boast that there was no occasion for one. Mr. Law, the brother of Lord Ellenborough, charged in the public papers and under his signature, three judges with taking bribes from a person of the name of Evans.†

In the inferior and county courts, quarter-sessions, &c. there is no chance of obtaining an impartial decision; the party adverse to that to which the presiding magistrate, or a majority of the bench, belongs, is sure to lose his cause. If a man offends the party, by giving unfavourable evidence, or by voting on the opposite side at an election, the usual revenge is to lame or kill his cattle, or to *girdle*‡ his fruit-trees. 'They told me,' says Parkinson, 'that it was not worth while bringing a thief to an American court of justice, as he was sure to escape.' A set of fellows from Baltimore got into Parkinson's garden, and began to pluck the fruit, biting and throwing it away. The poor English farmer stared at them with astonishment, and, on asking what they wanted, was coolly answered, 'they only came to try if his peaches were ripe.' The neighbouring justice, to whom he applied, told him they never thought of punishing such offences, and advised him to say no more about it, lest they should, in revenge, kill some of his cattle, set fire to his house, or shoot him, and be acquitted, like his neighbour Grimes, on the plea of insanity.§

The justices of the peace are not, as with us, respectable country gentlemen. No such character, in fact, is known in America. A man who has ruined himself by speculation or gambling, or who is too idle to gain an honest livelihood, has only to go round to the taverns and grog-shops to obtain signatures, and with this to petition the governor of the state, whose authority, in this respect, is unlimited, while the qualifications of the candidate are undefined.

* Porcupine's Works, vol. vii. p. † Ibid. vol. ix. p. 318.

‡ This *girdling* is performed by cutting the bark off for about a foot all round the tree, which is sure to kill it: 'a most nefarious,' says Porcupine, 'dastardly, and fiend-like species of revenge, that seems to have been excited by republican political hatred.'

§ Parkinson's Tour, vol. ii. p. 616.

The

The following picture of the courts of justice is given by one of their fellow-citizens, a lawyer of some eminence:*

'Hardly a cause is tried, but you hear it inquired how the judges are marshalled as to politics? which of the parties has most popularity? and very frequently causes are decided, not by the standard of law, but by the strength of out-door influence, and private solicitation; even the popularity of a lawyer is sometimes consulted as favouring the views of a party upon the court.'

We have already mentioned the boxing judge. Porcupine says, that the proceedings of a court were interrupted for four days, by the absence of the chief justice, who was confined to his house, by a black eye given to him by his wife; that in another court, the judge was so drunk, that having occasion to retire for a little while, he was led from the bench by two constables, who supported him all the time, and afterwards led him back to his seat. 'I had this,' says the relator, 'from a gentleman who was a witness of the scene, and on whose veracity I would stake my life.'†

In 1795, the wife of a judge married an ostler in Philadelphia. His honour, the judge, in 1798, stepped into jail for a few weeks, *to take the benefit of the insolvent act.* Here he found the other husband of his wife, engaged in a similar pursuit, and both came before the court, and were white-washed together. This same judge, during the winter of 1800, being in the lobby of the senate, stole one of the members' cloaks, which was afterwards actually reclaimed from off his back, in coming out of a presbyterian meeting-house, where the senator and judge, the proprietor and occupant, happened to meet in sympathetic devotion. These 'facts,' says Porcupine, 'horrid as they may seem, are notorious.'‡

The interference of the executive power with the ordinary course of justice, as it is of all practical grievances the most intolerable to the subject, so is it an abuse the most abhorrent from the theory of a free government. The expedition of Miranda afforded an instance of such an interference on the part of the American government, which it may be useful and instructive to detail.

This restless adventurer, having engaged an armed ship, from a merchant of New York, of the name of Ogden, proceeded to Washington, where he was entertained at a grand public dinner, closeted with president Jefferson, and cordially received by secretary Madison. Every body was ready to assist Miranda; all kinds of military equipments, stores, provisions, a printing press and compositors, were put on board the Leander, and several young men of respectable families were volunteers in his expedition. All

* Mr. Griffiths, of New Jersey,—Porcupine's Works, vol. x. p. 419.
† Porcupine's Works, vol. ix. p. 380.
‡ Ibid. p. 381.

this

this was known to the president of America, but it was not known to the Spanish ambassador. It did not suit the honourable views of the government of the United States towards the Spaniards, which afterwards developed themselves, to communicate officially the hostile expedition to the Marquis D'Yrujo. This gentleman however, discovered the intrigue, and took occasion, through the press, to let them know that he had discovered it. Upon which, the editor of Mr. Jefferson's paper, the Aurora, published the following paragraph:—

'*Spanish Incendiary!*—In the Philadelphia gazette of Saturday, there is an article, which, on the face of it, bears the impression of this little, malicious, political incendiary, whom the indulgence and liberality of the people, whose government he abuses, of whose hospitality he is unworthy, tolerate; and who would have been served like his countryman Sancho, in any other country than this, for one-twentieth part of the unworthy conduct in which he indulged in the United States.'*

The discovery, however, that Mr. Jefferson was privy to the enterprize, gave considerable alarm to the friends of government. A writ was issued against Mr. Ogden; and he was taken into custody. When brought before the judge, (a man of the name of Tallmage,) he desired permission to send for a friend, or to consult counsel. He was told that he could send for nobody, that his case was singular; that he was brought there both as a party charged with a crime, and as a witness. Not chusing to answer questions that might criminate himself, he was told that, in the capacity of a witness against others, he *must* answer *all* questions put to him. He refused, and a warrant was made out for committing him. This induced him to give way. His examination was read, and he was ordered to sign it on pain of imprisonment, and to find bail for his future appearance. It may be stated as some expiation of the treasonable crimes in which Mr. Emmett was implicated in his native country, that he here made a noble stand for the liberty of the subject. He told the judge, that his conduct was a mockery of justice; dishonourable to those concerned in it, disgraceful to the country. The judge however knew what was expected of him better than Mr. Emmett. He persisted in remanding Mr. Ogden to prison, observing,—

'I know well what the prisoner is confined for, and that is cause enough for me to remand him. Liberty, to be sure, is sweet; but as the court will sit but for a *few days*, an imprisonment for that time will be no great hardship.'†

Where the courts of justice are not respected, the people are very apt to take the law into their own hands. This is by no

* Stranger in America, 316. † Ibid. p. 318—323.

means

means unfrequent in America. Lambert tells a story of a punishment inflicted by the people of Worcester (in the exercise of this voluntary magistracy) on a couple suspected of a criminal intercourse, who were tied back to back, on a tall raw-boned horse, the lady in front, the gentleman towards the crupper, and thus paraded round the town;—a signal example of the moral indignation of this 'virtuous people.'*

Occasional obliquities in the administration of the law may perhaps be accounted for, in some measure, by the circumstance, that even the office of judge in the supreme and district courts, is conferred upon persons who have not gone through any previous discipline, or practice, to qualify them for discharging it. The same holds good with regard to those who practise in the double capacity of counsel and attorney; to those who practise physic, surgery, and pharmacy; and lastly, to those who set up for teachers of the divine word. For all, or any of these callings, no preparatory course of study, no testimonial of competency, no kind of examination, no particular qualifications, no diploma or licence are required.

The Americans, we are told by the 'Favourable Foreigner,' 'are a nation of free-thinkers;' and, he adds, 'the political ordinance of religious toleration is one of those improvements in the science of politics, for which mankind will acknowledge their obligations to America; and the divorce of church and state is an inestimable pledge for the purity and stability of republican government.' It is almost needless to add that this 'divorce' has been productive of a pretty numerous crop of illegitimate sects, all equally thriving under the salutary and fostering neglect of the parent state. To recount them would be endless. Presbyterians, baptists, methodists, universalists, episcopalians and congregationalists, quakers and moravians, dunkers and shakers, with a multitude of others whose names it would be as unprofitable to enumerate, as it would be difficult to assign their characteristic differences of doctrine or disbelief, exhibit all together as satisfactory a view as can be desired of the fanatical extravagance to which the bulk of mankind would be driven, by the raptures of visionaries, or the arts of impostors, or by the mere necessity and craving of the human mind for some intercourse with its Creator,—in the absence of a national church, and an established worship.

It is somewhat remarkable that all the various denominations, even the *shakers*, from whose name one might be led to anticipate something exhilarating and frolicksome, and who are described as occasionally dancing in a state of cheerful simplicity nearly ap-

* Lambert's Travels, Vol. II. p. 308.

proaching to the earliest costume of our first parents, are yet, universally, of a morose and gloomy character.

Those vagaries which some peculiar sects in this country practise, (under pretence of enthusiastic devotion,) but which, if not the laws, the general sobriety and good sense of the body of the people keep within some bounds of decency here, expand in America into an exuberance of licentiousness, such as is hardly credible in description, and as in practice must at once taint the morals of youth, and stagger and confound their understanding. Certain methodists in England indulge in *love-feasts;* but these exhibitions are pure when compared with the 'camp-meetings' of America. These camp-meetings are regularly advertised in all the newspapers, to be held at such a time and place, and to be under the superintendance of the ministers of the methodist church; and notice is duly given that 'as camp-meetings are generally attended by several thousands from far and near, and commonly continue day and night, it will be best for those who come from a distance, to bring provision for themselves and horses, and to tarry on the ground till the meeting ends. All friendly ministers and praying people are invited to attend said meeting.'* The deluded multitude assemble in some deep, dark, lonely, and almost impenetrable wood, at a distance from any human habitation. 'They sleep together,' says one who had the curiosity to attend one of these midnight orgies, 'in tents, old and young, men, women, and children indiscriminately; the vigorous male near the unblushing female, black and white all together.' The occupations of the 'friendly ministers' during this awful scene of promiscuous *concumbency,* and the marvellous harvest of recruits to 'the methodist church' which grows up from one of these *noctes cœnæque deûm,* may be better imagined than expressed; but the whole account is so curious that we cannot forbear extracting it.

'I was present lately at one of these diabolical meetings, at which there might be about 5000 persons assembled, of all descriptions and ages. They bring their provisions with them. Soon after the rising of the sun, a beautiful girl, almost eighteen, rushed forth from the tent led by two men; they cried, bellowed, and roared, like persons in the utmost agony begging for their lives; exclaiming, a lake of fire and brimstone was flaming before them, that a great devil was thrusting them into it; and that God must come down. "Come, O God, come down immediately and save us, or we shall sink." These exclamations were repeated in a most vociferous manner for a length of time, until the young woman was so exhausted by her exertions that she fell down. Her cheek assumed the flush of burning fire; her eyes became inflamed; her lips parched; she sunk on the earth, sighed and sobbed like a

* Janson's Stranger in America, p. 107.

child.

child. This ceremony, however, was not completed until a similar party had issued from another tent; and that followed by a second and third, until the action became general, and the scene the most confused, terrific, and horrible ever presented to the human eye. Little children turned pale with fear; young girls fainted to the earth, were raised up, converted, and became good methodists.'

'At one of these meetings near Morristown, a young woman fainted; immediately they crowded around her and began their incantations. Her brother with difficulty forced his way to her, and attempted to take her into the air, but they prevented him. An athletic young *heretic* saw their situation; forced his way through a crowd of demons with a stout bludgeon and liberated them. The brother, assisted by his friend, took her to a place of security, and by force opposed their coming near her again. A tall woman of the sect tossed up her hands—roared, bellowed with all her strength, and called upon God to "open the earth and sink them into hell!"*

After the government, the laws, and the religion of a people, their manners and habits of life form the most striking objects of inquiry. It is that with respect to which, as admitting less of abstract speculation, than other less obvious and sensible objects, one may venture to repose confidence in the reports of even ordinary travellers; and upon which one is least at liberty to believe in the visions of the theorist against the testimony of actual observation.

Among a people so singularly circumstanced as the Americans, a people neither new nor old, but rather a new people made of old materials, it is impossible not to look for some marked peculiarity of character; for something distinct from the decrepitude of a long established European community on the one hand, and from the freshness of Otaheite on the other; something in which many of the faults and of the excellences of natural and refined society may be found mutually correcting and improving one another. Nor is this expectation, so far as we may trust the 'favourable view,' likely to be disappointed. Of the vices of ancient societies, that from which the new world is most completely free, is our bigotted veneration for received opinions and existing institutions;—of our virtues, that which it appears to cultivate most assiduously, is that sober, steady, reflecting care of individual interest which is the foundation of private independence, and consequently of national strength, and that liberal confidence in the exertions, talents and industry of our neighbour which dispenses us from any superfluous participation in his trouble, or any officious anxiety about his success. Of natural or, as it is sometimes called, savage society, the disdain of all those artificial forms which cramp the gracefulness

* Lambert's Travels through Canada and the United States, Vol. II. p. 272.

of freedom, and 'constrain the garb' of nature, may perhaps be specified as the particular excellency, and the love of ardent spirits as the particular foible which have been most thoroughly ingrafted into the habits of this interesting people.

The peculiarity in the national character of the Americans, which appears most striking to the 'favourable' eyes of the 'Unknown Foreigner,' is, 'that there is no *populace* (plebs) in the United States,—all are *people*, (populus;) no patrician, no plebeian, no third or middle class.' This, we own, surprised us. We were aware that there existed not in the United States that distinction of orders in society which prevails in older communities; but it certainly was not at the lower extremity that we expected to find the defalcation. We knew, indeed, that there was no 'Corinthian capital' above the shaft of the column, but we did not apprehend that there was any want of rough stone and rubbish at its base. 'Patricians,' in the sense of a noble and privileged class, we certainly did not look for; but Menenius's apologue of 'the Belly and the Members' we thought had been applicable to every modification of civilized society; and a state *all Belly* is a political *lusus naturæ* of which we had not before any knowledge or imagination.

We should have conceived that under any possible distribution of political privileges and political duties, wealth and talents, in the absence of all hereditary rank and artificial gradation, must have obtained for their possessors a species of superiority over those classes of the community, 'whose daily labour earns their daily bread;' a superiority not necessarily inflaming the pride of those who enjoy it, or humiliating the feelings of those over whom it is assumed; but of necessity, (as it seemed to us,) inferring precisely that sort of division and discrimination which the terms 'people' and 'populace' might most clearly, and, we should have thought, most inoffensively, have described. We will fairly confess also, that in many transactions which have taken place within the United States, we fancied that we had discerned symptoms of a 'populace,' and that the accounts of other travellers had concurred very much to fortify us in that notion. But conceiving the 'Unknown Foreigner' to be the authority most partial to his countrymen, we adopt, without hesitation, the doctrine which he inculcates, and shall bear it in our mind in the view which we are now to take of the manners of the American people. It is not our fault, if any of the facts which we may find stated, as well on his own authority as on that of others, should lead our readers to doubt the wisdom of the 'Unknown Foreigner's' equalizing rule, and to invoke the aid of those obvious distinctions which he has been at so much pains to abolish.

After this, it is almost needless to repeat what we have already had

had occasion to remark in speaking of the administration of justice in the rural districts, that we search in vain throughout the whole range of the United States, for any thing like what is called in England a Country Gentleman.

The planter of the southern states (who comes nearest to this description of persons) blazes for a few months in the year in great affluence, keeps horses and carriages and livery servants; but as this is generally the produce of his crop in anticipation, he retires for the remainder of the year to his plantation, where he lives upon pork, hominy, and Johnny-cake, smokes segars, drinks sangoree made of peachbrandy, and lounges the whole day on a sofa attended by a negro wench to flap away the flies.* Sometimes, as we learn from Mr. Janson, these wenches wait at table in a state of perfect nudity. He was so shocked at this appearance in one planter's family where he dined, and where there were 'grown up young ladies' at table, that he could not help remarking to his host the indecency of such a practice. The worthy planter in extenuation (for the fact did not admit of controversy) averred, that he could not prevail upon his negresses (qualifying them at the same time with a denomination metaphorically taken from a female quadruped) to wear clothes. These manners and this language might to an uncandid observer suggest an idea of grossness and brutality. But great allowances are to be made for the workers of slaves. 'Man will not labour,' says the Jesuit, 'where he can substitute slaves; and wherever man does not labour, he will abuse his time and faculties.'

The merchants of the United States, with the exception of New England, are a very different class of men from those who follow that profession in Europe. Public liberality, private munificence, fair dealing, and urbanity of manners, characterize the British and, generally speaking, the European merchant. Of the same class of men in America, our author informs us that they enjoy 'not mere political liberty, but positive freedom;'—that they claim to themselves a 'geographical absolution from all but the slightest restraints;' that this is the 'inherent and inalienable birthright' of the United States' merchant,'—a birthright of which we cannot justly appreciate the value, because in truth we do not very well understand the meaning of it, unless (what we should be loth to take on the word even of so partial an observer as the 'Unknown Foreigner') the 'trammels of restraint' which the United States' merchant casts off, being, as they are stated to be, other than political, are of a moral nature; and the 'freedom' which he claims, is a freedom from the wholesome laws of honest dealing, and from

* Weld's Travels, Vol. II. p. 147.

the servants of the inn; for liberty and equality level all ranks upon the road, from the host to the ostler. The children, imitative of their free and easy papa, will also seize the stranger's drink, slobber in it, and often snatch a dainty bit from his plate; this is esteemed wit, and consequently provokes a laugh at the expense of those who are paying for the board: no check must be given to those demonstrations of unsophisticated nature, for the smallest rebuke will bring down a severe animadversion from the parent.'*

At these taverns, judges, lawyers and doctors, merchants, land-jobbers and generals, coach-drivers, planters and farmers indiscriminately mingle; drink, smoke, and discuss the measures of government; and then retire into one common chamber, with as many beds in it as an hospital-ward, into which they bundle promiscuously in pairs between dirty sheets that are washed once in three months. Nay, we have been credibly assured that, when the valet of one of our envoys to America complained to his master, the morning after their arrival at Washington, of the grossness of the manners prevailing at the table d'hôte where they lodged, and suggested to his Excellency the expediency of looking out for bed and board elsewhere, the keeper of the hotel assured the minister that his servant must be mistaken, as the majority of his guests were members of Congress.

Such society and such accommodations are not to the taste of an Englishman, who is used to 'take his ease in his inn,' and to expect 'freedom,' if not 'welcome' for his money. In America he must expect neither. To ask for a single room or a single bed is considered as aristocratical arrogance and an infringement on the rights of citizenship; and if by some peculiar piece of good fortune, he should even chance to begin his night's rest with a bed to himself, he may lay his account with being disturbed in the course of the night by some citizen or *citess* bundling in by his side.† To '*bundle*' (as a verb neuter) is peculiar to America, and applied exclusively to the particular ceremony, of which we shall have occasion to say a few words by and bye.

From a *gîte* liable to such interruptions, our newly arrived traveller rises (as may well be imagined) early in the morning.—If his servant has not been seduced to renounce his service, he may enjoy the luxury of a wash-hand bason, and procure his shoes to be cleaned. His first object is to sally forth, and deliver his letters of recommendation; some of which are, luckily, to officers in the army. To them he resolves to complain of the rude familiarity of his host; and flatters himself with the hope of learning from them where he can be lodged more to his mind. To his utter dismay, on looking at the superscription of the first of these letters that he hap-

* Janson's Stranger in America, p. 85. † Weld's Travels.

pens

pens to lay his hand on, he finds the name of his host; and, upon further inquiry, discovers the worthy publican to be indeed the very colonel to whom he is recommended. Others of his military friends, captains, majors and colonels he will meet driving their corn to market, or conducting the common stage-waggon, keeping taverns, serving out brandy and whiskey, or weighing sugar and tobacco. The colonel of my corps of militia, says Cobbett, was a taylor, he made clothes for my clerk, and at his recommendation I employed him. Ashe met with a boat-builder who was a general, a baker of biscuit a colonel, and a butcher a judge 'who could fine folks for cursing and swearing.' 'We majors, colonels and generals,' said his landlord, 'are so common, that the people don't mind us no more than nothing.' 'But the judge,' said I, 'how is *he* to be treated?'—'When in his character of butcher,' said the Major, 'he is treated rough enough and without any ceremony; but when in court, and sometimes on Sundays, the citizens say, "your honor," and touch their hat.'*

'In all civilized countries the female part of society,' says the Jesuit, 'affords a type of the state of civilization.' If this be true (as no doubt it is) it would remain only to ascertain the precise state of civilization which is *typified* by virgins of sixteen or eighteen 'bundling' and 'tarrying' in the same bed with men. The difference between these two modes of going to bed together, we do not find any where distinctly explained; but there are not wanting authorities, both grave and gay, in favour of both. The Duc de Liancourt thinks *bundling* the effect of 'the purest manners and most innocent intention;' and our countryman, Doctor Burnaby, avers, with equal confidence, that *tarrying* is the effect of simplicity and innocence, because the parties go to bed together 'without taking off their under garments.'† This precautionary ceremonial indeed cannot be sufficiently commended: nor would it be candid to omit, that it is enforced on other occasions besides that to which Doctor Burnaby so emphatically applauds its application. It is not in bed only that the wearing of 'under garments' is considered as an indispensable condition for obtaining a beautiful and interesting partner:—the etiquette is even more severe in the ball-room. One of the rules of the assembly at Hanover in the state of Virginia expressly ordains, that 'no gentleman is to enter the room without breeches, or be allowed to dance without his coat.'‡

So strict a probation, and so scrupulous a delicacy in youth, naturally leads to faithful loves, and happy connections in marriage. 'With very few exceptions,' says the Jesuit, 'marriages are sacred'—'adultery is rare, and seduction seldom practised.' This

* Ashe's Travels in America, Vol. I. p. 298. † Burnaby's Travels, p. 144.
‡ Priest.

is

is the more blessed hearing, as not many years ago, Cobbett informs us, that the printer of a newspaper in a little obscure town found it convenient to have a type cut in wood, representing the figure of a woman walking off with a bundle in her hand, to serve as a general heading for advertisements, like the following:

'Whereas my wife Betsy has eloped from my bed and board, and has behaved in an unbecoming and indecent manner, by propagating the human species in a way other than the one prescribed by law; this is to caution all kinds of people, both *black*, *white*, or *piebald*, against trusting her on my account (*harbour* they may, if they can); as I will not pay one *mille* of her contracting after this date. *John Bolton. Bridgewater, June 14th, 1797.*'

'Once,' Cobbett adds, 'out of curiosity, he caused advertisements of this nature to be cut out of all the papers he received for one month, and to be pasted on a slip of paper close under each other.

'At the end of the month the slip reached from the ceiling to the floor of a room more than ten feet high, and contained 123 advertisements. We did not receive, at most, more than a twentieth part of the newspapers published in the United States; if a calculation be made from these facts, it will be found that there were about 25,000 divorces, separations, and elopements in a year—a calculation which, I am certain, is very far within bounds.'*

In a country where society was divided into various classes, it would be injurious not to specify among what class these 'few exceptions' to the general sacredness of the nuptial vow more particularly prevailed; but there being (as the Jesuit says) no such absurd classification in the United States, all being there happily on a level—'no third or middle'—much less any *lower* order of the community—these specimens, such as they are, must, according to the Jesuit, be understood as 'typifying' the general state of society, as characteristic of the American 'people.'

One or two distinctions, however, even the Jesuit must admit in this free and equal community. Like the polished nations of antiquity, they have a relief and contrast to their own freedom in the practice of domestic slavery.

> 'They have among them many a purchased *slave*,
> Whom like their horses, and their dogs and mules,
> They use in abject and in slavish part.'

One of these unhappy handmaids of republican pride, we have already seen ministering at her master's couch and board, and another in the act of being transferred to a new owner: but it must not be supposed that such are rare instances. In the southern states it is calculated that near *one fifth part* of the population

* Porcupine's Work, Vol. IX. p. 339.

consists

consists of *negro slaves;* who are bought, sold, bartered, hard worked, ill fed, flogged with cow skins, and treated in all respects as ill as they ever were in the West India colonies. Among this 'free people' a negro may be flogged till he expires under the lash, without any violation of the rights of man; if the flogger be tried for murder he is rarely convicted, and if convicted, a pecuniary fine wipes off the offence. It ought not, however, in candour to be omitted, that the Americans have a justification for treating *their* negroes like mere cattle, which other slave holders (our own West Indian proprietors for instance) certainly have not—namely, the authority of their late philosophical chief magistrate; who has taken pains to demonstrate that the negro is not only inferior to the Indian but, in fact, forms a link in the chain of created beings below that of the human species. One, among the multitude of proofs, which the philosopher adduces in support of his theory, is that consciousness of his own inferiority, which the negro discovers by a preference for a *white* American woman, similar to that which, Mr. Jefferson asserts, the ourang-outang manifests for the negress. Nothing can be more curious and interesting than this nice gradation of ambitious gallantries. It is a pity that the worthy President has not gone on to inform us in what class of citizens the produce of such auspicious conjunctions are enrolled.*

Negroes, however, are not the only slaves which exist in this happy land. *White slaves* are imported into America in a particular description of vessels known by the name of *white Guineamen.* These vessels belong to the 'virtuous, free, and enlightened' citizens of some of the sea ports of America who have their kidnappers stationed at certain ports of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and also in Holland, to provide them with cargoes. The glowing descriptions of the transatlantic paradise, the bright and alluring visions of American happiness and liberty with which the restless, the miserable, the idle, and the unwary, among the lowest classes in Europe, are entrapped into the voyage, may be best conceived by a reference to those seducing pictures of *Lubberland* which used to charm our infancy; where, (among other most satisfactory particulars,) pigs run about the streets ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in them, inviting, as it were, the hand of the hungry or the luxurious to carve them. To such a region as this a gratuitous conveyance is offered, and eagerly accepted. On their arrival in the land of promise, the persons of the unhappy voyagers are *sold* to pay their passage. Their new master advances the money, gives them clothes, brandy, tobacco, &c. till the debt becomes so large that the best part of their lives is spent before they have worked it out and become *free.* These poor wretches are called *redemp-*

* Jefferson's notes on Virginia.

*tioners,*

*tioners*, and the laws respecting them are the same as those to which the English convicts were subject before the rebellion.*

While the yellow fever was raging in Philadelphia, and every one escaping who could do so, a white slave dealer arriving in the Chesapeake, and finding the great want of nurses on account of the infectious nature of the disease, put out the following notice:—

'A few healthy servants generally between 17 and 21 years of age, their *times* will be disposed of by applying on board the brig.'†

The state of these forlorn adventurers when domesticated in this freedom-breathing country, and the estimation in which they are held there, may be judged of from such advertisements as these.

'To be disposed of, the *indentures* of a strong healthy *Irishwoman* who has two years to serve, and is fit for all kinds of house work.'‡

'*Stop the Villain.* Ran away this morning an Irish servant, named Michael Day, by trade a tailor, about five feet eight inches high, &c. whoever secures the above described, in any gaol, shall receive thirty dollars reward.'§

Where such a state of domestic servitude exists, it is not to be wondered at that 'servants,' in the ordinary European acceptation of the word, should be an intractable and insolent race. The female native American, who dusts or cooks for wages, lives in one perpetual struggle to rescue herself from being classed with her dusky fellow-domestics. One would almost imagine that every cinder-wench had studied the President's treatise, and apprehended that to acknowledge the state of servitude would be to authorize the addresses of an ourang-outang. 'I called,' says Janson, 'at the house of an acquaintance; a maid servant opened the door—"Is your master at home?"—"I have no master."—"Don't you live here?"—"I *stay* here."—"And who are you then?"—"Why, I am Mr. ——'s *help*. I 'd have you to know, *man*, that I am no *servant*; none but *negers* are *servants*."'‖

Another American philosopher, of the name of Austin, assigns a magnificent reason for this 'lion port' of their kitchen vestals.

'In the United States,' says he, 'a country where triumph the purest principles of legislation which ever adorned civil society;—a country in which the *human character is already elevated to a superior species of man, compared with the miserable wretches of Europe*—should one ask a person where his *master* was, he would doubtless meet with a rough reply; for, in truth, there are no such characters in the United States, as *masters* and *servants*.'

This is very grand: but, we confess, we think Mr. Jefferson's theory of the ourang-outang more solid, and infinitely more ingenious.

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* Priest's Travels, p. 145.
† Priest's Travels, p. 147. ‡ Idem, p. 144. § Idem, p. 144.
‖ Stranger in America, p. 87.

Among

Among other striking peculiarities, we have had occasion to mention the love of ardent spirits which prevails pretty generally throughout all classes—we beg pardon—throughout the whole unclassified and indivisible community. Dram-drinking and its sister grace tobacco-smoking, indeed, seem to pervade all ages and conditions.

'Often,' says Janson, 'have I, with horror, seen boys, whose dress indicated wealthy parents, intoxicated, shouting and swearing in the public streets. In the use of that stupifying weed, tobacco, aping their fathers, they smoke segars to so immoderate a degree, that sickness and even death has been the consequence. This is fully elucidated by the following paragraph, copied from a late newspaper, printed at ——, in ——————:—"Died in ——, Master J—— ——, aged twelve, a promising youth, whose early death is supposed to have been brought on by excessive smoking of segars!'*

Of dram-drinking there are different stages, which are thus playfully and expressively discriminated. The first drop, which consists generally of a gill, taken fasting, is called a *gum-tickler*. The second dose, just before breakfast, is a *phlegm-cutter*. A dram before dinner is an *anti-fogmatic;* and the concluding dose, of about half a pint, is the *gall-breaker*. 'A man,' says Lambert, 'seldom lives above six months after he has commenced the gall-breaking dram.'†

Mr. Michaux had the good fortune to be travelling in America at the auspicious period when the tax upon the whiskey distilleries was repealed; and to witness the rejoicings on that occasion. At one of the taverns, which he visited, the rooms, the stairs, the yard, were covered with men dead drunk, and those who were still able to get their teeth separated, uttered only the accents of rage and fury.'‡

Perhaps it is chiefly owing to the excess of this indulgence that the 'plain rudimental learning, and general practical good sense,' in which, says the Jesuit, 'the Americans surpass all other people,' have so little visible effect in promoting the peace and happiness of society. The general tendency of education, we are told, is to soften the manners.

'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.'

But where political feuds prevail among families and neighbours; where the discord and animosity of party invade every man's dwelling, and poison the comfort of his fire-side; where the poorest owner of a log-hut cannot exist without the newspaper of his party being regularly left at his door, it is no wonder that a fiery

* Stranger in America, p. 297.
† Lambert's Tour through Canada and the United States, Vol. II. p. 299.
‡ Michaux's Travels, &c. p. 48.

drunkenness

drunkenness falling upon such combustible materials should frequently kindle disputes and quarrels, which terminate in the most brutal acts of violence. The practice of *gouging*, which is still exercised in the southern states, is thus described by Mr. Morse.

'In coming to close quarters, each endeavours to twist his fore-fingers in the ear-locks of his antagonist. When these are fast clenched, the thumbs are extended each to the nose, and the eyes *gently* turned out of the sockets. The victor, for his expertness, receives shouts of applause from the sportive throng, while the poor eyeless antagonist is laughed at for his misfortune.'

Weld was told by General Bradley that *gouging*, kicking, and biting were allowed in all their fights, and that 'the combatants pride themselves upon the dexterity with which they can *pluck out an eye, bite off a nose*, or *break a jaw* with the kick of their foot.'* Janson actually saw a crowd applauding a fellow while he held up his antagonist's eye in his hand.† 'In *roughing and tumbling*,' says Ashe, 'it is *allowable* to *peel* the skull, tear out the eyes, and *smooth away* the nose.'‡

In a nation where there existed 'a populace (*plebs*)' the impartial inquirer would not hesitate to attribute these savage excesses (for such we are afraid they must be admitted to be) exclusively to that order of the community. But the 'favourable Jesuit' denies us any such refuge and consolation. All here are 'people, *(populus)*' and whenever American sculpture shall exhibit in breathing stone a combat between two Virginian *athletæ*, the *gouger* and the *gouged* must equally carry in their countenance the stamp of independent citizenship—a portion of the majesty of the people, of 'the *most* free, *most* virtuous, and *most* enlightened people upon the face of the earth.'

The time, however, is not yet arrived when American valour and virtue can trust for immortality to the recording hands of American artists. The fine arts have not yet made much progress in America. The Abbé Raynal asserts that in his time, 'L'Amérique n'ait pas encore produit un bon poëte, un habile mathématicien, un homme de génie dans un seul art, ou une seule science.' Mr. Jefferson himself, the greatest 'philosopher, scholar, and statesman, that America has produced,' admits the truth of the observation, so far as the poet is concerned; but parries the charge fairly enough by saying, that 'it will be time enough to inquire, when the Americans have existed as a people as long as the Greeks did before they produced a Homer, the Romans a Virgil, the French a Racine and Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and Milton,—into

* Weld's Travels, &c. Vol. II. p. 300.
† Janson's Stranger in America, p. 302.
‡ Ashe's Travels, Vol. II. p. 28.

the

the unfriendly causes that have prevented *other* countries of Europe, and quarters of the world, from inscribing any name in the roll of poets.' Originality of thought or expression, sentiments arising out of long local attachment to the soil, feelings awakened by the recollection of heroic deeds of ancient times, it would be unreasonable to look for among a people, so 'differently constituted from all other people:' but when the Jesuit says that 'American literature is the scorn of Europe,' we think he makes a larger concession than necessary; though when he attempts to get back that concession in part, by affirming that there are two works, at least, 'comparable, if not superior, to any that have appeared in Europe since the independence of the United States;' viz. 'Mr. Barlow's epic, and Mr. Marshall's history,' we must, as to the 'epic,' loudly express our dissent. A dull heartless poem it appeared to us: its versification without melody, its diction abounding with quaint phrases, as the Jesuit admits, 'unusual, technical, and unmusical; without perceptible reason or apology for their introduction.' But Mr. Barlow is a 'philosophising poet.' True; and his philosophy, we presume, more than redeemed his poetry, when he composed for the drunken American and French citizens, celebrating the 4th July at Hamburgh, a song, in which he prays that God may

'Save the guillotine,
Till England's king and queen
Her power shall prove.'

and that mercy may then only controul this deadly instrument,

'When all the sceptered crew,
Have paid their homage to
The guillotine.'

The 'philosophy' of a red-hot fanatical republican, who lost his life in an over anxious desire to bend the knee to the foulest usurper that ever 'stole a diadem' and forced himself into the 'sceptered crew!' The philosophy of a man, who, at Algiers, was ready to *trample on the cross,* for the sake of gaining some trading advantage![*]

To Mr. Barlow's Epic may be joined, without disparagement to either, a poem, from which the following is an extract, by a Mr. Fingal, (no descendant, we believe, of the Caledonian bard of that name.) The bold idea of 'transporting all England over to America, for its crimes,' is not unworthy of one whose progenitors had, probably, in consequence of their virtues, been prevailed upon to anticipate the period of its removal. On comparing the insignifi-

[*] Treaty with the Bey of Tripoli in 1796, Art. II.

cance

cance of *Little* Britain with the 'largest empire on the face of the earth,' or rather with one of its 'waters,' the muse exclaims:

> 'Its *small* extension, long supplied
> By *vast* immensity of pride:
> So small, that had it found a station,
> In this new world, at first creation,
> And for its crimes transported over,
> We'd find full room for't in Lake Erie, or
> That larger waterpond, *Superior*,
> Where North, on margin taking stand,
> Would not see shore from either strand.*

But America, says Mr. Jefferson, 'has produced a Washington.' True; this to be sure is something, and we verily believe that Washington was an honest man. But further, says he, 'in physics, we have produced a Franklin.' This is also true. Franklin, in grinding his electrical machine, and flying his kite, did certainly elicit some useful discoveries in a branch of science that had not much engaged the attention of the philosophers of Europe. But the foundation of Franklin's knowledge was laid not in America, but in London. Besides, half of what he wrote was stolen from others; and the greater part of the other half not worth preserving. It would be rating his moral writings very high to estimate them at the same value to the community as his eleemosynary legacy. He bequeathed to an hospital 'his outstanding debts,' most of which he knew to be irrecoverable, and the rest not worth the expense of recovery. This legacy was declined by the governors.

Then, Mr. Rittenhouse was an astronomer, 'second to no astronomer living.' This 'artist,' (he was a clockmaker,) we are told, did not indeed *make* a world, but 'by imitation, approached nearer to its *Maker*, than any other man who has lived, from the creation to this day.' This is a bold assertion, but what follows is still bolder: 'Mr. Rittenhouse's model of the planetary system has the plagiary appellation of an orrery.'† Mr. Jefferson could not be ignorant that this instrument was invented by Mr. George Graham, about the year 1715, and finished by Rowley the mathematical instrument maker; that the name was given to it in consequence of a machine being made for Lord Orrery. Rittenhouse was an Englishman, and not an American, born nearly twenty years after the completion of this instrument; and all that posterity knows about him is, that, as president of a democratic club of Philadelphia, afterwards called the Philosophical Society, he signed some inflammatory resolutions, tending to abet the western insurrection; and that he was a good measurer of land.

* Janson's Stranger in America, p. 71. † Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, p. 109.

But

But the Virginian philosopher further asserts, that the quadrant which has the 'plagiary appellation' of Hadley's quadrant, was actually the invention of one 'Godfrey, an American.' We had heard of some promising genius of the new world, who had disproved the Newtonian theory of gravitation, and of the tides; of another who had discovered a perpetual motion; and some half dozen who had sent over to this country to claim the reward for discovering the longitude. We had read, in puffing advertisements, of one Doctor Perkins, who '*must* be considered as a man of genius, because the British government gave him a patent for his metallic tractors;' and we had also read of one of their ingenious philosophers having calculated the precise age of the world, from the falls of Niagara; and demonstrated to the satisfaction of all America, that it was just 36,960 years since the first shower of rain fell upon the face of the earth.* But we had always thought that the principles of the quadrant were fully explained by Sir Isaac Newton and Doctor Hadley, and that all which Halley laid claim to, was to have reduced those principles into a commodious shape and substance for practical utility. Yet even of the honour of this invention, and on the mere authority of this 'Virginian philosopher,' the dissenting compilers of cumbrous cyclopedias and encyclopedias on this side the Atlantic, would fain deprive our ingenious countryman.

'The genius of architecture,' says Mr. Jefferson, with great candour, 'seems to have spread its malediction over this land.'

Under this malediction of the Genius of Architecture, proceeds the building of the 'great federal city,' the rival of ancient Rome in extent and magnificence. Like Rome too, its 'enlightened citizens' resolved it should have its Capitol; but a capitol was not to be built without money. The debates in Congress on this point were long and noisy; at length, however, a few thousand dollars were appropriated for the 'erection of buildings for the reception of Congress, on a grand scale, and fitted for the representatives of a great people.' The money voted was just enough to get up one wing of the capitol, and the scaffolding of the other, and thus it has remained for many years past, and will probably remain for as many years to come. It was discovered while the work was *progressing*, that the modern *Rome*, notwithstanding its capitol, would be incomplete without its Tiber. But this also was at hand. There happened to trickle through part of the ground, a little stream, which had long been known by the name of *Goose-creek*; 'and what was Goose-creek once, is Tiber now.' Places were marked out where churches were to be erected, but without steeples, and

* Priest's Travels, p. 200.

chapels with chimneys; here were to be placed conventicles and meeting-houses; there colleges and hotels; here parks of vast extent, avenues of approach, promenades, malls, 'streets of palaces and walks of state,' were to embellish this magnificent city. The president's house has been completed; one little corner of which is inhabited, 'the rest being abandoned to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers, cannot look at without regret.'* One hotel, without a roof, furnishes a gratuitous lodging for a few miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants; and here and there the streets exhibit a grog-shop, in the shape of a wooden shed. One half of the population is composed of blacks, the remainder (as the Jesuit tells us) consists mostly of 'members of congress, clerks, servants, innkeepers, or in some way appurtenant to the government, prepared to follow its fortunes, if necessary, to the banks of the Missouri, or the coast of California.' A deep wood, a thicket or morass, denies all access between next-door neighbours; and cows and sheep graze about the streets, with bells about their necks, to prevent their being lost.† 'Where am I got to,' asked an English officer, who in shooting snipes, had strolled into this *city*. 'I guess,' says the man to whom he addressed himself, 'you be a stranger here.'—'I am, my friend, and ask for information.' 'Stranger, truly,' says he, 'not to know that this is *Washingtaun*, the largest city in the world!'

Among the 'Jesuit's Letters,' there is one supposed to be written by a Greek, which contains an account of his wanderings in the 'great federal city!'—'an image of the federal dominion scattered over a wilderness, unreclaimed from a state of nature.' In the *moor*, which composes the greater part of the city, he falls in with an English ambassador, shooting quails; in a thicket a few miles off, he encounters the French ambassador, hunting rabbits. From hence, after wandering a 'miserable time,' and in dread of being lost or devoured in the 'federal city,' he arrives at the 'Negro quarter.' Being directed from hence through a wood, he narrowly escapes being shot, by the fire of two people fighting a duel. Pursuing his course two or three miles further, he falls in with a great concourse of people, assembled at a horse-race in an open field; but 'no more like the Atmeidan, than Washington is like Constantinople.' Here he gets into a hackney coach, but before he can reach his inn, the old crazy vehicle, 'horses and all, are blown by a hurricane into a deep ditch.' Being nearly dark, he mounts an ass which carries him to a group of Indians, performing some kind of incantations. Escaping from these, he comes to a log-house, eats mush and hominy, sleeps on the floor all night, and next day gets back to his inn. All these adventures took place within the precincts of

* Moore's Epistles, Vol. II. p. 29. † Weld's Travels, p. 86.

'This

'This fam'd metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt, and heroes yet unborn.'*

Amplification indeed is, as has been sufficiently apparent, a favourite figure with this infant community. They are not very fond of the English language; but so long as they do condescend to employ it, they are determined to maintain that they make a better use of it than we do ourselves. The Jesuit roundly asserts that 'in the prevalence of oratory as a common talent, in the number of good public speakers, in the fire and captivation of their public harangues, parliamentary, popular, forensic, and of the pulpit, the English are the only modern people comparable with the Americans, and the English are far from being their equals.' The '*Boston Patriot*,' of October last, furnishes us with a specimen of this 'fire and captivation,' under the signature of 'Hampden, the Junius of America;' it is the concluding paragraph of a *tirade* against the Federalists, whose moderation had palliated the impressment of American seamen, from the circumstance of similarity of features, manners, and language.

'Blush, blush, if blush ye can, ye sycophants of enthroned tyranny! Ye accomplices of robbery, of passion, and murder! Ye base betrayers of your country's rights! And go hide your degraded heads "seven times," yea, "seventy times seven," under rivers of tears, and cleanse yourselves, if you can, from the moral leprosy of having palliated such deeds as these!'

Commodore Rodgers, who, in a frigate equal to a 64 gun-ship, fought a miserable little sloop, and ran away from a 32 gun-frigate, is said to be 'as brave as Julius Cæsar;' and General Wilkinson, (who, with his eight thousand strong, was driven out of Canada by eight hundred British,) 'as valiant as Mark Anthony.' The friends of a Lieutenant Burrows, who was killed in an action between two gun-brigs of equal force, were consoled by an assurance that 'the name of Burrows will be remembered when those of *Xerxes* and *Proctor* shall be forgotten.'—The *Boston Centinel*, speaking of the commodore of Lake Erie, observes, 'The victory of Lake Erie suffers not on a comparison with the victory of the Nile; and it is a very *remarkable coincidence* that the *two naval heroes* begin their letters with "It has pleased Almighty God!"' This is excellent! but even this yields to the happy self-complacency of a Mr. Wright of Maryland, who, in alluding to the exploits of the American army, expressed a hope 'that if any gentleman on that

* Moore's Epistles, Vol. II. p. 28.

floor should hereafter have occasion to speak of *Roman valour*, he would be considered as speaking of the *second degree*, *American* being the *first!*'

In some sense indeed the love of literature may be said to gain ground in the United States, if we may believe the following literary advertisement in a paper which has just reached us from New England.

'*Stealing Books!* If the *gentleman* who took, or more properly speaking, *stole*, Underwood's Treatise on the Diseases of Children, from the library of a physician in this town, will return them, he will oblige the owner, and no question shall be asked; if there should be no other objection to return the books but the fear of detection, the proprietor will suggest a mode of doing it by which the thief shall not be made known.' *New England Palladium, September*, 1813.

There is yet another mode by which the Americans contrive to make English books their own. Their editions, like the translations from the Parisian press, are frequently garbled to suit their own peculiar taste and feeling. Shakespeare is much too English and too monarchical to please them. His historical plays have therefore been given up as unfit for the American stage. Othello was exploded on another account,—lest it should make the blacks too conceited; till one manager happily contrived to get over this difficulty, by advertising the character of Othello to be performed 'in a *white face*.' In one of our modern plays called the 'Travellers,' there is an eccentric but amiable character of a British admiral. An Englishman was present at its performance in the Charleston theatre, and was not a little surprised to find the British admiral metamorphosed into an *American commodore!*

Nor have there been wanting projects among them for getting rid of the English language, not merely by barbarizing it—as when they *progress* a bill, *jeopardize* a ship, *guess* a probability, proceed by *grades*, hold a *caucus*, *conglaciate* a wave, &c. when the President of Yale College talks of a *conflagrative* brand, and President Jefferson of *belittling* the productions of nature—but by abolishing the use of English altogether, and substituting a new language of their own. One person indeed had recommended the adoption of the Hebrew, as being ready made to their hands, and considering the Americans, no doubt, as the 'chosen people' of the new world. But a Scotchman of the name of Thornton had a project of a more Babylonish kind, a project

> ——————————————— 'to rase
> Quite out their native language, and instead
> To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.'—*Par. Lost*, b. xii.

This project consisted in a babarous murder of English orthography, in turning the e topsy-turvy, dotting the i underneath, and adding

adding a few pot-hooks and ladles, which we shall not attempt to imitate; 'Di Amərikən lânguids uil dəs bi az distint az də gəvərmənt, fri from aul foliz or ənfilosofikəl fasən.'* 'Mai diir kuntrimən,' says this Scotch creole, have only to adopt this new language and all the best English books will not only be reprinted in America, but 'all Europe will purchase American editions.' The American Philosophical Society was so delighted with this brilliant project, that they not only published it in their 'Transactions,' but bestowed the *Magellanic* gold medal on the inventor.

But it is not of the English language only that they wish to divest themselves. Some Solons of Pensylvania entered into a resolution that their barristers should not quote any cases from English law-books, or refer, in any of their pleadings, to English precedents;† in short, that they should lay 'the knife to the root of that hideous excrescence called *common law* of England.' Nor are their innovations confined to language and law. They have actually invented a new system of logic, proceeding on principles wholly different from those either of the ancient or modern schools in Europe. Of the use and application of the rules of this new scheme of reasoning on public affairs, (for which it is especially contrived,) the following may serve as an example. In one of the documents communicated by the president of the United States to Congress, a Mr. Mitchell, American agent for prisoners at Halifax, states, 'that he had, on the 12th of September, 1813, seen two American gentlemen, Messrs. Rich and Hall in the gaol of Halifax.' The American government complains that the persons so confined ought to have been admitted to parole.

When this statement reached Halifax, the British agent wrote to Mr. Mitchell to inquire how he could have ventured such an assertion, the fact being that these persons were admitted to parole, (though not strictly entitled to that indulgence,) and that he, Mr. Mitchell, had himself seen them, not 'in gaol,' nor 'at Halifax,' but on *parole* at *Melville Island!*

To this Mr. Mitchell replies, by admitting that, 'true it is that he did not see the men in Halifax gaol.' Here, according to the old mode of reasoning, the controversy would end. But not so, according to the new dialectics. Mr. Mitchell contends that this admission is not only reconcileable with his previous assertion, but, in truth, identical with it: which he thus proceeds to establish. We quote his own words.—'As regards Rich and Hall, whose case you have noticed, the *only* difference that can exist is, that my go-

* *Cadmus*, or a Treatise on the Elements of Written Languages, by W. Thornton, M. D.

† Lambert's Travels through Canada, &c. Vol. II. p. 188.

vernment, not acquainted with the reality of the prisons, says these two men were seen by me "*in the gaol at Halifax;*" "Halifax" is *substituted* for *Melville Island*, a matter, I conceive, of no consequence; nor is the term "*gaol*" for "*prison;*" they carry the same meaning; both are places of confinement, and, according to my idea, that of the town gaol at Halifax is preferable to Melville Island.'

If Mr. Mitchell's studies had not been devoted so exclusively to the severer art of ratiocination, as to leave him neither time nor taste for English poetry, we might suspect him of having borrowed his argument from our popular ballad,

'*Every* ISLAND is a PRISON,
Closely guarded by the sea.'

From which, no doubt, as the universal comprehends the particular, (even in the old logic,) it is just and reasonable to infer that some one specific island *must* be Halifax gaol.

But our language, our laws, our literature and our logic are not the only objects of American antipathy. This feeling appears to be directed generally against our nation and name. It breaks out on almost all those occasions when the heart is opened by the festivity of public meetings in *toasts*, of which the following may serve as a specimen: 'The royal assassins of Britain, Whitby and Humphreys—worthy servants of a worthy master; may the gallows prove their end, and the execrations of a free people their epitaph.' Mr. Jefferson, when vice-president, gave, at a public dinner at Charlottesville, the following toast:—'Ireland—may she soon burst her fetters, and take her rank among the free republics of the earth.' Sentiments such as these are uttered, without scruple, even in the senate of the nation. A man of the name of Drayton proposed a resolution for sequestrating all debts due from the citizens of the United States to the subjects of the King of Great Britain; and one Smith, from Maryland, seconded the motion, because 'it would arrest twenty millions of dollars as a fund to reimburse *three* or *four* millions which we have been stripped of by that piratical nation Great Britain; according to the instructions of that king of sea-robbers, that monster whose only law is power, and who respects neither the rights of nations, nor the property of individuals.'*

A standard belonging to the 68th regiment of James City light infantry, was taken at the attack made on Hampton, by a party of marines, and sent to England. On it is represented a female figure with a helmet on her head; in one hand she holds a poignard, with which she appears to have stabbed a robust male figure, prostrate on the ground, on whom she treads with her right foot; a crown

* Porcupine's Works, Vol. IV. p. 305.

lies

lies near to designate the figure as a representation of the king, or prince regent, and probably, at the same time, that of John Bull dying, which is elegantly and emblematically expressed by a wide open mouth, as if in the agony of bellowing. In the right hand of this fair Columbia is the flag of thirteen stripes, surmounted by the cap of liberty, and bearing this motto, *Tyrannos pedibus calco.* The following is an extract of an intercepted letter written by a Mr. Gervis to a Colonel Crutchfield, who fought, or rather *should have* fought, under the sacred banner bearing this elegant device, and whose commission, it seems, was procured by the writer from his friend Mr. Madison. It is dated Belle Air, 23d May, 1813.

'How do affairs go on at Norfolk? I do not mean as it regards those half-Indian scalping assassins, those degenerate, ferocious *disgraces* to *civilation*, the British, the enemies of virtue, liberty, and America, but our brave fellows stationed with you? I do not inquire as to their dispositions towards the enemy, or their probable conduct, if the battle should "rage loud and long," for I know that they are Americans in heart and in sentiment, and made of that same stuff that took Johnny Bull by the horns some thirty odd years ago. They have too that love of right and freedom which springs from conviction, from filial piety, from years of happy experience; they understand it, they feel it, they are proud of it, they swear by it, and, what is still better, they fight with it in their hearts, and on the edge of their swords. *They* never yet have met the enemy; but wherever our countrymen have met *them* presuming to wage open and manly war, what has been the result? why, their best veterans flying before a handful of militia. What says Harrison of Captain Gebres? that he and *his company* drove hundreds of them.'

'I suppose you have seen the extract from General Dearborn's letter, mentioning the civilized symbol of Indian and British alliance stuck up with the mace in the legislative chamber at York, in Canada—a human scalp! In Ireland, they stirred their toddy with human fingers severed from the hand. In Asia, they cut a village to pieces merely to try the edge and temper of their weapons, and now, in America, to cap the climax of brutality and blood, they must legislate canopied by scalps! I shall soon expect to hear that some British Indianized brute has attached the skull of Hart or Hickman as an appendage to his watch-chain.'

(Signed) 'JOHN GERVIS.'

This colonel of Mr. Madison's making, and his 'brave fellows,'—'Americans in heart,'—'made of that same stuff which took Johnny Bull by the horns,'—how did they behave? John Gervis has answered the question,—'they never met the enemy.'—No; a small party of marines 'drove hundreds of them,' with their valiant colonel at their head, who very prudently made use of their heels—not 'to tread upon kings,'—but to save themselves by run-

ning away, leaving behind them all their guns, colours, and camp, together with the precious standard which we have described.*

With regard to the 'half-Indian scalping assassins,' it did require something more than mortal assurance in 'an American' to bring forward such a charge against the British, knowing, as he must do, that in every town and village near the western frontier, subscriptions are raised to confer rewards for the murder of Indians, whole nations of whom have been exterminated by these enlightened 'scalping assassins.'

In the 'Providence Gazette,' for instance, we read the following advertisement from 'an association of the most *civilized, humane,* and *pious* inhabitants of Pittsburg.'

'*Indian Scalps.*—We the subscribers, encouraged by a large subscription, do propose to pay 100 dollars for every hostile Indian scalp, *with both ears,* if it be taken between this date and the 15th June next, by an inhabitant of Allegany county.'

The last quoted sentence forcibly recalls our recollection to the vote of Congress which suggested this inquiry, and would naturally lead to some reflections on the present state of the political relations of the two countries, if it were not our purpose to avoid any lengthened discussion on that subject. We are determined to notice it no farther than as it incidentally presents itself to our view, or as it forms, as it were, a back ground to the national portrait which we have been engaged in scouring. The features of that portrait are copied with servile fidelity from artists either absolutely American, or whose opportunities, from long residence among them, assure the authenticity of their delineations; and our office has rather been (as we have just intimated) to rub off the dirt and damp and restore the general hue and harmony of the colouring, than to introduce any touches of our own. To drop the metaphor—if in cases of contradictory testimony, we may be suspected (as in truth we suspect ourselves) of having uniformly leaned to the flattering side; we reckon, not only upon the excuse, but the applause of those who appreciate justly the obligation under which our common nature lays us to treat with candour the failings of any portion of mankind, and who feel with us, that the accidental state of national hostility rather enhances than acquits that obligation. In a state of peace, indeed, of such peace at least, as that with America for the last few years, a state of sore and irritable animosity on their side, and of 'pious awe, and fear to have offended' on ours, we should not have ventured to treat of works relating to American character at all. We should have feared, that in prowling about for assignable causes of war, Mr. Madison might

* London Gazette of June, 1813.

have

have fastened upon any free discussion of this subject, and put himself 'in an attitude' upon that ground for want of a better: for that war was long ago determined upon by the American government, no man who can read *American*, and who has waded through the President's *lengthy* messages, will now venture to dispute. We have always been disposed to admit, as the best apology for the revocation of the Orders in Council, the clear and forcible proof which it brought out of this fixed and unchangeable determination.

The actual breaking out of the war, therefore, has only enabled us to look fairly at a subject which the apprehension of it would have precluded us from examining. The examination, we think, is not without its use. Truth is always valuable. Delusion is always dangerous. A notion had been fondly entertained, that between England and America there was a certain sympathy of taste and feeling which formed them, above all nations of the earth, for an intimate union of councils and affections with each other. No sacrifice therefore was thought to be too great, no deference too humble on the part of this country, for the purpose of keeping well with America. America and England against all the world—but England without America, nothing; with America against her, less than nothing. Such was the creed. America was a young nation, therefore she must be humoured. She was wayward, therefore she must be soothed. She was alienated, therefore she must be won. Such was the doctrine. There were those indeed who did not see any symptoms of the existence of such sympathy between the parent state and her alienated offspring: but they kept their doubts to themselves. The general cry was too strong for them. The national councils were evidently swayed by it. The poor old mother went on doting and drivelling for a long time, on the score of natural affection, and kindred habits, and similitude of language and so forth; until in the hour of her trial and utmost need, the sentiments of her hopeful child towards her were manifested in a way not to be mistaken.

There can be no doubt that the perversity and presumptuousness of the American government in their late negociations with this country arose mainly from the belief that they were backed by a considerable party *here;* and as little doubt can there be, that whatever 'backing' they had here (with very trifling exceptions) arose from a mistaken impression of the character of the American government and people. This impression had been produced by causes sufficiently obvious. The ill conduct and ill success of the American War had made every body in this country ashamed of maintaining the government side of that question. So universal was the abandonment of it, that within a very few years after the peace of 1783, it became matter of wonder to a curious observer by

by whom, or with whose consent that war could have been carried on. Sturdy resistance to power attracts the good wishes of the generous; and success, whether in resistance or oppression, conciliates the approbation of the wary. In favour of America therefore, when she had secured her independence, there was apparently one unanimous voice throughout England; and that voice was echoed through succeeding years without much reflection upon the change of circumstances and progress of events. The patriots of 1783 were patriots still:—America was a word always received with a shout in a tavern toast;—and Lord Erskine, (we well remember,) continued to quote in his Crim. Con. and Treason Trials, passages from Mr. Burke, and a song from the Padlock applicable to America in the very agony of her struggle,—long after she had taken her place among the potentates of the earth, and when the question of that struggle was become as much matter of history as the Trojan War, or the Deluge.

While gentlemen in opposition dwelt with rapture on a theme which recalled the distinct idea of a forced change of administration, the partizans of government, on the other hand, found in admissions highly favourable to the American revolution, an admirable qualification and relief for the invectives which they justly bestowed upon that in France. America therefore thus 'bepraised' on all sides, perhaps with very little meaning on any, grew by degrees into reputation and esteem with all sides, by the mere repetition and reflection of their own compliments. Most of all, she grew into esteem with herself, and ascribed very willingly to 'her own parts and merit,' to sober valuation and settled opinion, that general favour and good report which she owed in great measure to accidental causes wherein she had really but little concern.

Hence that overweening estimate of their own importance to this country, which has led the rulers of the United States so ridiculously astray; and hence that terror and trembling, that anticipation of untold loss, and unimagined danger which dashed the firmness of the British government, and made many worthy persons quake in their shoes at the prospect of an 'American war.' The very words had something awful and ominous in the sound, and called up associations of near thirty years standing, which bewildered public opinion in this country, and inflamed American confidence to madness.

From the beginning of the French war, America had very prudently and properly made the best of her situation. One of her own writers has observed that

'She discovered no sympathy in the convulsions of a whole continent, no anxiety about the sufferings of other nations, as long as those sufferings opened new channels of commerce and swelled the revenues of the state.'

We

We think this sarcasm unreasonably severe. We do not blame America for indifference—if she had been in the strict sense of the word indifferent, between the contending parties in Europe, and had impartially respected the rights of both belligerents. But of her partiality to France, since the abdication of Washington, there can be no rational doubt. It could not be to the principle of liberty in France that America was favourable, since, though her favour gilded in the first instance the republican excesses of the earlier part of the French revolution, its beams have continued to play with full lustre on the diadem of the tyrant who now oppresses France and has desolated Europe, and whose majesty, we know, 'loves the Americans.' Is it then enmity to England that has been the pervading principle of her conduct? Of France, whether republican or despotic, whether lacerating her own bosom with civil wounds, or carrying scourges, chains and fire throughout Europe—the prevailing sentiment has still been enmity to England; and the participation in that sentiment alone could (as it seems) account consistently for an unvarying partiality to France throughout all the varieties of her atrocity, in any nation not immediately within the scope of her power.

Not that we are uncharitable enough to believe the war to have been undertaken by America merely out of pure hatred to great Britain. That such disposition exists in the body of the American people, and that it has long been studiously encouraged and fomented by their government, we have no doubt: but the war had other motives.—Orders in Council? and impressment of seamen?—That we presume no man is now so helpless 'an innocent,' as to believe. As to the Orders in Council, it is sufficient that (as we have already observed) they were repealed while the war was yet in embryo,—before a blow had been struck or a cannon fired—while Mr. Madison, though he might have forged his thunderbolts, held them yet unlaunched in his red right hand. The impressment of British seamen out of American vessels (usually described by the Americans, to be sure, as the impressment of American seamen) so far from being a *cause of war*, even in the view of the American government themselves, had never been brought forward, through six years of negociation, but as a matter for amicable adjustment, if means of satisfactory adjustment could be found. Adjusted we know it had once been (in the year 1806) in a manner which *their* negociators represented *to their government* as 'honourable and advantageous to the United States;' but the President, Mr. Jefferson, he best knows why, refused to ratify the treaty to which this arrangement was annexed; and since that period it had never been once insisted upon as a point that *must* be settled for the preservation of peace between the two countries. In the arrangement with Mr. David Erskine, for instance,

stance, when the Americans had every thing pretty much their own way, the question of impressment is not so much as hinted at among the conditions which they stipulated for the renewal of friendly intercourse with Great Britain. No—no. 'Orders in Council,' and 'Impressment,' and 'Paper Blockades,' (as they were impudently termed,) were mere pretexts—each of them successively brought forward as another became unavailable, to cover the noble ambition of *conquest*. The truth is not to be disguised. This war is on the part of America *a war of conquest*. The Sesostrises of ancient, or the Timours of later times,—the 'madman of Macedon,' or 'the Swede,'—the 'steady Romans,' or the modern Gauls, were not, and are not, more essentially *conquerors* in their disposition, than the American government acting upon the politics of Messrs. Jefferson and Madison.

We think too (and candour obliges us to avow) that this consideration accounts, in some degree, for that manifest partiality and subserviency to France, which have been attributed to other and more degrading motives. Imitation has been justly said to be the highest degree of flattery; and a conqueror of this day naturally adopts Buonaparte for his model; but that is a very different thing from being sworn to his service or actually in his pay. Bent on the same objects, the acquisition of territory,—one for the revival of the empire of Charlemagne, the other for the aggrandisement of 'the largest empire on the face of the earth,'—Buonaparte and Mr. Madison have assimilated, as far as circumstances would allow, their measures and their doctrines. If Buonaparte had his continental system to starve Europe, Mr. Madison has his embargo to distress America. If Buonaparte proclaimed that the flag covers the merchandize, Mr. Madison proceeds a step further, and declares that it shall cover the traitor. If Buonaparte set up the doctrine of natural limits—the Rhine, the Alps, and the ocean, Mr. Madison feels it right not to be left behind in geography, and presently finds out that Canada is a nook which deforms the area of the United States on one side, just as the Floridas cribbed and confined them on the other; and that his 'greatest of empires' will never be expanded to its just proportions until the striped flag shall wave in right of dominion over the shores of Hudson's Bay and those of the Gulph of Mexico.

The love of France, therefore, and the hatred of England were merely played off by the government to keep alive the spirit of party, and to reconcile the people to the policy of a war of *conquest*, a policy the objects of which are ingenuously avowed by Mr. Madison to be—the 'making of *territorial* reprisal for *oceanic* outrages,' and the 'removing of vexations caused by the sway of *other* nations *upon their borders*.' What is meant by the first of these objects but the conquest of Canada? and what by the second but the extension of dominion

dominion over the whole continent of America from sea to sea? —for till that is effected, it is obvious that, stretch their territory as wide as they may, they must still have 'other nations bearing sway upon their borders.'

Ambition, says the poet, is 'a god-like fault;' and whatever may be its criminality, it is apt to excite a notion that there is something grand and awful in the mind of which it is the predominant feature. When therefore a nation sets up for a conquering nation, it invites a scrutiny into its acquirements and pretensions, into its means of realizing mighty projects, or its capacity for bestowing splendid benefits, which would be altogether out of place with respect to a nation that busied itself solely about its own affairs.

A society of sober traders and peaceful husbandmen, occupied in turning to advantage the blessings of an abundant soil, and of opportune harbours, a society decent in morals, serious in piety, in manners neither rudely clownish, nor meretriciously refined—studious of personal liberty and of national independence, but observant of the laws at home and breathing peace and good will to their neighbours abroad;—a society so framed, and actuated by such principles, could not but attract the respect of all mankind, and command their sympathy if insulted by foreign power.

Such was the impression respecting the United States hastily taken up and fondly cherished in this country, and generally throughout Europe; an impression which the merely keeping quiet on their part might have left unexamined and undissolved to the present hour. Exempted by their position from any direct participation in the contests and calamities of the old world, they might have availed themselves of the dreadful interval of the last twenty years to grow and flourish in noiseless prosperity; and if, in the course of so widely extended hostilities, the 'whiff and wind' of maritime conflict had sometimes unavoidably ruffled their peaceful sails, and retarded their gainful adventures, they might surely have balanced against these trifling inconveniences the substantial advantages of a profitable neutrality.

If such had been the conduct of the United States, and if Great Britain, in resentment for this prudent and unoffending determination to preserve themselves from the contamination of the hostile mind, as well as from the shock of the hostile movements of Europe, had wantonly invaded the United States from Canada,—pretending some fanciful necessity of removing a stranger's sway from the neighbourhood of her provinces—with what indignation would all the world have raised their voice against so unjustifiable an aggression! Then, indeed, the Emperor of Russia, our ally, (but happily not accepted as our mediator with America,) might have said, with truth, that the Americans 'had done all in their power to avoid a rupture with England.' But reversing the picture, and beholding

ing in the government of the United States the predetermined invader and would-be sovereign of Canada, indignation of another sort is roused against an attempt as preposterous as profligate. To be the victim of unjust power throws a grace and sanctity about the most ordinary character; but in an aggressor there must be dignity, and there must be success, or he will be not only hated but despised. The rusticity of *William Tell* does but enhance our compassion for his sufferings; but the vulgarity of *Jack Cade* woefully embitters our scorn of his attempted usurpation.

Admiration of the enemy was one of the fatal impediments to a vigorous and salutary unanimity against France in the commencement of this perilous war. A false and exaggerated estimate of America, not absolutely amounting to admiration, but something too nearly approaching to it, disinclined us from believing a state of war with the United States possible, and from putting forth our whole strength against them at the moment when their determination to be at war with us was practically ascertained. The naval war alone would not have disabused us of all our favourable delusion. They have fought on the element of England with British spirit; may we not add, in too great measure, perhaps, with the aid of British sinews? But on that element let it be fairly acknowledged we have much to commend in them, and we have still something to redeem. As conquerors by land, their success must have been an antidote to any thing but a most prurient desire of dominion. Their threats and their performances have followed each other in ludicrous contrast. The brave Canadians, true to their own character, and to the cause of their sovereign, have shewn that, even had they been left to their own resources, they would have been equal to repelling a much more formidable foe. The union of the Canadas with this country may happily be considered as indissoluble, even though the attack upon them should be renewed by far different armies than such as we have seen in the late campaigns, retiring (upon consultation) before an enemy less than half their number, and by a commander of a very different stamp from him who recorded in the same gazette the rapidity of his retreat and the violence of his *diarrhœa.* To the series of their own gazettes, indeed, rather than to any other authorities, not excepting even the 'favourable unknown,' we would refer for a true description of American character.

But is it not to be lamented that all those pleasing illusions should be rudely dissipated through which America was viewed as another Arcadia—inhabited by creatures of fairer than mortal mould? Will not this tend to exasperate the animosities of war? to defer the period of pacification? and to make a state of peace difficult to maintain? Not a jot. The Americans made war when it

it suited them: they will make peace when it suits them and us. To live with a friend as if he were one day to become an enemy, is the cold-blooded rule of a worldly suspiciousness; but to live with one who has been an unprovoked enemy as if he had never ceased to be a dear friend, would indeed be a piece of foolishness which no warmth of blood could excuse. Why not peace with America? We are at peace with Algiers, where, as in America, they work white *redemptioners*, in addition to black slaves. What is it to the question of peace or war that the manners of the Americans are not exactly congenial with our own? that *bundling** prevails among them within doors, and *gouging* without; that to '*smooth away* a nose' is one of their privileges in 'roughing and tumbling,' and that they give high prices for the scalps of their Indian neighbours provided that 'both ears' are hanging to them, and that they have been taken 'before the 15th of June?'—There would be an end to the intercourse of nations, if every little peculiarity of national manners were to be a source of interminable hostility. As to the disposition, the pacific mind—Have we not for the last three months been negociating peace with Buonaparte?—not, it is to be presumed, from any mistake as to the disposition of that eminent chief magistrate towards this country; but because we flattered ourselves that we should be able to bind him to such terms as would give his disposition no room to play. If with Buonaparte, why not with Mr. Madison, who will at least be easier to bind?—But in his case also, it must be to the terms of the treaty that we must look for our security against another Canadian war; trusting little, after past experience, to mawkish expressions of general philanthropy, or to fond theories of elective attraction; little to kindness, and nothing at all to kin.

* To the primitive practices of 'tarrying' and 'bundling,' should be added that of *sparking*, with which we have recently been made acquainted. The American author of the work reviewed page 465, tells us that, 'it is customary in the country, thirty or forty miles from the cities, for young men to go a sparking.' If (adds the judicious editor of this 'immortal' poem, Pref. v.) 'the young man is approved of by his Dulcinea, the pair sit up the whole night together alone, but with the greatest purity; just as in *bundling*, where innocent young women *accommodate* chaste young men with a part of their bed.' p. 192. In confirmation of this 'superlative purity,' the American subjoins, that if, 'soon after the commencement of the *sparking*, the damsel rises and takes a candle into another room, it is understood as an acceptance of the lover's devoirs:' and he concludes, by hinting, with the most delicate simplicity, that, if this is not done, the sparker is said, but for what special reason he cannot tell, 'to get the bag to hold.' p. 193.

ERRATUM.—*In our last Number, p. 56, line 2 from bottom, for* one *seventh read* two *sevenths. This error only appears in the earlier part of our impression.*

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London: Printed by C. Roworth, Bell-yard, Temple-bar.